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VOLUME CLXI

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JUNE, 1930—NOVEMBER, 1930



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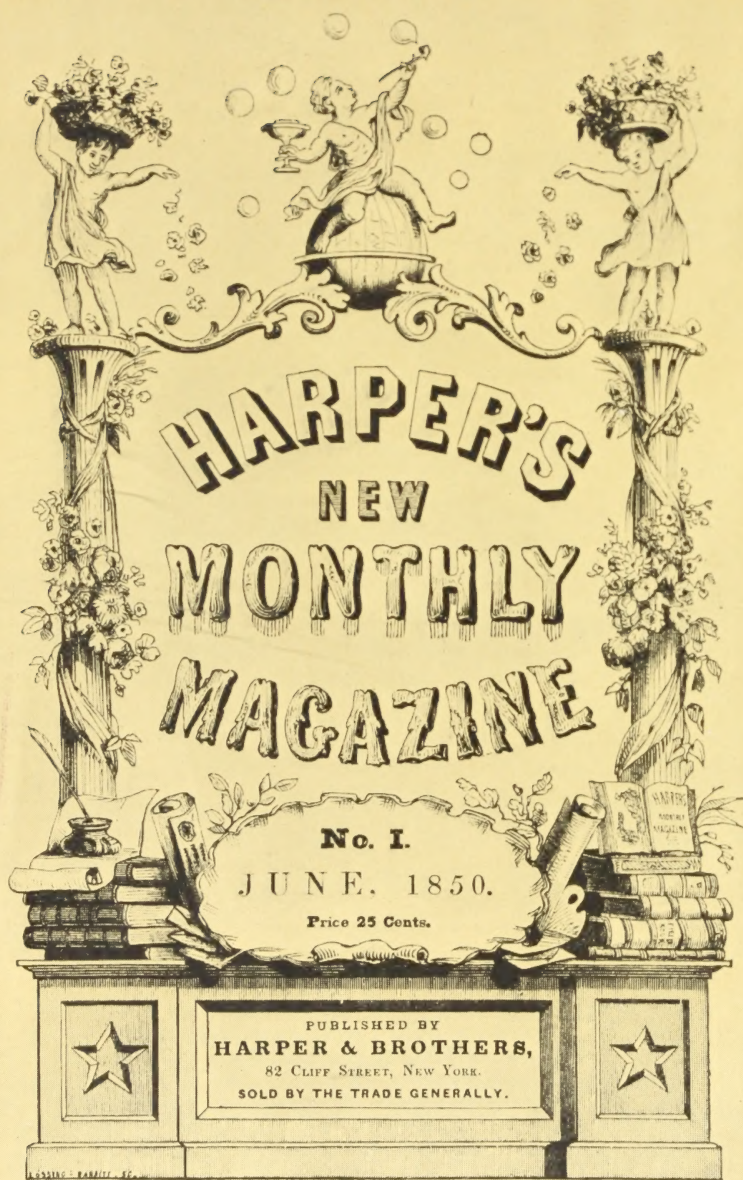
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EIGHTY YEARS AGO
The Cover of the First Issue of Harper's Magazine, June, 1850



Harpers *Magazine*

THE PECULIAR WEAKNESS OF MR. HOOVER

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

IN TELLING the story of a private life it is usually enough to describe the interaction of the hero's character with the circumstances in which he lived. But in the history of a public man there is a third element. That is the public character of the hero, the character, that is to say, which the public ascribes to him.

The triangle of fate, character, and reputation is peculiarly important in considering Mr. Hoover's first year of office. For to a greater degree than would be true, I think, of any other President, his reputation is a work of art. Mr. Hoover's ascent to the Presidency was planned with great care and assisted throughout by a high-powered propaganda of the very latest model. He is, in fact, the first American President whose whole public career has been presented through the machinery of modern publicity. The Hoover legend, the public stereotype of an ideal Hoover, was consciously contrived. By arousing certain expectations, the legend has established a standard by which the public judgment has estimated him; if, as

I think most observers would admit, his first year ended in an atmosphere of mild disappointment, the cause in some measure at least was the inability of the real Hoover to act up to the standards of the ideal Hoover. Thus Mr. Hoover is blamed for not achieving things which nobody would ever have expected Mr. Coolidge to do.

In saying that Mr. Hoover's reputation was a work of art, I do not mean, of course, that it is a lie. I mean that it is an idealization, a portrait not of the man as he is but of his finest intentions and his greater abilities abstracted from the confusions of the flesh. The idealized Hoover exists in Mr. Hoover much as a play exists in the mind of a playwright before he has written it for production on Broadway.

The ideal Hoover was established by an efficient propaganda, and without the propaganda it is inconceivable that the miracle of Mr. Hoover's nomination could have been effected. The real man at the core of this idealization was not known to the American people at large, for he had never participated in the kind

of political fighting which displayed his qualities. His great activities during the War were carried on in the abnormally uncritical atmosphere of wartime; in his subsequent career as Secretary of Commerce he was concerned with matters that are wholly mysterious to the mass of the people. Thus the real Hoover went to the White House accompanied by the ideal Hoover of the popular legend. In the White House the real Hoover struggling with sour circumstances and unmanageable passions must occasionally wish that his idealized reputation were at the bottom of the sea. For the ideal picture presents him as the master organizer, the irresistible engineer, the supreme economist. In the actuality these speculations deposited by the propaganda are like the toastmaster's introduction saying that John Smith will now get up and make the wittiest speech you have ever heard. It is depressing to be elevated too high, and it is depressing to be a master organizer with a disobedient Congress on your hands, or to be an irresistible engineer with wets and dries on the rampage, or a supreme economist at the tail end of a bull market. It is better to be lucky and unpretentious and to be admired, like Mr. Coolidge, for your deficiencies than to have to wear the hairshirt of your own idealism. The Woodrow Wilsons and the Herbert Hoovers who reach very high and arouse great expectations tempt the ironies of fate, and unless they do brilliantly well and have lots of luck, are often as much the victims of their disappointed admirers as of their avowed opponents.

The deliberation and the contrivance which went into creating the idealized Hoover are thoroughly consistent with Mr. Hoover's outlook on life. He has the peculiarly modern, in fact, the contemporary American, faith in the power of the human mind and will, acting through organization, to accomplish results. Mr. Hoover once delivered some semi-philosophical lectures in which he celebrated in orthodox fashion the

traditional American laissez-faire individualism. He is, however, no true believer in letting nature take its course. He has not the piety, the skepticism, or the complacency which all true believers in laissez-faire have in some degree or other. In his world there must be a remedy for every wrong, a solution for every problem; there must always be something to do about everything. He may not know the remedies and solutions, he may even find it inexpedient to apply them, but he believes they can and will be found. He is a devotee of the religion of progress, of the faith that man can be master of his fate by studying, inventing, and arranging things. There have been other reformers in the White House but none, I think, who has had his peculiar reliance upon the power of the applied intelligence: the traditional American reformer is an apostle of the ancient righteousness like Roosevelt or of the messianic hope like Wilson. The popular acclaim which greeted the advent of an "engineer" to the Presidency was a recognition that at last a man had gone to the White House who believed that politics could be conducted by the kind of intelligence which has produced such excellent motor cars, airplanes, and refrigerators.

The faith that statesmanship could be made a branch of engineering would, of course, be more congenial to an engineer who had moved mountains of matter than to an experienced statesman who had tried to move mankind out of its ancient habits. The religion of progress is, in fact, a creed inspired by the history of man's triumphant conflict with matter plus a certain subconscious belief that as a source book of wisdom the history of man himself is bunk. The idea that human societies can be fabricated, that they can be rationally conceived, deliberately planned, and efficiently executed is one for which there is a ready market in contemporary America. Many circumstances conspired to make Mr. Hoover the embodiment of that idea. He is an idealist who has studied applied

science rather than history, a successful man who has lived on the frontiers of civilization, a promoter and engineer who has organized obedient subordinates, a public official baptized under the war dictatorship. Why should he not have entered office believing that human problems can be managed and arranged by the conferences of key men? The portrait of the ideal Hoover man was drawn from this model, and the difficulties of the real Hoover are in large measure due to the refusal of circumstances to fit the specifications.

Mr. Hoover's first year in office was marked by a series of major events which simply did not happen according to plan. He planned a limited revision of the tariff. He is getting a general revision. He planned a continuation of the prosperity which he had celebrated with a symphony of statistics. He got a first-class panic and depression. He planned to have prohibition quietly studied, largely ignored, and ultimately solved. He got an agitation which has made prohibition the paramount issue in those parts of the country where it hurts the most. In the light of the campaign talk, such an outcome is full of the most embarrassing ironies; and the Democrats cannot be blamed if they make the most of it. But there is a more interesting speculation than to dwell upon the contrast between promise and performance, and that is to ask why it is that events have so spectacularly eluded the control of a man who with fine purposes and high abilities had set himself the ideal of controlling them.

II

My own notion is that a close examination of Mr. Hoover's conduct in the critical matters will disclose a strange weakness which renders him indecisive at the point where the battle can be won or lost; further examination would show too, I think, that this weakness appears at the point where in order to win he would have to intervene in the hurly-

burly of conflicting wills which are the living tissue of popular government; that he is baffled and worried, and his action paralyzed by his own inexperience in the very special business of democracy. When the decision lies in his own hands, he is happy and effective; in the questions which are not controversial, in making appointments which are not seriously challenged, he acts easily and with high intelligence. If his Administration were to be judged by these standards, it would rank among the most distinguished of our generation. But it is in the controversial questions that the real test comes.

The difficulty which most effects his immediate political fortunes is, of course, the depression in business. Mr. Hoover was elected when the boom was near its peak and the stock speculation was still rising to greater and greater heights. He took office at a time when the most experienced business men, bankers, and economists were pointing out the symptoms of extreme danger. Their voices were drowned out, of course, in the frenzied speculation; nevertheless, at the center, in the heart of the financial district, in the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, the unpopular but sound view predominated, and, as we now know, efforts were made by that bank to stop the financial hysteria before the inevitable collapse occurred. The record recently disclosed shows that these efforts were vetoed from Washington during the early months of Mr. Hoover's administration, and that preventive measures were not authorized until it was too late to avert the crash.

These vetoes came from a board of which Mr. Hoover's Secretary of the Treasury is a member, a board so constituted that it could hardly fail to listen to any clear leadership from the President. One need not underestimate the risks of such leadership; under the circumstances a bold policy of deflation of stock prices would have made the administration intensely unpopular among a people the majority of whom seemed to

be committed to bullish speculation. I do not know of any President who would have taken the risks of such a policy, but we have had no President, on the other hand, who made quite the same claims to an understanding of how to maintain prosperity. We must assume that Mr. Hoover saw the dangers in the spring of 1929; to assume the opposite would be to doubt his reputation for economic wisdom. We must assume that he knew what steps ought to be taken to stop the speculation before it got completely out of hand, for the steps were laid before the Board on which Mr. Mellon sits. We are compelled to conclude that he shrank from facing the uproar and that he let matters drift until the fever had run so high in the late summer that action designed to avert the crash then appeared simply to bring it on. Except by the standards of the ideal Hoover, this indecision cannot be criticized too severely. For it would have taken a political superman to break a boom when almost everybody thought he was making money. No statesman in time of peace could have faced a severer test, and few indeed could have met it.

Mr. Hoover began to function on the maintenance of prosperity after prosperity had disappeared. He then improvised an impressive emergency relief organization. Then there was no controversy to face out. The post-panic situation was one in which he was thoroughly at home. Party lines, sectional lines, class lines were wiped out for the moment. It was like the days following the floods, the famines, the earthquakes amid which Mr. Hoover had his schooling in public affairs. I do not know, I do not suppose it is possible to know, how effective his emergency actions were. They certainly steadied people's nerves and undoubtedly prevented the panic from spreading. At any rate, he applied decisively the remedies which economic science prescribed. More than that could not be asked of any man. If they were not altogether effective, the fault lies not with Mr. Hoover

but with the state of economic science.

The real point is that when economic knowledge could be applied only at the risk of a terrific controversy, Mr. Hoover shrank from applying it; when there was no controversy, but only a unanimity of feeling that something should be done, Mr. Hoover applied the teaching of economic science without further hesitation.

III

The same dualism appears in his attitude toward farm relief. When it was a question of laying down principles he was clear and decisive and confident in his own theoretical wisdom. "Certain vital principles," he said, "must be adhered to." There must be no undermining of private initiative, there must be no buying or selling or price-fixing through any government agency, there must be no lending of government funds or duplication of facilities where credit and facilities are already available at reasonable rates, there must be no activities which would result in increasing the surplus production. This was the plan in April. A few weeks later Congress passed the Agricultural Marketing Act providing for a Federal Farm Board. The President selected an able Board. In October cotton and grain prices fell below the prices obtaining when the Board was established. The powerful Farm Bloc demanded action. It demanded what it has always demanded—governmental price fixing. Here was a direct challenge to Mr. Hoover's principles, plans, and economic philosophy. The principles, plans, philosophy were scrapped, and the Farm Board embarked on a policy which was nothing less than the use of Treasury funds for a gigantic speculation aimed at price fixing of commodities. Every one of Mr. Hoover's "vital principles" was ignored. For Mr. Hoover had no taste for a head-on collision with the Farm Bloc.

The third great economic question which he faced was tariff revision. Again he laid out the plan. There was to be

limited revision only. His party in Congress ignored him and proceeded to make a general revision upward to the highest levels in the history of tariff making. In June Mr. Hoover was challenged by a coalition of Democrats and Western Republicans to intervene and hold Congress to the pledge of limited revision. It would have meant a collision with a faction of his own party. Mr. Hoover ignored the opportunity, and from that moment on he had lost control of both factions of his own party and of the whole situation in Congress. The prospect of a controversy with his own party silenced him, and as far as one can judge by his public acts he abdicated all claims to leadership in the tariff battle.

At one significant point he did, however, intervene, and that was on the question of his own powers under the flexible clause. Having refused the burden of leading Congress to the kind of tariff he desired, he asked Congress to give him the power to revise the tariff himself. He felt, and practically told the country in so many words, that he could write a better tariff bill than Congress was likely to write; why then waste time and effort with Congress when the thing could be done so much more efficiently by an honest, an able, and a far-seeing President? Nothing could more pertinently reveal his aversion from the processes of popular government and his profound desire to escape them.

Because of this proposal Mr. Hoover was denounced by partisan opponents as a usurper of constitutional privileges. I happen to think that Presidential tariff-making is a usurpation. But I am satisfied that Mr. Hoover's motives were not those of an excessively self-confident man. On the contrary they seem to me to be those of a man who is excessively diffident in the presence of the normal irrationality of democracy. The unreasonableness of mankind is not accounted for in Mr. Hoover's philosophy. He does not have Mr. Coolidge's sincere acceptance of human selfishness, or the

capacity of a Roosevelt and a Wilson to fight fire with fire, passion with passion, slogans with slogans. When he feels the raw impact of mankind Mr. Hoover will seek to circumvent it or ignore it. In the realm of reason he is an unusually bold man; in the realm of unreason he is, for a statesman, an exceptionally thin-skinned and easily bewildered man. Thus he would rather write a tariff bill himself than attempt to hold his party to his pledges; he will express himself with the utmost boldness on the theoretical danger of price-fixing and then find himself utterly unable to stop his Farm Board from speculating in wheat in order to fix the price. For while he could run the Farm Board himself, he has no aptitude for running the interests which run the Farm Board.

The north pole in the realm of unreason is, of course, the prohibition question. Mr. Hoover began, when he first had to deal with the question as a candidate, with what in his philosophy would be a highly reasonable proposal. Let us, he said, regard prohibition as an experiment aimed to achieve a noble purpose. Let us concede that the experiment has developed grave abuses. Let us, therefore, agree to examine all the facts and then proceed to solve the problem. It did not take him long to discover that this reasonable procedure had no genuine connection with the actual prohibition problem, and that, in truth, prohibition was a gigantic conflict of wills. The forces engaged are fired with a zeal that puts them upon a wholly different plane from that on which reasonable inquiry can be conducted; in that conflict reason is a weapon of war and not an instrument of truth. The problem presented by this conflict of wills is just the kind of problem for which Mr. Hoover has the greatest distaste and the least native equipment. My own impression is that he regards both wets and drys as substantially insane, that he regards passionate conviction about prohibition as foolish, and that what he would best like to do about prohibition is to do nothing, since

there is nothing he can do without getting into a brawl. But popular government being what it is, brawling about prohibition is the order of the day.

By the rough judgments of politics Mr. Hoover finds himself set down as an irresolute and easily frightened man. His opponents believe that he shrinks from attack and that he will not fight back. They feel that the faction which first takes the offensive boldly will force his consent, that he fears denunciation and immediate criticism more than the ultimate defeat of his policies. Thus, because he shrinks from attack he invites it; though he occupies the most powerful office in the world, he does not impress the politicians with whom he deals as formidable. Here and there, by the influence of his bolder associates, he has, as in the Shearer incident, experimented with the strategy of using the offensive as the best defense, but normally in his first year he has let the opposition choose the weapons and the theater of war.

IV

Yet Mr. Hoover, though his conduct in office is that of a weak man, is not really a weak man. His public career for the last fifteen years is that of a man willing to face the most difficult tasks and to shoulder responsibilities that would terrify most men. A timid man would have shrunk from the risks of the Belgian relief; a weak and calculating man would have sought some other task in the War than that of reducing the popular consumption of food. Mr. Hoover at the Peace Conference, Mr. Hoover in the post-war relief operations, Mr. Hoover developing the Department of Commerce, Mr. Hoover taking on the disagreeable extra jobs during the Harding administration, may be subject to criticism for this or that; but that he was bold and self-confident beyond the ordinary cannot, I think, be questioned.

The weakness Mr. Hoover has displayed as President is a specific, not a general, weakness. He is weak in the

presence of politics and politicians. Even during the War, when his fame was worldwide and his prestige incalculably great, it was known in Washington that the attack of a relatively obscure man like Senator Reed of Missouri could rattle him for days. He can face with equanimity almost any of the difficulties of statesmanship except the open conflict of wills; he falters only when he has to act in the medium of democracy.

Mr. Hoover, in spite of his vast experience of many things, has had very little experience in the art of government. He has never before been elected to any office. He has never been a legislator, a mayor, a governor. His weakness seems to me to be due to just the kind of uncertainty which might be expected of a man who suddenly finds himself in a strange environment, especially a conscientious, tender-minded, thin-skinned man to whom the behavior of the crowd is alarming because it is alien. Such a man would find it difficult to function at his full capacity until he had accustomed himself to the weird atmosphere of politics, had grown used to its maneuvers, its intrigue, and its special scale of values, and had got over the first impression that politicians, the press, the undifferentiated crowd are lions, tigers, and a stampede of wild elephants.

If intelligence and the capacity to learn are enough, Mr. Hoover may master this weakness of inexperience. If it is possible to acquire the art of politics late in life by rational induction, instead of through one's pores, as the natural politicians like Roosevelt and Al Smith acquire the art, then Mr. Hoover's first year may turn out to have been, not a mere series of considerable failures, but a very intensive, rather expensive, political education.

Should this happen it will be a conclusive demonstration of the fallaciousness of the popular notion that the art of governing is something which any competent business man, lawyer, or engineer can do better than an experienced politician. It is true, of course, that a

politician who is ignorant of business, law, and engineering will move in a closed circle of jobs and unrealities. It is also true—and the history of the Hoover legend illustrates it—that governing human societies is a thing in itself, with its own aptitudes, its own kind of training, its own fund of wisdom and tradition. The popular notion that administering a government is like administering a private corporation, that it is just business, or housekeeping, or en-

gineering, is a misunderstanding. The political art deals with matters peculiar to politics, with a complex of material circumstances, of historic deposit, of human passion, for which the problems of business or engineering as such do not provide an analogy.

It is, I think, a realization that he has not yet mastered the political art which accounts for Mr. Hoover's peculiar weakness in meeting the controversial issues of his first year.

SECRET FLOWERS

BY KATHERINE MANSFIELD

IS love a light for me? A steady light,
A lamp within whose pallid pool I dream
Over old love-books? Or is it a gleam,
A lantern coming towards me from afar
Down a dark mountain? Is my love a star?
Ah me! so high above—so coldly bright!

The fire dances. Is my love a fire
Leaping down the twilight ruddy and bold?
Nay, I'd be frightened of him. I'm too cold
For quick and eager loving. There's a gold
Sheen on these flower petals as they fold
More truly mine, more like to my desire.

The flower petals fold. They are by the sun
Forgotten. In the shadowy wood they grow
Where the dark trees keep up a to-and-fro
Shadowy waving. Who will watch them shine
When I have dreamed my dream? Ah, darling mine!
Find them, gather them for me one by one.



THE DESERT ISLANDER

A STORY

BY STELLA BENSON

CONSTANTINE hopefully followed the Chinese servant through the unknown house. He felt hopeful of success in his plan of begging this Englishman for help, for he knew that an Englishman, alone among people of a different color (as this Englishman was alone in this south China town), treated the helping of stray white men almost as part of the White Man's Burden. But even without this claim of one lonely white man upon another, Constantine would have felt hopeful. He knew himself to be a man of compelling manner in spite of his ugly, too long face and his ugly, too short legs.

As Constantine stumped in on his hobnailed soles, Mr. White—who was evidently not a very tactful man—said, "Oh, are you *another* deserter from the Foreign Legion?"

"I am Constantine Andreievitch Soloviev," said Constantine, surprised. He spoke and understood English almost perfectly (his mother had been English) yet he could not remember ever having heard the word *another* applied to himself. In fact it did not—could not possibly—so apply. There was only one of him, he knew.

Of course, in a way there was some sense in what this stupid Englishman said. Constantine had certainly been a *légionnaire* in Tonkin up till last Thursday—his narrow pipe-clayed helmet, stiff khaki greatcoat, shabby drill uniform, puttees, brass buttons, and inflexible boots were all the property of the French government. But the core

—the pearl inside this vulgar, horny shell—was Constantine Andreievitch Soloviev. That made all the difference.

Constantine saw that he must take this Didymus of an Englishman in hand at once and tell him a few exciting stories about his dangerous adventures between the Tonkin border and this Chinese city. Snakes, tigers, love-crazed Chinese princesses and brigands passed rapidly through his mind, and he chose the last, because he had previously planned several impressive things to do if he should be attacked by brigands. So now, though he had not actually met a brigand, those plans would come in useful. Constantine intended to write his autobiography some day when he should have married a rich wife and settled down. Not only did his actual life seem to him a very rare one but, also, lives were so interesting to make up.

Constantine was a desert islander—a spiritual Robinson Crusoe. He made up everything himself and he wasted nothing. *Robinson Crusoe* was his favorite book—in fact, almost the only book he had ever read—and he was proud to be, like his hero, a desert islander. He actually preferred clothing his spirit in the skins of wild thoughts that had been the prey of his wits and sheltering it from the world's weather in a leaky hut of his brain's own contriving to enjoying the good tailoring and housing that dwellers on the mainland call experience and education. He enjoyed being barbarous, he enjoyed living alone on his

island, accepting nothing, imitating nothing, believing nothing, adapting himself to nothing—implacably home-made. Even his tangible possessions were those of a marooned man rather than of a civilized citizen of this well-furnished world. At this moment his only luggage was a balalaika that he had made himself out of cigar boxes, and to this he sang songs of his own composition—very imperfect songs. He would not have claimed that either his songs or his instrument were better than the songs and instruments made by song-makers and balalaika-makers; they were, however, much more rapturously *his* than any acquired music could have been and, indeed, in this as in almost all things, it simply never occurred to him to *take* rather than *make*. There was no mainland on the horizon of his desert island.

"I am not a beggar," said Constantine. "Until yesterday I had sixty piasters which I had saved by many sacrifices during my service in the Legion. But yesterday, passing through a dark forest of pines in the twilight, about twenty versts from here, I met—"

"You met a band of brigands," said Mr. White. "Yes, I know . . . you all say that."

Constantine stared at him. He had not lived, a desert islander, in a crowded and over-civilized world without meeting many rebuffs, so this one did not surprise him—did not even offend him. On the contrary, for a minute he almost loved the uncompromising Mr. White, as a sportsman almost loves the chamois on a peculiarly inaccessible crag. This was a friend worth a good deal of trouble to secure, Constantine saw. He realized at once that the desert islander's line here was to discard the brigands and to discard noble independence.

"Very well then," said Constantine. "I did *not* meet brigands. I *am* a beggar. I started without a penny and I still have no penny. I hope you will give me something. That is why I have come." He paused, drawing long pleased breaths through his large nose.

This, he felt, was a distinctly self-made line of talk; it set him apart from all previous deserting *légionnaires*.

Mr. White evidently thought so too. He gave a short grunting laugh. "That's better," he said.

"These English," thought Constantine lovingly. "They are the next best thing to *being* originals, for they *admire* originals." "I like you," he added extravagantly, aloud. "I like the English. I am so glad I found an Englishman to beg of instead of an American—though an American would have been much richer than you are, I expect. Still, to a beggar a little is enough. I dislike Americans; I dislike their women's wet fingernails."

"Wet fingernails?" exclaimed Mr. White. "Oh, you mean their manicure polishes. Yes . . . they *do* always have wet fingernails . . . ha, ha . . . so they do. I should never have thought of that myself."

"Of course not," said Constantine, genuinely surprised. "I thought of it. Why should *you* have thought of it?" After a moment he added, "I am not a gramophone."

Mr. White thought that he had said, "Have you got a gramophone?" and replied at once with some pleasure, "Yes, I have—it is a very precious companion. Are you musical? But of course you are, being Russian. I should be very lonely without my daily ration of Chopin. Would you like some music while the servants are getting you something to eat?"

"I should like some music," said Constantine, "but I should not like to hear a gramophone. I will play you some music—some unique and only music on a unique and only instrument."

"Thank you very much," said Mr. White, peering doubtfully through his glasses at the cigar-box balalaika. "What good English you speak," he added, trying to divert his guest's attention from his musical purpose. "But all Russians, of course, are wonderful linguists."

"I will play you my music," said Constantine. "But first I must tell you that I do not like you to say to me, 'Being Russian you are musical' or 'All Russians speak good English.' To me it seems so stupid to see me as one of many."

"Each one of us is one of many," sighed Mr. White patiently.

"You, perhaps—but I, not," said Constantine. "When you notice my English words instead of my thoughts it seems to me that you are listening wrongly—you are listening to sounds only, in the same way as you listen to your senseless gramophone—"

"But you haven't heard my gramophone," interrupted Mr. White, stung on his darling's behalf.

"What does it matter what sounds a man makes—what words he uses? Words are common to all men; thoughts belong to one man only."

Mr. White considered telling his guest to go to hell, but he said instead, "You're quite a philosopher, aren't you?"

"I am not quite an anything," said Constantine abruptly. "I am me. All people who like Chopin also say, 'You're quite a philosopher.'"

"Now you're generalizing, yourself," said Mr. White clinging to his good temper. "Exactly what you've just complained of my doing."

"Some people *are* general," said Constantine. "Now I will play you my music, and you will admit that it is not one of many musics."

He sang a song with Russian words which Mr. White did not understand. As a matter of fact, such was Constantine's horror of imitating, that the words of his song were just a list of the names of the diseases of horses, learned while Constantine was a veterinary surgeon in the Ukraine. His voice was certainly peculiar to himself; it was hoarse—so hoarse that one felt as if a light cough or a discreet blowing of that long nose would clear the hoarseness away; it was veiled, as though heard from behind an

intervening stillness; yet with all its hoarseness and insonorousness, it was flexible, alive, and exciting. His instrument had the same quality of quiet ugliness and oddity; it was almost enchanting. It was as if an animal—say, a goat—had found a way to control its voice into a crude golden concord.

"That's my music," said Constantine. "Do you like it?"

"Frankly," said Mr. White, "I prefer Chopin."

"On the gramophone?"

"On the gramophone."

"Yet one is a thing you never heard before and will never hear again—and the other is a machine that makes the same sound for millions."

"I don't care."

Constantine chewed his upper lip for a minute, thinking this over. Then he shook himself. "Nevertheless, I like you," he said insolently. "You are almost a person. Would you like me to tell you about my life, or would you rather I explained to you my idea about Zig-zags?"

"I would rather see you eat a good meal," said Mr. White, roused to a certain cordiality—as almost all Anglo Saxons are—by the opportunity of dispensing food and drink.

"I can tell you my Zig zag idea while I eat," said Constantine, leading the way towards the table at the other end of the room. "Are you not eating too?"

"I'm not in the habit of eating a meat meal at ten o'clock at night."

"Is not being 'in the habit' a reason for not doing it now?"

"To me it is."

"Oh—oh—oh—I wish I were like you," said Constantine vehemently. "It is so tiring being me—having no guide. I *do* like you."

"Help yourself to spinach," said Mr. White crossly.

"Now shall I tell you my Zig-zag idea?"

"If you can eat as well as talk."

Constantine was exceedingly hungry; he bent low over his plate, though he

sat sideways to the table, facing Mr. White, ready to launch a frontal attack of talk. His mouth was too full for a moment to allow him to begin to speak, but quick, agonized glances out of his black eyes implored his host to be silent till his lips should be ready. "You know," he said, swallowing hurriedly, "I always think of a zig-zag as going *downwards*. I draw it in the air, so . . . a straight honest line, then—see—a diagonal subtle line cuts the air away from under it—*so*. . . Do you see what I mean? I will call the *zig* a *to*, and the *zag* a *from*. Now—"

"Why is one of your legs fatter than the other?" asked Mr. White.

"It is bandaged. Now, I think of this zig-zag as a diagram of human minds. Always human minds are *zigs* or *zags*—a *to* or a *from*—the brave *zig* is straight, *so*. . . the cleverer, crueller *zag* cuts away below. So are men's—"

"But why is it bandaged?"

"It was kicked by a horse. Well, so are men's understandings. Here I draw the simple, faithful understanding—and here—*zag*—the easy, clever understanding that sees through the simple faith. Now below that—see—*zig* once more—the wise, the serene, and now a *zag* contradicts once more; this is the cynic who knows all answers to serenity. Then below, once more—"

"May I see your leg?" asked Mr. White. "I was in an ambulance unit during the war."

"Oh, what is this talk of legs?" cried Constantine. "Legs are all the same; they belong to millions. All legs are made of blood and bone and muscle—all vulgar things. Your ambulance cuts off legs, mends legs, fits bones together, corks up blood. It treats men like bundles of bones and blood. This is so dull. Bodies are so dull. Minds are the only onliness in men."

"Yes," said Mr. White. "But minds have to have legs to walk about on. Let me see your leg."

"Very well, then, let us talk of legs.

We have at least legs in common, you and I."

"Hadn't you got more sense than to put such a dirty rag round an open wound?"

"It is not dirty; it is simply of a gray color. I washed it in a rice field." Constantine spoke in a muffled voice from somewhere near his kneecap, for he was now bent double, whole-heartedly interested in his leg. "I washed the wound too, and three boils which are behind my knee. This blackness is not dirt; it is a blackness belonging to the injury."

Mr. White said nothing, but he rose to his feet as though he had heard a call. Constantine, leaving his puttee in limp coils about his foot like a dead snake, went on eating. He began to talk again about the zig-zag while he stuffed food into his mouth, but he stopped talking soon, for Mr. White was walking up and down the long room and not pretending to listen. Constantine, watching his host restively pacing the far end of the room, imagined that he himself perhaps smelled disagreeable, for this was a constant fear of his—that his body should play his rare personality this horrid trick. "What is the matter?" he asked anxiously, with a shamed look. "Why are you so far?"

Mr. White's lazy, mild manner was quite changed. His voice seemed to burst out of seething irritation. "It's a damn' nuisance, just now. It couldn't happen at a worse time. I've a great deal of work to do—and this fighting all over the province makes a journey so damn'—"

"What is so damn'?" asked Constantine, his bewilderment affecting his English.

"I'll tell you what," said Mr. White, standing in front of Constantine with his feet wide apart and speaking in an angry voice. "You're going to bed now in my attic, and to-morrow at daylight you're going to be waked up and driven down in my car, by me (damn it!) to Lao-chow, to the hospital—a two days'

drive three hundred miles—over the worst roads you ever saw.”

Constantine's heart gave a sickening lurch. “Why to hospital? You think my leg is dangerous?”

“If I know anything of legs,” said Mr. White rather brutally, “the doctor won't let you keep that one an hour longer than he has to.”

Constantine's mouth began instantly to tremble so much that he could scarcely speak. He thought, “I shall die—I shall die like this—of a stupid black leg—this valuable lonely me will die.” He glared at Mr. White, hungry for consolation. “He isn't valuable—he's one of many . . . of course he could easily be brave.”

Mr. White, once more indolent and indifferent, led the little Russian to the attic and left him there. As soon as Constantine saw the white sheets neatly folded back, the pleasant blue rugs squarely set upon the floor, the open wardrobe fringed with hangers he doubted whether, after all, he did value himself so very much. For in this neat room he felt betrayed by this body of his—this unwashed, unshaven, tired body, encased in coarse dirty clothes, propped on an offensive, festering leg. He decided to take all his clothes off, even though he had no other garment with him to put on; he would feel more appropriate to the shiny linen in his own shiny skin, he thought. He would have washed, but his attention was diverted as he pulled his clothes off by the wound on his leg. Though it was not very painful, it made him nearly sick with disgust now. Every nerve in his body seemed on tiptoe, alert to feel agony, as he studied the wound. He saw that a new sore place was beginning, well above the knee. With only his shirt on, he rushed downstairs, and in at the only lighted doorway. “Look—look,” he cried. “A new sore place. . . . Does this mean the danger is greater even than we thought?”

Mr. White, in neat blue-and-white pajamas, was carefully pressing a tie in a

tie-press. Constantine had never felt so far away from a human being in his life as he felt on seeing that tie-press, those pajamas, those monogrammed silver brushes, that elastic apparatus for reducing exercises that hung upon the door.

“Oh, go to bed,” said Mr. White irascibly. “For God's sake, show a little sense.”

Constantine was back in his attic before he thought, “I ought to have said, ‘For God's sake, show a little *nonsense* yourself.’ Sense is so vulgar.”

Sense, however, was to drive him three hundred miles to safety, next day.

All night the exhausted Constantine, sleeping only for a few minutes at a time, dreamed trivial, broken dreams about establishing his own superiority, finding, for instance, that he had after all managed to bring with him a suitcase full of clean, fashionable clothes, or noticing that his host was wearing a filthy bandage round his neck instead of a tie.

Constantine was asleep when Mr. White, fully dressed, woke him next morning. A clear, steely light was slanting in at the window. Constantine was always fully conscious at the second of waking, and he was immediately horrified to see Mr. White looking expressionlessly at the disorderly heap of dirty clothes that he had thrown in disgust on the floor the night before. Trying to divert his host's attention, Constantine put on a merry and courageous manner. “Well, how is the weather for our motor car jaunt?”

“It could hardly be worse,” said Mr. White placidly. “Sheets of rain. God knows what the roads will be like.”

“Well, we are lucky to have roads at all, in this benighted China.”

“I don't know about that. If there weren't any roads we shouldn't be setting off on this beastly trip.”

“I shall be ready in two jiffies,” said Constantine, springing naked out of bed and shuffling his dreadful clothes out of Mr. White's sight. “But just tell me,” he added as his host went through the

door, "why do you drive three hundred miles on a horrible wet day just to take a perfect stranger—a beggar too—to hospital?" (He thought, "Now he *must* say something showing that he recognizes my value.")

"Because I can't cut off your leg myself," said Mr. White gloomily. Constantine did not press his question because this new reference to the cutting off of legs set his nerves jangling again; his hands trembled so that he could scarcely button his clothes. Service in the Foreign Legion, though it was certainly no suitable adventure for a rare and sensitive man, had never obliged him to face anything more frightening than non-appreciation, coarse food, and stupid treatment. None of these things could humiliate him—on the contrary, all confirmed him in his persuasion of his own value. Only the thought of being at the mercy of his body could humiliate the excited and glowing spirit of Constantine. Death was the final, most loathsome triumph of the body; death meant dumbness and decay—yet even death he could have faced courageously could he have been flattered to its very brink.

The car, a ramshackle Ford, stood in the rain on the bald gravel of the compound, as Constantine, white with excitement, limped out through the front door. His limp, though not consciously assumed, had developed only since last night. His whole leg now felt dangerous, its skin shrinking and tingling. Constantine looked into the car. In the back seat sat Mr. White's coolie, clasping a conspicuously neat little white canvas kitbag with leather straps. The kitbag held Constantine's eye and attacked his self-respect as the tie-press had attacked and haunted him the night before. Every one of his host's possessions was like a perfectly well-balanced, indisputable statement in a world of fevered conjecture. "And a camp-bed—so nicely rolled," said Constantine leaning into the car, fascinated and humiliated. "But only one . . ."

"I have only one," said Mr. White.

"And you are bringing it—for me?" said Constantine, looking at him ardently, overjoyed at this tribute.

"I am bringing it for myself," said Mr. White with his unamused and short-sighted smile. "I am assuming that a *légionnaire* is used to sleeping rough. I'm not. I'm rather fixed in my habits and I have a horror of the arrangements in Chinese inns."

"He is morally brave," thought Constantine, though, for the first time, it occurred to him how satisfactory it would be to slap his host's face. "A man less brave would have changed his plans about the camp-bed at once and said, 'For you, my dear man, of course—why not?'" Constantine chattered nervously as he took his seat in the car next to his host, the driver. "I feel such admiration for a man who can drive a motor car. I adore the machine when it does not—like the gramophone—trespass on matters outside its sphere. This machine's sphere is space, you see—it controls space—and that is so adorable, for no non-machine except human thought can do that. And you control it. It is truly admirable—even when the machine is so very unimpressive as this one. Mr. White, your motor car is *very* unimpressive indeed. Are you sure it will run three hundred miles?"

"It always seems to," said Mr. White. "I never do anything to it except pour petrol, oil, and water into the proper openings. I am completely unmechanical."

"You cannot be if you work a gramophone."

"You seem to have my gramophone on your mind. To me it doesn't answer the purpose of a machine—it simply is Chopin, to me."

Constantine stamped his foot in almost delighted irritation, for this made him feel a god beside this groundling. After a few minutes of self-satisfaction, however, a terrible thought invaded him. He became obsessed with an idea that he had left fleas in his bed in Mr.

White's attic. That smug, immaculate Chinese servant would see them when he made the bed, and on Mr. White's return would say, "That foreign soldier left fleas in our attic bed." How bitterly did Constantine wish that he had examined the bed carefully before leaving the room, or alternatively, that he could invent some elaborate lie that would prevent Mr. White from believing this revolting accusation. Constantine's mind, already racked with the fear of pain and death and with the agony of his impotence to impress his companion, became overcast with the hopelessness and remorselessness of everything. Everything despairing seemed a fact beyond dispute; everything hopeful, a mere dream. His growing certainty about the fleas, the persistence of the rain, combined with the leakiness of the car's side-curtains, the skiddiness of the road, the festering of his leg, the thought of the surgeon's saw, the perfection of that complacent kitbag in the back seat, with the poor cigar-box balalaika tinkling beside it, the over-stability and over-rightness of his friend in need—there was not one sweet or flattering thought to which his poor trapped mind could turn.

The absurdly inadequate bullock-trail only just served the purpose of a road for the Ford. The wheels slid about, wrenching themselves from groove to groove. Constantine's comment on the difficulties of the road was silenced by a polite request on the part of Mr. White. "I can't talk while I'm driving, if you don't mind. I'm not a good driver, and I need all my attention, especially on such a bad road."

"I will talk and you need not answer. That is my ideal plan of conversation. I will tell you why I joined the Foreign Legion. You must have been wondering about this. It will be a relief for me from my misfortunes, to talk."

"I'd rather not, if you don't mind," said his host serenely.

"Mean old horse," thought Constantine passionately, his heart contracting

with offense. "It is so English to give away nothing but the bare, bald, stony fact of help—no decorations of graciousnesses and simplings. A Russian would be a much poorer helper, but a how much better friend."

The car ground on. Constantine turned over again and again in his mind the matter of the fleas. The wet ochre-and-green country of south China streamed unevenly past, the neat, complex shapes of rice fields altering, disintegrating and re-forming, like groups in a country dance. Abrupt horns of rock began piercing through the flat rain-striped valley, and these, it seemed, were the heralds of a mountain range that barred the path of the travelers, for soon cliffs towered above the road. A village which clung to a slope at the mouth of a gorge was occupied by soldiers. "This is where our troubles begin," said Mr. White peacefully. The soldiers were indolent, shabby, ineffectual-looking creatures, scarcely distinguishable from coolies, but their machine guns, straddling mosquito-like about the forlorn village street, looked disagreeably wideawake and keen. Constantine felt as if his precious heart were the cynosure of all the machine guns' waspish glances, as the car splashed between them. "Is this safe?" he asked. "Motoring through a Chinese war?"

"Not particularly," smiled Mr. White. "But it's safer than neglecting that leg of yours."

Constantine uttered a small, shrill, nervous exclamation—half a curse. "Is a man nothing more than a leg to you?"

As he spoke, from one side of the gorge along which they were now driving, a rifle shot cracked, like the breaking of a taut wire. Its echoes were overtaken by the sputtering of more shots from a higher crag. Constantine had been tensely held for just such an attack on his courage as this—and yet he was not ready for it. His body moved instantly by itself, without consulting his self-respect; it flung its arms round Mr. White. The car, thus immobilized at

its source of energy, swerved, skidded, and stood still, askew upon the trail. Constantine, sweating violently, recalled his pride and reassembled his sprawling arms. Mr. White said nothing, but he looked with a cold benevolence into Constantine's face and shook his head slightly. Then he started the car again and drove on in silence. There was no more firing.

"Oh, oh, I do *wish* you had been a little bit frightened too," said Constantine, clenching his fists. He was too much of a desert islander to deny his own fright, as a citizen of the tradition-ruled mainland might have denied it. Brave or afraid, Constantine was his own creation; he had made himself, he would stand or fall by this self that he had made. It was indeed, in a way, more interesting to have been afraid than to have been brave. Only, unfortunately, this exasperating benefactor of his did not think so.

The noon-light was scarcely brighter than the light of early morning. The unremitting rain slanted across the gray air. Trees, skies, valleys, mountains, seen through the rain-spotted windshield, were like a distorted, stippled landscape painted by a beginner who has not yet learned to wring living color from his palette. However, sun or no sun, noontime it was at last, and Mr. White, drawing his car conscientiously to the side of the bullock trail, as if a procession of Rolls Royces might be expected to pass, unpacked a neat jigsaw puzzle of a sandwich box.

"I brought a few caviar sandwiches for you," he said gently. "I know Russians like caviar."

"Are your sandwiches then made of Old England's Rosbif?" asked Constantine crossly, for it seemed to him that this man used nothing but collective nouns.

"No; of bloater paste."

They said nothing more but munched in a rather sullen silence. Constantine had lost his desire to tell Mr. White why he had joined the Foreign Legion—or to

tell him anything else, for that matter. There was something about Mr. White that destroyed the excitement of telling ingenious lies—or even the common truth; and this *something* Constantine resented more and more, though he was uncertain how to define it. Mr. White leaned over the steering wheel and covered his eyes with his hands, for driving tired him. The caviar, and his host's evident weariness, irritated Constantine more and more; these things seemed like a crude insistence on his increasing obligation. "I suppose you are tired of the very sight of me," he felt impelled to say bitterly.

"No, no," said Mr. White politely but indifferently. "Don't worry about me. It'll all be the same a hundred years hence."

"Whether my leg is off or on—whether I die in agony or live—it will all be the same a hundred years hence, I suppose you would say," said Constantine, morbidly goading his companion into repeating this insult to the priceless mystery of personality.

"My good man, I can't do more than I *am* doing about your leg, can I?" said Mr. White irritably, as he re-started the car.

"A million times more—a million times more," thought Constantine hysterically, but with an effort he said nothing.

As the wet evening light smoldered to an ashen twilight, they drove into Mo-ming, which was to be their night's stopping-place. Outside the city wall they were stopped by soldiers; for Mo-ming was being defended against the enemy's advance. After twenty minutes' talk in the clanking Cantonese tongue, the two white men were allowed to go through the city gate on foot, leaving the Ford in a shed outside, in the care of Mr. White's coolie. Mr. White carried his beautiful little kitbag and expected Constantine to carry the camp-bed.

"What—and leave my balalaika in the car?" protested Constantine childishly.

"I think it would be safe," said Mr. White, only faintly ironic. "Hurry up. I must go at once and call on the general in charge here. I don't want to have my car commandeered."

Constantine limped along behind him, the camp-bed on one shoulder, the balalaika faintly tinkling under his arm. They found the inn in the center of a tangle of looped, frayed, untidy streets—a boxlike gaunt house, one corner of which was partly ruined, for the city had been bombarded that day. The inn, which could never have been a comfortable place, was wholly disorganized by its recent misfortune: most of the servants had fled, and the innkeeper was entirely engrossed in counting and piling up on the verandah his rescued possessions from the wrecked rooms. An impudent little boy, naked down to the waist—the only remaining servant—showed Mr. White and Constantine to the only room the inn could offer.

"One room between us?" cried Constantine, thinking of his shameful, possibly verminous, clothes and his unwashed body. He felt unable to bear the idea of unbuttoning even the greasy collar of his tunic within sight of that virgin-new kitbag. Its luminous whiteness would seem in the night like triumphant civilization's eye fixed upon the barbarian—like the smug beam of a lighthouse glowing from the mainland upon that uncouth obstruction, a desert island. "I'm not consistent," thought Constantine. "That's my trouble. I ought to be proud of being dirty. At least that is a homemade condition."

"Yes—one room between us," said Mr. White tartly. "We must do the best we can. You look after things here, will you, while I go and see the General and make the car safe."

Left alone, Constantine decided not to take off any clothes at all—even his coarse greatcoat—but to say that he had fever and needed all the warmth he could get. No sooner had he come to this decision than he felt convinced that he actually was feverish; his head and his

injured leg ached and throbbed as though all the hot blood in his body had concentrated in those two regions, while ice seemed to settle round his heart and loins. The room was dreary and very sparsely furnished with an ugly, too high table and rigid chairs to match. The beds were simply recesses in the wall, draped with dirty mud-brown mosquito-veils. Constantine, however, stepped more bravely into this hard, matted coffin than he had into Mr. White's clean attic bed. As he lay down, his leg burned and throbbed more fiercely than ever, and he began to imagine the amputation—the blood, the yawning of the flesh, the scraping of the saw upon the bone. His imagination did not supply an anæsthetic. Fever came upon him now in good earnest; he shook so much that his body seemed to jump like a fish upon the unyielding matting, he seemed to breathe in heat, without being able to melt the ice in his bones. Yet he remained artistically conscious all the time of his plight, and even exaggerated the shivering spasms of his limbs. He was quite pleased to think that Mr. White would presently return and find him in this condition, and so be obliged to be interested and compassionate. Yet as he heard Mr. White's heavy step on the stair, poor Constantine's eye fell on the fastidious white kitbag, and he suddenly remembered all his fancies and fears about vermin and smells. By the time Mr. White was actually standing over him, Constantine was convinced that the deepest loathing was clearly shown on that superior, towering face.

"I can't help it—I can't help it," cried Constantine, between his chattering teeth.

Mr. White seemed to ignore the Russian's agitation. "I think the car'll be all right now," he said. "I left the coolie sleeping in it, to make sure. The General was quite civil and gave me a permit to get home; but it seems it's utterly impossible for us to drive on to Lao-chow. Fighting on the road is

particularly hot, and the bridges are all destroyed. The enemy have reached the opposite side of the river, and they've been bombarding the city all day. I told the General about your case; he suggests you go by river in a sampan down to Lao-chow. You may be fired on just as you leave the city, but nothing to matter, I dare say. After that, you'd be all right—the river makes a stiff bend south here, and gets right away from the country they're fighting over. It would take you only about eighteen hours to Lao-chow, going down stream. I've already got a sampan for you. . . . Oh Lord, isn't this disgusting," he added, looking round the dreadful room and wrinkling his nose. "How I loathe this kind of thing."

"I can't help it. I can't help it." Constantine began first to moan and then to cry. He was by now in great pain, and he did not try to control his distress. It passed through his mind that crying was the last thing a stupid Englishman would expect of a *légionnaire*; so far so good, therefore—he was a desert islander even in his degradation. Yet he loathed himself; all his morbid fears of being offensive were upon him, and the unaccustomed exercise of crying, combined with the fever, nauseated him. Mr. White, still wearing his expression of repugnance, came to his help, loosened that greasy collar, lent a handkerchief, ordered some refreshing hot Chinese tea.

"You should have known me in Odessa," gasped Constantine in an interval between his paroxysms. "Three of the prettiest women in the town were madly in love with me. You know me only at my worst."

Mr. White, soaking a folded silk handkerchief in cold water, before laying it on Constantine's burning forehead, did not answer. He unrolled the pillow from his camp-bed and put it under Constantine's head. As he did so, he recoiled a little, but after a second's hesitation, he pushed the immaculate little pillow into place with a heroic firmness.

"I wore only silk next the skin then,"

snuffled Constantine. The fever rose in a wave in his brain, and he shouted curses upon his cruelly perfect friend.

Mr. White lay only intermittently on his camp-bed that night. He was kept busy making use of his past experience as a member of an ambulance unit. Only at daylight he slept for an hour or so.

Constantine, awakened from a short sleep by the sound of firing outside, lay on his side and watched Mr. White's relaxed, sleeping face. The fever had left Constantine, and he was now sunk in cold, limp depression and fear. Luckily, he thought, there was no need to stir, for certainly he could not be expected—a sick man—to set forth in a sampan through such dangers as the persistent firing suggested. At least in this inn he knew the worst, he thought wearily, and his companion knew the worst too. "I will not leave him," Constantine vowed, "until I have somehow cured him of these frightful memories of me—somehow amputated his memory of me . . ." He lay watching his companion's face—hating it—obscurely wishing that those eyes, which had seen the worst during this loathsome night, might remain forever shut.

Mr. White woke up quite suddenly. "Good Lord!" he said, peering at his watch. "Nearly seven. I told the sampan man to be at the foot of the steps at daylight."

"Are you mad?" asked Constantine shrilly. "Listen to the firing—quite near. Besides—I'm a very sick man, as you should know by now. I couldn't even walk—much less dodge—through a crowd of Chinese assassins."

Mr. White, faintly whistling Chopin, laboriously keeping his temper, left the room, and could presently be heard heehawing in the Chinese language on the verandah to the heehawing inn-keeper.

When he came back, he said, "The sampaneer's there, waiting—only too anxious to get away from the bombing they're expecting to-day. He's tied up

only about a hundred yards away. You'll be beyond reach of the firing as soon as you're round the bend. Hurry up, man; the sooner you get down to hospital, and I get off on the road home, the better for us both."

Constantine, genuinely exhausted after his miserable night, did not speak, but lay with his eyes shut and his face obstinately turned to the wall. He certainly felt too ill to be brave or to face the crackling dangers of the battle-ridden streets, but he was conscious of no plan except a determination to be as obstructive as he could—to assert at least this ignoble power over his tyrant.

"Get up, you damn' fool," shouted Mr. White, suddenly plucking the pillow from under the sick man's head. "or I'll drag you down to the river by the scruff of your dirty neck."

Dirty neck! Instantly Constantine sat up—hopeless now of curing this man's contempt, full of an almost unendurable craving to be far away from him—to wipe him from his horizon—to be allowed to imagine him dead. Invigorated by this violent impulse, he rolled out of bed and sullenly watched Mr. White settle up with the innkeeper and take a few packages out of that revoltingly refined kitbag.

"A small tin of water-biscuits," said Mr. White, almost apologetically, "and the remains of the bloater paste. It's all I have with me, but it ought to keep you alive till you get to Lao-chow to-morrow morning. . . . I'll see you down to the river first and then pick up these things." He spoke as if he were trying to make little neat plans still against this disorderly and unwonted background. He brushed his splashed coat with a silver clothes-brush, wearing the eagerly safe expression Constantine had seen on his face as he bent over the tie-press the night before last. The orderly man was trying to maintain his quiet impersonal self-respect amid surroundings that humiliated him. Even Constantine understood vaguely that his attacker was himself being attacked.

"Well, I've done my best," added Mr. White, straightening his back after buckling the last strap of the kitbag, and looking at Constantine with an ambiguous, almost appealing look.

They left the inn. The steep street that led down to the river between mean, barricaded shops was deserted. The air of it was outraged by the whipping sound of rifle fire—echoes clanked sharply from wall to wall.

"It is not safe—it is not safe," muttered Constantine, suddenly standing rooted, feeling that his next step must bring him into the path of a bullet.

"It's safer than a gangrenous leg." With his great hand, Mr. White seized the little Russian's arm and dragged him almost gaily down the steps. Constantine was by now so hopelessly mired in humiliation that he did not even try to disguise his terror. He hung back like a rebellious child, but he was tweaked and twitched along, stumbling behind his rescuer. He was pressed into the little boat. "Here, take the biscuits—good-by—good luck," shouted Mr. White, and a smile of real gaiety broke out at last upon his face. The strip of rainy air and water widened between the two friends.

"Strike him dead, God," said Constantine.

The smile did not fade at once from the Englishman's face, as his legs curiously crumpled into a kneeling position. He seemed trying to kneel on air; he clutched at his breast with one hand while the other hand still waved good-by; he turned his alert, smiling face towards Constantine as though he were going to say again—"Good by—good luck." Then he fell, head downward, on the steps, the bald crown of his head just dipping into the water. Mud was splashed over the coat he had brushed only five minutes before.

There was a loud outcry from the sampan man and his wife. They seemed to be calling Constantine's already riveted attention to the fallen man—still only twenty yards away; they

seemed uncertain whether he would now let them row yet more quickly away, as they desired, or insist on returning to the help of his friend.

"Row on—row on," cried Constantine in Russian and, to show them what he meant, he snatched up a spare pole and tried to increase the speed of the boat as it swerved into the current. Spaces of

water were broadening all about the desert islander—home on his desert island again at last. As Constantine swayed over the pole, he looked back over his shoulder and flaunted his head, afraid no more of the firing now that one blessed bullet had carried away unpardonable memory out of the brain of his friend.

WHITE BIRCHES

BY KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

THE flat sea breaks beneath the upright rock,
And the sharp-fingered pine tree points to heaven.
But where the woods are shadowed and uneven,
Soft carpeted with moss, as if to mock
The righteous pines and the stern-featured earth,
The clustered birch trees, slender, gleaming, white,
Like nymphs that dance across a summer night
Are shaking leafy whispers of their mirth.
Beside the amber shallows of the lake,
Bending above the waters of a pool,
Deep in the woods, their shining branches break
Across the cloistered sunlight green and cool,
Naked, among the dark-robed trees they stand
The only pagans in a Christian land.



STEP-UNCLE SAM

A CANADIAN LOOKS ACROSS THE BORDER

BY LESLIE ROBERTS

IF YOU have lived beside a fellow grown paunchy with wealth, and have endured the countless irritations and pin-pricks which come from being patronized or having your liberties constantly trespassed upon, you will not find it difficult to understand the feeling which is growing in Canada against the United States. Travel anywhere in the Dominion and, unless you are recognized for an American, you will hear frankly spoken criticism of the lopsidedness of international relations. The belief is abroad in Canada that the United States has lost the faculty for reckoning on a fifty-fifty basis; that when favors are asked and secured by the United States, contempt for Canadian feelings will be proffered as thanks. Unfortunately there is a mountain of evidence to support the belief.

Chicago wants water for her drainage canal. Lake Michigan's banks are opened and a huge daily volume is led away, without thought for the lowering of navigation levels throughout the Saint Lawrence as a result of the diversion, though the item is of transcendent importance to Canada. Years pass. No amends are made. Chicago thumbs her nose. America asks extension of the three-mile limit to permit greater facility in the enforcement of prohibition. Canada grants the extension—and vessels of Canadian registry are shelled on the high seas. The Canadian Government, by request, extends administrative and legislative assistance to enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. In reply

United States patrolmen stalk their prey on Canadian soil and shoot to kill. American traders' wares dominate the shelves of every Canadian shop and home, while American legislators pile brick on brick along the tariff wall raised against Canadian products. Amity and concord are sung at banquets and the christenings of international bridges—and Yankee politicians urge the restriction of Canadian immigration. Canadian commoners are engaged in passing a law to illegalize the export of alcoholic beverages to the United States, American legislators in Washington are engaged in banning the importation of Canadian maple products to please the farmers of New Hampshire and Vermont. Add to such major items as these the petty annoyances suffered by Canadians at the hands of immigration officers, customs officials, state policemen, border patrolmen, and humble traffic cops with the manners of long-shoremen, and only one result can be looked for: a complete exasperation, among Canadians, at the thoughtlessness and intolerance of the United States toward its northern neighbor.

II

Alcoholic history has run a devious gamut in this dying decade. Even before the Eighteenth Amendment came to drive men to the drinking of fusel oil and methylated spirits, Canada had tinkered with prohibition and was discarding it for a system of control that

had the saving grace of being open and aboveboard, even though it failed to please the professional moralists. At one period of this experimental epoch the Province of Quebec was wet, and the adjoining bailiwick, Ontario, was dry. Lawmakers in the dry-lands, naturally enough, declared the transportation of liquors into their province illegal. Punitive patrols were sent out. Rude fellows under slouch hats threatened wayfarers from the corners of their mouths as they ransacked hand-baggage for bottles hidden in the folds of travelers' pajamas. Citizens were haled before the justices and fined. But no one had the temerity to suggest that Quebec must pass a law banning the export of liquor into arid Ontario, for the excellent reason that such a request would have brought a polite reply from the Prime Minister of Quebec suggesting that the enforcement of Ontario's domestic statutes was none of his concern, and this would have been an end of the matter.

It is only natural, therefore, that Canadian eyes opened wide in wonder when the Prime Minister himself introduced a measure in the House of Commons which bans liquor exportation from Canada into the United States. For ten years the Dominion Government had placed at the disposal of the neighboring administration every possible facility to prevent rum-running, without actually depleting its own excise treasury or restricting the legitimate business of Canadian distillers and brewers. Why then, Canadians asked, in the face of the fact that American enforcement officers have failed to avail themselves of the facilities already granted, are we to deplete our own national finances and curb legitimate Canadian enterprise? The answer is found in the reasons given in Parliament by the Prime Minister himself in urging passage of the Bill. Said the Right Honorable Mackenzie King:

States and Great Britain over rum-running on the Atlantic are as nothing compared to the delicate situation that at any moment may arise on our international frontier if this thing is permitted to continue. So perilous do I believe the situation to be that I would no longer assume responsibility in the matter of External Affairs in this regard if I were not sure that I had the support of this Parliament in any policy which I believe to be necessary to prevent a condition which might prove perilous to this country any day.

Serious Canadian thought, in fine, realizes that constant repetitions of the *I'm Alone* incident can have only one ultimate result, the bringing of Canadian patience to the breaking point. Political leaders in the Dominion, being privy to national thought, have recognized that recurrences of the *Shawnee* affair, the continued seizure of motor boats and speed craft in Canadians waters and petty disturbances such as the Laframboise incident on the Detroit-Windsor frontier, can lead only to an ultimate breaking of the camel's back of good-will. Canada, therefore, under the light touch of Washington's "friendly pressure," has clarified the Dominion's position in regard to America's prohibition laws. The gesture is a declaration of Canada's neighborly spirit, in that it refuses to Canadian citizens the privilege of taking commercial advantage of America's domestic position. At the same time it is an appeal to the American people to repay neighborly acts by schooling their officers not to sink Canadian ships on the high seas, or to invade Canadian territory for the purpose of shooting down Canadian citizens. It is interesting to note that the measure passed the Canadian House of Commons by the overwhelmingly one-sided vote of 173 to 11, despite the fact that practically every front-bencher who participated in the debate deplored the spirit of intolerance towards Canada on the part of the United States and confessed utter weariness with the one-sidedness of international accord.

The dangers of possible delicate and difficult situations arising between the United

III

A series of questions was presented to the Canadian Government recently in Parliament by Colonel S. C. Robinson, the member for South Essex, a constituency fronting on the international border in the region of Detroit, which digs to the roots of Canadian irritation and disgust. In his questionnaire the colonel asks:

1. How many Canadian vessels have been seized by American prohibition agents in 1922-1929 inclusive?

2. How many seizures turned out to be illegal?

3. How many Canadian lives were lost from indiscriminate shooting?

4. How many cases of seized vessels are pending?

5. How many Canadian vessels have been destroyed by gunfire of American enforcement officers?

6. How many times has Canada protested to the United States?

7. How many times has the United States apologized?

8. What progress has been made with unsettled cases?

9. What steps, if any, has the Government taken to put a stop to shooting and murdering by American enforcement officers of Canadian citizens?

10. How many Canadians were murdered by American prohibition agents in 1929?

11. How many Canadians were wounded in 1929?

12. How many Canadians were imprisoned in 1929?

As a border resident, Colonel Robinson is well able to judge the laxity of prohibition enforcement which obtains in the Detroit region. As he is a prominent citizen of the Border Cities and a member of the Canadian Parliament, his opinion must be adjudged that of a responsible man. His attitude to prohibition, as he sees it in the community where he makes his home, is that it is a farce. He finds the deportment of officers engaged in the enforcement of the Volstead Act disgraceful. He finds that international relations between the two countries are becoming a laughing-stock

as the result of the continued depredations of American officers on the one hand and the intolerance of American laws and restrictions on the other.

It was on the Detroit-Windsor border that the Laframboise incident occurred. Muskrat Laframboise owns an automobile, which he plies for hire, and on the night of February third he was engaged by gentlemen in the rum trade to tow a liquor-laden speedboat, mounted on runners, across the ice on the Canadian side of the river, as far as open water. There his job would end. The motor boat would shed its runners, take to the water, and steer for the American shore opposite. In the vicinity of Fighting Island, however, after minor accidents en route, trouble developed. Laframboise made his escape in an automobile (on the Canadian side of the river), but was pursued. Called on to halt by two men who appeared in the roadway before his car, the driver stepped on the throttle. The two men stood aside but, as Laframboise drove past, opened fire on him, wounding him in the head. At no time had Laframboise passed off Canadian soil. The attack was made in Canada on a Canadian citizen engaged in pursuits entirely lawful in the Dominion. Patrolman Gordon Southard of the U. S. Liquor Patrol was dismissed for his part in the affair, indicating the concurrence of the United States in the sworn statements of Laframboise and eyewitnesses that the shooting was done by American officers. That is the sort of thing which has transpired along the Detroit-Windsor frontier during the past few years. Not only American hijackers, but American Government officers, have trespassed on Canadian soil armed to shoot and shooting to kill.

Robinson, who lives in the midst of this guerilla warfare of rum-runners, United States sleuths, and hijackers, brands the attitude of American officers as one of complete ignorance of Canadian rights. Peaceful citizens keep off the roads at night, rather than be held at the gun's point or fired on when they refuse

to halt. The ping of bullets as the liquor outposts go into action is heard along the lanes and in the fields down by the river. Over-zealous officers have fired on Canadian citizens on Canadian ground. Canadian citizens have been killed. Yet enforcement remains a divine jest, for the trucks and boats of the favored seem to pass without let or hindrance. Between two and five in the afternoon, one day this winter, seventy-five trucks and motor cars left the export docks at Amherstburg on the Canadian side and crossed the ice to the American shore without interference, their crossing photographed from the air by a member of the staff of the *Detroit News*. Says Colonel Robinson:

No intelligent person can tell me that the United States, with its army of enforcement officers, could not stop that traffic. When young Laframboise was shot the American officers did not take after the boatloads of liquor going across, but chased the chap in the car. I would say there is only a very shallow attempt being made to enforce the law, particularly along the Detroit River and the shores of Lake Erie.

One might fill a book with these incidents—such as the seizure of the motor boat *210-P* in Canadian waters along the Saint Clair River, which brought about an apology from the American Government for the super-zeal of its officers. After examining the blunder-list one wonders if the American Government makes any effort to school its men in the rudiments of international law, and whether no one but blacklegs and thugs can be found to accept the emoluments of a United States Government job.

"Apparently no one can tell the extent to which this farce has gone," Colonel Robinson told me in a two-hour talk in his office in the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa, "but everyone here realizes that unless common sense is brought into the picture on the American side of the line, as well as here, the continued strain on Canadian decency will become almost impossible to bear. Look at this!"

He showed me a copy of a speech which he had delivered in Parliament during the passage of the Liquor Export Bill. Let me quote two paragraphs of that speech which serve to show the American attitude toward this northern neighbor and the neighbor's family:

A man was a lifesaver at one of the bathing beaches at Windsor. A friend of his from Sandwich desired to cash a check in a Detroit bank and this lifesaver just took out his row-boat and rowed his friend across the river. As he was about to let him off the immigration officers arrested him and they put him in jail. Prominent men from the Golf Club at Sandwich, the Mayor of Windsor and other leading citizens gave the man a splendid character and asked that he be released, but the United States authorities would not release him, their excuse being that they were going to investigate. These investigations take from one to five months, and the man had to stay in jail.

Another man went to Arkansas to visit his uncle and made up his mind to live there. He married a Scotch girl, and they had one child. Some fellow who wanted his job laid a complaint before the immigration authorities and this man, his wife and child were arrested and put in jail. He had been born in England, by the way, but came to Canada when he was three years old. After three or four days they were let out of jail but were kept under guard for several months. He was not allowed to work or to communicate with his family. They were shipped to New Orleans to be sent to England, where they did not know anybody. Ultimately they were shipped to New York where the immigration authorities were persuaded to deport them to Canada. *I contend that if Canadians were to treat Americans in that manner the people of the United States would feel like declaring war against us on the ground that we had committed an unfriendly act. But these are only two samples of what is going on all the time.*

Let us consider for another moment the words of the Honorable Doctor Manion, former Cabinet Minister, delivered in the House of Commons on March twenty-fourth, as indicating a further reason for Canadian annoyance:

When we were in like circumstances in the early months of the war, when we had prohibition on our side of the line and they had not, I do not remember that they helped us very much in keeping the alcohol out of our country.

Recalling this fact, Canadians feel that United States policy is based on the doctrine of "heads I win, tails you lose"; that the old-fashioned doctrine of a *quid* for a *quo*, which ought to prevail along this unfortified border, has been mislaid. Canadian records bulge with the cases of citizens who, like the life-saver of Windsor, have languished in American jails. Canadian distillers and brewers find their legitimate enterprises curbed to aid a neighbor who made no pretense of coming to the rescue when Canada was trying its own Noble Experiment. Canadian people will foot the bill in taxes for a neighborly gesture of aid given to a nation which in turn sinks Canadian ships, shoots Canadian citizens, and sets honest men to rotting in prisons while a horde of officials investigate their right of entry to the United States. Is it any wonder that Canadians think the time has come for a change and for recognition of the fact that good manners is the first requisite of neighborliness?

IV

The case of the schooner *I'm Alone* offers another example of the genius of American officers for disregarding other people's laws. The schooner *I'm Alone* was a rum-runner of Canadian registry which, on venturing close to the coast, was called upon to halt by an American Coast Guard patrol. The schooner's commander preferred to return to sea, turned tail and ran, the patrol cutter in pursuit. The pursuit continued over two and a half days. At length the *I'm Alone* was bombarded and sunk two hundred and fifteen miles from the American coast. In order to avoid any suggestion of hot-headed opinion in the matter, I will quote here the words of Mr. C. H. Cahan, King's Counsel and

a Member of the Canadian Parliament, as indicative of normal Canadian opinion. Remember that the speaker is one of the Dominion's outstanding lawyers, a man who has grown up with the country and has been identified with Canadian public life for many years. He says:

The evidence seems clear that this pursuit of two days continued to a point on the high seas two hundred and fifteen miles from the coast and, in my opinion, the Coast Guard vessel, the *Dexter*, I think, which came upon the scene later, never sank a British ship two hundred and fifteen miles from the coast unless by wireless she had received direct instructions from the political authorities of the United States to commit that which, *if authorized by the executive political authority of that country, was an act of war or, if not authorized by that political authority but done on the initiative of the Coast Guard alone, was an act of deliberate piracy.*

Act of war or act of piracy, it matters little which. Canada is not marching about her borders urging those on the other side to come and knock a chip off her shoulder. Canadians merely seek a return of that right to liberty which was the root reason for the founding of the United States. But what happened? Did the United States offer immediate amends to Canada for the scuttling of a ship of Canadian registry? Did Washington apologize? No. Washington proposed an arbitration; and as this is written, the matter drags through the interminable delays of such litigation, the latest suggestion being that although the *I'm Alone* was of Canadian registry and flew the Canadian ensign at her mast, her actual ownership was American, a suggestion which so far lacks proof. Even though it were truth you will find it difficult to convince a Canadian that it is lawful for armed American vessels to fire on ships flying the Canadian flag on the high seas. For what did the Coast Guard know of the whereabouts of the *I'm Alone's* owners?

This is not an isolated case. There was the affair of the Canadian motor ship *Shawnee*, for example, fired on by

an American enforcement patrol beyond the limit of United States waters, because her master did not choose to halt for questioning and inspection. Washington apologized in this case, perhaps because of the public indignation in Canada over the *I'm Alone* case. Canada, I presume, should be grateful that the *Shawnee*, too, was not sent to Davy Jones.

V

There is, of course, something comic in any good-humored contemplation of Canada's Washington-sought aid in the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment. Prohibition is waged with gunfire on the borders of the United States; meanwhile there seems to be little or no attention given to the use of blotting paper in the inland centers of thirst. Hence the feeling exists among Canadians that they are living next door to a man possessed of a monomania, who, therefore, is not quite responsible for his acts. Add to this the belief that many of the unfortunate neighbor's family are even more distressed than are Canadians by his bad manners, and you find the reason for Canada's willingness to extend the olive branch in the face of continued insults and depredations. She does this not because Canadians fear the wrath of the fanatics, but because reasonable people—and Canadians are reasonable folk, perhaps because they are not so "free" as their neighbors and, therefore, are not governed so intensively—seek to avoid petty contretemps and squabbles. Still, many Canadians admit that they live under the "friendly pressure" which is felt by nations of small population when they reside next door to larger and wealthier countries. Witness the statement made in the House of Commons by Henri Bourassa, tribune of the French Canadian people and Member of Parliament for Labelle:

Supposing British Guiana asked us to pass a law similar to this, do you think for a moment we would even consider doing so?

Of course we would not. . . . Therefore if we do it, because it is the American Government, or because of the power of the American Government to make good their claims on us, then let us face the consequences like men. I am quite sure that the pressure which has been brought to bear in order to secure this legislation has been "friendly"; but we may be sure that as time goes on the pressure will be perhaps a little less friendly and a little more pressing, when it is found that this legislation is inoperative.

The feeling gains ground that there must be an end to these pressures and these shootings and these imprisonments, an end to questionnaires that will ask the Canadian Government how many citizens were murdered by American officers last year. No matter how reasonable a man may be, no matter how peaceful his desires, if he is to be constantly irritated and angered by insults and ill-treatments, there is bound to come a day when he will say "Enough!" There is not a sane man in the Dominion who does not hope that that day may never come. Canada's leaders, regardless of their politics and creeds, have steadfastly adhered to the policy of neighborliness and good-will. Error in these matters lies not with Canada but with the bigotry of American die-hard drys and the insularity of the Little Americans. Now, one hears, we are to have an augmented, armed border patrol that will press its breast against the unarmed boundary of revered memory, as a proof to the Bible Belt that enforcement is on the way. This despite the admission by the authorities at Washington that not more than three per cent of the liquor consumed in the United States owns Canada as its point of origin. Simultaneously the ports of entry into the United States are to be diminished in number, and the rule that a Canadian might cross where he willed, providing he steered for the nearest port of entry, is to be scrapped. Restriction, you will observe, increases, no matter where one looks. Whether Washington, simultaneously, will create

restricted zones in which shootings can be held I do not know. Schemes less preposterous have been incorporated in international policy before to-day. We are, of course, to be given a reciprocal treaty which will ban the export to Canada of commodities the use of which, though legal in the U. S. A., is illegal in Canada. The traffic, however, is south-bound, not northwards, so that the treaty becomes merely another potential gesture, of considerable service to Step-uncle Sam but of little practical use to Canada.

VI

Leaving prohibition for the moment, let us consider the immigration barriers which Representative Johnson, Chairman of the House Committee on Immigration, proposes to raise against Canadian subjects. For the past century and more, while these twin races have grown to nationhood side by side, free ingress to the United States has been permitted to any Canadian of good health and sound character. A similar policy has been maintained towards American citizens by Canada. But now this natural flow of population is to be allowed in only one direction. Canadians are to join Latvia and Japan on the quota list.

It is beyond human belief that the greatest commercial body politic known to mankind will, by such an official act, again strive to estrange the best client on its national books, by telling him that his sons and daughters are not wanted on American soil. Not only is Canada America's largest customer for direct imports; her terrain is also dotted with the plants and factories of American-owned companies which have domiciled their subsidiaries in Canada to manufacture for the Canadian market. Practically every automobile in the Dominion is an American car, riveted together in the Canadian assembly plants of Ford, General Motors, or Chrysler. The household machines with which the Canadian housewife launders,

scrubs, and refrigerates may come from factories that are Canadian in location, but the profits cross the line to New York, Pittsburgh, and Chicago. The cereal products on Canada's breakfast tables were invented in Battle Creek. The lotions and bath salts on the druggists' shelves are American in conception, though they may have been born under a Canadian roof. Canadian reading matter comes from American publishers. Scarcely a European film finds its way into the theaters of the Dominion. The accessories of Canadian life and the entertainments of Canadian leisure are all, or almost all, direct imports from the United States, and it is to American proprietors that the dividends accrue. Yet while Canada spends its dollars for the purchase of American goods, Canadians are told by American lawmakers that their sons must stop coming to the United States to live. Simultaneously, while Canada eats, drinks, wears, and carries the products of American manufacturers wherever Canadians live, Yankee tariff barriers yearly mount higher and higher against the products of Canadian mills. Even though an appeal to whatever tatters remain of our international ethics must fail, it is impossible to conceive that the suggestion that, ultimately, the American pocketbook will suffer can fall on deaf ears. Estrange the Canadian, tell him that neither he nor his goods are wanted, and he will turn his eyes to Europe and to the doctrine of Empire Free Trade, and will set up a barrier against alien goods. Not forever can he be expected to favor a neighbor who is willing to take his money but refuses to extend the amenities of international accord in return. That, it seems to me, must be the basis of the ultimate appeal: an appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober.

VII

Consider, in closing, the case of Herbert Upjohn, a young newspaperman domiciled in Vancouver for many years.

Here is a case picked from more than a hundred newspaper records of cases in which residents of the Dominion have suffered at the hands of United States officials, an example of things that happen constantly to ordinary Canadian citizens who commit accidental infractions of America's innumerable laws and restrictions.

Upjohn visited the United States on a six months' permit. He was a British citizen, not born in Canada, but had been a resident of the Dominion for a long period. His record carried no black marks. He was a good citizen and an asset to any country where he might take up residence. But Upjohn blundered. He committed the amazing crime of overstaying the duration of his permit. What happened?

One day four armed officers entered his hotel room in Los Angeles, handcuffed him, and carried him off to jail. The prisoner made the unfortunate remark that perhaps a little more consideration might be shown to a former war comrade, whereupon an inspector is charged with this amazing reply:

So you're one of those guys who think they won the war? You're gonna learn there's a place on the map called the United States, and before you're through with this country you're gonna learn also that British Empire talk is as stale as a lousy cheese! We make rules for Chinamen—the same rule goes for a Britisher!

These brave words are those of an officer of the American Government, charged with upholding the dignity and fair name of the United States.

So Upjohn was sent to the Los Angeles

county jail, where he was fingerprinted, photographed, and pushed into a cage with the sweepings of the underworld brought in during a police round-up resulting from the murder of a constable the previous evening. With ten other members of this motley parade he was stood against a white wall under powerful lights while detectives marched up and down and cross-examined the dragnet's catch. Subsequently he was taken to a part of the prison where forty-eight other prisoners of British citizenship were being held on similar charges. The next morning he was sentenced to be deported to the country of his birth.

Months followed, months which Upjohn passed in durance, pending his forcible removal from the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. At last he was told that his turn had come. The act of deportation was about to take place. Upjohn was told that he would be off to China in the morning. And why China, you may ask, as Upjohn asked. China, because the accident of birth brought Herbert Upjohn into the world of British parents on a China station. So to China he must go. His protests were unavailing. Handcuffed to sixty Chinese, most of whom had been smuggled into the United States by American Chinese-runners, Upjohn was shipped to Shanghai. Permission to communicate with friends in Vancouver, his home, was refused. The law said Upjohn must go back to the country of his birth, so to China Upjohn went, being left to make his way home to Canada as best he could.

Is there no end to folly?



A DEFENSE OF THE ENGLISH CLIMATE

BY MARY BORDEN

IT HAS a very bad reputation. It is generally considered to be absolutely beastly. There is almost no one to say a good word for it, and I used to agree that it was the worst climate in the world. Now I am convinced that it is the best and, although I am writing on one of those raw, damp, sodden English winter days that used to represent for me the maximum of atmospheric gloom, I take up my pen with enthusiasm, an extra enthusiasm because I am a convert; and, being a convert, I speak, I hope, with authority.

For I wasn't born to it—I didn't take it for granted—I didn't gulp down fog and smoke with my mother's milk or become accustomed to damp flannel nightgowns when I was six months old. It didn't seem to me natural in my infancy that bright day should be turned suddenly into black night or that everything indoors and out should be wet and chill to the touch as if just taken out of an ice box; nor did I assume at the age of twelve or so that floods should come every winter or believe God willed that the sun should not shine on children or the moon on sweethearts or the stars upon old men with telescopes. I was born under high and brilliant skies in a part of the U. S. A. where the changing of the seasons was a dramatic affair of sharp contrast, where the fields in summer were scorched by a blazing sun and the woods of autumn turned suddenly scarlet in a single frosty night and winter brought blizzards, muffled the snowbound valleys in cold silence, and the spring, after that, seemed a miracle. And so, when I was a woman and dined out in May in London

my arms all prickly with gooseflesh, and I discovered that the only constant companions from my clothes closet were a mackintosh, galoshes, and an umbrella, I felt that there was something wrong and I suffered and grumbled, shivered and raged and became the victim of such dark depression that I took to sleeping inordinately—out of sheer despair so I thought. I was wrong. This matter of sleeping, this new habit that overtook me in England, is odd and it has a certain significance. I took to sleeping, as some people take to tennis or hunting, because, being one of those idiotically constructed creatures, a nervous American, I needed it, and because the English climate saw to it that I got what I needed, slowed down my nervous machine to a proper tempo, wrapped me in a wet blanket guaranteed to bring down any mental fever, and saved me from the nervous breakdown that would surely have got me in Chicago, New York, Montreal, Berlin, or Paris.

The truth is that the English climate is the best in the world because it is just depressing enough and, though beastly, not too beastly, and so does two things to human beings. It puts the brake on nervous energy, but gently whips up the senses, and sends the blood of men coursing through their veins just as it sends the sap and juices of plants running rich in theirs. It refreshes and renews the normal springs of Life. Under its influence, Life, the essence of it, is vigorous to bursting. Blood stock, the best on earth, is the result. For horse breeding, and the breeding of cattle and pigs and men there is no country like England.

It is the model stud farm of the world; and I believe it to be a fact that in America the strains of horses and cattle have to be reinforced from England every three generations. Why? I don't pretend to know the scientific answer and don't presume to be technical. But it is the climate and the rich drenched soil that are responsible. The soil is deep, and the seeds of Life come from deep down. Such a small country in circumference, about as big as New York State, but immense in other dimensions. I think of the deep gardens, deep meadows, deep grass, deep pools. Life develops slowly, with shyness and sureness and serenity in these Islands. The fog-bound coast is a rampart to protect it. The gray mantle of the sky is again a protecting coverlet. Life here doesn't flash up in a day to wither the next. It comes up cautiously, grows slowly as a tree does that has deep roots, a stalwart trunk, sturdy branches, strong, tough green leaves.

The English climate is not a forcing house. It doesn't produce exotic blooms, gaudy plants, flamboyant birds, or men and women of a dazzling brilliance. Neither Birds of Paradise nor Orchids, nor Cleopatras nor Mussolinis thrive in this dim, misty, shrouded land that is saturated with salty moisture. But all manner of robust and gentle, modest and wholesome things thrive in it, and some very frail and exquisite. Race horses and lovely long-limbed women with flowerlike faces, long horns and short horns and roses, Gloucester spots and bluebells, Stilton cheese and respectable publicans, oak trees and beeches and the fancies of poets, laughter and leisure (the last doesn't spoil on one's hands), green grass, deep, lush, fragrant grass that is green all the year round. If it were this alone, that the earth is always green, that it never goes dead, goes hard, turns to you a stony, forbidding face, it would be almost enough to prove my thesis. It is a gentle climate, careful of life.

I was in America last December. I

crossed half the Continent and on my way from New York to Chicago I looked out of the window and shuddered, for the land was hard and gritty and gray as a slate and, being unaccustomed to it, I thought, "It is dead. It can never come alive again." And I felt an icy hand clutch at my side, and I wondered if it were only because the temperature in the car was about 150° Fahrenheit and gave me a fiendish headache that I felt the world of winter America to be an unnatural and rather frightening world. But the Hudson River was like molten steel that day, and the Palisades were gray and bare, and the wind was screaming down from the north, and there wasn't a blade or a leaf of green anywhere to be seen, not even round the scattered desolate farms. And I thought of the stories I had read about the melancholy of farm life in the west of America and remembered suddenly that there were roses growing out of doors at that moment in England and a great variety of other flowers.

"I could have picked thirty different blooms in my garden to-day," a friend said to me in January when I got back to England. And the next day, it being a Saturday in the middle of January, I went for a drive and, passing the gates of Wellington Barracks, saw a group of soldiers starting out for a trot in shorts and singlets, then found children sailing their boats on the round pond in Hyde Park and, pushing out into the green country, saw a great number of young men in white flannels playing tennis and soccer—games everywhere, and golf courses dotted with folk. All the world was out of doors, even the old men. They were, as always, fishing from bridges and rowboats, or sitting on the banks of the Thames. And it was such a pretty day, all opalescent, with a rosy light showing through soft gray clouds, and I knew that everywhere in England and Ireland and Scotland the same thing was happening. On this Saturday afternoon in mid-winter all the population was taking its holiday out of

doors. Every man, woman, and child who could get free had rushed into playing fields or gardens, or had leaped on to the backs of horses to go galloping over the squelching turf; or if they had just come up out of the bowels of the earth where they'd been hewing at the black face of a coal pit, they were off for walks through purple woods that rustled with fat, contented little birds.

A passion for the country, for the smell of it and the sense of it, among all classes of men in England is one of the obvious results of this much maligned English climate, and it is the one antidote to the awful problem of modern industrial life as represented in the Black Country. Indeed, I think it is the climate that will save Great Britain from bloody revolutions or other less harrowing but even more ridiculous follies. For it does not tolerate exaggerations; it exerts a soothing influence even upon mob psychology, acts upon the political mind as a cooling compress on a fevered head: has been responsible, I swear, for that unique, incredible, monstrous national growth that has taken hundreds of years to develop and has never been put into any sort of ordered frame, and still goes on growing—the British Constitution.

II

But I am going too fast. I am rushing ahead with my argument before laying down my premise. What, after all, is a good climate? You may say that that depends on what one likes. You'll be wrong if you do. What one likes has nothing to do with it. It's not the agreeable climate that is a good climate; on the contrary. If providence consulted the nations of the earth and a vote were taken, I dare say the vast majority of traveled people would vote for a climate like that of the Riviera. Sun would be the first requisite, plenty of sun. Sun, we'll say, not every day all the year round as in the middle of the Sahara, but six days a week, and a resulting lazy warmth. To be lazy, to enjoy

being lazy. There you have it. To lie basking like a lizard on a warm, sunny bank; that's the secret dream of most of us. "A loaf of bread beneath the bough," Omar Khayyam's garden, that's what we should really enjoy. For we are, every man jack of us, once we're out of our early twenties, essentially and primarily lazy; and the greatest luxury any of us can dream of is the unadulterated bliss of delicious, undisturbed laziness—undisturbed, I mean to say, by any prickings of conscience or any fear of unfortunate consequences, or any reminiscent jiggling of the nerves, sense of failure or memory of frustrated ambition. Natural-born lotus eaters, we are, all of us. Children turned out of a garden of Eden where we did not toil or spin, this in the secret places of our racial consciousness we feel is our birth-right; and it is only by the grace of God working for our unending discomfort through the medium of harsh, bitter, stimulating climates that we are saved from utter and absolute degeneracy.

But the ideal climate must not be too harsh, any more than too soft. No extremes of cold or tropical heat are good for us. If all our energy is absorbed simply in surviving arctic conditions, we'll not get very far with our civilization.

The human race is a biological species, that has not yet begun to develop into a finished type. Professor Jeans and Professor Whitehead have told us that it is in its infancy, three weeks old maybe. Just how that infant, our own race, is going to develop is a fascinating subject for speculation outside my subject and quite beyond my mental power, but it seems not unsuitable to suggest one or two of the conditions necessary to insure its fullest growth. As animals, then, we are peculiar among other animals by virtue of a more highly developed brain and nervous system. We are more sensitive than cows, horses, or pigs, and have a greater capacity for suffering. That seems to be the principal difference—that we can suffer more acutely in

many more different ways; and I fancy that we think more because we suffer more, not that we suffer because we think. But that's no matter; we needn't here enter into that controversy. The fact is that we do both, more intensely than dogs or elephants or fish, and that as a result we have shed our fur pelts, bought ourselves clothes and spectacles, and built ourselves warm houses. We have become, as we grew thoughtful, very vulnerable and very frail; and the wisest and most thoughtful among us are the most vulnerable to the onslaught of inclement nature. What this means is that we are developing too rapidly in a one-sided way. Imagine the half dozen great minds of the world, men such as Einstein and Eddington, Whitehead and Jeans, exposed on a mountain peak in winter or in the middle of the Sahara in summer, and you'll see what I mean. We don't so expose them; we wrap them quite rightly in cotton wool and keep them in the rare artificial atmosphere of dons' chambers behind college gates. But my point is that our tendency is to do the same thing on a grand scale, indeed for the whole species: to create an artificial world like a glass case inside the natural one and live in it with the least possible physical exertion; and this fatal tendency in human life is strongest, I maintain, in those countries where the climate is the most brilliant, the most exciting, and the most nerve-racking.

Yes, one of them is America. There is only one great danger looming over America, the climate. It is bad, for white men. It has produced more skyscrapers, more machinery, more labor-saving devices, more religious maniacs, more psychoanalysts, more nervous wrecks, more drunkards, more dyspeptics, more patent foods, more gamblers and gunmen and yellow journalists than any country in the world. Its keynote is extravagance. It is an extravagant, spectacular, dramatic, ultra-stimulating and wildly exciting climate and it impels men to every sort of excess for which they nervously try to find every sort of

antidote. It is a climate too that makes everyone feel in a hurry, a climate of speed. Get rich quick, get up quick, jump aboard quick, kiss me quick, marry me quick and divorce me quicker, live quick, get old quick. Breathlessness is the result. And a sense of unreality, of an enormous phantasmagoria that may vanish as it came in the wink of an eye. If only it would rain for six months in America without stopping. If only the winds would grow quiet, the North-easter stop blowing down the Great Lakes; if only a soft, silent fog would roll over those cities and prairies, from New York to San Francisco, muffling it all, stopping it all, slowing it all down, the jiggling thermometer too.

III

I don't say that the climate of the United States is beastly. I say that it is dangerous and that the English climate is safe. And some of my American readers will snort like war horses and cavort about and toss their heads and be glad they weren't born in that slow, safe country. Well, if you are young and fiery your feelings are natural. American youth is very inspiring; not so inspiring is American old age. Life burns in America with too bright a flame to burn long. Men and women break down there, just when in England they are reaching the height of their mental and physical powers. We've no class in America of grand old men to offset against the same class in England. Our grand old men are few, and our grand old ladies fewer. Old ladies wither quickly in the U. S. A. or turn to fat and subside into rocking chairs with boxes of chocolates beside them; and I attribute this to the climate. Indeed, I attribute everything in every country to the climate. That's the point of this article. The constitution of the state, the peculiar form of its government, the customs of the people, their art, literature, virtues and vices and amusements, all are a matter of climate. The American brand

urges men to gigantic endeavor and daring experiment. It achieves miracles of energy, fantastic victories over natural obstacles. It undermines mountains, irrigates deserts, builds cities in the sky, and fills the silent places of the earth with noise. It impels men, more than any climate in the world, to work, to be active. It is intolerant of laziness, has so little use for it that it simply wipes the lazy man off the slate. It is not the spirit of Democracy in America that has fashioned a God out of the idea of Work. The worship of Work and the spirit of Democracy are both alike, I maintain, due to the climate, and one of the most hopeful things about it is just this intolerance of idleness.

The same can't be said of England. England encourages laziness, and according to Mr. J. H. Thomas, England has gone hopelessly slack. There's the dole. Isn't that a sign of there being something hopelessly and radically wrong with my much vaunted English climate? But I never said that it was perfect; I only said that, taken all round, it is the best the earth has to offer. The million and a half unemployed in England cannot legitimately be taken as a proof that the climate is bad. They are a proof that it has been too good, that it has encouraged and protected the breeding of men to the point of over-saturation. We've too many people in this country, that's all, and they are too fond of it to want to go elsewhere, even when they are starving. That's the whole trouble. What of the industrialists? Aren't they lazy, lacking in initiative, in imagination, in the courage to experiment? Yes, I think they are. And I think it possible that Great Britain has reached and passed the greatest period of its history as a world power. But if that is going to be true (and I do not feel sure of it and I find it a tragic prospect) it will happen—and I know these words are going to sound ridiculous—it will happen, I say, in spite of the climate, and if Great Britain survives as a great power and the center of a great

Empire, it is the climate that will save it.

I maintain quite seriously that Great Britain's one inalienable possession and its one incalculably great asset is its climate. No power on earth can take this away from it so long as the Gulf Stream flows warm from the south and the sun shines on the equator with undiminished heat. With the approach of the next ice age things will be different. If the bottom of the sea began to heave itself up, then who could tell where the center of human gravity would slide to. But given a topography of the globe more or less as it is to-day, I assert that that center of gravity will remain where it is in this Island that is deep and cool as a well. And if you talk to me of history and argue as Spengler does in his *Decline of the West*, I'll slither out of an argument, pleading ignorance of the history of civilizations, but maintain, all the same, with feminine obstinacy, that the climate of England has produced something imperishable, something as nearly eternal as anything can be on earth. Something more elastic and lasting than the Code Napoleon or the Elgin marbles or the skyline of New York. What shall I call it? I must call it something, for it represents a living force, a dynamic power and a step up or forward in the evolution of the human race. Call it a type of man, call it the temperate man, the man who has somehow achieved a balance between his rights as an individual and his obligations as a member of a community. Call it the individual as opposed to that grotesque monster the mass man, the type of man who will save us perhaps from Communism in our time: the mass man and his Machine God. It's not the peasants of Russia on their desolate steppes who will dispute the future sway of these two, nor the Captains of American Industry with their massed machine production. It's the slow-witted, obstinate, law-abiding Britisher with the gleam of humor in his eye, who keeps the law but will tolerate

no interference in his private affairs.

Consider all this for a moment from the low point of view of international rivalry. Imagine for a moment that some nation should challenge Britain's power in a new first-class, full-dress war. What will win a war of the future anyhow? Big ships or little ships, submarines or airplanes, or the men who man them? Unmanned machines let loose by some infernal scientific impulse, or organized squadrons of machines guided by a spirit of intelligent purpose? Will the land that has bred the best horses and cattle and the densest crowd of men in Christendom fail now because machines have it all their own way? I wonder. I doubt it. I think that no country can have a great navy, or a great merchant marine that does not breed sailors, or a great army if it doesn't breed men who are real tough, elastic, brave men. I think that no nation can be greater than itself for very long and that no edifice either Parthenon or cathedral, or organized palace of industry, will stand long when it's left empty of Life.

But I am not very interested in military or naval supremacy, and I'm not talking about world power in its literal sense. I think that Great Britain could stand being beaten in half a dozen wars and yet still remain in my sense of the word the greatest power in the world. It is just stupid enough, just slow enough,

just insular enough, to survive as a power for sanity and temperateness for many generations to come.

France has survived unchanged, despite invasions, because it is insular, intolerant, and stubborn; but France is more divided against itself than England. It has half a dozen climates and half a dozen races. The Bretons and the people of the Mediterranean seaboard are strangers to each other and as antagonistic as the Punjabis in India are to the inhabitants of Madras. If this is true of France, what of the United States of America? Are the people of the South blood brothers of the Teutonic and Scandinavian citizens of Minnesota and Wisconsin? But I needn't point out the weakness of this polyglot mixture in America. We all know that America has not yet produced a race, or a racial type, or a racial mind, and this fact—to be very frank—is a guarantee of Great Britain's moral supremacy for the next few hundred years. After that, when the population of the United States has added to itself another hundred million people, Great Britain may have to take second place. In the meantime I back England and the enduring power of England and its curious slowly developing life and its obstinate, invincible unity, which is so little understood by foreign politicians and which I attribute entirely to its geography, or in other words, to its climate.



ROOSEVELT AND THE WAR

A CHAPTER OF MEMORIES

BY OWEN WISTER

ON JUNE 28, 1914, I walked into my hotel at Triberg in the Black Forest, South Germany. Some six or seven people were clustered by the bulletin board. This announced the assassination of a couple I had never heard of in a place with a strange name I could not pronounce. And a voice at the edge of our group spoke:

"That is the match which will set all Europe in flames."

He was a tall, lean, gray man—pale, and of great distinction. I had noticed him at meals. It was the first word I ever heard from him, and the last. It made no impression on me at the time. I did not think of it again till August, on the ocean.

About July 25th, an old English lady asked me if I believed that Austria would actually declare war on Serbia. I didn't know what she meant. Trouble between England and Ulster was all that the London papers seemed to be talking about.

On August 1st I laid some sovereigns down to pay my London hotel bill. Did I not need gold for myself? the landlady asked. No, I was sailing. Why did she ask? Because gold payments had been stopped at her bank. She was very grateful to receive my sovereigns.

I drove through restless streets to St. Pancras. There I got into a train amid unrest. In two hours I was steaming down the Thames from Tilbury docks. At the mouth of the river battleships searched us with their shifting glare. We reached the open sea. Each morning

wireless told of new fires leaping out in Europe. By the fourth day England was at war with Germany. On the seventh day most of the lights on our ship were put out, blankets were stuffed in all the portholes, the vessel trembled as she suddenly sprang to her utmost speed, and we rushed for two days through a thick fog in silence, never a whistle sounding. I slept in my clothes, but could not understand the agitation of a stewardess about our German pursuers—they were said to be two. What could they do to a passenger ship but take us to the nearest German port?

"Oh, sir, you don't know them. They'd send us to the bottom of the sea."

I didn't believe a word of it. In two days we reached the Nantucket lightship, and slowed down, and so docked at New York.

Our ship now lies at the bottom of the Mediterranean with a hole from a submarine in her.

That tall gray gentleman at Triberg—who could he have been? Had he guessed or had he known? But who, on the very day a fanatic youth named Princip had shot the heir of Austria in a corner of nowhere in particular, was in a position to say that this would start a war from St. Petersburg through Berlin to Brussels, London, Paris, Vienna, Belgrade, Constantinople, and much between, and a great deal beyond—and have his prediction come true in about nine weeks?

That Triberg gentleman's shrewd de-

duction must have been based upon the omens of many years. He must have put a number of manifestations together: the Algeciras conference, the Agadir incident, the demoting of Delcassé by France at the order of Berlin, the German-Austrian alliance, the English-French-Russian pact, the periodic rattle of the sword, that toast of the German navy, "*der Tag!*," the prosperous industry of Krupp, the race in dreadnoughts, the deserters of Casa Blanca, the Treaty of Bucharest, Russia's Balkan pets, always snarling—he must have put these and other portents together. He knew how unstable was the equilibrium of Europe. And so he was able to tell us immediately and correctly in front of that hotel bulletin board what we were going to witness. It was a daring mental jump into space on June 28, 1914. Memoirs, histories, state papers have disclosed so far no other jump like that.

Sometime in December, Roosevelt made an uncanny suggestion to me, suddenly. We were discussing the War. We discussed little else any more. He twisted his face up and said:

"How many lies do you suppose that Viennese Christmas-tree jumping-jack told that male prima donna at Potsdam?"

He had put his finger on the original incendiary. This was also a remarkable jump to make, though not equal to the one at Triberg. We had learned a great deal by December, 1914; but everything we knew pointed to Berlin as the main culprit. Berlin was by no means innocent, but the basest guilt was not there. The original incendiary was Count Berchtold of Austria.

II

All Europe was indeed in flames, flames which Roosevelt saw very early in that appalling conflagration—saw and proclaimed—would end by setting us afire if we did not make ready against them. Important bankers told the

world that these flames would die down in three months. The Kaiser told the world that he would eat his Christmas dinner in Paris. Kitchener told the world that it would be thirty-six months before the fire was extinguished. Fifty months after these predictions the flames were put out.

And in the White House sat the fragment of a truly great man, made little by too much of self and because his power to think greatly exceeded his power to act. Worse still for him and the world when he thought; he shut himself in alone with his meditations, locked the door of his mind against every voice that might instruct him and every fact that might contradict him. Through him, tragedy fell upon great multitudes and, in the end, upon himself. Wilson might have steered us well enough in smooth weather. None save a leader quick to see, ready to learn, and of prompt and firm decision could have struck and held the true course in this monstrous roar of events novel and incessant, this world of another dimension that had cracked off from all life we had known, and had turned into such a place that one was glad some old people one had loved were no longer on earth to know what earth could be. And henceforth for many a day two voices were destined to speak to the American people, who would learn, very slowly, to listen less and less to the voice from the White House, and more and more to the voice from Sagamore Hill.

In one thing these two very dissimilar characters were alike—unflinching purpose. Their methods of achieving it were diametrically opposed. One locked his intentions inside him and acted in isolation; the other called in experts and sometimes the whole country to his councils.

Theodore Roosevelt offers us no riddle. The man is clear and accounted for. People may like or dislike that kind of man; they may disagree over this, that, and the other of his actions—such as his declining to lead his Progress-

sives in 1914, which I ascribe mostly to sheer fatigue—but as to what manner of man he was they are pretty well agreed. In truth, his character is not at all complicated: always impulsive, hearty, generous, vigorous in many intellectual directions, aware of the past and alive to the present, sometimes thinking better of his friends and worse of his enemies than they deserved, Roosevelt is always the outdoor man and the preacher militant; never old in soul, young to the end. When Thomas Robins asked him why he had gone to South America for the sake of a doubtful river, he exclaimed:

“I had just one more chance to be a boy, and I took it!”

Look at Roosevelt's face—it is all there, even that wistful conflict between his brain and his temperament over what he knew but did not wish to know; an optimist who saw things as they ought to be, wrestling with a realist who knew things as they were.

Now look at the face of Woodrow Wilson. Who should have painted that enigma? Intellect is there, fathomless intensity, what we call vision, purpose, a noble and beautiful brow, a mouth inferior to all this, and a chin more obstinate than powerful. Many years after our day posterity will not have done wondering about Woodrow Wilson. In his life he created violent worship and violent hate of him, just as Roosevelt did; but Roosevelt seems to shine more brightly in our sky.

As I cannot explain Woodrow Wilson to myself, let the reader do it for himself, if he is able. If an obscure teacher of history, with no backing but his own gifts, becomes President of Princeton and leaves behind him storm, schism, and fury; becomes Governor of New Jersey and leaves behind him storm, schism, and fury; goes to the White House and creates storm, schism, and fury; arrives in Paris, the hope of the world, and leaves Paris amid storm, schism, fury, and disillusion, you will admit that he is a very extraordinary person.

During his early days in the White House he braved unpopularity in the matter of the Panama Canal tolls, carried his point, and retrieved the honor of the United States in the sight of all nations. He pushed through a Federal Reserve Bank policy, highly beneficial, which had languished for many years in Republican hands. Debate on this bill brought a curious personal gesture from the President. A Senator opposed the bill because he thought it could be made better. Members of Wilson's family had accepted an invitation from the Senator's wife. Wilson happened to learn this some days later. He ordered the acceptance withdrawn; no member of his household should be the guest of a man who was opposing him in Congress. The Senator, after there was no hope of changing the bill, voted for it as being better than none.

During the disorder in Mexico American citizens were imprisoned in Chihuahua. Wilson held a small conference, Lodge being present, and said that an American force must be sent to release the prisoners, but that there must be no act of war. When it was pointed out to him that this would be an act of war in itself, he replied that the Attorney General must find some way to make it not one; and he repeated that the Americans must be rescued but there must be no act of war. Lodge read me the account of this conference from his diary and described Wilson as sitting in a sort of physical collapse.

When Wilson was about to send a special envoy to investigate American interests in Mexico, his Princeton classmate, Daniel Moreau Barringer, a mining engineer, took it for granted that the envoy would be a man of experience in mines. Wilson replied that a mining expert would be the very last kind of person he would choose; and he did choose Lind, who knew nothing about mines, or the Mexican language, or any part of the subject, and had never conducted any negotiation with another country.

"When your eyes troubled you at Princeton," said Barringer to Wilson, "whom did you send for?"

"Doctor de Schweinitz," replied Wilson.

"A distinguished oculist," said Barringer. "Why didn't you send for a plumber?"

Barringer told me that when Wilson had his classmates to dine with him at the White House in November, 1916, he said:

"Moreau, why do you keep writing me letters about preparedness?"

"Because I'm scared, Tommy. Things are looking worse and worse."

"Take it from me, Moreau, there is not the slightest chance of our getting into this war."

In London, two years after, he said to an English lady, whose sister repeated it to me:

"Oh, Lady S——, you have no idea what a distress it was not to be able to get into the War sooner."

And yet during the days when Roosevelt had urged preparedness, and Leonard Wood was doing what he could for it at Plattsburg it certainly looked as if Wilson had set his face rigidly against it.

What was known as "Schedule K" in the Administration's new tariff bill evoked a protest from wool merchants. To their thinking this change of duties would operate the reverse of what was intended, and they requested an interview with the President. The hour and day were set. A group of them went to Washington, carefully prepared to present their case. Wilson received them and said:

"Gentlemen, whatever your arguments may be, you need not offer them. I have made up my mind about Schedule K, and shall not change it."

After the War had been going some two years, a friend who was sitting with the President asked:

"What have you heard recently from Walter Page?"

"I don't know what he's doing," replied the President, and pointed to a

pile of letters on a table. "There are his letters. I haven't opened them."

He declined to hear what his two ambassadors from London and Brussels came over to report to him about the War. Brand Whitlock has related his experience to me. After Wilson reached Paris the French, who had awaited and hailed his coming with a sort of religious fervor, expected him to visit the devastated regions at once. Day after day passed, and each morning they asked, would he go to-day? He never saw them. He made one journey as far as Rheims, and remained most of the time indoors at lunch, conversing about other subjects. He gave as a reason for not visiting the devastated regions that he feared the sight would prejudice him too unfavorably against the Germans.

Strikingly like this is his negative deportment at Buckingham Palace. The English had awaited and welcomed him in much the same spirit as had the French. Wounded soldiers craved a sight of him. These bandaged cripples were brought on stretchers or crowded on their crutches to the palace gates. The King walked among them, saying a word to each man, shaking hands often. Wilson went with him in silence and without a gesture. Is it that his nerves shrank from the sight of ruin or suffering, as the young medical student is apt to be shocked by the sight of his first operation? If so, is such physical aversion akin to the mental aversion for all unwelcome news and facts, such as leaving Page's letters unopened because he knew they would tell him what he did not wish to be told? And are these instances somehow connected with his declining to hear the wool merchants after setting an hour for them to see him? Does this come in some mysterious way from the same quality in him which made him leave those officially entitled to be informed of an important step he contemplated entirely ignorant of it? On December 24th none of those directly concerned knew his intention regarding the railroads. On December 26th they

learned accidentally that he had taken the railroads over. It was the same when he declared war.

Or, are some of these manifestations to be explained as the acts of a man of reflection and theory, not of a man of action? Partly, perhaps, but not wholly. Did he decline to hear the wool merchants, and did he send Lind to Mexico from congenital hostility to all trained minds? But he sent for an expert when his own eyesight was the point. Why did he not keep a sane balance between labor and capital? He leaned so far from the idle rich that he fell into the arms of the idle poor. The I.W.W.'s were his chosen protégés when the citizens of Douglas expelled them.

I have said that he shut himself in from advice. He did. But no man does always that which he generally does; and in Wilson's case the League of Nations is a historic exception. He was against it. In 1915 he poured freezing water on the scheme in utterances which many may still recall. The idea was then known as a League for International World Peace. Taft, Lawrence Lowell, with many other eminent men, were associated with this; and one very important meeting was held in Philadelphia. Comments by Roosevelt upon the plan are to be found in print. It was he, I think, who pointed out that the crux of the matter lay in how to establish an international sheriff's posse. He wrote Van Valkenburg on June 29, 1915, after the sinking of the *Lusitania*:

"There is one point . . . worth while considering. . . . I very emphatically stated that it was a program for the future. These gentlemen declined to say a word in favor of our fitting ourselves to go into defensive war . . . and yet they actually wish to make us at this time promise to undertake *offensive* war in the interests of other people. . . . They propose that we shall pledge ourselves in the future to coerce Germany if it acts, say toward Switzerland, or Holland or Denmark, as it has acted toward Belgium. . . . These same individuals

praise Wilson for shirking his duty under the moderate Hague conventions we have already signed and for failure to prepare either to protect our own citizens when murdered on the high seas or . . . murdered in Mexico. . . ."

This being the situation in 1915, I had always supposed until very lately that Woodrow Wilson had pondered that League for International World Peace, had perceived some chance in it for a better world, had changed his mind about this as he changed it about keeping us out of war, and had ended by adopting it and going to Europe as its champion.

This is not what happened. Others persuaded him to change his mind. It was not done easily. The others were many, but chiefly Colonel House, when Wilson stayed with him in 1918 at Magnolia. There, at Wilson's request, Colonel House drafted a rough plan of the Covenant. This Wilson took, meditated upon, and re-wrote. A letter from Mr. Root arrived at this time and added its word to the previous arguments of Colonel House. This is perhaps the greatest occasion on which the teacher's mind opened to receive instruction; but the process took some three years. After this, only the personal venom which Cabot Lodge injected into his opposition prevented its being a non-partisan project, supported jointly by leading Republicans and leading Democrats. And so Lodge, though he is not responsible for our final rejection of the Covenant, is the cause of Wilson's becoming the lone figure, the evangelist, the standard-bearer of the League, whom history will record. If it works out according to his hopes he will be a very great figure in history.

Woodrow Wilson carried through his conscription bill in 1917. It was a splendid achievement. Could Hughes, or any other at that time, have managed this? Wilson vetoed once, if not twice, the fanatical Prohibition Law and recommended light wines and beer. Intemperance, assisted by hypocrisy, triumphed over his moderation.

Wilson was charming socially, interesting in talk; he left friends behind him who will hear nothing against him. Why did he part so invariably with any friend who differed from him? He will be a riddle for a long while.

The figure of Roosevelt is not a tragic one to think about, now that everything is over; the figure of Woodrow Wilson seems to me the most tragic in our history: assuredly the fragment of a great man, whose deeds too often fell below the level of his words.

III

The flames in Europe spread. Our sky began to reflect them. Many Americans tried to shut their eyes to them, and succeeded. Not all. Some of us had our eyes wide open. Roosevelt thought and talked of little else. His next letter addressed me by my college nickname, as was his custom.

December 16th, 1914.

Dear Dan:

Surely you must be in New York some time now! It is pretty dreary coming out to the country at this season but I need hardly say how we would like to have you for a night or a week-end or for lunch, just as suited your convenience. Only do come out when you can stay two or three hours at least so that we can have a talk with you. If you do not want to come into the country now, then I will wait until the spring; and meanwhile, let me know when you are to be in New York and if I possibly can I will get in.

Always yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

It was during the same talk in which he gave his concise description of the Kaiser and of Berchtold that I told him of two rumors which had not happened to reach him.

Berchtold, of whom we had no worse opinion in those early days than that he had been the Kaiser's very active Austrian cat's-paw, was reported to have hastened to his own Emperor at Ischl with the glad tidings that war had been

declared. It was after lunch. The aged Francis Joseph was dozing in a summerhouse. Berchtold frisked across the garden with his glad tidings and spoke them with respectful eagerness.

"Sire, I have the honor to inform your Majesty that war is declared."

"Good!" said old Francis Joseph drowsily, and pounded his fist. "Now we shall go after those damned Prussian swine."

"Sire! Sire! Majesty!" gasped the alarmed Berchtold, and waked Francis Joseph from the dream to the reality.

"Now, that's too good to be true," I said to Roosevelt. "The next one is too bad to be true." And I told it.

Once embarked in his war, Francis Joseph had sent word to the Vatican and begged the Pope for his blessing.

"*Non possumus*," was the Latin in which that sad and true saint refused. He was too honest and too good to bless Austria for what she was doing.

"But," I said, "you'll hear it whispered rather freely that the Pope's end was not hastened by a heart broken over the vast misery he foresaw was coming, his end was hastened by poison. They wanted a Pope who would side with the Central Powers."

"I don't believe either of those stories," said Roosevelt, "but I understand why they got to you."

"Well, of course gossip has gone entirely off its head."

"Yes. It has gone entirely off its head, but that's not why. Those two lies were *appropriate*. The *inappropriate* lie never has any circulation. It expires in the wrong atmosphere. If I heard you had burglarized somebody's jewels, it wouldn't worry me at all. But if I heard that you had written a story deficient in morals I should simply"—and here his voice went up into its highest falsetto—"hope my best—that—you hadn't!"

At this we both lay back and laughed for a scandalously long time.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
30 East Forty-Second Street
New York City

March 2nd, 1915

Dear Dan:

Langdon Mitchell was here the other night and said that your play was a great success. Now, as soon as the weather grows decent, can't you come out to Oyster Bay for a night or a week-end? But if you prefer not, then let me know some time you are to be in New York and I will come in and we will have lunch together.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I could do neither just then. The War had set aside all plans of fiction, and I was hard at work preparing to write *The Pentecost of Calamity* by reading entirely or in part more books than I can remember now. What play my cousin Langdon Mitchell meant I cannot imagine. There was none. *The Virginian* had left the New York stage years ago and had taken to the movies.

OYSTER BAY, NEW YORK
March 13th, 1915

Dear Dan:

My libel suit begins on April 20th, so I should have to leave here on the 19th. Any day before that or any day after the suit gets through we should love to have you.

Faithfully yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

That libel suit was famous. Roosevelt was defendant; the plaintiff was William Barnes, political boss at Albany. He lost. The dramatic point of the trial was Roosevelt on the witness stand. His marvellously accurate memory met and rebutted the successive items of evidence produced in passages from even old letters he had written. They never caught him in a mistake, and his explanations hit so true that day by day his cross-examiners drooped with exhaustion. These attorneys begged the court to rule that the witness must confine himself to words and must not answer with his whole body; this method made an unfairly favorable impression on the jury. But Judge Andrews ruled that it was beyond the province of the

court to regulate the ordinary manner of the witness!

Full reports of this historic trial were cut short by a more historic event; on May 7th the *Lusitania* was sunk by a submarine. I possess a medal struck off in Germany in anticipation of this sinking. Death stands at a ticket window and receives the tickets of the passengers. Before the *Lusitania* sailed the most famous advertisement in the world appeared in the papers. It warned Americans to keep off that boat. The German Ambassador had inserted it. Roosevelt said that he would have sent for the Ambassador, handed him his papers, and requested him to get aboard the *Lusitania* and go. Since then the Ambassador has let the world know that by May, 1915, he understood Woodrow Wilson.

A few of the thousand-and-odd passengers were saved.

"This represents," said Roosevelt next day in the papers, "not merely piracy, but piracy on a vaster scale of murder than old-time pirates ever practiced. This is the warfare which destroyed Louvain and hundreds of men, women, and children in Belgium."

He knew that there were two German-American jurors in the box. He told his counsel that he was afraid his public statement had made their winning of his case impossible.

"But I cannot help it. . . . There is a principle here at stake . . . far more vital to the American people than my personal welfare is to me."

Two days later in Philadelphia Wilson addressed fifteen thousand naturalized citizens:

"There is such a thing," he said, "as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right."

It is at this point that Roosevelt, for what he said at his trial, began to emerge brightly from the eclipse into which he had gone in 1912, and that Wilson, for what he said in Philadelphia, began

slowly to enter an eclipse from which he never emerged.

OYSTER BAY
Long Island, N. Y.

June 23rd, 1915

Dear Dan:

Your friend, the English pacifist, turned up. He seems an amiable, fuzzy-brained creature; but I could not resist telling him that I thought that in the first place Englishmen were better at home doing their duty just at present, and in the next place as regards both Englishmen and Americans that the prime duty now was not to talk about dim and rosy Utopias but, as regards both of them, to make up their minds to prepare against disaster and, as regards our nation, to quit making promises which we do not keep. . . .

I was immensely pleased and amused with your last *Atlantic* article, "Quack Novels and Democracy"; and I think it will do good. I wish you had included Wilson when you spoke of Bryan, and Pulitzer when you spoke of Hearst. Pulitzer and his successors have been on the whole an even greater detriment than Hearst, and Wilson is considerably more dangerous to the American people than Bryan. I was very glad to see you treat Thomas Jefferson as you did. Wilson is in his class. Bryan is not attractive to the average college bred man; but the *Evening Post*, *Springfield Republican*, and *Atlantic Monthly* creatures, who claim to represent all that is highest and most cultivated and to give the tone to the best college thought, are all ultra-supporters of Wilson, are all much damaged by him, and join with him to inculcate flabbiness of moral fiber among the very men, and especially the young men, who should stand for what is best in American life. Therefore to the men who read your writings Wilson is more dangerous than Bryan. Nothing is more sickening than the continual praise of Wilson's English, of Wilson's style. He is a true logothete, a real sophist; and he firmly believes, and has had no inconsiderable effect in making our people believe, that elocution is an admirable substitute for and improvement on action. I feel particularly bitter toward him at the moment because when Bryan left I supposed that meant that Wilson really had decided to be a man and I prepared myself to stand whole-heartedly by him. But in reality the point at issue between them was merely one

as to the proper point of dilution of tepid milk and water.

Ever yours,
THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Shortly after this, the *Saturday Evening Post* published *The Pentecost of Calamity*. Roosevelt wrote me the following immediately:

OYSTER BAY
Long Island, N. Y.

July 7th, 1915

(Private)

Dear Dan:

All the earlier part of your article on the "Pentecost of Calamity" is so admirable and I feel so very strongly the service you have rendered that I cannot help feeling regret that you fail to draw the conclusion that in my view is the only conclusion to be drawn. You first of all show how dreadfully Germany has behaved, how incumbent it is upon the civilized world that she should not be allowed to succeed, that action should be taken upon her. You then say with equal truth that you "want no better photograph of any individual than his opinion on this war."

But America as a whole could speak only through the Administration at Washington; and the real test, the real photograph, of any individual is whether he does or does not keep neutral about the action of the Administration in itself preserving a thoroughly base neutrality. You praise the *New York Times* for its stand. The *New York Times* has consistently supported Wilson and is supporting him now; and that makes all that it says on behalf of the Allies and against Germany mere beating of wind, a mere added discredit. When President Eliot denounces Germany and also upholds President Wilson and says that we must not prepare against war, President Eliot is occupying the very worst position that can be occupied. To denounce Germany in words and not prepare to make our words good is merely to add to our offense.

You say that it would have been an act of "unprecedented folly" if we had not been politically neutral. On the contrary, in my view, the really unprecedented folly was in exercising our loose tongues in a way thoroughly to irritate Germany and yet to do nothing whatever to back these aforesaid tongues by governmental action. If it was our duty to remain neutral politically, it was emphatically our duty to remain morally

neutral. Any political neutrality not based on moral reasons is no more and no less admirable than the neutrality of Pontius Pilate or of the backwoodsman who saw his wife fighting the bear. Either the Hague Conventions meant something or they did not mean something. Either they can be construed according to their spirit, or by legalistic device the letter can be twisted so as to give a faint shadow of justification for violating the spirit. If they meant nothing, then it was idiocy for us to have gone into them. If they meant anything, Wilson and Bryan are not to be excused for failure to try to make them good by whatever action was necessary; and political neutrality when they were violated was a crime against the world and a thoroughly base and dishonorable thing on our part. As for the *Lusitania* matter, failure to act within twenty-four hours following her sinking was an offense that is literally inexcusable and inexcusable. Of course, our people are now all confused and weakened and incapable of giving any coherent support to our own rights or the rights of others in the teeth of Germany's ruthless and cruel efficiency. This is directly due to the action of Wilson—and he has been able to do this because papers like the *Times* have shown such ambidextrous morality in cordially supporting him while at the same time taking positions that were justifiable only on the theory that he had acted outrageously and should be denounced.

This people is no worse than it was in the days of Washington and Lincoln. We were still in the gristle; and, thanks largely to the immense immigration, we have continued to be in the gristle. When we had them as Presidents or as national leaders, the people would follow them. But if, after the firing on Sumter, Lincoln had made a speech in which he said that the North was "too proud to fight," and if he had then spent sixty days in writing polished epistles to Jefferson Davis, and if Seward had resigned because these utterly futile epistles were not even more futile, why, by July the whole heart would have been out of the Union party and most people in the North would have been following Horace Greeley in saying that the erring sisters should be permitted to depart in peace! Wilson has not had to face anything like as great a crisis; but he has faced it exactly as Buchanan faced *his* crisis; in exactly the spirit that Lincoln would have shown if Lincoln had acted in such fashion.

I have a perfect horror of words that are not backed up by deeds. I have a perfect horror of denunciation that ends in froth. All denunciations of Germany, all ardent expressions of sympathy for the Allies amount to precisely and exactly nothing if we are right in preserving a complete political neutrality between right and wrong. If Wilson is not wrong in his action, or rather inaction, about the *Lusitania* and Belgium, then the wise and proper thing for our people is to keep their mouths shut about both deeds. The loose tongue and the unready hand make a poor combination. We are justified in denouncing the action of Germany only if we make it clearly evident that Wilson has shamelessly and scandalously misrepresented us. I don't think that the American people believe that he has misrepresented us; I think they are behind him. I think they are behind him largely because their leaders have felt that in this crisis the easy thing to do was to minister to our angered souls by words of frothy denunciation and minister to our soft bodies by taking precious good care that there was no chance of our having to turn these words into deeds.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

This reached me in San Francisco, where I also found the book proofs of *The Pentecost of Calamity*. After thinking over Roosevelt's letter very carefully, I made several additions to these proofs and returned them to the printer. The book appeared late in August. I sent the first copy to Roosevelt, and he wrote:

OYSTER BAY

Long Island, N. Y.

Sept. 1st, 1915

Dear Dan:

The book has come. I prize the inscription. As for the book itself I believe that from the spiritual side it represents the loftiest expression of the true American feeling that there is—just as Oliver's book draws for us the practical application of the lesson to be learned. As an American, none too proud of his country's attitude for the last thirteen months, I am grateful to you, for the sake of my own self-respect, because you have written so burningly and so nobly.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I found the quotation to which his next note refers in "Cymbeline," Act IV, Scene 2.

Prythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with
that
Which is so serious.

OYSTER BAY
Long Island, N. Y.

December 29th, 1915

Dear Dan:

Bully for you! That is the quotation of all others; and I will use it about Wilson the first chance I get. Can't you manage to let me see you soon?

Ever yours,

T.R.

IV

To the roar of Verdun during the summer of 1916, the roar of the Battle of the Somme was added. We in the East heard nothing else any more. The destruction of Europe confined all our thoughts as if we were shut up in a mental prison. Concentration upon one's daily work was broken increasingly month after month. During the morning and afternoon hours there was never a minute when the bulletin boards were deserted. Men stepped out of their offices for a glance to see what later news might have been posted since their last look at them.

In the Middle West this was not the case. The great banks, the great headquarters of corporations in the great cities of the great Mississippi Valley had printed placards reading: "Talk business, don't talk war."

The Progressive Party had wished to nominate Roosevelt again this year, or to force his nomination by the Republicans. He would consider neither. His reply was that he had no interest in his own or any man's political fortunes, and cared only to awaken the country; and in a speech at St. Louis, he not only challenged the talk-business spirit of that region, he also pierced that joint in Wilson's verbal armor which rhetoric, no matter how skilful, could not hide

from him. He borrowed the happy expression "weasel words" and the interpretation of them from a magazine story published sixteen years earlier. This, too, had lived in the grasp of his extraordinary memory ready for instant use. A weasel word is one whose meaning is sucked dry by the word next it, as a weasel sucks an egg; so that it still looks as if it had meat inside. Wilson had said he favored universal voluntary training but that America did not wish anything but the "compulsion of the spirit of Americanism." It was one of his phrases which the more you think of it the less it means; Roosevelt put it into his own English. He said that you might as well favor a truant law for school boys by expressing your belief in obligatory attendance for all who did not wish to stay away.

When Cabot Lodge told me one evening at his house that Hughes was the man the party had decided to nominate I did not reveal the sinking of my heart until I got home and wrote him my "bread-and-butter" letter. I told him that I thought the country was now ready to swarm to Roosevelt. His reply was long. It seemed to me another case of Washington's blindness to realities outside of it. It is interesting to know that Boies Penrose, who had so ably defeated Roosevelt's nomination in 1912, now wanted him.

Roosevelt said of Penrose to me in earlier days, "There's a crude power in him that anybody must feel. What a pity he chooses to hamstring his national usefulness by his local machine politics." And to Thomas Robins he had said of Penrose, "I like that big buccaneer!"

He gave Hughes his support during the campaign, and some of his letters refer to speeches that he made. The next is in his own hand.

SAGAMORE HILL

Feb. 5th, 1916

Dear Dan:

In a few days we sail for the West Indies, returning about March 20th. Remember that when spring really comes, you are to

spend a week or so here, doing absolutely nothing unless the whim prompts you.

I wish you would write a sequel to *The Pentecost of Calamity*; the country is now ripe for a stronger lesson; and, as Wilson used to love to say, "guilt is personal"—and he is guilty. It is Wilson, not Bryan, who is the real enemy; the demagogue, adroit, tricky, false, without one spark of loftiness in him, without a touch of the heroic in his cold, selfish, and timid soul.

Our people need to be roused from their lethargy. Some are silly and sentimental; some are steeped in the base materialism of mere money-getting or the even baser materialism of soft and vapid or vicious pleasure; some are influenced by sheer, downright cowardice.

Ever yours,

T.R.

The poem to which he refers below was written as a contribution to a Boston war-time periodical edited by Arlo Bates in connection with a war-time bazaar. In my letter I had told him—giving examples by way of evidence—that the great American mass doesn't know a good thing from a bad one.

METROPOLITAN

432 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

October 30th, 1916

Office of

Theodore Roosevelt

Dear Dan:

Naturally I liked your letter. That's a capital poem, "Decoration Day"! When is it to be published?

I am sorry to say that I entirely agree with you as to the fact that America tends to accept indiscriminately dross and gold in every department of existence. Think of the fact that respectable men are absolutely indifferent to Wilson's lying on every subject, and contradicting himself on every issue! The worst feature of it is that the so-called intellectuals—such as President Eliot, the editors of the *New Republic*, the *Springfield Republican*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the *Evening Post*—are the men who have given Wilson his strength, and are largely responsible for those weaknesses in Hughes which make us support him, not as the proper President for this crisis, but as infinitely better than Wilson.

I am supporting Hughes with all my heart. I hope he will be elected. If he is not, it will

be because under some malign inspiration or advice he tried to shirk the big issues, and paid too much consideration to the support of the Ridders, Brands and Jeremiah O'Learys. I am sure he will do nothing improper for them; but how I wish he would openly state the things which he assures me that he feels!

I still think we shall elect Hughes, because I believe that the American people are wakening up to Wilson; and if we can concentrate their attention on Wilson, we can beat him.

By the way, the British brother is a pretty wooden-headed personage. Thank the Lord he is not my brother! The French thoroughly understood my book, *Fear God and Take Your Own Part*. The British, with acute perception, stated it was an electioneering document!

With the heartiest good wishes, I am,

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

METROPOLITAN

432 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

Nov. 3rd, 1916

Office of

Theodore Roosevelt

Dear Dan:

I am very sorry that I have to refuse the request of Mrs. Rostand; but it is out of the question for me to go to any of these bazaars. If I went to one I would have to go to hundreds. The only exception that I ever made was in the case of my own daughter Ethel who had herself served at the front with Dick.

With real regret, I am,

Always yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

P. S.: Your *Colliers* article is by all odds the best thing written or spoken in this campaign.

But my wise old friend Dr. Fred Shattuck would not have agreed with the over-enthusiastic postscript which Roosevelt added in his own hand. I had spent part of the summer in gathering my facts for that article. These covered the chief steps in both domestic and foreign policy which Wilson had taken during his first term. They were all facts, and they made a pattern. The pattern showed that the President's steps continually cancelled one another, like plus and minus quantities in equations, now a step north, now a step south, now a step forward, now a step

back; and that this process, whether you called it "watchful waiting" or "too proud to fight," had accomplished little but clipping the American eagle's wings and causing disagreeable eggs to be thrown at Old Glory. And that it didn't look well to be so humane in what you said when what you did was instantly to drop any friend who ventured to disagree with you.

Doctor Shattuck said, "That's all true. But it's too venomous. That tone never persuades anybody."

He was right enough. We were all venomous by then. We had winced too long at what other nations were saying of us. And our feelings in the President's favor and against him can be measured by a single illustration.

"I consider Wilson next to Christ," said one Bostonian to another.

"So was Judas Iscariot," said the other.

During those days of 1916 and 1917 I saw Roosevelt, now in New York, again at Sagamore Hill. The War made the theme to which we perpetually came back—as did everyone else. Many themes, hundreds of topics, come up for talk or reference in usual times, whether in the street, the office, or at the dinner table. It is a strange experience at the moment and a strange one upon which to look back—a deep breath in human history—when millions meet in the world every day and have one single thought in common, one mental and emotional tie, that draws them from thinking or speaking much about anything else.

At Sagamore Hill we did get away from it for a little while sometimes. I remember our disgust when the policy of the Philippines and all the good done there by Cameron Forbes was uprooted by Wilson, and the Jones act, and a deserving Democrat sent to undo the work of Forbes. It was founded on that Wilsonic doctrine that self-government is what every race on earth is bound to reach in the end, and that, therefore,

you should set it up everywhere as a goal at the start.

"My dear Dan," said Roosevelt, "we are all unquestionably members of the human race, just as much at the North Pole as at the Equator. And trees are all trees, wherever they grow. But I am prepared to assert that you can give an apple tree all the time you want and it wants, and it will not produce oranges."

They were punctual almost to the minute at Sagamore Hill, and I don't believe I was two minutes late one morning when I came down to breakfast and found them already at table. Something that Congress had proposed or had done the day before had put me in a rage, because it betokened perfect disregard or perfect ignorance of invariable previous experience everywhere. And so, immediately upon bidding them good-morning, and before I was in my chair, I said:

"Every age-old, world-old truth which has been as thoroughly established for centuries as the multiplication table should be proclaimed aloud over the whole United States once every day!"

Roosevelt clashed his teeth. "Once every hour!" was all he said. And we left it at that and went on with breakfast. But later I made some remarks of a flavor that he never liked. You could always tell when his optimism was feeling uncomfortable.

"Of course," I said, "in a democracy, a man can do nothing unless the people are behind him."

I saw his eye-glasses fixed on me.

"Equally," I continued, "the people can do nothing unless they've a man to get behind."

"Yesss." It was very short.

"And just now they've got behind a dictionary."

This pleased him very much for a moment.

"You know," I went on, "what they say the chaplain of our United States Senate has taken to praying every morning? 'God bless the Senate. God save the people.'"

"My dear Dan, that is very funny, of course. And I will admit that in a country as big as ours it takes a long while for the people to find out anything. But once they do find it out, they act right because their emotions are right, and because self-government will educate them much quicker than it's likely to educate the Filipinos."

"Yes—and meanwhile, before they find a thing out, all sorts of damage can be done. Also, it takes a great deal longer to educate a voter than to begot one."

"This is a democracy," he repeated, "and you mustn't be of those who always see the worst of it, instead of trying to make the best of it. It's a democracy; it can't be anything else, and we wouldn't have it anything else. That's all very well about your chaplain and the Senate, but the people we elect are merely a piece of ourselves who elect them. You can't expect them to be superior to the average. A stream cannot rise higher than its source."

"No. But it can sink a great deal lower," is what I lacked the wit to reply. That remark about the stream seemed to me unanswerable at the time, and I shall never know what he would have said to the retort I missed making.

V

The President's declaration of war on April 6, 1917, was an example of the fine eloquence to which he could rise—the same to which he rose in his Liberty Loan speech in the Armory at Baltimore, April 6, 1918:

"Germany has once more said that force, and force alone, shall decide. . . . There is, therefore, but one response possible from us: Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish dominion down in the dust."

It reads better than Roosevelt's less polished rhetoric, but it reads cold;

Roosevelt's reads hot, even to-day. And, if the reader can reconcile it with the remark that the United States was not concerned with the aims of those fighting in Europe, and with his remark that there must be "peace without victory" . . . I am as unable to do this, as to ascribe Wilson's course to patience. He remains inexplicable.

METROPOLITAN
432 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

April 20th, 1917

Office of
Theodore Roosevelt
Dear Dan:

I've put down Captain Terrell's name and I will use him, if I possibly can. Lord, how I wish the Administration would let me raise that division!

Faithfully yours,

T.R.

The letter upon which he comments below came from this San Antonio friend of mine, who had begged me for a word to Roosevelt in his favor. He was the father of grown sons who fought as Roosevelt's four sons fought, and he wished to fight along with them, like Roosevelt.

METROPOLITAN
432 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

May 10th, 1917

Office of
Theodore Roosevelt
Dear Dan:

That's really a touching letter. I wish there was a chance of my going with a division, but this Administration is playing the dirtiest and smallest politics, and I don't think they have the slightest intention of letting me go. Wilson feels tepidly hostile to Germany, but he feels a far more active hostility toward Wood and myself. His sole purpose is to serve his own selfish ends. No doubt he would do something that was useful to the country, if he were *sure* it would help him; but his inveterate habit is not to *do* the thing that is useful, but by lofty phrases and sentences to make believe that he is doing it, so as to persuade good puzzle-headed people that he *is* doing it.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I had seen the tide which had been so strong against Roosevelt among so many of my acquaintances in Philadelphia sweep back to him in 1916. At a dinner given by Robins at the Philadelphia club, Roosevelt had been welcomed and surrounded. The very men who had preserved silence about him when I was present, or whose denunciations of him I had overheard, now grasped his hand, leaned towards him at table to catch every word that he said. This tide was flowing stronger than ever by 1918. His gallant, ceaseless call to the honor and faith of the nation in spoken and printed word, a voice lifted at the very first and unchanged to the very last, was contrasted with the voice from the White House. No matter what tonic syllables about "force, force to the utmost" this voice was now dropping into the people's mind, how could they undo the enervation of the past, the "watchful waiting" dose by which the nation's conscience and manhood had been chloroformed? And so Roosevelt, whatever his failings might have been, towered above Wilson, whatever his virtues might be. In 1918 Roosevelt was the moral leader of the United States.

But in that frozen winter, when coal was doled out only where need was desperate, and pipes burst, and people were driven from their houses to wherever they could find warmth and lodging, the shadow that Brazil had left upon the strength of Roosevelt deepened. It is present in a few lines that he wrote me on January 23rd in answer to some suggestion I had made:

"I agree with that letter, but I think I have got on hand at present all that I can take charge of. I believe that Wilson is even more vulnerable at other points . . . is now appearing to the American people much more nearly as he is, than heretofore has been the case."

Again the shadow darkens his reply to a Philadelphian who had asked him to come over and assist in the organization of a regiment composed of Phila-

delphians without distinction as to religious belief, but to be known to the world at large as the Fighting Quakers. It recalled the Rough Riders. Nothing would have brought him more enthusiastically once; but no longer.

"The demands upon me," he writes January 30th, "for speeches have become so numerous, and indeed the demands upon me for every kind of service and action have become so heavy that it is a physical impossibility for me to undertake another engagement at this time."

In five days he was in bed at a hospital. Then in three days we heard the false report that he had died. Early in March he came out. But illness had not stopped him. He came out with a speech written and ready to deliver in Portland. I soon asked if I might come to Sagamore Hill, and I went. The weather was dull, the air penetrating, the ground half white, half mud, and entirely soft and cold. I do not recall any reference to his illness, or any change in his cheerfulness; I do recall his appearance, especially when he was not animated by what you were saying or what he was saying. Before my visit was over, he had to start for Portland. I remember the open hall door, the car at the steps, the hearty hand shake with the bidding to come again soon. He was all bundled up in an ulster, wore his wide, soft, black hat, and was walking down to the car while Mrs. Roosevelt quietly watched to see that he did not go away insufficiently prepared against the northern climate. I think that he may have hoped to escape her vigilance. He failed to do so.

"This is the people's war," he told them at Portland: "if we are men and not children . . . we will look facts in the face, however ugly they may be . . . we must face the fact of our shameful unpreparedness . . . we drifted into war unarmed and helpless. . . . Although over a year has passed, we are still in a military sense impotent to render real aid."

In the energy of all that speech, and in much else of his patriotic service then, even after the hospital, there is no shadow. It falls in one single word across a few lines he wrote in reply to some request of mine on April 26th.

"I will make the effort at once. Now for heaven's sake do give me the chance of seeing you."

Effort. He never used to talk about effort. More ominous was a sign I saw in Philadelphia. He had come to lunch with Thomas Robins. William Sproul, Governor of the State, was there. After lunch several of us went to Chester in the Governor's car. On the way we were talking about matters wholly interesting to Roosevelt. As the conversation went on we noticed his head bent forward and his eyes closed. He was asleep.

On June 26th—the little note is in his own hand, written at Sagamore Hill:

When your telegram came we were leaving for the West; and we couldn't find out where your "office" was.

Now, we are very anxious to see you; we will be home every *night*; on the 4th of July I shall be away for the *day*, and also for one *day* the following week.

Come down for a night or a week; we'll hold a commination service over Wilson, and curse him out of the book of Ernulphus and with the Greater and the Lesser anathema.

Ever

T.R.

No sign of effort there. He thought himself better. And all people were feeling better on June 26th. The sky had changed. Faint light came across the water to us from Château Thierry on June 4th, and from Bouresches; and from Belleau Wood that very day, the 26th. Soon, as I travelled across Montana in the North Coast Limited, the light from across the water was growing; but with it, as the train stopped somewhere, came the news that Quentin was dead. The day after that, the sun began to rise at Villers-Cotterêts, where Americans were pressing forward in a tempest of rain.

When the Middle West, when America, came wholly out of the chloroform, Europe found that we knew how to be awake. We have helped her to forget this by being so businesslike since that heroic day. But she very naturally enjoys forgetting our virtues and remembering our defects, because the future seems to have looked away from her and to be giving us the floor for a while.

VI

In October I went to Sagamore Hill. During that stay no other visitor was there, not many came to call, and I had my hosts to myself more than ever before. Autumn had come to one of those pauses when few leaves are yet fallen and woods still glow with their colors. Over their tops the bay beyond was as quiet as the trees, a pale level of blue. Outside this serenity the War was rushing to its close; Theodore, Kermit, and Archie were with their soldiers, Quentin lay in the earth of Tardenois.

Our talks in the house often turned upon the memories that we shared, and always came back to the latest news from the Somme, the Aisne, and the Meuse. There the Allies were driving the Germans eastward. Roosevelt would work at a speech part of the time, and stop for a holiday with Mrs. Roosevelt and me. This was the life indoors.

Outdoors we took leisurely walks over the fields and through the woods. Once or twice we went down a path to the shore. There the two would get into a boat and row off together, after telling me how to find a new way, or a shorter way, back to Sagamore Hill. I remember watching the small boat moving outward with them into the placid bay, shining in warm sunlight. I followed it for a little while, and an overmastering sadness rose suddenly in me. I turned and took the path away from the water.

At table sometimes, and often in the

great room, he would fall from animation into silence. Once he came out of his silence and said:

"When I went to South America I had one captain's job left in me. Now I am good only for a major's."

And upon another occasion, without reference to what we had been saying:

"It doesn't matter what the rest is going to be. I have had fun the whole time."

Once, when the latest news had set us discussing the possible end of the War any day, as well as the chance of its lasting into the next spring, and the parleyings between the President and Max of Baden, now at the head of the German Government, this step on Wilson's part aroused us both. He was ignoring the Allies and speaking to Germany over their heads. Suddenly Roosevelt's entire vivacity, the old fire, returned. He sprang to his feet like a boy, stood with his arm flung out, and exclaimed:

"Oh—don't—let's—talk about him—any more to-day—at *all!*"

While we were talking another time about what turn our own politics might take after the War, Mrs. Roosevelt said:

"If we should ever go back to the White House—which heaven forbid! . . ."

One evening he brought in his speech finished. He was to deliver it in a few days, and now proposed that we go over it. As was his way always, he weighed each comment quickly, and either accepted it with the directness of a young beginner, or gave his reasons for re-

jecting it. While we discussed this last speech he was ever to make, his face, buoyant no longer, battered with conflict, brave to the end, grew eager over the cause that he had always served, the cause of his country, the land of his faith and his passion. I watched and listened as he dwelt upon the points he intended to urge and drive home in Carnegie Hall. That evening remains with me—he talking, Mrs. Roosevelt sitting with her work. Never again were we to pass an evening together. The next day my visit was over.

During some hours preceding my departure he was occupied, and so was she. Left to myself, I walked up and down outside the windows of the great room where he was sitting and made up some verses about him. Then I went in, wrote out a fair copy on note paper, sealed it, gave it to her, and asked her to let him find it on the morning when he should be sixty. This was two days off. I have his letter about these verses—short, in his own hand, and of great sadness.

They stood at their hall door as I drove off, stood watching, after their words bidding me to come again soon: she quiet beside him, he waving his hand—Quentin's father and mother, carrying on. The car moved from the steps, they passed from sight. The turn of the drive brought them for a final moment into view. There the two stood, still watching as I went away.

When I came next to Sagamore Hill, she was carrying on alone.



THE DAUGHTER OF A PRINCESS

A STORY

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

LAST evening when I came home from the bakery where I work I saw a handful of household goods on the sidewalk before my lodgings. My landlady stood in the doorway, and a man was carrying a small trunk on his back up the long blue flight of steps.

"Josef Vitek," my landlady called down to me, "what do you suppose has happened?"

"Why, we have a new lodger, of course," I laughed back at her.

"Two new lodgers," said my landlady as I came up to her. "But that is not all. One of them is a princess."

"A princess!" I cried.

"Yes, a princess," replied my landlady. "But she is not a young princess out of a fairy story such as you imagine. She does not wear a crown. Her hair is very white, and her dress is worn and shabby. But you would know that she was a princess. . . . I cannot tell you why but as soon as I opened the door to her ring I saw that she was a noble person."

"I know what you mean," I answered. "A princess such as you describe used to come and walk in the monastery gardens at Polna in Bohemia where I learned my trade. She used to come every morning and walk among the roses. She wore a long black cloak and a little black bonnet. At a distance you might have thought she was a nun but when you came closer you saw that she had a proud face and a proud way of carrying her head. Yet, she was very poor and she had many griefs."

"They are all like that!" said my landlady. "When plain folk like you and me are in trouble we can bow our heads and weep. But a princess must keep her back straight and her eyes flashing. . . . No, I do not envy them."

"Nor I," was my reply. "But who is the second lodger?"

"Ah!" answered my landlady, shaking a playful finger at me. "The second lodger will be more to your taste. A slip of a girl who is the Princess's daughter. You will lose your heart to her, Josef Vitek, if I am not mistaken."

"I hope not!" I answered gravely. "For there is no happiness in loving above one's station."

And saying this I went into the house.

The room in which I sleep is on the second floor of my landlady's house. It is a small room but it looks out upon a street and across to a public park. This park is upon a hill and from it one can see the city below gay or gray as the weather makes it. For San Francisco is a city of mists and sunshine. This evening there was a fresh breeze blowing in from the sea, and a cold wind was bending the plumes of the cypress trees in the park. I lifted my curtain because I like to watch trees dancing in the wind, and at that moment I saw two women coming up the front steps. One was in black and one was in red, and at once I said to myself, "The woman in black must be the princess and the woman in red must be her daughter."

In a moment I heard the front door

close and the creak of stairs, and I knew that they were mounting to their lodgings which were across the hall from mine. I listened at the door so that I might discover their country from their speech. But when I heard the French tongue I said to myself, "That proves nothing." And I was more curious than ever.

I threw myself on my bed, for I was very tired. From across the hall came the patter of feet and the noise of tables and chairs and trunks being moved—and the tap of a hammer and all the happy sounds that come from setting a hearth in order. And I thought, "It would be pleasant if I were helping them. There must be heavy things to lift." And while I was wondering about this I heard a scream and a door opened suddenly. I came to my feet and opened my door. In the hallway stood the young woman in red.

"Oh, please!" she cried. "Will you not help me? My mother has fainted!"

I followed her into her lodgings. The Princess lay upon the floor. I lifted her up and carried her to a couch. The young woman in red brought a glass of water. I put it to the Princess's lips. She opened her eyes. "You are very kind," she said. Then she turned to her daughter. "I think I shall go to bed," she whispered. As she said this she tried to rise. "Had I not better carry her into the next room?" I asked. "No! No!" cried the old lady, sitting up. "You may not carry me but you may help me!" And her eyes flashed as she said this. I felt my cheeks burn. She put one arm in mine and another in the arm of her daughter, and we walked slowly into the bedroom. She seemed feeble but she held her head high, and I knew then that she was a princess and no mistake.

I came from the Princess's bedroom and sat down near the spot where she had fallen to the floor. Before these new lodgers had come to it this room had been a sad, gray room but now already it seemed gay. On the table was a

bright scarf and on the walls pictures in gold and silver frames. In a corner on a shelf was a gilded icon with a lamp already burning before it; a burnished samovar sat high up on a chest of drawers. If I had seen only the icon I should have thought that the old lady was a Greek princess. For did not my Greek friend who worked beside me at the bakery have such a holy picture in his room, with a taper burning before it? But, seeing the samovar, I said to myself, "This is a Russian princess!" And I knew at once why they had fallen upon evil days.

At that moment the young woman in the red dress came out of the bedroom.

"I see you are Russian," I said, pointing to the samovar. She smiled and nodded. "How is the Princess?" I asked.

"Princess? Ah, you know everything there is to know about us. Who are you—a captain of the police?" She showed a row of white teeth pleasantly. "My mother is better. Moving is always tiresome, and we did not even take time to make a cup of tea. My mother says, 'Women think of food for everyone but themselves.'"

As I have said, she showed her teeth pleasantly while she spoke, but her smile did not deceive me. I knew at once that these two had not eaten because they lacked food. And suddenly I thought of the plate of fruit which my landlady always puts on the table beside my bed. I left her to fetch it and in a moment I came back with a blue dish that had two yellow pears and a bunch of black grapes upon it. I put the fruit down on the table and I saw my new friend's eyes sparkle.

"Pears!" she cried, and she bent down to smell their fragrance.

"Do they make you think of home?" I asked.

"How did you guess?"

"By the light in your eyes."

For answer she put one of the pears to her lips, and I saw her white teeth bite into it. "When I was a child," she

said, "I used to love the time when the pears ripened better than any time of year. I can see now, if I close my eyes, the pear trees bending under their burden. I can see the peasants gathering them, and hear the happy laughter of the long, summer evenings, and smell the sweet smell of the fruit ripening in straight rows in the storehouse. Yes, you are right—pears make me think of home. They make me think, too, of the day we left it. My father had been warned that he was to be taken. It was a summer day and the pears were ripening. I remember I went out into the orchard and filled my apron full of hard, firm fruit. Even in his sorrow my father laughed at me. But the next day when we were in flight we had pears along the roadside."

A mist came into her eyes and I said, "Do you ever wish to go back?"

She shook her head. "Only as one wishes sometimes to redream a dream."

"Your father is dead?"

"Yes."

"And your brothers and sisters?"

"There is a sister in Paris. She keeps a shop there. And a brother still in Moscow. He is a great worry to my mother and me. For ten years he has been trying to escape. He leads a false life for fear that one day someone will bring charges against him and have him shot. When he writes to us his letters are gay and full of happiness. He dares not have them otherwise. But we hear from others, through my sister in Paris, the real story. . . . From one day to another we do not know. At this moment he may be dead! It breaks my mother's heart. There is no sacrifice too great for her to make to save him. She loves him better than anything else in the world!"

"Better than you, her daughter?" I inquired.

"A daughter whom a mother loves better than her life? . . . How little you know!"

And, as she said this, she shook her head merrily.

All the next day while I worked I thought of the Princess and her daughter. It was the day for baking pastries, and I made a row of little tarts with the dough that fell from the pie plates as I scraped their edges. I made a row of little tarts with this dough and filled them with spoonfuls of jam that still clung to the empty jars. For I thought, "These new friends of mine will be hungry again to-night, and it will be nice to bring them a present."

After the large pastries had been put in the oven I set the tarts in a row before the oven door. My Greek friend, who works beside me, said, "What are you doing, Josef, baking a feast for a doll's house?" But I laughed and said, "I am baking a feast for a princess and her daughter!" He gave me a mocking look. "A princess and her daughter! Do not tell me that you have fallen in love again!" I shook my head. "In love with the daughter of a princess? . . . That would be folly for a baker of loaves and pastries." "All love is folly!" said he bitterly. And I remembered Miriam the Jewess who had danced in the Greek coffee houses, and the terrible woman with the sharp teeth who had once snared my heart and I said nothing.

That night I walked home quickly. I went at once to my room and washed myself and I put on a clean shirt and a bright tie. Then I took the freshly baked tarts and stood before the door of the Princess and her daughter, my heart beating strangely. I wondered what I should say to them for, suddenly, I remembered that I was but a baker. At that the door opened and the Princess herself looked up at me.

"Ah, so it is you!" she said. "I heard footsteps coming this way and then a silence. . . . Footsteps and then a silence always fills me with dread. . . . It is so with everyone who has lived among spies."

She stood aside and made a motion for me to enter.

"Perhaps you do not know it," I began. "But I am a baker by trade and

to-day I made some pastries. I brought a few to you. I thought they would be nice to eat after you had finished your evening meal."

She took the tarts from me and her thin hand shook. "I think they will be much nicer now, with my tea," she answered. "My daughter Lubov will be in any moment, and I have been getting the samovar in readiness." She carried the tarts to a table and set them down. "You were the youth who helped us last night. I ate your black grapes this morning. They tasted like captured sunlight. . . . Lubov tells me she let you know a word or two of our story."

She said all this very graciously, but I felt ill at ease. I wished that her daughter Lubov might come back. "You have a son," I began . . .

A look of pain crossed her face. "Yes. Did Lubov tell you? Every night I pray for him. Every night I wonder whether he is alive or dead. My daughter in Paris hears of him, from people who come and go. She is trying to use her influence with those who have friends in power so that he may leave the country. On some pretext, you understand. For every moment that he stays is full of danger. Every moment that he stays there is danger that they may find him out for what he is—an aristocrat at heart. An aristocrat who is pretending until the moment comes when he may escape. . . . My daughter in Paris, as I have said, is trying to use her influence. But she is not beautiful, she has no charm. Now, if I could be there with my Lubov!" She lifted her hands and let them fall again. At that moment Lubov entered the room.

At that moment Lubov entered the room, and it was as if the sun suddenly had come out of a cloud.

"See what our neighbor across the hall has brought us," said the Princess. "He tells me that he is a baker and he has made these with his own hands."

I looked at Lubov. Her eyes were shining. "How nice you are!" she said to me. "Pears and black grapes last night and to-day a dish of pastries!"

"Did a letter come from Paris?" asked the Princess.

"No," answered Lubov. "Olga has forgotten us. But one came from Moscow."

The old lady made the sign of the cross. "Ah, then, Grigory is safe!"

"Who knows?" replied Lubov. "For it is a very old letter. It has followed us through Siberia into China and across the Pacific. It had so many postmarks and directions on it that the official at the post office could scarcely make out to whom it was addressed."

"Old or new," said the Princess, sadly, "it is word from him. What does he say?"

Lubov shrugged. "That he is well and happy. And that the country prospers under the new rule. He says also that the police are vigilant. He says, 'Every day they make fresh arrests of those who are traitors to the glorious cause!'"

"God help us!" cried the Princess with a trembling voice. "It is thus he warns us of his danger."

"If it is an old letter," I said, "perhaps the danger has passed."

The Princess shook her head. "If we were only in Paris . . . If we were only in Paris!" she kept repeating.

"What could we do in Paris?" demanded Lubov. "What could we possibly do?"

"I do not know exactly," answered the Princess. "But, I am sure there would be things to do. There would be men of influence to meet."

"But Olga is there. Olga is doing everything possible."

"Ah, you do not understand, Lubov. You are too young to understand. Olga does what she can. But there are things that are beyond her. Your sister has a heart of gold, but a heart of gold is nothing at a time like this. Some day you will understand that, Lubov."

A cloud passed over Lubov's face but it vanished quickly. "Let us have our tea and our pastries," she said. And she began to arrange glasses on a tray. She took a withered lemon and cut it into thin slices while the Princess went in search of sugar.

Presently the glasses were full of steaming tea the color of amber. We drew up to a low table. Lubov passed the glasses and the plate of pastries. I took a very small pastry out of politeness. The Princess and Lubov ate slowly as they sipped their tea. And I thought, "How slowly they eat. And yet they are starving!"

The weeks went by. Whenever a letter came from Paris my new friends had money and food for a few days. But for the most part I knew that all they had to stop their hunger was tea brewed when they heated water in the samovar. At such times I brought a fresh loaf with me from the bakery, or some cinnamon rolls, or I baked some tarts for them as I did on the first day. I would think all the way home about an excuse for offering these things to the Princess and her daughter. For I discovered that it was as my landlady had said: People of noble birth must always be pretending—that they are happy, that they have enough to eat and drink, that things are well with them. That was why I said nothing to my landlady of their condition. She is a kindly soul, and while she could guess their pride, she would not have the wit to invent an excuse for helping them. Once my landlady said to me, "Josef, how do these people live? Sometimes a month goes by and they do not pay their rent. And then suddenly everything is settled."

"There is a rich daughter in Paris," I answered, going at once to my room. For I thought, "If they wished her to know the true condition of things they would have told her."

I did not like to think that they lacked food, but the evenings when I hurried home from the bakery, with a crisp loaf

under my arm for them, were happy times. Even before I came near their door I could smell the charcoal burning in the samovar and I knew that they were waiting for me. I knew that they were hoping that I would come even though they would pretend that my knock had startled them.

On these evenings we would sit, sipping our tea out of tall glasses and talking about pleasant things. I would talk about the city of Prague near where I was born, and how the sunset lighted up the windows of the Archbishop's palace that stood upon a hill, and about the little guest-house which my father kept in the little village of Polna. Lubov would describe the white winter in her country and the chiming of sleigh bells and the golden domes of the churches. And the Princess would tell about the serfs that her grandfather had once owned and the jewels that she had seen at the opera when St. Petersburg was the great city, and the splendors of the Tzar.

In the evenings which followed a letter from Paris I came empty handed to their door. For I knew that they would have cheer of their own providing. But on these evenings the talk was not so happy. For the Princess would speak of her son and of the latest news from Moscow, and she would sigh for Paris and lament that her daughter Olga had a heart of gold but no further weapon for turning disaster aside. And Lubov would wear a troubled look. And my heart would be heavy.

Sometimes on my way home from work I would meet Lubov, hurrying back to her mother from an errand. Often she took embroidery to a little shop that dealt in such fancies. In her spare moments she contrived neck bands and cuffs and scarfs in the fashion of her country for those who wished to be gay. If a trade wind blew in from the sea we quickened our steps, thinking of the steaming samovar at the end of our journey, but if the air was still and warm we walked slowly. We walked slowly when the air was warm, and often we sat

for a moment in the public square at the top of the hill. We sat upon a little red bench watching the sunset flame the western windows, and Lubov spoke of the things that were dear to her heart. As for me, I said little, for the things close to my heart could not be spoken. For was not Lubov the daughter of a princess and I a simple baker plying my trade?

Sometimes she told me of those terrible days when they seemed forever in flight, when life was one hiding place after another. And I would say to her, "How you have suffered! How sad to think of what a happy life you might have led if these things had not been."

Then she would turn her beautiful gray eyes upon me and say:

"I would not have it otherwise. If these things had not been, my life would have remained as still and calm as a shallow pool. . . . I was but a child the day I gathered pears in the orchard and fled with my father and mother into the world. But even at that age I had been spoken for in marriage. Our neighbor, who was a worthy man, had a son who would one day have me for his wife. He would have been an officer in the Tzar's army, and I should have married him and brought him a dowry, and that would have ended everything. As it is, I have seen the world. It is strange and hard and cruel. But it is also very beautiful. I should have missed so many things if I had remained forever like a sheep in a green pasture."

Then we would fall silent, and suddenly she would put her hand on my cheek and turn my face toward her and say:

"Why, if these things had not been, I should have missed *you*, Josef!"

At that my heart would beat and my cheeks would flame. And, again, I would remember that she was the daughter of a princess and I nothing save a baker from the little village of Polna, where my father keeps a guest-house. And so I would keep from my lips that which was so close to my heart.

As time went on there came news of prosperous days from Paris. The shop run by Lubov's sister had great success, and with every letter there was money. I no longer baked pastries from scraps of dough for these friends of mine, because they had rich fare now, in the fashion of their country. When I returned from my work in the evening I would stop for a moment before their door and listen to the sounds of laughter and good cheer that came from their lodgings. For every day there was a company of ladies and gentlemen who came to gather round the samovar and drink tea. I was happy that they had so much good fortune but I was sad too. For I saw Lubov now but seldom. Yet, how could it have been otherwise? I was but a poor baker, and they had once been grand people and might, with God's help, be so again.

One day, when I was climbing up to my room, I met my landlady coming down from the Princess's lodgings.

"Ah, Josef, my son," she said, "we shall soon have the house to ourselves again."

"What do you mean?" I inquired. "Are the Princess and her daughter taking grander quarters?"

She shook her head. "That I do not know. But, grander quarters or not, they are leaving for Paris next week."

"*Paris!*" I cried. And I felt my heart stand still.

That night there was no murmur of guests coming from their rooms so I went boldly and knocked upon the door. The Princess herself opened to me. Lubov was not there.

"Come in! Come in!" cried the Princess gaily. And once I was seated she said, "Have you heard the news?"

"Then it is true?" I said. "I mean, you are going to Paris?"

"Yes—at last!" And she gave a happy sigh. "Olga has written asking us to come. She realizes that the time is at hand to strike a blow for my son. There is a man who has arrived in Paris from Moscow named Samaroff. He

comes to my daughter's shop in Paris in the name of friendship. But Olga is not deceived. She knows his true mission."

"And what may that be?" I asked.

"To spy upon people. To find out what communications the folk out of Russia have with those within. But, Olga is a match for him. She flatters him. She pretends she has no fear."

"Fear?" I said. "What has she to fear? She is not in Russia."

"But you forget, my son still is. One false step and word would go back to Moscow that Grigory is not a desirable citizen." She gave a little shiver. "Even now I grow sick when I think of what might happen before Lubov and I can get to Paris. Olga is clever, she has a heart of gold. But, as I have said before, she has no beauty, no charm."

She gave me a strange look as she said this, and I guessed what was in her mind. I guessed what was in her mind and I could find no words in which to reply. So I rose and said:

"You make me very sad!"

And so I left her.

I could not eat any supper; instead I went out at nightfall and walked the streets of the town. Sometimes I would think that the Princess was a wicked old woman and the next moment I would say to myself, "Josef Vitek, what folly! She is a noblewoman and a Christian in the bargain. Such people do not throw innocence in the path of evil!"

I thought of every Russian I had ever met. I tried to picture in my mind this man Samaroff who came to Paris to spy upon his countrymen. Had he a flat face and a head close-clipped, or was his nose long and sharp and cruel and were his eyes greedy like a pig's? . . . I even went that night to a café that I knew was frequented by countrymen of the Princess. It was run by a woman from the Volga district who said that she was a daughter of an admiral. It was a very gay place, with gaudy pictures painted upon the wall and an orchestra in embroidered smocks, wearing high hats trimmed with white astrakhan. The

leader was a dashing fellow who danced in high boots while the orchestra echoed his shouts. And I thought to myself, "If Samaroff were like this I should not mind so much. At least he would be young and gay." But I knew that a man who went about spying could not be such a one. I ordered a dish of beet soup and some slices of black bread, for by this time I felt hungry. A man sitting opposite me was eating a pancake spread with caviar and sour cream. He was a thin man with a kind face.

The music stopped, and we began to talk. We talked at first about nothing at all, but presently I found myself speaking of the Princess and Lubov.

My companion had heard of them though he did not know them.

"And do you know a man named Samaroff?" I asked. "He has something to do with the present government and he spends a great deal of time in Paris."

"If he is the same man I think he is, I can remember nothing to his credit," replied the thin man sitting opposite me. "He has Tartar blood in him. And he is without God or a conscience. He is a man of iron, but he has one weakness."

"And what is that?" I inquired.

"Women," replied my companion, "*young women*."

I felt suddenly sick. My companion looked at me sharply. "What has this Samaroff done to you?" he asked.

I shook my head for at that moment I could not speak. The orchestra began to play again and the gay leader to dance and shout. All during the dance I kept asking myself, "Shall I tell this man? Shall I tell what is in my heart to a stranger?" But before the dance was finished I knew that I should tell him everything because he *was* a stranger. When there was silence again I told him everything.

"Is it not shameful? Is it not shameful," I demanded, "to think of a mother who . . ."

He put his hand on my arm. "She must choose between a son and a daughter. That is the terrible thing about

life. One must always make a choice."

"I know what my choice would be!" I cried.

"Naturally," returned my companion.

"But, then, you are not the mother of a son."

"If the son would die! If the son would only die!" I said.

"Things in life are never that easy," said my new friend sadly.

I gave a little shiver. For in that moment I knew that I had wished for the death of a man who had done me no harm.

The days went by. I did not see Lubov or the Princess but I knew that they were making ready to depart. I would lie upon my bed in the twilight, listening to them moving about and hearing the tap of a hammer, the scrape of a chest being drawn across the floor, the sound of a book falling from someone's hand—all the sad noises that come with leave-taking. I used to lie upon my bed and think, "What if tomorrow word would come that this son in Moscow is dead?" But when I asked myself, "Do you wish this thing to come to pass, Josef Vitek?" I would cover my face and shiver.

At last there came a Sunday when the lodgings of the Princess were thronged with people. All day long a company of ladies and gentlemen came and went. They climbed the stairs laughing, and they left as gaily, calling out, "Good-by! Good-by, darlings! What luck to go to Paris!"

I used to listen for a word of sorrow. I used to listen for tears in the voice of the Princess—for tears in the voice of Lubov. But even their voices were gay as they called after all who departed, "Keep well! If you come to Paris, look us up!" Could it be, I thought, that even Lubov was happy?

Toward nightfall the company had all departed. Even Lubov had gone out with the last handful of people. I heard a tap upon my door. I rose and opened it, thinking that my landlady had brought me a red apple or a handful of

cakes. To my surprise the Princess stood before me.

"Mr. Vitek," she said pleasantly, "will you come with me? I have a present for you."

I followed her without a word. The room that had been so bright looked like a dead thing. The smoke from cigarettes was in the air, and in a corner stood trunks and corded chests. Nothing remained as it had been except the samovar glistening in its place high up on a chest of drawers.

"You have been so kind, Mr. Vitek," began the Princess, "that Lubov and I have decided to leave our samovar with you. We thought you might like it. We thought it might make you remember the pleasant evenings when you drank tea with us."

"Already they seem long ago," I answered. "Yet I need nothing to make me remember them."

The Princess drew herself up. "You do not wish the samovar, then?"

"Forgive me! I do not know. . . . If I could forget those happy times I think it would be well."

The Princess frowned. "When you are as old as I am, Mr. Vitek," she answered, "you will know that happy times are for just that thing—to be remembered."

"Even if they bring pain?"

"Even if they bring pain. But come, you are talking nonsense, Mr. Vitek. Why should the memory of a pleasant hour with two passers-by give you pain? We are like travelers who meet upon the roadside and pass on."

I am a simple man but I am not too simple to know that the Princess meant to rebuke me: I was but a baker and she a woman of noble birth. Yet, I remembered that she had broken bread with me, so I said:

"I am sad not because you leave. But the reason for your going fills me with unhappiness. . . . When I think of Lubov—when I think how young she is—when I think . . ."

"What right have you to think about

Lubov at all?" said the Princess with a voice of ice. "My daughter knows her duty."

I saw she wished me to leave, but I knew that I should never see her again, so I said:

"You have a heart of stone! You have a heart of stone or you would not sacrifice your daughter!"

She gave me a strange smile. "You talk like all men," she said bitterly. "You talk like all men who pretend to believe that women are made for anything *but* sacrifice."

When I got back to my room I said to myself, "They must be leaving soon. Perhaps to-morrow. If this is so, I shall never see Lubov again." At first I thought this might be best, but the more I pondered the more I wished to see her for the last time. She had gone out, and I felt sure that she would not be long away, so I went down and stood upon the sidewalk before the house, waiting for her return.

It was a warm night, and in a near-by garden a twisted magnolia tree sent out perfume from a few sad buds. I walked up and down, up and down, and presently I saw her in the distance. But she did not come up to me. Instead, she crossed to the other side of the street and halted in the public square, looking down upon the city twinkling at her feet. I went over and stood by her. She turned and gave me one look. I felt for her hand and we stood there silently. At last I said:

"You were going away without a farewell."

"Yes."

"Must you go?"

"Yes."

"Are you happy?"

She withdrew her hand. "Yes."

She said this last proudly, and I felt that she, too, was rebuking me as the

Princess had before her. I felt a hot anger stir me and I said:

"If you knew . . . if you knew what was in store for you! If you knew about this man Samaroff!"

She turned and gave me a proud look. "Josef Vitek, you forget yourself!" she cried.

I felt as if she had struck me and I covered my face with my hands. I covered my face with my hands and I stood there with hot tears streaming between my fingers. . . . I felt her lips pressed against first one hand and then the other. . . . I opened my eyes. Lubov had disappeared.

I could not go back into the house. Instead, I went and sat in the Russian café run by the woman from the Volga district. At midnight my thin-faced friend, who had told me about Samaroff, came in. He saw me and crossed over to sit at my table.

He ordered some tea and a sweetmeat. We sat for a long time in silence. Finally he said:

"Have they gone yet?"

"I think they leave to-morrow."

"You see, the son did not die. It is as I told you—life is not that easy."

"I do not understand," I said. "She is so young—so innocent!"

My friend sipped his tea. "So young . . . so innocent!" he repeated. "There is no virtue in being either."

"I tried to warn her."

"And she would not listen . . . Naturally."

"God should not permit such things!"

I cried. "God should not permit her to make this sacrifice!"

My friend gave me a kindly look. "God permits a sacrifice always," he answered.

I sat there for a long time looking at him. . . . Suddenly, I knew that he was right.



ARE RELIGIOUS PEOPLE FOOLING THEMSELVES?

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

A FRESH criticism of religion is afoot, the subtlety of which makes it difficult to counter. The gist of the contention is that religion is a comforting fantasy. Finding ourselves in a ruthless universe, so we are told, we imagine an illusory world of divine mercy and care and, thus making our existence more tolerable, we cling to the subterfuge as a sacred possession.

A wife who discovered that she had been worshipping an imaginative construct of her husband instead of seeing clearly the real nature of the man, once broke down in my presence with the cry "For all these years I have supposed myself sincerely loved, but I was only fooling myself." Many to-day entertain a similar suspicion about their relations with the universe. They have believed it to be the work of a merciful God; they have seen it unified by divine purpose and illumined by divine love; they have prayed to their God, sung songs about him, found comfort and stimulation through faith in him. Now, however, they wonder whether they are not fooling themselves. Is not religion the supreme example of the way mankind can enjoy an illusion?

It is time to expect this particular difficulty to arise. The physical and biological sciences are causing such radical readjustments of religious thought as will leave Christianity hardly recognizable by an ancient devotee but, while badly needing hospitalization in consequence, religion has kept its banners flying. The new universe of stag-

gering distances is far less cozy a setting for the religious imagination to operate in than the old cosmology afforded, but it will take more than the new astronomy to banish God. Evolution has done to death some precious myths but, while landing painfully on sensitive spots, its weapons have not reached the heel of Achilles. The mathematical mechanism of natural processes has put religious thought on its mettle, but, as was pointed out long ago, hats made by machinery still fit human heads and a railroad train, mechanistic if anything is, still goes somewhere; mechanism and purpose are not antithetical, and a thoroughly mechanistic world may still be grounded in intelligence and guided by an aim.

The fresh criticism of religion starts where these old difficulties leave off. It asks why men so pertinaciously desire religious faith and so pugnaciously refuse to give it up. It inquires why religion exhibits such infinite capacity to recuperate from apparently fatal illnesses and even to revive after its obsequies have been publicly announced. This continuous ability of religion to escape from tight places, assume new forms, and settle down in strange intellectual environments must have an explanation within the nature of man himself. Man thus clings to religion, the solution runs, because he needs it. He needs it because the real universe is a Gargantuan physical process, which cares nothing for man or his values, knows nothing of him, and in the end

will snuff him out. This world of fact is so intolerable that man refuses to live in it until he has overlayed it with a world of desire. Religion is thus a comforting illusion. It survives, not because it is true, but precisely because it is false; it is the world as man would like it, imaginatively superimposed on the world as it really is.

To be sure, this reduction of theology to psychology is not new; more than once in the long, running fight between religion and irreligion the completely subjective nature of God has been asserted, as, for example, by Feuerbach in the last century, but to-day this old method of attack has gained fresh poignancy. When it is Freudian, it posits the experience of the babe in his mother's womb as the most comfortable epoch in the human organism's existence—an experience of such sheltering care that unconsciously the adult forever wishes to return. Religion, then, with its God of love, is a psychological wish-fulfilment; it springs from the pathetic longing of the human organism in this inexorable universe to retreat to solace and peace.

No such special formulation, however, is indispensable to the interpretation of religious faith as a consoling mirage. Whether the mechanism by which it emerges is phrased in Freudian terms or not, faith can still be charged with being an illusion. Never did religion face hostile strategy more threatening. In the most dangerous hours of ascendent disbelief, when man's faith has been assailed as irrational and obsolete, it still has been possible to marshal evidence of the serviceable effects of religion on its believers, to enlarge on the comfort it confers, the doors of hope it opens, the sense of life's significance it imparts, the stimulating faiths it furnishes, the lives it invigorates and transforms. Now, however, all this is turned against the defenders of the faith.

To be sure, says the rejoinder, religion is comforting, stimulating, encouraging. That is the reason why folk are religious.

This universe seen as modern science reveals it is utterly without encouragement or comfort.

"The world rolls round for ever like a mill;

It grinds out death and life and good and ill;

It has no purpose, heart or mind or will."

In such a cosmos the naked facts are too unendurably inhuman to be sustained with equanimity or lived upon with eagerness. But human beings, fortuitously emerging on this transient planet and living, as one astronomer puts it, like sailors who run up the rigging of a sinking ship, passionately desire to be at peace and to work with enthusiasm. Therefore, they make up religion. It springs from unconscious processes of emotional reaction. It is comparable to our concealment of the uncomfortable process of gestation under the friendly figure of the stork. It is the human organism's way of looking in another direction when the truth becomes intolerable, and there seeing what he wants to see. Religion no longer needs to be disproved; it is merely a psychological process to be explained.

By this strategy of attack some of the most potent religious artillery falls into the hands of the enemy. The more we insist on the beauty and usefulness of religious faith and extol it as a way to abundant living, the worse off, apparently, we are, for the more we lend color to the contention that religion rests on subjective desire rather than on objective fact. Thus losing so large a portion of our offensive armament, we find ourselves, as well, blasted from old defensive citadels. For in the past, no matter how difficult the intellectual readjustments may have been, we could insist that though God cannot be proved he cannot be disproved, that the path of faith is open to belief in a spiritual interpretation of the world. Now, however, the vanguard of the irreligious have no interest in disproving God; they simply explain him—he is a defense-mechanism by which we make a pitiless universe seem fatherly, a subjective fog-bank,

hiding cruel facts of the real world, by calling which solid ground we make life more livable.

II

The first reaction of a religious man to this subtle and serious attack would better be frank recognition of the truth in it. Anyone acquainted with even the environs of modern psychiatry knows that not only religious imagination but every other function of the human mind is commonly used as a means of substituting desire for reality. "Anything to escape, to color the spectacles!" exclaims one of Warwick Deeping's characters. The psychiatrist suspects that human life is largely lived on that basis. Defense-mechanisms, rationalizations, and wish-fantasies, by which we sidestep the actual and escape into some desired fairyland, abound in the human mind. Indeed, tricks of evasion and self-deceit so infest our thinking that their presence in religion is only a small portion of the total problem which they represent.

"As one runs through the literature of the psychiatrist and the psychoanalyst of the day," writes Professor Gault, "one gains the impression that much of our behavior and almost every emotional reaction that one experiences is a defense." Drunkenness is a defense-mechanism by which we escape from humdrum conditions, boasting a compensatory device by which we elude a real sense of inferiority and simulate a superior attitude, day-dreams a means of flight from a world of tiresome fact to a world of desire, hysteria a form of subconscious shirking, and a Micawberish faith that something will turn up, a familiar psychological alibi for directive thinking and hard work. The most difficult task in the world for most people is courageously to deal with reality. Our sanitariums are full of folk who, eluding constructive handling of their factual problems, have subconsciously betaken themselves to neurasthenia until neurasthenia has taken

hold on them, and any one of us intelligently watching his own mind can catch it weaving its cunning subterfuges of escape. That is to say, the charge now made against religion, that it can be used and is being used as a substitute for facing real facts, is a charge that can be made against the whole mental life of man.

To be sure, religion is commonly employed as a means of retreat from disturbing facts! So are countless other things from cocaine, day-dreams, and detective stories, to music, poetry, and ordinary optimism. "Land sakes!" said one poor woman in Middletown, "I don't see how people live at all who don't cheer themselves up by thinkin' of God and Heaven." Many people's faith is thus a practical way of finding cheer when untoward circumstances press too ruthlessly upon them. Granted that such religion is naïve, not at all concerned with the philosophic truth about the universe, and taken for granted as a useful means of achieving solace in an uncomfortable world, one may say, even on this level, that, considering the various other defense-mechanisms popularly employed to cheer people up, we may be thankful that some folk still remain who reach the goal of inward joy by thinking about God.

While, however, this practical and largely unconsidered retreat upon religious faith because of its comforting effects is inevitably to be expected, intelligent exponents of religion cannot be complacent about the matter. Undoubtedly, many religious people are fooling themselves. Careless of the facts of the universe, they try by imaginative devices to wangle out of life a temporary peace of mind. They surround themselves with an impinging world of friendly saints and angels; believe what they wish to believe about the goodness of God, the spiritual significance of life, the hope of immortality; display militant impatience at any disturbance of their faiths and expectations. The impression they make on

the detached observer is unfortunate. He is inclined to feel, like one young collegian, that "Religion is nothing but a chloroform mask into which the weak and unhappy stick their faces."

Obviously, such disparagement depends on an interpretation of religion in comfortable terms. No austere religion of self-renunciation would suggest this criticism. Our soft and sentimental modernism, therefore, must in this matter accept heavy responsibility, for it undoubtedly has led Christianity into the defile where this ambush could be sprung with deadliest effect. The old orthodoxy was by no means so susceptible of interpretation in terms of comfort. Men believed in a Calvinistic God who from all eternity had foredoomed multitudes of his children to eternal hell. Preachers drove women mad and made strong men cry out in terror by their pictures of God holding sinners over the infernal pit and likely at any moment to let go. One who, like myself, has now a long memory can recall those days when fear haunted the sanctuary. When I was seven I cried myself to sleep in dread that I was going to hell and when I was nine I was ill from panic terror lest I had committed the unpardonable sin. Had the idea been broached in those days that religion is merely a psychological device by which we solace ourselves, it would have been difficult to see the point.

Against this reign of terror in religion the new theology revolted. Judgment Day was allegorized; hell was sublimated; predestination was denied; God was sentimentalized. Whatever was harsh, grim, forbidding in the old religion was crowded to the periphery or thrust out altogether, and whatever was lovely, comforting, hopeful was made central. Religion became a song about the ideal life, the love of God, the hope of heaven. Many of the older generation still remember how like the water and bread of life this new interpretation seemed. It was part and parcel of the Zeitgeist; it accorded with the mid-

Victorian attitude; it emerged in Browning's gorgeous optimism as well as in the sentimentality of gospel hymns. Skeptics might doubt and science pose difficult problems, but we knew that in this inspiring faith of religion—a good God, a morally trustworthy universe, an onward and upward march forever—we had found the secret of triumphant living. And now the ambush breaks upon this very position. Our strategy apparently has gone awry and the very battle-line we chose has given to the irreligious the best opportunity they ever had. They grant everything we say about the loveliness and comfort of our faith; they agree that it inspires, consoles, enheartens, and pacifies; they consent to the claim that it is emotionally satisfying and often practically useful. The fact that it is all this, they say, explains its emergence. It is a fantasy constructed for this very purpose. It is man's subjective method of making himself more comfortable in an uncomfortable world.

What we face to-day, therefore, is not only the universal tendency in human nature to sugarcoat stern fact with fantasy, but this tendency accentuated by a type of religion which lends itself readily to such saccharine use. The upshot is that multitudes of religious people are unquestionably fooling themselves. The chief engineer of the Eighth Avenue Subway recently told me that he had received a letter from a woman demanding that the blasting on the subway be stopped because it interfered with the singing of her pet canary. That woman's outlook illustrates much popular religion. Her ego had pushed itself into the center of the city's life; her pet canary's singing had become to her a crucial matter of metropolitan concern; the vast enterprises of the municipality should in her opinion turn aside for her pet. A similar frame of mind characterizes egocentric religion.

To be sure, some two billion years ago this little planet broke off from its parent sun and started on its orbit of six

hundred million miles. To be sure, the sun itself is but a tiny thing—millions of it could be lost in a star like Betelgeuse. To be sure, there are extra-galactic nebulae from which light speeding 186,000 miles a second has been traveling 140,000,000 years to reach us. The cosmos is a blasting operation on a titanic scale. This fact does not shut out the possibility that the Power behind the universe may ultimately be interested in personality. The Eighth Avenue Subway is concerned with personality; the welfare of persons is its object. Individual whimsies, however, do not count; pet canaries are not determinative. So our universe is a stern affair, and the God of it, as Jesus said in his parable, is like an "austere man." He has no pets, he plays no favorites, he stops no blasting for any man's canary. Law rules in this cosmos, not magic. There are no Aladdin's lamps. To forget that is to run with the egocentric multitude into a religion of illusion.

It is one thing, however, thus to grant that religious imagination, like every other mental functioning, is used to produce egotistically satisfying fantasies; it is another thing to claim that so obvious a fact finally disposes of religion. The latter is a much more weighty proposition than can be supported by any psychoanalysis of religious wish-fulfillments.

III

The claim that religion essentially is fantasy is just as strong or weak as the materialistic world-view with which it starts. For whether explicit or not, materialism, by whatever special name it may now be called to distinguish it from discredited predecessors, supplies these new strategists with their base of operations. They begin with a merely quantitative universe; they assume its metrical aspects to be original and creative; the cosmos, in their view, has emerged from the automatic organization of physical energy-units. With

this for their beginning, their ending is inevitable: all man's qualitative life—his disinterested love of truth, beauty, and goodness—is purely subjective. In so far as his mind discovers quantitative facts, man may be knowing the outer world somewhat as it really is, but when, so we are told, man tries to externalize his æsthetic and moral life, to posit a good God, or see artistry as a structural fact in the universe, or interpret social progress in terms of cosmic purpose, he is fooling himself. Nothing outside his own psychological processes corresponds with what he experiences as creative spiritual life. Since, therefore, there is neither goodness, purpose, intelligence, artistry, nor any other spiritual quality present in the universe external to man, all religion, in so far as it inspires man with the faith that his spiritual life is a revelation of the universal life, is fallacious. On that basis alone can the claim be erected that religion is essentially a fantasy. With that for a starting point one may go on to say with a character in a modern novel, "Man invents religion to hide the full horror of the universe's complete indifference, for it is horrible."

It is necessary to insist that this new psychological attack on religion does rest back on a materialistic foundation, and is just as steady or as shaky as its base. Too frequently these new strategists are unwilling to make a frank statement of their world-view. The number of thoroughgoing minds like Bertrand Russell's, saying straightly, "omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way," and drawing the legitimate conclusion that religion is, of course, subjective finery with which we clothe an inexorable world, is small. Most of the humanists who elide all extrahuman elements from religion and reduce it to subjectivism discreetly draw a veil of silence over their world-view.

Once in a while some lucid mind, disliking clandestine dealing, states frankly what the upshot is to human life on this planet when his philosophy is granted. So Mr. Everett Dean Martin

says: "At the end of all our strivings and efforts science sees our world a frozen clod whirling through emptiness about a cheerless and exhausted sun, bearing on its sides the marks of man's once hopeful activity, fragments of his works of art mixed with glacial debris, all waiting in the dark for millenniums until the final crash comes, when even the burned out sun shall be shattered in collision with another like it, and the story shall all be over while there is no one to remember and none to care. All will be as if it had never been." Obviously, in a universe where all spiritual values are thus casual, fortuitous, and transient, religion is an illusion. On that basis one might even say with Goncourt that "Life is a nightmare between two nothings," and add that religion is a subterfuge for inducing sweeter dreams. Most of the new strategists, however, never go through with their position to this logical conclusion but, forgetting their total world-view as best they can, like Mr. Lippmann they play around with such optimisms as happen to intrigue them. The fact is that when it comes to indulging in defense-mechanisms and fantasies the humanists practice it quite as commonly as the theists.

One editor, for example, rather desperately trying to be a humanist, says, "We ought to push gently aside the subject of cosmology for a season, and come to ontology. Not the universe, but man, is our proper study." The picture of this editor endeavoring "gently" to get the cosmos out of sight is one of the most priceless things that recent religious discussion has produced. Unfortunately this method of retreat from reality, this legerdemain by which the cosmos is "gently" secreted from view is common. Nevertheless, the cosmos is important.

Indeed, the claim that religion is essentially a branch of pathological psychology is based upon gigantic assumptions about the cosmos. For example, it accuses the religious man who believes that the world has mind behind

it and in it of constructing a fantasy to please himself, and in so doing it assumes that the world does not have mind behind it or in it, but is a potpourri and salmagundi of mindless forces. That is an immense assumption. As a matter of fact, this universe does not seem to be a non-mental process into which we import rationality as a comforting myth. The Woolworth Tower is no merely physical thing separable from mind; it is objectified thought. Abstract from it its mathematics, the ideas and plans which mind injected and without which it could not be understood at all, and the remainder would not be a tower. The very substance of the Woolworth Tower, the factors that make it cohere, are mental.

The mind's relationship with the intelligible universe as a whole is not altogether different from this. All the world of things we know lies within the apprehension of our minds. The very distances between the stars exist for us in our mental measurements. The realm of science, its formulations of law and its ideas of cause and effect are not directly given in our sensations of the outer world, but exist primarily in the world of thought. It is just as true to say that the cosmos exists in our minds, as to say that our minds exist in the cosmos. So obvious is this that when Professor Jeans closes his essay, "Eos," setting forth the breath-taking marvels of modern astronomy, he describes man as an infant gazing at it all and says, "Ever the old question obtrudes itself as to whether the infant has any means of knowing that it is not dreaming all the time. The picture it sees may be merely a creation of its own mind." Personally, I doubt that, but certainly the idea that physical energy-units have merely tossed us up into existence in a chance burst of energy and that our minds are aliens here in a non-mental world, fooling themselves by thinking there is sense in it, is no adequate account of the situation. The universe as we know it is thoroughly mental.

Harry Elmer Barnes recently wrote, "Astronomically speaking, man is almost totally negligible," to which George Albert Coe whipped back an answer, "'Astronomically speaking, man is' the astronomer." Quite so! There is no sense in claiming that astronomy belittles man when the astronomical universe which man marvels at is alike the discovery and the construct of man's mind.

These new strategists also accuse the religious man of wildly practicing fantasy when he reads the meaning of the cosmic process in terms of its highest revelation, personality. That accusation involves the assumption that personality is not a revelation of anything beyond itself, that while stars, rocks, and atoms are truth-tellers about the cosmos, the most significant thing we know, self-conscious being with powers of reflective thought, creative art, developing goodness, and effective purpose, has nothing to reveal. That is a gigantic assumption.

As a matter of fact, personality with its creative powers, spiritual achievements, developing civilizations, alluring possibilities, is here. However the world came into being, there must be somewhere the potency from which these consequences have emerged. "King Lear" cannot be explained by merely analyzing the play into the arithmetical points which constitute the hooks and dashes, which in turn constitute the letters, which in turn constitute the words, which in turn constitute the sentences, which in turn constitute the drama. If one tries to content oneself with such analysis, one must first by sleight of hand import into the original arithmetical points the potency of such self-motivation and self-arrangement as will bring the Shakspearean consequence. Just this the mechanistic naturalist does. When no one is looking, he slips into the universe's energy-units the potentiality—whatever that may mean—to become Plato's brain and Christ's character. If one is really desirous of getting rid of illusion one may well start with

discontent at this mental legerdemain.

Such an interpretation assumes that the whole universe, including the human mind itself, is the result of casual cosmic weathering, and that any spiritual meaning supposedly found there is our fantasy. In Canon Streeter's phrase, it pictures the universe as "one gigantic accident consequent upon an infinite succession of happy flukes." As a serious attempt to understand a process which has issued in Beethoven's symphonies, Einstein's cosmology, and the Sermon on the Mount, to mention nothing else, this seems painfully inadequate.

If the universal process is thus nothing but the self-organization of physical energy, then the cortex of the human brain must be included. That also is the result of self-organizing energy-units working in mechanistic patterns, and mental determinism is the inevitable consequence. The universal energy, arranging itself into nebulae, solar systems, plants, and animals, has at last arranged itself into the human brain, and from the bottom to the top of this cosmic process everything is predetermined by mechanical necessity. This means that the functioning of physical cells, working in mechanistic patterns along lines of least resistance in the brain, predetermines everything we think—Freud's arguments as well as religion's answer, Voliva's idea that the earth is flat, as well as Jeans' astronomy. The mind's relation to the brain becomes, in such a case, as some have frankly said, like the shadow cast by a moving object. That is to say, all our apparent mental choices are predetermined activities of physical energy-units—not our reasoned reply to the world but only our automatic reaction.

To say that with such a world-view religion is an illusion is to state the consequence mildly; the serious meaning of reflective thought has also disappeared into mirage.

It is the distinguished virtue of a book like Mr. Joseph Krutch's *The Modern*

Temper, that in it this fact is so clearly recognized and so honestly stated. Mr. Krutch is persuaded that religion is a comforting myth. It represents the world as man would like to have it in contrast with the world as man discovers it to be. It is born of desire and is clung to because, created by desire, it is more satisfactory than cruel fact. Mr. Krutch, that is, joins heartily in the new attack on religion. But he has a thoroughgoing mind. He sees that on that basis what is true of religion is true of all the intellectual and spiritual faculties of man, that scientific optimism is as unfounded as religious optimism, that not only is man "an ethical animal in a universe which contains no ethical element," but he is a philosophical animal in a universe which contains no philosophical element; that all man's finer life—art, romance, sense of honor—is as much an alien in this world as is religion and that, if the cosmos is basically physical, then through the entire range of man's mental and moral experience he faces "an intolerable disharmony between himself and the universe." This conclusion when the premises are granted seems to me logically inevitable. In a merely quantitative world all qualitative life is alien; we are then in a night where all cows are black.

If it be true that whatever arises in our experience by psychological processes in order that life may become more livable is, therefore, suspect, then everything is suspect. Of course, religion meets psychological needs! Of course that is why it has arisen and has so tenaciously persisted! Of course, like everything else, if religion had not aided the survival of the human organism, it long since would have disappeared. At its best it does inspire, encourage, and enrich life; it enables men to transcend their environments, rise above them, be superior to them, and carry off a spiritual victory in the face of them. And because of this, passing through many intellectual formulations, it still abides. In this it is at one with science, love, music, art,

poetry, and moral excellence. This fact alone neither credits nor discredits anything in man's experience.

The great question on the answer to which all depends still remains: *why* a universe in which beings have evolved who cannot live without such spiritual values? The extraordinary datum to be dealt with is that, as a matter of fact, personalities exist, finding life intolerable without philosophy, ethics, art, music, and religion. The cosmos has produced us, has forced us, if we are to survive on honorable terms, to develop such spiritual faculties, has set a livable life as a prize not to be won without the creation and maintenance of these higher powers. It must require a particular kind of cosmos to act that way. The fact of personality, with its intellectual and spiritual needs, is the most amazing with which the universe faces us, and no detailed analysis of psychological mechanisms can seriously affect its explanation; it is the total fact which waits to be understood. That out of the cosmos has come a being too significant to find contentment without spiritual interpretations of his life is the basic datum on which intelligent religion rests its case.

IV

The ultimate answer to this new attack, however, does not lie in the realm of intellectual discourse. The attack will continue until we popularly achieve a type of religion which does not come within its line of fire. Our real trouble is egocentric religion, which does egregiously fool its devotees. A comfortable modernism which, eliminating harsh and obsolete orthodoxies and making a few mental adjustments to scientific world-views, contents itself with a sentimentalized God and a roseate optimism will, if it continues, encourage the worst opinions of religion as a pacifying fantasy. Such a lush gospel will claim its devotees, but minds with any sinew in them turn away. Modern Christianity has grown soft, sentimental, saccharine.

It has taken on pink flesh and lost strong bone. It has become too much flute and too little trumpet. It has fallen from the stimulating altitudes of austerity and rigor, where high religion customarily has walked. In consequence it is called a mere wish-fulfilment because it acts that way. "No completely healthy intelligent person," says one of our psychologists, "who has not suffered some misfortune can ever be truly religious." That is not so much intellectual judgment as peevishness, but the writer could easily claim that he had much to be peevish about.

The only adequate answer is a kind of religion which a "completely healthy intelligent person"—if there are any such—can welcome with the consent of all his faculties. At least three elements, I think, are crucially required.

A religion in holding which a man does not fool himself must take into full account the law-abiding nature of the world. Most popular religion is not yet within sight of that goal. Just as astronomy came out of astrology and on our back streets still displays the leftovers of its ancient superstition, or as chemistry came out of alchemy and labored for centuries to throw off its old credulities, so religion came out of magic. Primitive religion was magical and primitive magic was religious. The adhesive power of magical ideas is prodigious, and millions of people in the modern world retain a magical faith. They try to use God as a short-cut to get things they want because they want them, and not at all because they have fulfilled the law-abiding conditions for getting them.

To be sure, religious men do lip-service to the reign of law. They even acclaim it and quote stock arguments by which a law-abiding world can be conceived as under the governance of God. But too seldom have they grasped in either thought or practice the basic implication of the reign of law—that nothing can be won except by fulfilling the law-abiding conditions for getting it.

Especially does this magical attitude persist in prayer. Even the plain lessons of history are lost on multitudes of pious believers. They know or ought to know the story of the plagues that once devastated the Western world and of the prayers lifted in agonized desire and faith against them. They should know also that plagues continued their recurrent terror until sanitary conditions were fulfilled, and that even to this day wherever those conditions are neglected all the frenzied petitions of magical religion are of no avail.

This is a law-abiding world in which a man may not run to God saying, "Stop your blasting for my pet canary!" It is fortunate that such is the case. A cosmos in which we received what we wanted because we wanted it without fulfilling the conditions for getting it would be a fool's world that could produce only fools. "If wishes were horses, beggars would ride."

If we desire physical results we must fulfil physical conditions; if we desire mental results we must fulfil mental conditions; if we desire spiritual results we must fulfil spiritual conditions—that simple, basic, obvious fact would revolutionize popular religion if once it were apprehended. Let the pious trust God if they will, but it is fantasy to trust him to break his own laws. All supernaturalism is illusion. Even the prescientific New Testament says, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," which translated into modern speech means, I suppose, "Don't fool yourself; this is a law-abiding world."

Intelligent prayer in particular is not magic; it is the inward fulfilling of spiritual conditions so that appropriate spiritual results are possible. It is the very soul of personal religion, but it is not whimsical, capricious, an affair of desperate exigency expressed in spasms of appeal. It is an inward life habitually lived in such companionship that the effective consequence follows.

A man whose religion lies thus in a

spiritual life which, fulfilling spiritual conditions in a law-abiding spiritual world, achieves triumphant spiritual results, is not fooling himself.

Another element is bound to characterize a religious experience which escapes illusion—self-renunciation. The egocentric nature of much popular religion is appalling. The perspective is all wrong. Even God becomes a matter of interest to many believers largely for what they can get out of him. They treat the Deity as a kind of universal valet to do odds and ends for them, a sort of "cosmic bellboy" for whom they push buttons, and who is expected to come running. "God for us," is the slogan of their faith, instead of, "Our lives for God."

As a result, much current religion becomes what the new attack takes it to be—an auxiliary of selfishness. The centripetal force of a selfish life, when that life becomes religious, sweeps the whole cosmos in. God himself becomes a nursemaid for our pets, and religion sinks into a comfortable faith that we shall be fondly taken care of, our wishes fulfilled, and our egocentric interests coddled. Professor Royce of Harvard used to tell his students never to look for "sugar-plums . . . in the home of the Infinite." That injunction is critically needed in contemporaneous religion. Looking for sugar-plums in the home of the Infinite is precisely what popular religion is concerned about.

All great religion, however, starts with self-renunciation and there is no great religion without it. Such faith is austere, rigorous, difficult. It promises no coddling and expects no sugar-plums. It does not use God as a *deus ex machina* which in an emergency will do our bidding; it believes in God as the source and conservator of spiritual values, and dedicates life to his service.

Strangely enough, Christianity has been and still is interpreted as the supreme example of a coddling, comfortable faith. Jesus' dominant doctrine, the sacredness of personality, given a

selfish twist, leads Christians to put each his own personality into the center of the cosmos and to see the divine purposes arrange themselves in concentric circles round him. Are not the very hairs of our heads numbered? Is it not the will of our Father that not one of these little ones should perish? Is not egoism bursting into songs like "That will be glory for me" the essential nature of Christianity?

It is amazing to find this flaccid interpretation of a faith whose symbol is the austere Cross. No one would be so astonished as Jesus himself at this rendering of his religion. He did believe in the sacredness of every personality, but to that truth he gave a self-renouncing turn. To give his life for the liberation and elevation of personality, asking as little as possible for himself and expending as much as possible of himself—to Jesus that was the upshot of believing that personality is sacred.

Indeed, as one listens to these Freudians and their various allies, one wonders why, if they really wish to know what religion is, they do not go to its noblest exhibitions. Would they judge music by jazz when there is Beethoven or architecture by automobile filling stations when there is Chartres? What the Freudians call religion Jesus of Nazareth called sin. Such religion was one of his first temptations, and the dramatic narrative of his rejection of it is on record. The Tempter took him to the temple top, so runs the story, and there said to him, "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and, in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." That is to say, Jesus was tempted of the devil to have a religion for comfort only. He was allured by the devil toward a religion in which angels would protect him from the consequences of broken law, and from that Satanic suggestion that he practice religion as the Freudians describe it he turned decisively away.

Follow, then, this life that so began its ministry, until it comes to its climax in Gethsemane. Jesus did not want to bear the torture of the Cross; he had seen folk crucified. His prayer, however, was not the egoistic cry of popular religion, "My will be done," but the contrary prayer of self-renunciation, "Not my will, but thine, be done." Is such religion a compensatory device to make life comfortable? Is it a fantasy by which we overlay cruel fact with pleasing fiction? Is it a world of desire to which we escape for easy solace from a ruthless situation?

A man whose religion, conceived in the spirit of self-renunciation, is centered in God, not as a bed to sleep on but as a banner to follow, is not fooling himself.

Moreover, a religious experience that is not deceitful will be one in which a man does not endeavor to escape the actual world but to transform it. To be sure, much nonsense is talked to-day about the psychological devices by which we retreat from life. The very word "escape" in modern psychiatric jargon has an undesirable significance. As a matter of fact, escapes are among the most admirable of our activities. If some of us could not retreat to nature and re-orient ourselves amid her spaces and silences we should be undone. If some of us could not escape from the hurly-burly of our mechanistic age on the magic carpets of music and poetry to live for a while in the mansions of the spirit, we should collapse. If some of us could not retreat to friendship, life would not be worth living. These are "escapes" but they reestablish us and return us to the world not less but better fitted to grapple with reality and throw it.

Suppose, then, that a man does not believe in atheism as the solution of the cosmic problem or think that this world is

" . . . a lost ironclad

Shipped with a crew of fools and mutineers
To drift between the cold forts of the stars."

Suppose that he is convinced that the

cosmos is a law-abiding and progressive system, grounded in intelligence and patterned by a purpose whose deepest reality is revealed in spiritual life, shall he not retreat to that? To call that in an evil sense a defense-mechanism is to beg the question. If materialism in any of its forms is true, then, to be sure, religion is a deceptive defense-mechanism, and so are most beautiful things in human experience. But if the world really does have spiritual meaning, then such religion is one of those indispensable orientations of the soul in its real environment which steady, strengthen, and transform our lives.

Religion, however, is much more than retreat, even when retreat is elevated to its noblest terms. Comfort is a strong word—fort, fortress, fortification, fortitude, fortify are its near relatives—and a great religion always has brought and always will bring comfort. But great religion does so not by escaping from the actual world but by supplying faith and courage to transform it.

When, knowing religious biography at its best, one listens to the new strategists putting religion into the same class with drugs and day-dreams as a means of escape from life, patience becomes difficult. To be sure, cheap men have always held a cheap religion. So a Buddhist priest said to a friend of mine: "Religion is a device to bring peace of mind in the midst of conditions as they are." This attitude is not exclusively Buddhist; much contemporaneous Christianity is of the same breed. It is the ultimate heresy, hating which as a travesty on religion, one welcomes Freud and all his kind if they can make the case against it plainer and press the attack upon it more relentlessly. But to call that cheap article real religion is to forget the notable exhibitions of another kind of faith, from some ancient Moses linking his life to the fortunes of a slave people until he liberated them to some modern Grenfell forgetting himself into immortality in Labrador. Such religion is not akin to drugs and day-

dreams; it means not escape from but transformation of the actual world.

It will be a sad day for the race if such religion vanishes. I see no likelihood of getting out of atheism the necessary faith and hope for social progress. That pictures the universe as a crazy book in dealing with which we may indeed be scientific, may count the letters and note the method of their arrangement but may not be religious and so read sense and meaning in the whole. The human mind will not forever avoid the logical consequences of such a world-view if it prevails.

"It cannot be doubted," one of the new psychological assailants writes, "that God has been a necessity to the human race, that He is still a necessity, and will long continue to be." Indeed he will, and it is notable that even those who think him an illusion admit the fact. Religion has been described as mere superstition, a left-over from the age of

magic, a deliberate device of priestcraft for controlling the masses, but to-day such external descriptions are outmoded. Whatever else may be true of it, religion is one of the most deep-seated responses of the human organism, part and parcel of personality's method of getting on in the world. To dismiss it as a branch of pathological psychology is too cavalier a method of disposing of a profound matter.

The Freudians, in this regard, are lifting their sails into a passing gust of wind. Often clouded by ignorance and wandering in uncertainty, using fantasy when fact gives out and mistaking wishes for reality, religion shares the common fate of all things human, but at its heart even the skeptic must at times suspect that it is dealing with truth—"no transient brush of a fancied angel's wing," as Martineau put it, "but the abiding presence and persuasion of the Soul of Souls."





TWO BOYS, A GUN, AND A DOG

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

OLD JOE was a very solemn, very kindly, very dignified, and very reserved pointer. He was a solidly built dog, with brown markings, and was the Dog Emeritus of Ralph's family. There were other bird dogs also, for Ralph's father was a hunter; but we rarely had anything to do with them. When we were considered old enough to turn loose in the field on our own—which was somewhere about our twelfth year—Joe was assigned to us. The theory was that Joe was so settled in life and in bird wisdom that our amateurish handling could do him no harm.

The hypothesis was accurate. He knew, and we very shortly came to know, that the assumption that we took him hunting was a joke. In the face of the world he was quite willing to endorse that fiction. He followed us in a grave appearance of subservience as we trudged down the street to the station. People used sometimes to stop short and grin at us. We wondered why; but as I look back through the years, I myself indulge in a reminiscent grin at the spectacle of two very earnest youngsters in caps, bulging canvas coats, rubber boots, carrying shotguns that must have looked much too big for them, heeled by a slow-paced, enormous, and obviously philosophic pointer who undoubtedly cocked toward the understanding passer-by a relishingly humorous eye. At the station Joe walked at once to the open side door of the baggage car where he waited to be boosted aboard. At the end of the short run he accepted our outstretched arms to assist his descent. Thus far he was, at least ostensibly, traveling with us.

The way stations at which we disembarked were pretty much alike—a small frame depot, a water tank, perhaps a half dozen shabby frame houses, and a store. One had only to take a hundred steps to find one's self in the open country. Stubble fields bounded by stump or "snake" fences of rails and gently rolling hills, and the lilac gray of bared hardwoods, the silver of popple thickets, the low dark shadows of timbered swamps. All day we would be stumbling and scrambling and crashing through the great patches of cover, emerging into the open country only to trudge doggedly and uninterestedly across it to the next woodland. It was elementary wisdom to move roughly in a wide circle so that evening would find us not too far from the point at which we were to take the train home. It was equally desirable to keep track of ourselves. In the doublings and turnings and emergings and reënterings incident to a day's hunt it was not at all difficult to get turned about. The landscape, while varied enough in its features, was paradoxically similar in its repeated arrangements of these features. Nothing was more disconcerting than to lose one's sense of direction, with the afternoon waning and train-time near. Nothing was more unpleasant than to cut the railroad line two or three miles above or below the station and be forced to slog, tired and heavily burdened, along those miles of uninteresting ties. And nothing was more appalling than to learn at the farmhouse of our inquiry that we were several hills and valleys remote from the station which should lie over the next

rise. The farmer might charge us even as much as a dollar to drive us over in time for our train. That, together with an eighty-cent round trip and the price of our shells made it a pretty expensive day. Ralph and I had to earn our dollars at a time when odd jobs for small boys were neither numerous nor well paid. But it was all excellent training in topography and the sense of direction.

So much of it was our business. With the rest of it we had nothing whatever to do. The moment we had climbed the fences into the open country Joe took charge. He mapped out and conducted a day's partridge hunting, which, as an expert, he enjoyed thoroughly. He was glad to have Ralph and me go along and he was very careful and considerate. He gave us every chance, but if we did not avail ourselves of them he went on about the business without us. If in our childish ignorance we made up our minds we would hunt a certain cover of our own selection, Joe philosophically let us go to it; but he would have no part or parcel in the matter. We soon learned that it was better to trail obediently whithersoever Joe led us. That was invariably to the birds. Joe's instincts as to "birdy" places were developed to a high degree.

In hunting the cover, too, Joe gave us every chance. He ranged in reference to us; he never left us in the lurch, going off by himself. When moving up through the first faint indications of scent, he waited for us to come alongside. If he got on a point he staunchly held for us. There was no taking advantage by this sterling gentleman of our youth and inexperience. Nevertheless, Joe reserved for himself certain privileges which he would not have dreamed of exercising had he been out with Ralph's father. Then he would have played the game to its uttermost rigid convention. For example, it is considered a disgrace for a bird dog to pay the slightest attention to a rabbit. The fact that a highly trained pointer or setter will not even bat an eye in its direction, even when one of these other-

wise fascinating creatures leaps from under his very nose, is a wonderful testimony to his integrity; for the bird dog is by nature a hunter and a chaser. His "point" has been developed from the pause before his spring to capture. But in his association with man he has learned to control his lower nature. It sometimes happens of a dark morning, when all scent is heavy and confused, that even the most skilful dog catches a smell of rabbit which half deceives him. It must be that certain conditions alter the quality of otherwise familiar odors. The poor chap is in a quandary. If this indeterminate scent should turn out to be a bird, after he had passed it by he would suffer abjectly in reputation. So he hesitates, and half points, trying not to commit himself one way or the other. He casts imploring half-glances toward his master; and as the latter draws alongside he stiffens down, hoping for the best. Then as bunny darts out before the man's solid kick at the brush the poor dog drops into an abyss of shame.

Joe knew all this. He appreciated to the full the social error of even acknowledging that rabbits existed at all. In adult company he would have been a model of canine etiquette. But with us infants it was different. Joe indulged himself in an occasional rabbit; smelling it out methodically to its form; jumping it; even chasing it a few paces just to get it well started; looking after it, his head on one side, with a sort of grave relish. He did this quite openly, without shame or apology, because it amused him. At first we, as well versed as he in the theory of proper etiquette, thought it incumbent on us to punish him. The logic was exact. Sportsmen should punish their dogs for chasing rabbits; we were sportsmen. Joe indulgently allowed us to whip him. He was a large, solid dog. When we had done what we conceived to be our duty in the matter he shook himself vigorously, and we went on. But there seemed to be a misfire in the sequence somehow. Joe not only appeared to be wholly unim-

pressed by our demonstration, but we felt that he had permitted it because of his sense of fairness. He too was perfectly aware of that syllogism. Sportsmen should punish their dogs for chasing rabbits. Joe was amusedly willing to contribute slight and momentary bodily discomfort toward countenancing the delightful fiction that we were in charge.

Another delicate convention which Joe chose to interpret in a broad and liberal way was the matter of holding a point. When a high-class bird dog freezes to a point, he is supposed to stay that way until the bird of its own accord moves away or his master has flushed it for the shot. If neither of these things happens there he must stick. It does not matter if his whereabouts are unknown; if his master is whistling and shouting in a vain attempt to locate him. There is something of the boy-stood-on-the-burning-deck about the situation.

Now Joe was as staunch on a point as tradition required, no matter how long it took for us to get to him. But we must be getting to him. As soon as Joe was convinced that we had lost him he took measures. No heroic but foolish and, above all, time-wasting gestures for him! Inch by inch he crept forward until within pouncing distance. Then he pounced. In doing so he was simply following the methods of his remote ancestors. I do not think he had any very strong hopes of seizing the bird; but he terminated an annoying and idiotic deadlock, and I imagine he got a certain amount of sardonic satisfaction in thus startling the grouse. As it roared away from under his nose, he gazed after it calmly for a moment, then turned to hunt up those two strayed kids of his. Joe never broke point when we were anywhere available; and he would never have dreamed of doing so when afield with anybody responsible. He could do the boy-on-the-burning-deck stuff with the best of them on proper occasion.

But our supervision was continued even after appropriate bird cover was selected. Ordinarily a good partridge

dog would quarter, ranging back and forth in front of his master in an advancing series of diagonals. Every few seconds he would stop to look back, bright-eyed, to be sure the hunter had no instructions for him. These, if there were any, were generally conveyed by a motion of the hand. If the man wished to get the dog's attention he uttered the briefest possible single blast on a trilled dog whistle. Instantly the dog's head would appear, up over a log, above the ground carpet, out of the brush, ears up, eyes alight with inquiry as to what was wanted. A gesture toward the bit to be investigated, and at once, without hesitation or question, he was off in that direction. Often no word was spoken for hours, for the grouse was prone to flush wild, and the sound of the human voice was likely to start him out of sight and range. Thus the man retained the general command of the strategy.

Joe also stopped every few seconds in his slow, methodical trot to raise his head or to rear up against some convenient small elevation in order to determine where we were and how we were coming along. But it was emphatically not to look for orders, merely to assure himself that we were not straying off and that we were going to be near enough for a shot should he discover a bird.

II

But though Joe held us under a discipline that to us high-spirited youngsters seemed galling, humiliating, and not to be borne, he was in other respects very considerate. Joe was one of these efficiency dogs. He stood for only a certain amount of ineptitude. Being a philosopher, he was perfectly willing to hunt for any friend to whom his master loaned him for the day, and to do a good job of it. But in return he expected results. If the man he was with missed his first two or three birds, that was all right; Joe was large-minded enough to realize that perfection is hardly come at in an imperfect world, and that lapses may be

expected from the most proficient. But if he went on missing, Joe just quit hunting. Joe could be a very humiliating dog.

His high expectation did not, however, carry over to us two small boys. In the beginnings of our career we did not scratch down many birds. That was too much to expect; but at least we had hitched our go-cart to a star in selecting as our quarry the most difficult bird that flies. Our allegiance never faltered, our enthusiasm never failed. Woodcock and quail we took when we could, but in our stride as it were; and a bag of them never filled us with the same solemn and uplifted joy as a return with even a brace of "pats." There was something in the crumpling in rocket flight, the long slanting fall, the resounding thump that satisfied for hours. Even in maturer years, after we had graduated into the expert class, and bags of ten or a dozen apiece were not uncommon, we agreed that, spaced at proper intervals, as few as three birds kept the hours of a day at a comfortable glow. Often we took our train back at night with only the customary rabbit. We could always get him, and generally postponed him until late in the afternoon to avoid carrying him about any longer than necessary. Sometimes we postponed him too long, and then we had to clean our own guns. Theoretically we were supposed to do that anyway. It was good for us to do our own dirty work. Servants were not kept to wait on small boys. But we early discovered the affinity between negroes and rabbits, and the efficiency of bribery.

Those were the days of black powder. We loaded our own shells. Mine were of brass, and I kept them and reloaded them over and over. If I fired my right barrel more than once without discharging the left, I had to be careful to shift the left shell. Otherwise the top wad was likely to be jarred loose, the shot to roll out, and I to discharge a harmless and humiliating squib. Ralph, who was more of a reckless devil finan-

cially than I, used paper shells from the first; and shortly I fell in line with him.

Black powder made a grand bang and produced a great volume of white smoke and a most entrancing smell. To this day a whiff of it brings back to me the narrow stump-dotted fields of the back-wood farms with their stubble, or their corn shocks like plumed warriors huddled; and the inconceivably vivid hardwood forests; and the other smell of the wood smoke that magicked the sun into a blood red ball and the sunlight into a pouring golden mist, touched movement into the quietude of leisure, charmed the world into the brooding peace of Indian summer. Why this picture, rather than the closed, warm, leafy green of the dense cover in September, or the rattling bared limbs of December, I do not know. Our shooting season of those days began before summer had lost its vigor and continued until the New Year. Memory is capricious. The white smoke from the discharge often obscured our determination of the results of our shot. Especially was this true of a damp day. I remember having often to squat low instantly after the discharge, trying to peer beneath the cloud. Were it not for our dogs we should have lost many a bird squarely hit but invisible to us the instant we had pulled trigger.

Those later in the field can never realize what cleaning a gun really means. Black powder residue was abundant, grimy, sticky, and extremely corrosive to steel. We had to get rid of every trace of it or have a pitted barrel. That was the ultimate of disgrace and was ineradicable. I have still the sixteen-gauge hammer gun of that youth. Inside it shines as bright and fleckless as a mirror. That means that not only was it thoroughly cleaned every time it was used, but also that it was attended to the evening of each day's shoot. To have left it over night, even once, would have been fatal. With modern smokeless one can do that; but never with black powder. Nor, as with smokeless, did a few wipes with some solvent do the

trick. You got a pail of screeching hot water into which you thrust the end of the barrels. Then with a tightly fitting rag on a cleaning rod as a piston, you literally pumped the water up through the barrels and out the breech, and you kept at it until your youthful arms ached. After which, of course, it was imperative to dry the weapon thoroughly. A suspicion of dampness meant rust. And then to oil it in every part—but that was a nice reminiscent smell too. I don't know what that oil was. They sold it simply as gun oil. But there was some magic in it that freighted it with memories. All of which I tell you to account for the rabbits. We scorned avowed rabbit hunters.

We were taught by our fathers to take this exquisite care of our weapons; but I think our mainspring in persistence was our own pride in them. They were both sure 'nough double barrels; none of your made-over muskets, or "Zulu guns," or similar makeshifts. Mine was an English-made sixteen-gauge. I think it was the first small-bore shotgun ever seen on the Pacific Coast. I shot it there first in 1884. In these days of twenties and twenty-eights, a sixteen seems almost vulgarly large, but in my boyhood ten-gauge was the customary field gun, with sometimes an eight for ducks and geese, and an occasional twelve in the hands of a small-bore crank. Men used to go out with me just to see if that pesky little popgun *would* kill a quail. Its barrels were of browned Damascus steel with a beautiful curlycue pattern made by the two metals; and it was of course a hammer gun. I suppose it would look very awkward to an eye accustomed to the trim modern hammerless ejectors; but it was a well-balanced, hard-shooting little gun, and so beautifully made that it is to-day, after tens of thousands of shots, as tight at the breech as ever.

In two respects we differed from modern practice. We shot both barrels full choked, scorning as effeminate confessions of weakness in marksmanship

the more widely scattering charge of the cylinder bores or even the so called "modified chokes." For one thing, we wanted all the range we could get. Late in the year, after the trees had gone bare, our customary quick-snap shooting was occasionally varied by a long-range chance at a "pat" after he had risen above the cover and was darting under a full head of steam among the trunks of the trees down through the forest vista. How he would go! Even in those thoughtless days I never ceased to marvel that he could go so fast and yet steer his way in and out among the limbs. His accuracy was astounding, for if one stood quite still and listened, one could hear an occasional *flick-flick* as the stiff short pinions of his wings just scraped the twigs in his headlong flight. To overtake with one's charge of shot that small brown body catapulting at such tremendous speed required nice calculation and steady marksmanship and a long-shooting, hard-hitting gun. Another advantage of the choke bore was that it was either kill clean or miss clean. The compact pattern covered a small circle, but it was a circle packed with shot. We did not "slobber" our birds.

The other item wherein we were unorthodox was that when in the field we always carried our guns full-cock. This was a necessary procedure. Our game allowed us no split-second for preparations. We could not even carry our guns over the crook of our left elbow as may be done in more open field shooting; but must hold them forward in both hands, at the ready. A gun cocked all the time would be a very dangerous weapon in the hands of a shooter of ordinary training and habit. But ingrained in our very natures was the cardinal principle that never, in any circumstances, should the muzzle of a gun point even for an instant toward any living thing we did not wish to kill; and that it should always, except in the very act of shooting, be inclined at an angle to the sky. So instinctive did these precautions become that, as a natural

part of the movement, taking no more thought than for the placing of the feet, we crawled under logs, moved about each other, worked our way through the densest cover, with at all times our loaded and cocked weapons as safe as though empty. Safer, I think; for one who tries to keep his precautions only for such times as he thinks them necessary may sometimes slip in memory or observation. "Didn't know it was loaded" has killed or crippled many a good man; but "consider it always loaded" has never harmed anyone yet.

III

We had in all the years of our sporting careers no accidents, no near-accidents; nor do I even remember any accidental discharges, though it is possible one or two such may have occurred. If so they made no impression, for they were bound to be perfectly harmless.

This admirable caution, I confess, was based very little on any very acute sense of the danger of doing otherwise; for when is youth ever heedful? Its strength was that of our pride in sportsmanship. Youth worships convention, common belief to the contrary notwithstanding. The surest way to train a boy to do a thing is to appeal to that sense. We never shot birds sitting; we never allowed our guns, loaded or empty, to point toward any living thing; we cleaned them scrupulously at night no matter how late it was or how tired we were; and we took inordinate pains to search down chance cripples, not because of any consciousness of the virtue of such proceedings, but because of our ardent determination to behave in all matters, great and small, according to the rules of the game.

Nor did we go afield in the larger sense without considerable valuable preliminary training. Before the shotgun period of our lives we had begun with other weapons. Ralph had an air gun, and later a .22; I a heavy barrelled, well-made Flobert "saloon rifle" as they were

called. The State of Michigan at that time offered a bounty of one cent a head on English sparrows. For several years our main business in life out of school hours and on Saturday was the collection of that bounty. Since, as is well known, these birds are distinctively urban dwellers, we had to do our shooting within the city, preferably as near the downtown district as we dared. I do not know why we were allowed to roam the streets discharging comparatively deadly weapons, but rarely did anybody protest. Perhaps it was a more tolerant age; perhaps more ignorant, or, contrariwise, more generally knowledgeable as to firearms. When every second man on the street is a shooter of something, the prowlings of two small boys squibbing off "BB's" is not so alarming as would be the case nowadays when few know anything about guns, and every firearm is as terrible as a six-inch howitzer. Of course the actual business district was closed to us by the presence of police; but that did not matter. What we wanted was the combination of city streets and trees. Nevertheless, the nearer downtown we could manage the better the hunting.

We had our regular beats. Each took a side of the street. Somehow we did not even attract much attention. Occasionally a passer-by would pause to watch us for a moment or so. If he did so from any motive of caution, our conduct must have satisfied him, for we were never warned. We knew, and avoided, a few places where some "old woman"—of either sex—was "cranky." But we were very careful and had evolved a working system. For instance, we never shot at sparrows on the ground or in the street, no matter how tempting their numbers or range: the bullet might glance. We rarely shot at them atop a roof or on eaves, and then only when they were within easy range and outlined against the sky; the bullet might puncture somebody's shingles, and that would be unfair. For the same reason we were careful about the back-

ground to each and every shot, lest we break glass or do other damage. The ideal was a bird tree—perched against a blue sky. Where the spent bullets landed did not concern us; it was sufficient that there was nothing back of a direct hit. As a matter of fact, beyond a very limited range, these tiny BB's could have had little more force than a flicked pebble.

But within their range they were astonishingly accurate. And we shortly became very deadly. We had to be. Consider it for yourself. We were in serious business. BB's came in boxes of fifty at thirty-five cents a box. To break even financially we must make seventy per cent of hits. At bull's-eyes as small as sparrows and at varying ranges that means very good shooting. Commercially we managed to survive, and even made a small profit. Later the State raised the bounty to three cents a head. Then we were affluent.

The first rather lean year was carried by an unexpected and marvellous bit of luck. It involved our one and only incursion into police territory. Outside their downtown beats the police left us alone; and we in return considered it only polite and politic not to pull off any mischievous and aggravating raids. Whenever on our regular beats we ran across a cop on his way home we gave a busy imitation of innocent youth returning from a shooting expedition in the country; while he gave as excellent an imitation of believing us. But downtown near the railway station was a tall office building whose eaves and cornices had become infested by large tame pigeons. They seemed to belong to nobody; they were very messy. Somehow it became known to us that the owners of the building would not exactly shriek for the police were we to shoot these pigeons.

Too good a chance for what was to us big game. And the profits were tempting. The building owners could not of course offer us any reward for the job; nor, indeed, countenance us in any way.

But we were made to understand that we could get twenty-five cents a pair for pigeons at the meat market. So every day or so we made a raid.

It was exciting, fast work, but not wholly comfortable. We had to scout carefully to determine the whereabouts of the local cop. Then we had to wait a favorable hiatus in passers-by. This was downtown, in crowded districts; besides which we were apparently knocking over somebody's tame doves. The range was long—the full height of the building—and the birds took a long, fluttering tumble that attracted much unfavorable attention, especially from indignant old ladies. A crowd always gathered. It was impossible to do more than dart in and out corsair-wise, so to speak, snatching our booty and making our getaway before the storm broke. At least that was our idea of it. As a matter of fact, nobody in authority ever interfered with us. It would have been easy to trap us. I imagine the word had been passed along by the victims of those very dirty and noisy pigeons; and I imagine we and our activities were quite well known to the easy-going authorities. It was not a very large city. Our precautions toward safety had probably been amusedly appraised.

But that did not affect our own attitude of mind. As far as we were concerned, we were engaged in a respectable business with a thirty per cent margin for an impossible perfection, technically extra-legal, but tolerated within certain tacitly understood limits. Somewhat as good respectable bootleggers look upon themselves nowadays. This pigeon business was out of our line. We were uneasy lest we jeopardize our status thereby; but the profits tempted. A sort of hijacking, as it were, for which we could not reasonably expect the customary police tolerance. So, in spite of the thrill of big game and the breathless excitement of raiding, we were glad to finish the job and return to our moderately lawful occasions.

I do not quite know where we orig-

inally got our respect for all song birds. Probably it was a combination of instruction and that sense of sportsmanship again. If one was a sportsman he shot game birds. Anything else was childish. Be that as it may, we never pulled trigger on any but our lawful game or predatory birds.

Old Joe, and later on other setters and pointers, considered it good fun to go walking with us. All dogs like to go walking, but they do not care to do so without a human. Occasionally we invited them to go with us on these sparrow hunts, but not often. It was altogether too obvious that they considered them as walking and not as sporting expeditions. They paid no attention whatever to either our popguns or our

quarry, but went busily about their own business of cats and backyards and other dogs.

Once in a great while, if a sparrow happened to fall out of a tree before their very noses, they might pause to sniff at its body in a detached manner. Then they looked up at us in the quizzical tolerance of a grownup for an infant with a toy choo-choo. We could not stand that sort of thing. So we preferred to leave them home. They were much too sportingly high-minded for the rough and tumble of every day business. We despaired of making them understand that its meager profits, frugally saved, bought the powder and shot and railway fares that made possible the higher life in its season.





THOSE VITAL DIFFERENCES

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

AN AMERICAN re-steeping himself in Europe after an absence of twenty years—an absence that included the period of the Great War—expects to find some things different. He even expects, if one may be permitted a bull, to find them more different than he expected them to be. He knows, that is, that the changes he will find are past foreknowing, since history turned a sharp corner with the War, and Europe has perforce changed its landscape. The American absentee from Europe draws, as it were, a blank check to cover his possible impressions.

That America is kinder than Europe, in the sense of purse-opening generosity, no one could deny. We care less about keeping our money than do the older tribes; partly because we actually have more of it, partly because money in America is still more easily won. We have not got wholly past the extravagance of the pioneer with an unexhausted continent at his back. Account for it as you like, America, in that physical and practical sense, is kinder. We have known that, these many years. On the other hand, we have also known that Europe is more tolerant. The average provincial European (who is the man who counts) is a less censorious person than his counterpart on this side the Atlantic. Whether kindness or tolerance be preferable, I do not pretend to say; but one might point out that there is a good deal of difference in their actual workings. American generosity is rather of the heart than of the mind; it is the fruit of a sentimental impulse quite foreign to the European who,

whatever his vices, is not a sentimentalist. The kind American pours out his kindness on the person whose plight touches his sympathy. To the person whose plight does not touch his sympathy he is adamant, for tolerant he is not. The less alms-giving European, on the other hand, has treasures of intellectual charity which emphasize our relative poverty. Though he may not open his pocket-book so readily, he will make allowances for the person whose plight does not touch his sympathy; he will be less ready to condemn, offhand, what he does not understand. Roughly speaking, that is the difference between American kindness and European tolerance. It follows that in a famine or a flood the American backs you regardless; in a difference of temperament or opinion or religion or politics you are more at peace with the citizen of a European country.

These facts must often have been noted, because they are not new; and even now, when Europe is on edge, they are still facts. It is why, one supposes, intelligent youth is always happier in Europe—why we were happier there, in our time, why our children are happier there now. One remakes the world more easily, more pleasantly, more harmlessly, on the shores of the Thames or the Seine, where they are used to intellectual experimenting, where, indeed, they think it normal. Mental existence over here is arid and stiff in comparison. America has always tended, one suspects, to pragmatism. The average American finds kindness more natural than honesty, the merciful impulse easier than the just

temper. There have been great thinkers among us, no doubt, but our greatest minds have been shot through and quickened with sentiment or that prejudice which is only another form of personal emotion. The "dry light"—*lumen siccum*—has not been our habitual illumination.

Any generalization, we all know, can have holes proudly pricked in it. We but attempt to express things that are on the whole true. Socially, for example, a curious paradox presents itself. In the wide sense, we are socially less exacting than Europe, because our social standards are still unfixed and fluctuating. Yet, as we have often been reminded, we tend to herd-standards: our initiative is all business initiative, and in superficial social matters we submit to the gyves of convention, which give little play for idiosyncrasy. Intellectually speaking, you might call us muscle-bound. One cannot see that the War has changed these facts.

What one comes to feel above all, after a few months of re-encountering the Western European—in England, France, Switzerland, Italy—is his immense patience. The old superstition about the explosive Latin has been slowly dying since the War, yet I am not sure it has been wholly erased from the cis-Atlantic mind. The Latin may be fiery in his emotional relations, but mentally he seems to have passed, bladelike, through fire and water and to have come out tempered. The European expert can speak to you of perils, of bitter dooms to be encountered—whether by his country or by yours—in so detached, unprejudiced a voice that it sounds to you like apathy until you realize that it is resignation. Resignation, let me hasten to say, not in the religious but in the intellectual sense. It is we who turn everything into moral issues; who seem, indeed, incapable of getting excited over anything except as we see in it a moral or a financial menace. Intellectual honesty, logic for its own sake, what one might call purity of reasoning, are still

rare achievements with us. There can be no question that the European is more honest than the American, from the mere habit of straighter thinking. How they would come out respectively in a "deal" is another question; though I suspect that the European would not cheat without knowing it, whereas the American might. This is not, I repeat, a moral discussion, merely a psychological one.

The patience, at all events, is markedly there; nor is it the patience of inferiority, of helplessness—the patience of ox or ass; rather, the patience of the man who knows more than his tormentors, who has seen many wheels come full circle. One of our greatest men (in the American sense) has said, I believe, that "history is bunk." The average American, I dare say, knows as much text-book history as the average European. What he does not do with history is to take it as a case-book from which he can learn how human beings are apt to behave under given conditions. Though the average European may know no more history than his American brother, he applies the little he knows. He is not so easily fooled by lapse of time; he is aware that similar conditions tend to produce similar results, regardless of era; that, whatever else is bunk, history, being cold fact, is not. Hence, in part, his patience; for he realizes that, since human development is such a complicated business, since there are always more factors in a problem than any one man can reckon with, to be glib is to be wrong.

I have met Americans, in the last few months, who complained of European bitterness, of anti-Americanism, of prejudice carried to the point of unreason. I can only say that we did not meet these unpleasantnesses. Bad manners one can encounter anywhere; I am speaking now of deliberate insults to Americans. Any bad manners we met would have been equally bad to Goth or Greek. When a well-bred and charming, much-traveled American woman tells me that she has

been avoiding Paris for two years because she suffered so many unprovoked attacks on her last visit, I know that she has had astonishingly bad luck, and I am deeply sorry. When Americans breathe to me their fear of English travel because "the English hate us so, and it is not agreeable to be in England," I can only marvel and remember that our small daughter before sailing from Liverpool was literally tearful at leaving what she called "the polite country." My own wonder is always—considering how they have suffered, and the explanations of that suffering which are offered them—that they do not deport Americans at sight. Nor does it help international understanding when Americans reel noisily from bar to bar, or show what they feel about a depreciated currency by lighting cigarettes with fifty-franc notes. The vulgar European is at least at home; the vulgar American is an intruder. That he should be met so pre-vaillingly with courtesy is nothing short of miracle. Reverse in your imagination, if you can, the situation, and think what would happen in America to such invaders from Europe. Their vulgarity, I fear, would be met with violence, and their patronage—for though not all Americans are vulgar, most of them, I fear, at the present juncture, are patronizing—with glumness if not with positive incivility.

II

The writer pretends to no knowledge, even the sketchiest, of international (or even national) finance; but no one who has been reading the newspapers for the last six months can have failed to remark that American economic policy is driving Europe to despair. It is not a matter of theory, but of the kind of immediate fact which touches the English, the French, the Swiss, the Italian native in his intimate life—in his income, or his daily wage. American tariffs are destroying this village, this town, this countryside as definitely as if we were loosing poison gas among them. Certain handicrafts,

certain industries are perishing, will probably perish wholly; and in regions where specialized skill is not an individual but an hereditary matter, you can see communities emptying and families brought to want before your eyes. This is not mere sympathetic imagining: instances I have not witnessed myself, I have been told about by American economists who had witnessed them. The War must still account for most of the problems of readjustment, one supposes; yet there are many cases where even one's prejudiced, patriotic eye can see nothing directly causal except American greed.

I am not pretending to judge the merits of the case. The average European native probably cannot judge the case on its merits, either. He knows only that his currency is depreciated through no fault of his own, that he is being heavily taxed for no benefit to him, that America is pushing up its import duties so that Americans will no longer buy what he produces, and that meanwhile his country is being pressed hard to pay America enormous sums of money. The only European nation (as far as he can see) that America is interested in helping financially, is Germany. America's quondam allies are being held up for war debts, while American tariffs take his livelihood from him. The only people he sees, with his own eyes, who can do reasonably what they please, and enjoy life (perhaps, of course, they cannot, but it looks to him that way) are the Americans and the Germans. The traveling American drops into a Milanese hotel and wants a swim at the Lido, though he also wants to spend that night in Milan. Trains will not do it; the fastest cars will not do it; so he charts an airplane. Meanwhile the hotel management is trying to persuade its personnel that a ten per cent charge on the bill is ample for tips—and the personnel has to watch Fortunatus spending several thousand lire because he feels like a swim at the Lido. You may add to that, if you like, the shudder

of scorn which a civilized soul would naturally feel for anyone who wanted to go to the Lido! The American's attitude to Europe seems to be "Moab is my washpot and over Edom will I cast out my shoe"; and he further complicates his patronizing, plutocratic behavior with a total inability to speak the language of the country. I do not say that these things should irritate: I say only that they inevitably do.

All this may sound like a defense of European bad conduct in the face of overwhelming provocation. The truth, however, is milder—and different. The provocation is seldom overwhelming, and the conduct is extraordinarily good. The sensitive traveler knows what bewilderment and despair are lying beneath the courtesy which is well-nigh unailing. He perceives also that the courtesy is not a mere matter of boot-licking. These races are not servile, nor are they enduring insult for the sake of a few dollars. If that were the case, European travel would be impossible for the sensitive American, since no one can move happily in an atmosphere that combines avarice with hatred. The fact is that while the European with whom you have practical dealings and casual conversations may resent American policy in general, he is too wise and too tolerant to resent you in particular. It is probably not your fault, and he is not going to commit the inaccuracy of assuming that it is. Political synecdoche (taking the part for the whole, the individual for the species) is no part of wisdom, and he has a lot of wisdom. I know there are those instances of sudden vituperation, of exacerbated nerves easing themselves on the wrong object—my information is too authentic to be doubted. But they are, as far as I can make out, rare. Much wandering in European backwaters never brought us any such encounter, and we are as conspicuously American as anyone else.

It fell to us, one Sunday in Nîmes, to watch, in the Roman arena, a Spanish bullfight. Nîmes, I believe, has been

addicted to the Spanish form of bullfighting for forty years; and two or three times a year there is a big *corrida* in the arena. Southern France is full of *aficionados*, as keen as the average Spaniard. Nîmes was so crowded that the cafés put chairs and tables in the middle of the streets: for this was a first-rate *corrida*, with bulls from Seville, and *toreros* from Madrid. The seats were very expensive—almost as dear as a Navy football game, though not so dear as Yale. It was our God-given opportunity, since we were not entering Spain, and we took it. Only one thing need be said here about bullfighting, though the ritual beauty is very great, and the technic so precise and complicated that it would take years to become an adequate judge of a performance. The one thing is that no soft Occidental not bred to bullfighting can possibly endure it with pleasure; and after the second bull (there were six) we came out. Getting out, alas! meant making scores of people acutely uncomfortable. I am not blaming the Romans, who surely did not intend the runways and approaches to be filled solidly, as that day they were. Nor do I apologize for our squeamishness: our departure was inevitable. The fact remains that, even as the third bull was plunging into the arena, two full-grown people had to get out, and their getting out involved an immense interference with other people's comfort: it could not be done without obstructing views, squeezing bodies breathless, stepping by mere force of pressure, on scores of feet, legs, arms, and hands. (Imagine two of the under sardines removing themselves with violence from the tin.) We were not only nuisances: we were, I fear, actual dispensers of shock and pain. We strewed apologies as we wriggled and struggled; but words are a poor liniment. As we finally reached the throat of a runway, we heard a man murmur in our behalf to whatever bruised folk it might concern, "*ce sont des anglais.*" His tone made it clear that we were not to be blamed for spoil-

ing other people's fun, since, naturally, we could not understand. We were different, and allowances must always be made for difference. If a Zulu fought his way out of a major league game, should we thus graciously accept his "difference"? Would there not be some smarting person to ask him why he came at all? At Nîmes there was no one.

My real illumination, however, came at Arles. It was there I was forced to examine my conscience and ruefully to confess that I was essentially American—and wrong.

We sat a long time that afternoon in our café, partly for idleness, partly because the main boulevard of Arles, on a *jour de foire*, shows such variety. Arles is incurably provincial; and funerals, roosters, sheep, gipsy vans, cattle, cavaliers from the Camargue, aged and beautiful Arlésiennes, wedding parties, and threshing machines go by you in no order at all. You make your cold drinks as long as possible, in these conditions. Presently the table next us was occupied by four people who alighted from a car to quench their thirst. Two pairs of light lovers, obviously, on a holiday. Beyond registering the fact that the young women did not look what we call "respectable," I paid no attention; the street was more amusing. A moment came, however, when they usurped the foreground. One couple forgot their apéritifs in their extreme preoccupation with each other. No modern American lacks visual experience of vulgar "necking," but this went beyond anything I have seen on the beaches of either ocean. They kissed, they bit, they slapped, they murmured, they enlaced . . . on a crowded sidewalk, at five in the afternoon. I, who can read Maurice Dekobra with pleasure, found myself shocked. The respectable French all about us approved, I could see, no more than we, though the only gesture made was that of two grandparents in mourning, who did their best to get their little grandson to turn his chair round without either spilling his

lemonade or guessing what it was all about. "This would not be permitted anywhere in America," I said. "Why doesn't someone do something about it?" I was uncomfortable, and I wanted to be comfortable again; and that is how I naturally expressed my irritation. The mere sound of my own words started a train of reflection in me, as one's own words, when they suddenly reach one externally, sometimes do. There in the café I proceeded to make an "examination of conscience."

Other people were as annoyed as I, yet it occurred to me alone to want, and to expect, official interference with what annoyed me. I was proving myself authentically American—hundred per cent, indeed. When an American is annoyed, his instinct is either to invoke or to create a law that will remove the annoyance. He expects someone in authority to back up his prejudice. If authority is lacking, he looks about for some means to make it valid. I began to perceive, on this occasion (with some sage assistance), that I was being both typical and at fault. I still believe (for I am incurably American) that for these people to have it pointed out to them that they were public nuisances would have been salutary for them. I can see, however, that it would have been less salutary for the citizens who contrived to have it pointed out. In other words, it is better to suffer—up to a certain point—than to impose one's will in matters of taste or mere opinion. In wanting these people interfered with, I was ranking myself with the censorship committees and purity commissions—fundamentally, indeed (God save the mark!) with the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance and Morals. I was indulging in the great national vice of trying to suppress what does not square with my own sense of fitness. My hankering for a gendarme was instinctive—and ignoble. How much better, I was forced to admit, was the European attitude of not interfering with people who are behaving unsympa-

thetically. Sometime I may want to behave unsympathetically, myself, in some way that, though it seems innocent to me, offends my immediate neighbors.

We said earlier that no one was so charitable as the American to a plight that touches his sympathy, whereas to a plight that does not touch his sympathy he is adamant. We are credited with being lawless—no less a person than President Hoover has frankly admitted that we are. That is to say, we keep the laws we like; we endeavor, indeed, more than any other people, to pass our personal likings into law. We keep, on the other hand, very few laws that we dislike. The result is a chaos of legal and social conflict between different temperaments, dispositions, philosophies. I have no doubt that it was immensely good for me, that day in Provence, to imprison my inhibitions under lock and key, for I was by way of investing my inhibitions with sanctity. I was at the old corrupting game of wanting the police to back my prejudices, precisely because they seemed to me to be at one with morality. (I was, myself, to profit, at Nîmes, by European patience, but I had not yet reached Nîmes.) All about me was an equal disgust—which made no effort to legalize itself, because it knew that you cannot make a tolerable society thus.

The south of France is famously radical. I had to wait until I reached Provence, indeed, to hear the "Internationale" sung under my windows by laborers on strike. There were no police to interfere; the very conservative head waiter and *dame de comptoir* (issuing to the sidewalk, like ourselves) thoroughly enjoyed the tune, which is stirring; and the strikers themselves applauded, first their own rendition of the Red hymn, and then the chairman who appealed to them to show the good breeding of which the municipal authorities were (so he said) unfortunately devoid. There is something to be said for class-consciousness when it means being conscious that you are a class and not the whole com-

munity. It is the determination to obliterate all classes but your own that twists the meaning and makes it sinister. These particular strikers, I understood, were not prevailingly French: they were casual workers, filtered through the great sieve of Marseilles—Czechs, Magyars, Serbians, Italians, what-not. In other words, they belonged to precisely that class of labor which we consider, in America, most dangerous to established institutions. No one seemed to be worrying about them; and I am sure, if they had not applauded their own singing of the "Internationale" the bystanders would have applauded for them. For it is a good tune. The European public seems a little more able than we to isolate facts, and not to weigh them down so heavily with emotional implications. These men were striking for such and such things (I believe they got them, a fortnight later). No one, whatever his opinion, got panicky or personal about it. When no one gets panicky or personal, justice is more certain to be done.

III

I offer such minutiae of experience only because, in the end, the sum of them and many like them produced an impression. Very slowly, in the hinterland of one's mind, grows the conviction that the European is a less prejudiced person than the American because used, since centuries, to sharpening his mind on more kinds of fact. Facts, indeed, are facts to him; whereas to us, who perceive fewer of them, they become slogans, and a slogan—even the best—is a blinding and confusing thing. Granted that he is more tolerant than we only because he has had more things to tolerate: the result is a patience, a slowness to condemn either fate or fellow-man, which we might well emulate.

So much for my theory of fundamental patience as chiefly differentiating our European brothers from us. When one sees how much that is classic can still remain encysted in the Continental

mind after the torturing upheavals of dynastic and religious wars, of conquest and revolution, one ceases to marvel at the European's tolerance. He has, in two thousand years, taken so many things into account! It has often been remarked that the people who are bitterest against the enemy are not the soldiers, but the civilians at home. As we thrust our way through the hordes of Teuton visitors in Venice, and remembered that no less than six hundred and twenty bombs were dropped on the city during the War—and I found myself the only person to resent the presence of the ex-enemy admiring what he had not managed to destroy—I realized that I was being a bitter civilian; that Americans are to Europeans, in these planetary matters, perpetually as civilians to soldiers. It is the sufferers, forcibly made wise, who are patient.

Not that one wishes to write Europe down as a cheerful invalid! They have survived so much already that they ought, at least successfully, to survive American imperialism. It is only economists and experts who talk to you, as yet, of a commercial United States of Europe. The man in the railway carriage, the woman behind the counter, do not mention that close corporation of the future. I always made a point of asking any shopkeeper why he sold, for example, American soap. "Don't you know," I used to say, "that all Americans who can afford it buy French soap because it is the best in the world? Why are you so stupid as to buy or sell American goods, anyhow? Why don't you boycott us?" They had different excuses to offer, poor things, and the discussion was purely academic, in any case, as I have never gone so far as to pretend that I know anything about business. But one did one's little best, as one traveled about, to put ideas into the heads of the countryfolk. Had I been attacked, as some of my acquaintance indubitably had been, I should doubtless have defended my country; but I never was. Therefore, I could

express naturally what was in my heart.

The heart, I may say, of the Ultimate Consumer, weary unto death of buying through all the years inferior American products because tariffs and customs have made the price of the better European product prohibitive. Every wife, mother, householder, knows precisely what I mean, and I will not amplify. In some fields, American manufacture rightly leads the world, and it is not those superior objects the Ultimate Consumer dislikes to see in European warerooms. When it comes, however, to certain kinds of merchandise that America has never learned to make as well as Europe, the Ultimate Consumer sees red and chatters to all and sundry about the wisdom of boycotts. He finds himself, notwithstanding, up against a patience that moves very slowly towards such hostile notions.

Nothing is more heartening to the visiting American convinced against his will that the average European possesses, in highly developed form, some intellectual virtues that are as yet embryonic among us, than sudden reminders that we are all one flesh. No American who has worried himself sick over American hypocrisy can help being soothed by European hypocrisy when he meets it—which, to be sure, is less often than at home. In France, the very home of logic, we encountered one case. The Spanish bullfight we attended at Nîmes was, it seems, against the law. Any combat that involves the death of an animal is illegal in France. Our information came from more than one source, so that we had no reason to doubt it. The French authorities are apparently in the position American authorities so often find themselves in: the public demand for a certain illegal thing is too big and insistent for them, with the forces at their disposal, to withstand effectively. Therefore, they accept it. The high price of seats, we took it, was due to the fact that these bulls were being killed in the interests of charity: some fund for the *mutilés*. Not at all,

grinned various Provençaux. The fight is against the law; there is always, therefore, a *procès-verbal* and a big fine; the government gets practically all the money that is not paid for bulls and *toreros*. Whether the armed soldiers who ring the outside of the arena during a bullfight are there merely to avert disaster, or as reminders to the participants that they are, as it were, under arrest, I do not know. In any case, when the government sells its soul for thirty pieces of silver, it does not play ostrich. Nothing could be more spectacular and less furtive than a big *corrida*, from the arrival of the bulls to the exodus, in open carriages, of the glittering matadors. They could not stop the bullfights, probably, without running into civil war, so they take the money, and have the grace not to put on any outward show of persecution. I doubt if anyone—even the prefect—pretends that no bullfight is going on. Even in the matter of hypocrisy, they are more temperate than we.

The kind of European "difference" that Mr. Sinclair Lewis has abundantly if tritely annotated in *Dodsworth* is of course there. We knew it all long ago: knew that in Europe people exchange ideas, whereas in America they exchange

facts or platitudes; that the average European is less specialized and more civilized than the average American; that they use leisure more intelligently than we. Mr. Lewis's implication that Europe is socially pleasanter for women than America is, I think—and for not wholly scabrous reasons—accurate. Yet, morally speaking, Mr. Lewis seems as wide of the mark as Mr. Tarkington (in, say, *The Plutocrat*): the judgments of both seem to derive from surface phenomena. They have perhaps been more interested in American reactions to Europe than to Europe itself. They are novelists, and theirs is the right. What an undramatic observer would mention is something vaguer, less objective, less spectacular than their striking instances, yet surely not less important: a fundamental temper, running through various peoples and various classes. Not mere common sense and fact-facing habit; not simply a tolerance born of an infinite number of enforced adjustments; not even the willing subjection to logic—a concomitant, or perhaps a by-product of all these things, which seems to be a purely moral trait, inwrought into the European fiber and manifesting itself naturally and without specific purpose. The name of it, I think, is patience.



AFTER ALL

A STORY

BY ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY

WHEN Paul Berryman and Edna urged him to go walking with them on the hills back of the campus that Sunday morning in the early spring, Allan knew at once that the thing he had been expecting had come; for always before this his sister and his roommate had seemed to find their walks enjoyable enough without him.

There had been a dance at the house the night before, and when Edna came down from the city in the afternoon Allan had met her at the station to escort her to the sorority house where she had friends to offer hospitality.

"How's mother?" he had asked as they went along the curving walk beneath the elms.

"Oh . . . all right, I guess."

"Doesn't she mind being left alone when you come down here so often?"

"She *wants* me to come!"

"Yes, she's that way."

There was something in his tone that made her look at him angrily. "Do you expect me to sit around home and enjoy being gloomy *all* the time?"

He made no answer to this and presently he asked, "Have you seen dad lately?"

"No. But I had a nice letter from him a few days ago."

She seemed to be on the point of saying more; but they had turned in beside the wide lawn by now, and two of the girls were moving toward them from the porch with trills of welcome. Allan set down his sister's bag and got away

hastily while kisses were still being distributed.

That night after the dance Berryman sat for longer than usual on his narrow couch across the room, his knees drawn up to his chin, his round face beaming fatuously above them, lighting one cigarette after another and discoursing upon Edna's charms. Finally Allan broke into his rhapsodies. "For the love of Pete, Berry, let a fellow get a *little* sleep. I've known Edna ten times as long as you have, remember. You needn't try to describe her to me."

Berry grunted "Oh, all right" resentfully and reached for the light button.

Then in the morning they wanted him to go walking with them. They struck off into the hills, above the lake, along a road that wound across grassy slopes among scattered oak trees. Edna and Berry were merry and nervous and absorbed in each other. Allan at last demanded of them impatiently, "Have you got something to say to me or did you just bring me along to enjoy your lamb-like caperings?"

Then they told him that they were engaged. Of course he had known it was this. "Well, it's up to you," he said.

Berry laughed rather self-consciously. "Thanks for the congratulations!"

Edna ran her hand under Allan's arm. "Can't you be nice, for once?"

He didn't want to say these harsh things, but there was that tautness within him that would let no other words come. He achieved an uncon-

vincing grin. "Anyway, I didn't call you a couple of fools, did I?"

"Not in so many words!"

Berry gave Edna's arm a pat. "I think I'll run on a way and give you two a chance to discuss me." He went trotting out ahead of them. "Holler when you want me," he called back and was soon out of sight around the bend.

"You might have *tried* to be decent," Edna began sharply, as they walked slowly on.

He halted and faced her, with his arms held out a little from his sides.

"But, Edna, don't you see what a *mess* it all is?"

"A *mess* . . . !"

"With things the way they are at home and all."

"I can't see what that's got to do with it!"

"And I can't see how in the world you could want to get *married*."

She gave an impatient shrug and moved on again. "Oh, if that's all you've got to say . . ."

"Of course I've got *nothing* to say about it. I know that, Edna. But just the same . . ."

"Mother's very happy about it," she told him.

He shook his head slowly, unable to understand.

"And dad," she went on, "has been just fine."

"Dad! What has he got to do with it?"

"He sent me a fine big check."

"Oh, I see." He smiled scornfully.

"Mother and I were afraid," she chattered gaily on, "that he wouldn't have anything to do with the wedding. But he's been very nice about everything."

"What *will* he have to do with the wedding?" her brother demanded again.

"Why, give me away, of course!"

Once more Allan halted and faced her. "You mean, he'll come home?"

"No; it will be at church."

He glared at her a few moments and then he said roughly, "See here, Edna,

this won't do. Isn't there any other way?"

She laughed lightly. "What's the matter now?"

"Everyone knows they're separated," he said bitterly, "and now you're wanting them to go through with this—this *farce*—pretending everything's all right . . . marching up the aisle together, I suppose! . . . It seems to me it's mighty selfish of you!"

Her face was growing red. "Do you want me to sneak away and be married by a justice of the peace somewhere?"

"It would be a lot better."

She gave her hard little laugh. "Well, that's not for you to decide."

"No," he said, "don't expect *me* to have anything to do with it."

She called, "Paul!" and they waited in silence together till Berryman appeared, trotting back among the trees. Allan greeted him with forced heartiness. "Well, now that the formalities are over, I can get back to my old clothes and my Sabbath peace." With a fling of his hand for farewell, he turned from them sharply and went down the road, with their happy laughter following after him.

But there was no peace waiting for him that day. He set out at once for the city. He had to talk to his mother about this thing. Edna would stay here on the campus till evening, and his mother would be alone for their talk.

All the way up to the city, as the bus picked its way in the stream of crowded traffic, he kept trying to think the thing through. And he came no nearer to finding an answer than he had come in all the years before.

From his early boyhood Allan Slater had been aware of the atmosphere of tension between his parents. To this he attached no importance in those first years; it was evidently a part of the order of things; he himself was always more or less in conflict with one or the other of them or with Edna. He thought it was only natural that his mother and father didn't shout at each other as he and Edna did; yet one felt,

in their more subtle disagreements, the rushing of unseen torrents.

Later, in high-school days, he came more and more to think of himself as "on his father's side." He resented his mother's watchfulness over his own comings and goings and was warmed by his father's objection to this as "nagging."

"What do you always keep after the boy for?" his father often said. "Are you trying to make a mollycoddle out of him?"

His mother made no answer to these complaints and only set her lips more firmly. Her eyes were troubled. The boy felt sorry for her at the same moment that he felt triumphant for himself. For a few days he couldn't enjoy his father's sly jokes about the "lord high executioner." Life was growing difficult and confused.

The sense of confusion grew in him as the years went by. For he was seeing now what had been hidden before and he knew that his father's gait was sometimes uncertain and his speech unsteady, and he knew why his mother's eyes were often troubled. He was torn back and forth in his loyalty between the two. The only defense was a pose of defiance, towards them, and everyone else, and the feelings that made constant battle in him.

He was glad when it was time to go away to college. Down here on the campus one seemed to be breathing a fresher air. One talked and exchanged experiences and acquired new judgments and grew away from the sentimentalities of home. One learned new ways of facing life. And out of all this grew a tolerance toward his father, a renewed sense of companionship.

This sense was strengthened by his father's occasional Sunday visits to the house. The fellows liked him. They didn't feel constrained and unnatural in his presence as they did with most of the fathers. They swapped tales with him and liked his hearty laughter and liked it when he clapped them companionably

on the back. Allan had never before known his father in these moods. At home he was always quiet, making his rare jokes tentatively, abashed when they sank into hostile silence. Down here with the fellows he was a different man. Allan felt proud of him.

It was his father who told him, one Sunday afternoon when they walked on the Quad, that he was "on his own" now, that he had left home and had an apartment downtown. Allan hadn't known anything about it; they hadn't written of this.

"You can't imagine how much better I feel," his father said eagerly, with a hand under his arm. "And I'm sure your mother feels the same way about it. She's a splendid woman, Allan, but we never quite hitched. You know how particular she is about every little thing. I couldn't get used to that. I felt sort of cramped all the time. But now . . . I'm a new man!"

Allan had been at college for three years. He had spent his vacations working all about the state—in summer camps in the mountains, in the orchards and fruit sheds, and in the studios at Hollywood. He felt that he now knew something of life. He could meet his father as a man of the world.

"I'm sure it's the best arrangement," he said gravely.

His father's fingers tightened about his arm. "Drop in and see me whenever you come up, Allan. We don't want to lose each other."

They shook hands warmly over the promise of continued companionship; yet when Edna came the next week the first thing that Allan asked was, "How's mother?"

Edna's frank brown eyes met his own squarely.

"Do you know about it?"

"Yes. Dad was down here last Sunday and he told me."

"It's ever so much better that it came at last."

"But how's mother?" he demanded again.

"She'll be all right. . . . Of course, it's a little hard for her at first."

Edna and he could talk on a new level these last years. He was able to forget at last that she was the little girl whose hair he used to pull. But about the life at home they still talked only in cloaked phrases. It was a thing too close to them to be put into stinging words.

Edna only said, "We just couldn't stand it any more."

He gave a little sniff. "I guess dad felt that way about it too."

"You're not trying to *defend* him, are you?"

"I'm not trying to defend anybody. The whole thing's a mess!"

"You're out of it, down here," she reminded him.

"Yes, and I'm going to *stay* out of it!"

"That isn't so easy," she said.

No, it hadn't been easy. One could say, again and again, "I won't think about it." But all the same one lay awake at night and thought. It had always been this way since he had been old enough to think at all. Always this bitter conflict in him, this swinging back and forth of loyalties. He was always facing away either from his mother's troubled eyes or from his father's wistful ones; and whichever he turned from, these were the ones he saw at night when he lay and looked into the dark.

On his first visit home after his father's going away, his mother had met him in the hall and held both his hands in hers with trembling fingers.

"I just hope it doesn't hurt you children," she murmured.

"Don't worry about *us*. It's time you were thinking of yourself for a change." His tone sounded harsh even in his own ears; but he couldn't amend it with tenderness. Whenever he was moved there was something that grew taut in him, perhaps because through all the years tenderness toward one parent could never come without anger toward the other.

They stood facing each other there in the hall, he and his mother, with the

barriers of years of self-repression thickening between them. Only her eyes showed her deep trouble. If she ever cried it would be so much easier to come close to her. Her stern victory over her sufferings set her apart from comforting.

"I suppose this ought to have come years ago," she said, "but we wanted to keep things going for you children."

He could only give her hands a final squeeze and turn away. He couldn't cry out to her that the gift of her years of endurance was this harsh struggle within him and the bitterness that it brought. He couldn't say to her now, when her price was fully paid, that she had paid it for a worthless thing. . . . But could he even be sure of the futility of her sacrifice? What would the alternative have been? He didn't know, he couldn't know. Here again there was no answer.

On a day a little later he cried out to Edna, "The strange thing is they stayed together for *us*!"

She mistook his violence for something like wondering praise. "Yes," she said, "wasn't it fine of them?"

He tried then, in broken groping phrases, to tell her what he had suffered from the dim questionings of all these years. She listened a while and then she laughed.

"Don't blame it on anything but yourself, Allan. You've always been that way. If things didn't go just to suit you you either shut up like a clam or made some mean remark."

Perhaps Edna was right. Perhaps the conflict was in him even before he began to think. Perhaps it was the inevitable warring of a mingled heritage. How should one expect to combine the legacies of a spirit that groped hopefully for happiness with those of a spirit that found it only in a rigid ordering of life?

From all these doubts it grew more and more a relief to turn to his father's cheerful, unworrying companionship. Allan was always glad when he heard the familiar rasp of the auto horn before the house on a Sunday morning. And when

he went up to the city he liked to be with his father in his little sitting room, their legs swung over the arms of leather chairs, filling the room with a fog of smoke and talking as man to man. It was pleasant to have gone beyond the awe and fear one felt of a parent. It was pleasant to regard one's father with understanding and a tolerant liking. Perhaps, Allan thought, his father had found the answer to all the unanswerable things—found it in ceasing to look for it and in easy yielding to the impulses of the hour.

It was on a day not many weeks before Edna and Berry took him for that morning walk in the hills that Allan had last seen his father in the city. When he rang at the apartment door a booming "Come in!" had sounded. He turned the knob and called out "Hello!" His father, looking flustered and sheepish, came charging to meet him in the doorway. "Oh," he was mumbling, "I thought it was the boy with the magazines." He stood there as if to bar the way.

Beyond his shoulder Allan saw a woman in the large chair by the window. She met his eyes with a welcoming smile. "Is this Allan?" Her voice had a high, metallic quality.

His father stood aside, doing his best with a smile. "Yes, this is Allan . . . You'd better . . . won't you come in? This is . . . I'd like you to meet Miss Jewett."

Miss Jewett laid her cigarette in the tray beside her and lifted a heavily ringed hand to Allan. Closer to her now, he saw the harshness of her skin beneath the overdone make-up.

"Well, I'm glad to get a look at you at last," she was saying. He found nothing to answer. There was that tautness in him that held back words.

"I've been hearing a lot about you," she went on easily. "Your father's certainly proud of you."

He caught a laugh in his throat.

"But he's certainly done his darnedest to keep me from seeing you. I don't

know whether he's afraid I'll corrupt you, or the other way round." She laughed noisily. "You college boys have the reputation of being regular devils, you know."

There was a moment's silence, and then Allan's father, who still stood near the door, said laboriously, "Miss Jewett used to work in the office."

"Oh, only for a little while," she explained airily. "It got very tiresome." Again she laughed. "It's about all I can do nowadays to keep an eye on this old gentleman. I guess," she added confidentially to Allan, "you know all about *him*."

"Yes," Allan answered flatly, "I guess I know."

She motioned to the chair beside her. "Sit down here now and tell me about college. You know, I used to think I'd go to college some day myself if I ever had time. But somehow I never got around to it. But I always did like college boys."

The bell rang loudly now, and Allan's father turned quickly to open the door.

"I got 'em all, Mr. Slater."

The lanky, sallow bellboy came in with a handful of gaudy magazines and dropped them in the chair beside the woman.

"Here you are, Mrs. Slater!"

She laughed and said, "Thanks, Tom."

Allan went over to stand by the window, fingering the curtain and looking down into the noisy street. When the boy was gone his father, after a few moments of silence, cleared his throat heavily. "Won't you sit down and stay a little while. Allan?" His voice had a quavering note of entreaty.

Allan turned sharply away from the window. "No, I was just on my way out to see mother."

He halted on his way to the door to bow stiffly over Miss Jewett, who was already fingering the crisp pages. She gave him her limp hand. "Oh, I'm sure we'll meet again soon, now that we know each other!"

His father followed him out into the

hall and held the door almost closed. "Come again soon, won't you, son?" The note of entreaty was in his eyes as well as his voice.

Allan strove for a tone of bluntness. "Sure I will!" He went striding down the hall.

That day he had come back to the campus as quickly as he could. He wanted to get away from it all, all that mess! He felt angry and outraged. He was just being made a fool of, that was all! There he had stood like a gawky schoolboy before that woman. As if he hadn't known a dozen like her! And yet he couldn't get out a word. He imagined her and his father laughing together over him. "He's such a dear, *innocent* young chap!" she would say. . . . He was getting mighty sick of the whole business. He told himself that he was through with it all.

And here he was, just two weeks later, riding up to the city to talk to his mother about Edna's wedding! Why *couldn't* he keep out of it? Why must this stirring torment keep alive in him, driving him miserably until he *had* to say something, had to try to *do* something? All the way up to the city his impatience grew and grew, into a mighty sense of grievance.

He found his mother in her sunny little front room, with the potted begonias on the window-shelf and the canary's cage hanging above them. This was the room where he had come as a child to pour out his troubles to her. It was strange to be sitting here now so stiffly and sternly.

"Edna told me about the wedding," he began.

She looked at him as if wondering why he spoke so harshly. "You like Mr. Berryman, don't you?"

"Of course I like Berry! But just now it's the wedding I'm thinking about—the church affair and all that. What does she want that nonsense for?"

"Every girl wants that," she told him, and smiled a little. "It's something she never forgets."

"I should think some of 'em would *want* to forget it!"

A faint flush was spreading over her gray cheeks. "You mustn't talk to Edna that way, Allan."

"But I can't see what in the world she wants to get married for when she knows . . ." He flung his hands and left the words unspoken.

A quick little spasm of pain moved about his mother's lips. "Don't, Allan! It isn't always . . . like this, you know."

He looked away from her. That rigidity held him again and he couldn't be tender.

"About the wedding," he muttered. "Edna was telling me . . . Do you want to go through with that—farce?"

She looked at him challengingly. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean . . . dad's being mixed up in it . . . marching up the aisle with you . . . all that nonsense!"

She looked down. "Yes; I want to do it . . . for Edna."

"I won't stand for it," he broke out violently.

"We can't let you interfere."

There it was again. They were telling him that it was none of his business. And he didn't want it to be. What was it that kept pulling him, pulling him back when he wanted to break away from it all?

He got up and began to pace back and forth across the room. His mother came to him and laid a hand on his arm.

"It's just one of the hard things we have to go through with, Allan."

For her, hard things were to be gone through with. For his father, they were to be evaded. No wonder that he, the son, with the mingled blood in his veins, could find no answer but must always be torn between two courses.

He paced a while before turning back to her.

"What are you going to do, mother, when it's all over?"

"Going to do?"

"I mean, you won't live on alone here, will you?"

"I haven't thought very much about that yet."

"You could sell this big place, I should think, and be more comfortable in a few rooms somewhere."

Presently, while he paced again, she asked him, "What are *you* going to do, Allan?"

And he too echoed the words, "What am *I* going to do?"

"You'll be through down there in a few months," she reminded him.

"Yes, in June."

"Have you any plans?"

He had a number of possible plans but they were all thrown into disorder by his unrest.

"I'm not sure just yet," was all he could say.

"I don't want to give up the house," she said, "in case you want to come home."

"I don't know what I'll do," he mumbled.

He looked at his watch. If he hurried he could get that next bus down to the campus. He wanted to get away. He felt that he was being subtly bereft of his freedom.

In the lower hall his mother clung a moment to his coat-sleeves. "You've always been such a comfort, Allan."

He thought of his harsh words upstairs. "Pretty poor comfort," he muttered.

"But you *have*, dear. . . . And now you must be kind to Edna."

Edna again! He snatched up his hat. "I've got to be running along."

He felt freer when he got outside. He was away from it all for a while!

And the very next morning, within ten minutes after they got up from the breakfast table, Berry asked him to be his best man.

"Hell, *no!*" Allan shouted at him.

Berry's face grew very red. "Oh, all right, then."

All morning Allan thought about it. He might as well have stayed away from those lectures. At noon, as he went up from the Quad, he saw Berry on the

shaded walk ahead of him. He hurried to overtake him and caught him by the elbow.

"I'm sorry, Berry, old man. Of course I'll stand up with you."

Berry wasn't the fellow to harbor resentments. His cheerful smile came readily. As they went up the steps of the house he was telling Allan all about the bungalow he was having built in his little Oregon town. And Allan was clapping him heartily on the back. He felt happier than he had for many months. Perhaps this *was* the way: going to meet things—his mother's way. Only he would try to steer clear of the grimness. He would grin back at the grinning stupidities of life.

It was in this spirit that he made his visits home during the next weeks. He never stayed there long. The house was in a turmoil. Little Miss Murchey, the bent-backed dressmaker, was living there now; and a fellow could scarcely find a chair to sit on without getting into a mess of cloth and pins. Troops of girls were always gliding in and out, going up and down the stairs with excited whispering, intent upon some treasure known as "the things." Helen Parkinson, a robust blonde, who was to be Edna's maid of honor, was almost always there. Her manner toward Allan showed her acquaintance with the tradition that a romantic attachment is bound to spring up between the two seconds. Allan retaliated with all the cynicism acquired in four years of college life. He explained to her fully about the crumbling social order. Sometimes they talked in the sewing room, where Miss Murchey listened with snapping eyes. "Don't you fret," she said one day, "there'll always be weddings as long as there's wedding dresses."

Back at the house on the campus, he had to listen to Berry's long accounts of that bungalow. Sometimes he began the talk himself. "Let's see now, Berry, how many nails did you say there were in the entire roof?" And Berry would grin and, unabashed, explain the con-

venience of the basement's arrangement.

His father came down almost every week-end. When he left again he always said eagerly, "Come up and see me sometime, son." Allan hadn't been back to his rooms since the day he met Miss Jewett there. "Come and see me," his father would beg; and on the next Sunday he would be down on the campus again.

He asked repeatedly about Allan's plans for after graduation; but the young man had nothing definite to tell him. He was one of the great multitude whom a university education prepares for "anything that comes along." But he wasn't worrying. There were some of the "old grads" up in the city who would help him get started. A fellow always found something. What bothered him now was the question of where he was going to live. His mother spoke of this whenever he went home. His father suggested his getting a room downtown, so that they might be near together. He lay awake at night and saw his mother and his father standing there in the dark, each one waiting for him to come.

And he couldn't decide; he couldn't even think about it clearly. Edna's wedding was a constant burden on his thoughts. When that was past, he told himself, everything would be easier; the decision would come of itself.

Now that June was here events were moving with a gathered momentum. All at once he and Berry, with a few hundred others, to the acclaim of gathered friends, were officially patted on the back as products of the university and dispatched into the business of life.

The next day they were in a hotel room in the city that they were to share as headquarters until after the wedding; and on the evening after their arrival there was the rehearsal at St. John's.

"Didn't mother come?" Allan asked Edna when they met in the vestibule.

"No, there's nothing for her to rehearse, you know."

"She's used to her part," he muttered, as he heard his father behind him ex-

plaining floridly to the slender gray-haired clergyman the reasons for Mrs. Slater's absence. He caught Berry by the arm and drew him out of the group of nervous, chattering attendants.

"We come in the other way."

The rector followed them down the aisle with a glance that protested against such haste.

They went twice through the wordless ceremonial. The rector gave his instructions with a bland patience.

"After giving away the bride, Mr. Slater, you will step back into the first pew, with Mrs. Slater."

Allan saw that sallow bellboy spilling an armful of magazines onto a chair. "Here you are, Mrs. Slater."

He pulled himself back to hear Berry muttering, "I wish to God he'd say the words and get it done!"

"The ring, Mr. Allan, the ring," the rector was reminding him. He made the motion of extracting a segment of space from his vest pocket. "Damn' farce!" he was telling himself.

But on the next night he had no feeling of being involved in a farce. From the door of the vestryroom, where he and Berry waited, he had seen his mother led down the aisle by a boyish usher. He could see her now, sitting there alone in the front pew. He saw no other face in all that pattern of faces.

The organ boomed out. There was a surge and rustle of the crowd as it came to its feet. He saw his mother's hand fly to her throat. He and Berry were striding forward now; they were on the chancel steps and waiting; the radiant procession was moving toward them down the aisle. At the head of it, Edna and his father. A glowing Edna, with lace like soft light about her face. His father pompous and unconcerned. How easy it was for *him*!

They were gathered now in one close little circle and the drone of heavy words was in their ears. His father held forth Edna's hand and stepped back from them; the ring was safely passed above the cautiously spread book; they were

kneeling now; and then once again the organ was sounding as they turned to march to the door. With the maid of honor's hand on his arm and her warm smile enveloping him, Allan turned to look into the front pew. His mother's one hand clung frightenedly to the back of the seat while the other reached slowly out for the arm of his father, who stood large and smiling beside her.

Home, with its ranks of white tables spreading through all the downstairs rooms, seemed strange and unfriendly. Edna and Berry, in a corner of the sitting room, were doing their best to say very old things in very new ways. His father was moving about from group to group with his ready laugh. His mother was nodding brightly to the eager comment of their Aunt Bertha, a faded lady in stiff satins, who had come from Sacramento. Allan went to his mother for a moment to press her hand before he joined the swirl about the bride and groom.

Later, when they were seated, from his place at the bridal table he could look across to the table where his mother and father sat with Berryman's uncle and aunt, a tall, thin man and a tall, thin woman, who had come all the way from Oregon. Mr. Berryman was beaming across at the young couple; and Allan's father, whenever there came a moment's pause in the hilarity, called out loudly, "Well, well, what's the matter over there? Bride and groom quarreling already?" Allan was careful not to meet his mother's eye.

Then Mr. Berryman arose to express his fervent hope that the young couple, untouched by the restlessness of their times, might know the lifelong, unbroken happiness of their elders. There was a slackening of the quick tension when Mr. Slater's voice came booming out, "Hear, hear!" Relieved approval sounded from all the tables. Allan saw his mother's hand trembling against her glass; but she raised her eyes, wet and shining, to send a quick, grateful glance around the room. . . . Allan was sure

now of what he wanted to do. He wanted to stay here with her. . . .

At last it was over; Edna and Berry had gone upstairs to change; the others were marking time with vague talk until their reappearance. Allan sat by himself in a dim corner near the stairway. It was as good a place as any to evade the ardent bridesmaid. He watched the Filipino boy clearing the little tables away.

The doorbell rang, and the boy set down his napkin and went to answer it. As he stepped back from the door a woman came in. There was a group of young people near the door, and she was at once among them. But Allan had seen her face. It was that woman, that Miss Jewett. As he jumped from his corner and hurried toward her, her shrill voice sounded loudly.

"Well, this is a nice family party, isn't it? That's what they told me down at the hotel. But I thought I'd come out and see for myself."

Her glance was moving searchingly through the rooms. Allan, turning his eyes to follow it, saw his father fortunately hidden in a tight little group and then saw his mother moving forward, with an anxious look of surprise. He stepped quickly between her and the woman at the door, catching for an instant his mother's doubtful glance at him as she halted there.

The young people by the door had drawn away from Miss Jewett, and she stood there alone. Allan saw that her lips were slack and her eyes unsteady. "She wouldn't have done it," he thought, "if she hadn't been drinking." He came to stand close before her, shutting off from her view as much as he could of the rooms.

"Well, if here isn't that nice college boy!"

"Yes, here I am," he said in a low voice. "Shall we get out of this?"

"But I just got here," she protested loudly. "I want to stay and see the fun."

He took her by the arm. "No; come

on, let's go," he murmured pleadingly. "I want to talk to you."

She gave him an understanding smile and let herself be turned about to the door. "Good-by, folks," she called back heartily. As Allan went out after her and pulled the door shut, he saw his mother's stern eyes still upon him.

While they went down the steps he murmured, "It's certainly good to see you again," and patted her arm.

Her taxi was waiting at the curb. When he had put her in she caught his hand to draw him after her. But he hung back laughing and shaking his head. "Can't get away from the family just yet," he explained confidentially. As her eyes grew doubtful he hurried to assure her, "I'll see you soon, though."

"I'm getting sick of that old fool, anyway," she muttered.

He got the door closed and, stepping back from the curb, signalled the taxi man. From the rear window she waved to him as the car went down the street.

He stood out there for many minutes, dreading to go in. A blur of voices came out to him. He looked up to the windows, all alight.

At last he went in. He opened the door quietly and stood just within the threshold. Edna and Berry were coming downstairs, halting a few steps above the waiting group. Edna, looking across to him there by the door, called out accusingly, "You've been doing something to the car!"

"No," he said quietly, "I haven't touched the car."

Under the traditional shower of rice and laughter the bride and groom went dashing madly out. Much of the company vanished in pursuit. The others at once began their more dignified departures. Presently Allan and his father and mother were alone together on the displaced rugs and torn flowers of the entrance hall. Aunt Bertha, with a headache from the unwonted excitement, had already gone up to bed. From the

kitchen came the faint clink of dishes being washed.

His father lifted his hands above his head in a wide gesture of relief. "Well, *that's* done," and he yawned luxuriously.

His mother went to sit on the low seat beside the stairway. She held her hands before her face. When they came down they brought with them the mask of bright bravery.

Allan's father opened the closet beneath the stairs to bring out their hats and coats. "Time we're getting along. Your mother's tired."

"I was thinking of staying here," Allan told him quietly.

His mother looked up. There were the stern lines about her mouth that he knew so well. "I think you had better go," she said.

His father was holding out the coat for him. He let it be slipped on over his arms. They went toward the door.

"Good-night," his father said lightly.

Allan turned back to his mother. "I don't like leaving you here alone, with just Aunt Bertha. You're sure you don't want me to stay?"

"I think you had better go, with your father," she said, and looked quickly away from him.

His father took him by the arm. "Come on. Don't be a sentimental fool, just because it's a wedding."

They went out together. His mother's voice was low and tired when she said, "Good-night." Before they came to the top step she had closed the door.

The car was a few yards down the street. While his father fumbled at the lock, Allan said, "I thought I heard mother calling."

He went back to the foot of the steps to look up, but the door was still closed. His father was already at the wheel when he turned to the car again.

They rode a few blocks in silence. Then his father said, "You handled that well. A college education pays, all right!"

Allan made no answer. When they had ridden a little farther he said, "If

you don't mind I think I'd like to get out and walk."

"Suit yourself." His father drew up to the curb. "I'm damn' glad that affair is over," he said as Allan climbed out.

"Yes. I feel that way about it too. Good-night."

His father was whistling as he drove away.

Allan turned back toward home. He was still thinking that he had heard his mother call. Anyway, he wanted to walk. A fog had blown in from the sea and he liked the cool soothing of it against his face.

The house was quite dark when he came to it. He stood on the sidewalk

for a long time, looking up to the windows. Fog blew across his face and gathered in drops on his lashes. At last he turned away, and knew now, when he still seemed to hear his mother calling, that it was one of those voices that would always be sounding in the silence.

He walked on. The day that he had looked to to ease him of burdens of doubt had come and gone, bringing him only greater unrest. He walked for hours before turning back to the hotel. He wanted to be very weary, and then to sleep. Perhaps, after all, there was only this answer to all deep questioning: weariness that brought a respite from thought.

AQUARIUM

BY HELENE MAGARET

*THE silent beauty of the crimson fin,
 The blue-lipped mouth, the iridescent side,
 The rhythmic floating movement out and in
 Among the rocks where rarer fishes hide,
 This is the same wan beauty, woven thin
 To fish instead of sonnet, made to glide
 Through gills, down water, like the words that spin
 Opaquely on a crested sonnet's tide.
 Think not that there are beauties. Only one
 Beauty was born. It draws the same keen lance
 Over the snow in dyed December sun
 And under wave in wingless things; perchance
 These blue-lipped mouths, these lovely fins may be
 Fantastic fugue or sculptured fret set free.*



THE NEW MASCULINISM

BY LILLIAN SYMES

IT WAS our first day out from Cherbourg, and the two youngish men who had already discovered a mutual alma mater and similar tastes had settled themselves in deck chairs at my right. The wind blew their conversation in my direction. The bearded one fingered a volume by Marcel Proust.

"No one half his size at home," I heard. "Couldn't have written there. Women too damn' influential. They run and ruin all the arts. The American novel has become completely effeminized—no virility left—culture-club stuff. It's the same way in the theater."

Later their conversation turned to their respective careers. The bearded one, as I had guessed, was a writer; but the other man's job interested me.

"I started out in department-store advertising," he said. "Seemed to have a flair for fashion copy and a style sense about women's clothes. Then I went to an exclusive place on Fifty-seventh Street. One day, at my wife's suggestion, I sent an article on style and design under a woman's name to one of the big women's magazines. They snapped it up. I guess you don't read the *Blank Magazine*. Well, I run their fashion section now. They fired the woman who had charge and gave me the job at a bigger salary. I think it's a swell joke on the girls. They think they're so damn' smart, breaking in on men's jobs."

The two of them chuckled together.

I tried to think back to the time when I had last heard some woman exult because she had broken in on a man's job. It had been nearly ten years ago.

There was a note of bitterness, even of malice, in the voices of these men as they continued to discuss their feminine competitors that was reminiscent of a few of the old-line suffrage orators I had listened to in my extreme youth—a note which most of us thought would disappear as soon as men and women had had a chance to become better acquainted. One rarely hears those sweeping generalizations from women any more, but the remarks of these men were merely echoes of assertions one can find in half the books, magazines, and newspapers of to-day—and from an increasing number of men among one's own acquaintances.

Can it be that now that the feminist movement is dying of partial victory and inanition, and the feminists themselves are quite ready to throw overboard the nonsense of sex antagonisms, we are to be cursed with a masculinist movement that will fan the dying fires of misunderstanding and postpone indefinitely any genuine attempts to find out what is really wrong with the world?

Certainly an amazing number of otherwise intelligent men are losing their sense of proportion on the subject of Woman and are discussing her in terms of their dim emotional reactions. There is plenty to be said legitimately, on the debit side, about Woman in her present stage of development, but only women are saying it. Most of the men who have rushed into print with rather shrill and dogmatic "interpretations" of the modern woman, during the past few years, have shown an amazing lack of knowledge of the social and economic

forces back of her. Half a dozen intelligent women I know could make out a far better and fairer case against their sisters, but it wouldn't satisfy the masculinist who enjoys the privilege of blaming all the difficulties and complexities into which modern life is plunging both men and women, upon the advent of Woman to a place in the sun. Many of these difficulties have arisen during the past ten years, and it has been within the past ten years that Woman has achieved some degree of social and psychological emancipation. Why go any farther for an explanation? To the somewhat bewildered male whose egotistical security has been badly shaken by the events of the past decade or two, the explanation is in the nature of a wish-fulfillment.

Not since Otto Weininger committed suicide after writing *Sex and Character* has there been such a sweeping attack upon the ladies. Women are lawless because they drive past traffic signals and then try to get away with it. Women have no sense of moral responsibility because they lie on the witness stand. Women are inconsistent because, having struggled for the vote, many of them fail to use it. Men, of course, do none of these things. Women are parasites who kill men's dreams by keeping their noses to the economic grindstone. Women are losing their charm because they insist on earning their living and competing with men in the business world. From the realists—women can't reason but arrive at conclusions by the unreliable process of intuition. From the mystics—women are hard-headed, practical realists without the spiritual insight and cosmic consciousness of the more sensitive male.

Among the literati, the feeling is particularly high. Have not Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer and Mr. Louis Bromfield blamed the devitalized state of the modern novel on the baneful influence of the modern woman? Others are echoing their assertions. When St. John Irvine, acting as guest conductor of the New York *World's* dramatic column, blamed

women for the decay of the drama in America, he was merely bringing to a somewhat ridiculous head a long series of similar charges which seem to be heralding the birth of a new movement. To be sure, Mr. Irvine's assertion that the ladies are so partial to musical comedy and so indifferent to the beauty of tragedy that the drama is dying a slow death in this matriarchal land, called forth chuckles of derision from his most hardened male colleagues. Even they know that there is nothing the average woman enjoys so much in the theater as a good cry—nor the average man so much as a shapely pair of legs. However, this was merely the *reductio ad absurdum* of a whole host of neo-Adamist slogans.

The intelligent modern woman could afford to be amused at these verbal antics if she did not know how unfortunate, for both men and women, is the state of mind behind them and what a red herring is this new sex issue across the trail of mankind's slow and painful progress. She had come to expect from her more enlightened brethren a certain intellectual perspective and an ability to distinguish between rationalization and ratiocination. Instead, she finds large numbers of these men regarding women with an embittered apprehension that cannot be disguised behind facetious "wisecracks" or seemingly lofty and impartial diagnoses of "the sex." Sometimes this apprehension is directed toward woman in general. More often its object is "the modern woman," without any very definite conception of who or what the modern woman is.

Recently a young newspaper man complained in my hearing that "all this stuff about the modern girl is sheer bunk—she wants all the old privileges and all the new rights as well and she wants the man to pay the bill." A few questions elicited the fact that he had been going about of late with a certain young lady of the chorus who had insisted on her right to a string of "boy friends" but who had exploited him for expensive dinners, drinks, and taxi rides.

A young woman in the group probably diagnosed his case correctly when she replied:

"You know perfectly well that there's nothing 'modern' about that chorus lady, but you get a big kick out of being seen with her. You know plenty of attractive, interesting, and square modern girls who don't expect you to spend your whole week's salary on them, but you're afraid of them because you can't feel superior with them. You might have to do a little thinking if you took one out to dinner. That's why you always pick flappers and dumb-bells. Poetic justice is what you get."

II

One cannot understand the background of this new antagonism without a brief glance at the present position of the sexes—a position which is shifting rapidly and which may assume different proportions within a few years.

The somewhat Utopian pre-war feminist who envisaged a clear-eyed, independent womanhood living in a state of sweet reasonableness and mutual cooperation with a broad-minded and sympathetic manhood did not realize that the pressure of social change was bringing about a certain kind of emancipation more rapidly than either men or women could adjust themselves to it; nor that in the following chaos men and women would find themselves bewildered, resentful, and eager to blame their mutual frustrations upon each other. These resentments have found expression in our industrial, social, and intellectual life.

Each year, as the increased mechanization of industry, a higher cost, and higher standard of living cut down the economic security and real earnings of fathers and brothers, new hordes of girls and women pour into stores, offices, and factories. Some of them do this with a conscious appreciation of their new position and an understanding of their new relationship to the world. Most of them, however, know nothing and care

less about "economic freedom." They are working because they have to—in order to support themselves or to pay for the family radio or their own silk stockings. Just as soon as they can marry some man who can support them they quit work. Unfortunately, many modern young men can't support them, in which case, they grudgingly keep on working. There is nothing "new" about these girls, except perhaps their clothes and their mannerisms.

Nor is there anything new about many thousands of home-loving wives, mothers, and bridge-players who are now voting—just like their husbands. These, too, have acquired a modernist patter. It is of bridge scores and child welfare, rather than of crazy quilts and colic; just as their husbands talk of trade cycles and service, rather than of booms and panics. They practice birth control in their homes and fight its endorsement by their woman's club; just as their male representatives drink wet and vote dry. They smoke, drink, and vote because these have become the things to do, but actually they are "truly womanly" in the worst sense of the word. They are Woman, as man has chosen her, for several thousand years. What right has he to complain about her? She is as inconsistent, as superficial, as intolerant as her husband or brother. Modern life has merely given her an opportunity to merge her ignorance with man's in running the world. She is the old Eve living under a new economic dispensation about which she can do nothing. If her manners and morals have undergone the inevitable post-war metamorphosis, this represents no change in philosophic concept, no actual mental and moral emancipation. When the modern man points to her and her shortcomings and says, "Look at her. That's the modern woman for you!" he is merely being silly. She is about as modern as the late Mr. Straton.

On the other hand, there are many thousands of middle-class women who

have used their new boon of leisure to raise their level of cultural and general information far above that of their male associates. Even before the War the smallness of middle-class families and the introduction of various labor-saving devices in the home had left the average wife and mother of this group with a large margin of spare time. The War taught many of these women just how much time they had for outside activities. They joined by the thousands the various women's clubs which were already flourishing throughout the land, devoted to a thousand causes, from foreign relations to better sewers, from baby care to culture. In many cases their activities were superficial and futile, sometimes even meddling and pernicious; but often a genuine desire for wider information and better understanding would be met by intelligent programs and interesting discussions. Funny and pathetic as were many of the early (and even present-day) gatherings of so many little culture clubs, there can be no doubt that in many cases they stimulated their members to a consideration of both books and events which would otherwise have remained outside their interest. The middle- and upper-class woman, constituting America's great leisure class, became also America's great reader and playgoer. In the meantime, the American husband devoted himself all the more assiduously to the business of making money and enabling the family to keep up with the Joneses, devoting what small leisure he thought he could afford to a few rounds of golf and an occasional fishing trip. A quiet evening at home in a typical family of this sort might reveal Mr. Robinson perusing a copy of the *Hardware Monthly*, *Liberty*, or an Edgar Wallace murder mystery, and Mrs. Robinson absorbed in the latest choice of the Literary Guild.

If the tastes of Mrs. Robinson are slightly more enlightened than those of Mr. Robinson, she deserves no credit for the fact. Her leisure rests upon his

industry, her cultivation upon his absorption in business. She has time to go in for Little Theater experiments, to take Extension Courses at her club, to indulge in interior decorating or to listen to visiting lecturers from New York and England. If her grade of culture is second-rate and imitative, a mere parlor trickery, she cannot indulge even in imitation without some widening of her intellectual horizon. To be sure, the native wisdom and direct simplicity of the completely untaught and unread human being may be preferable to cultural assumptions founded upon either Emil Ludwig or *The Saturday Evening Post*; but we are not now dealing with that portion of the American public which does not read at all.

At one time when I was very young and optimistic, I was part owner of a circulating library in a Western city. The library had been started by three young enthusiasts with the idea that we should carry on our shelves only such books as we, the owners, considered adult reading matter, and that those who didn't like it could go elsewhere. Ethel Dell, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Talbot Mundy, James Oliver Curwood, and a host of mystery, heart-throb, adventure, and "wholesome" story writers were rigidly excluded. We built up a small, interesting and intelligent clientele, composed mostly of women—working-class and professional as well as leisure-class women—with a slight sprinkling of young newspaper men, a few artists, and writers. The average man would come in, look about a little helplessly, and then go out again. Later, when a change in policy became necessary because of an increase in expenses and it was thought advisable to add a section of more popular fiction, the number of male subscribers took a sudden jump.

III

Am I arguing from this that the American woman is more intelligent than the American man? Not at all.

She may be more or less so, for all I know. But I think it is obvious to almost every intelligent person who has taken the trouble to make a few inquiries that, because of certain special conditions of our social life, the *average* American woman is better informed in literary and artistic matters and is interested in better books and better plays than is the *average* American man.

It is at this point that the male intelligentsia arises *en masse* to assert: "Exactly, and that's where the trouble lies. It is because the literary and dramatic market in America is so governed by feminine tastes that the American novel and play are so lacking in virility."

No adequate answer to this statement could be made without a comparative study of woman's position in various countries and its relation to the literature of those countries. In the last analysis the elements of personal tastes and opinions would enter to discount whatever conclusions might be arrived at.

However, before such a charge can be accepted, it is necessary to show that our literature and drama are actually more effeminate than those of other nations in which women are less literate or have a less important influence on the literary market. Without waving any flags for the plays and novels we have produced in the past ten years, I think it can hardly be said that their outstanding characteristics are refinement, romanticism, and effeminacy. They would seem rather to have been a brash and slightly strained assertion of masculinity. From the profane "What Price Glory?" to the Rabelaisian "Front Page," the New York theater—which is unfortunately, perhaps, the American theater—has been passing through a veritable orgy of hairy-chested offerings in which the "love interest," if any, is of the crudest or most flippant variety. One of the greatest successes of the past year, at which as many women as men may be seen nightly, is an English war play without a single woman in the cast.

But it is in fiction, according to the new masculinists, that the feline influence of both women writers and readers is most obvious—and most ruinous. Because American women are prudes or romantics (take your choice), the American novel has gone to the dogs. In view of the very obvious vitality of the American fictional scene it would seem almost unnecessary to ask, "Has the American novel gone to the dogs?" For in spite of the flood of printed "tripe" which emerges from our presses each year and almost swamps the literary market, even some of our captious European critics are willing to grant that woman-ridden America has produced an unprecedented share of the most virile and significant fiction of the past few years. Some of it has even been written by women.

But if Mr. Bromfield thinks that women are ruining fiction because they are prudes, Mr. Robert Herrick thinks they are doing the same because they are perverse. In an article in *The Bookman* on "The Effeminization of Fiction," Mr. Herrick declares:

"Women know the neurotic sides of sex which do not eventuate in either marriage or maternity, as well as what was once called (with a hush) the perverted side, the wooing of one's own sex. A disturbing number of recent stories by women deal with this taboo and are not overly vague in the handling of it. We must assume that it interests many of their readers."

Undoubtedly the neurotic aspects of sex life have bulked large in the literature of the last ten years, but I think that it would be difficult to prove that they bulk larger in those countries where women exert the most influence than in those in which women "know their place"; or that they are more common to novels written by women than to those written by men. France is the country to which all young literary *révoltés* flee when they want to emancipate themselves from prohibition and "the rule of women," and yet more than any other country its current litera-

ture is largely preoccupied with the pathological and the exotic—so much so that if one knew the country only through its recent novels one might conclude that normal sexuality was confined to the proletariat. The literary stature of Proust and Gide may be higher than that of Dreiser and Hemingway, but one could scarcely maintain that this superiority is due to greater robustness and impersonality. No one has described more accurately than Proust the devious reactions of the neurotic introvert, nor has anyone played more delicately and eloquently upon the homosexual theme than Gide. If Italy, in which of all Western nations women seem to know where they belong, has produced a robust modern literature in the last few years, it has so far failed of translation. Aldous Huxley has certainly done better by the erotic posturings of the decadent intellectuals than any Anglo-Saxon woman; and if he writes in a savagely satiric vein of which most women novelists seem incapable, his numerous brethren of the same school have also failed to match his intellectual virulence. Space forbids a comparison of the young lesser lights of American and European fiction; but I think that the trend described by Mr. Herrick as feminine and obnoxiously feline may be found on closer examination to be universal and modern instead. The introspective dissection of personal emotions, the preoccupation with pathological subjects, the fine-spun analyses of trivial phenomena—all these are typical of the modern intellectual temper, whether male or female. Undoubtedly this tendency received an impetus from the discoveries of the new psychology, but it is a legitimate child of early twentieth-century intellectualism. Already, new preoccupations are apparent.

In all this, literature is merely reflecting life. We are finding ourselves in a difficult situation. Old values are giving way to what seems a loss of all values. Intellectually and socially we are in a chaos of conflict—perhaps the most

trying transition civilized man has known. In the past, while terrifying changes were taking place in the physical and intellectual world, there were certain spiritual and social dogmas in which man could clothe his nakedness and warm his soul. God, whether Catholic, Protestant, Jewish, or Mohammedan, was in His heaven, and woman was in her place beside the fire. To look at her there, to feel her dependence on him, to know that he was the source of her well-being and safety, and that no matter how inferior a role he might play in the world outside, here he was the center of a little universe—the superior among inferiors—all this was the assurance man so greatly needed in order that his ego should survive the eternal struggles and disappointments of the outer world.

Modern life has robbed him, very largely, of these small assurances and satisfactions, just as it has robbed woman of her old security and protection. Whether he or she likes it or not, they are living in a new dispensation. The family, in the old-fashioned sense, seems to be disappearing. Machine development has so affected the economic status of men that women have been forced to take their place beside them in the industrial world—a world in which one slender girl can operate a lever that will do the work of twenty brawny men. Girls are being educated side by side with their brothers. Men and women are being played upon by exactly the same forces and they find themselves unadjusted, bewildered, and insecure. Just as woman has needed to cloak the hard realism of her present position with a certain philosophic glamour, man, in an effort to recapture his old social value, must continually find fresh excuses for the loss of his old prestige.

Because her present position has given her egoistic yearnings a certain degree of fulfillment, woman is feeling less resentful than man. She may be bewildered, but she is also somewhat excited; and this excitement for the present, at least, is carrying her over many difficulties.

Man, particularly the modern, intelligent man, has no such first aid to adjustment. However broadminded he may have been about "the woman question" in the past, whatever intellectual convictions of equality he may have held, he now *feels* that something is wrong. He is meeting the new woman on an equal basis and he finds it isn't comfortable. Ten years ago, before she held an office next to his, wrote novels as good as his, ran against him in politics, he could afford to be loftily generous about her. Now that he finds her a competitor in a world none too generously stocked with opportunity, he begins to look about for arguments to the effect that perhaps, after all, she isn't as bright as he thought she was. He finds himself getting more and more irritated at this continual need to adjust himself to a new pattern of woman. He thinks back wistfully to his own mother and to the peace and comfort of a family circle in which woman's position didn't need to be thought about. If he finds himself somewhat ineffectual in his own relationship to the practical world (as many intelligent and sensitive men do), he needs all the more this sense of superiority which an adoring mother, wife, or sweetheart can give. There must be someone who looks up to him; and to the average man this someone has always been woman. The sensitive and somewhat neurotic male has a deeper need than most men of these two things from woman—her admiration and the comfort and peace of her arms when the world has battered and belittled him. The average modern woman is having too difficult a time finding her own way and keeping her own head above water to have much time to furnish either of these things. Perhaps she hasn't found so much to admire, and unlike her more helpless predecessor, she scorns pretense.

And so one finds as many evidences of the new masculinism in life as in literary criticism. I know of a man and a woman, both novelists, who had been

happily married for six years. Neither had received great recognition until a year ago when a book of the wife's achieved sudden popularity. Since that time there has been a perceptible change in the man's attitude, both toward his wife and toward woman in general. Formerly a fearless champion of feministic ambitions, he has adopted a line of somewhat facetious and patronizing attitudes toward the ladies. I once saw his wife wince at an unconsciously sarcastic remark about her own work, made before a group of people. She spends much of her time now, "plugging" for her husband's latest book, in the hope that some success on his part will remove the unconscious antagonism which has marred her happiness in the past year.

A few weeks ago I met on the street a young writer who is something of a literary radical. When I asked him about a certain girl with whom he had been in love a few months previous, he replied quite frankly:

"That's off. I don't see her any more. She was a swell girl, all right, and I guess I was pretty far gone, but something told me I ought to break it off. She'd helped me with my work and she didn't make any demands on me. I don't know just why it didn't work. Maybe I resented it when she would point out the weak spots, even if she was right. Anyway, I've got a notion that if I ever really settle down with anyone for good it will be with some nice little *hausfrau* who doesn't know what it's all about and who will have half a dozen kids and get fat in a few years. I'll be bored to death with her and probably go off on jaunts occasionally, but it will be peaceful, and I guess that's what an artist needs—to have that side of life settled for him sort of peacefully. Then he can give all his energy to his work . . ." Here he noticed my grin. "Yes—I know. I guess I'm rationalizing. But anyway, I like to be comfortable."

From the purely biologic point of view, Nature may know what she is

about when she makes the somewhat unadjusted male and the somewhat competent and psychically (rather than physically) maternal female irresistibly attractive to each other. But it is unfortunate that she cannot at the same time eradicate from the masculine soul the bitter resentment which is the almost inevitable corollary of his attachment. Occasionally, when the old Eve flares up within the modern woman and she needs a shoulder to lean on, she has her resentment at that shoulder's absence. But her pride is not involved in this resentment because, unlike man, she is accustomed to playing second fiddle.

IV

Masculine resentments are not, of course, altogether confined to the realms of personal relationships or literary prejudices. Every business man knows how fatal it would be to his organization to place a woman executive, no matter how able, over a group of men. Much has already been written on this subject. Occasionally a very brilliant woman, with years of experience and a proved record behind her, like the present Industrial Commissioner of the State of New York, receives a political appointment which places her in charge of a large number of men. But practically the only open objection made by any New Yorkers to Frances Perkins's appointment was based on the fear that men in the department might not like to work under a woman, even a woman so preëminently fitted for the job.

It is certainly significant, however, that much of the new "anti-woman" sentiment has shown itself among what may be called, for want of a better term, "the intellectuals." To be sure, these are the articulate members of the community and they are in a position to express what others may feel. However, as I have implied before, the reason seems to lie deeper. The man in the street may grumble that times have changed, but he does not, as a rule,

blame those changes on woman. Nor is the longshoreman likely to discourse excitedly on the effeminization of his trade. The ladies have not invaded the water front. His feelings about women go unchallenged and undisturbed. Furthermore, being as a rule a simple "he man," he has no inner conflict with any so-called feminine characteristics within himself. Unlike his more sophisticated brethren, he has no need of any belated masculine protest.

Somewhere, Heywood Broun has said that most attacks upon the modern woman come from men under five feet seven. The statement of course is not literally true. But it undoubtedly has a symbolic psychological veracity. The man who, whatever his physical size, feels secure in his own masculinity and in his own relation to life is rarely resentful of the opposite sex. He can understand the differences between men and women and the reasons for those differences, without a depreciation of either. Experience has taught him, perhaps, what the misogynist Weininger guessed many years ago, that psychologically there are no pure males and no pure females, but merely sexual majorities. That virile publicist, Mr. H. L. Mencken, emphasizes this fact in his ironic "In Defense of Women," when he says:

"Find me an obviously intelligent man, a man free from sentimentality and illusion, a man hard to deceive, a man of the first class, and I'll show you a man with a wide streak of woman in him."

One can as truthfully say:

"Find me a woman of the first class, and I'll show you a woman with a wide streak of man in her."

The strength of the current masculinist movement among the writers, artists, and in the artistic fringes, is probably due to these two things: first, it is in these circles that one is most likely to find the largest proportion of unstable, hypersensitive personalities—men who find difficulty in adjusting themselves to a machine civilization, who have a fairly

large proportion of the so-called feminine qualities and who, instead of making peace with this happy combination, are constantly at war with these elements within themselves; second, it is in the arts that women have been free to compete most effectively with men. In the literary arts, particularly in the novel form, they have shown themselves especially proficient.

The rationalized fear of woman, of the feminine principle, is not a new thing in history or in the creative arts. The need to dominate woman, to surpass her at all costs, is a deep-rooted need of the male psyche. Robbed of this satisfaction, this affirmation of power, the male ego becomes seriously wounded. That there are more of these wounded egos wandering about at the present time than at any previous period is probably due to woman's growing independence in the past few decades.

Dr. Alfred Adler, one of the most realistic of the psychoanalytic pioneers, has also delved most deeply into this question of sex tensions and antagonisms. In his *The Neurotic Constitution*, he writes:

"The wonderfully effective charm which many myths, many creations of art and philosophy possess for us, is in line with this—the fault of the woman, the banal '*cherchez la femme*' in all evils. . . . The *Iliad* is based upon this foundation as well as *The Thousand and One Nights* and, if one examines closely, every great and small artistic creation. What is its leading thought? Nothing less than to win a standpoint in the uncertainties of life, in the conflict with love, in the fear of woman." And again, "There is no better way of judging the reaction of the neurotic psyche than from the answers to questions showing estimation of the opposite sex. It will become apparent that every stronger denial of the equality of the sexes, every detraction or over-valuation of the opposite sex is invariably connected with the neurotic disposition and neurotic traits. They are one and

all expedients of human thought to enhance the feeling of personal worth."

Undoubtedly many of the complaints against woman at the present moment have a legitimate basis. A large number of women are trying to make the best of two worlds—the old and the new. But would not men of the same class do the same thing in a similar situation? Large numbers of superficial and repressed middle-class women are devoting their new-found leisure to minding everybody's business except their own. It is quite probable that their husbands who have the same mental caliber would be quite as meddlesome if they had the time. Witness some of our best-known vice-crusaders. Modern women are reading and writing tons of trash, but are modern men doing so much better? For every copy of the *Love Story Magazine* one sees in the subway or street car, there is an equally childish Western or Action Story magazine across the aisle.

As life grows more precarious and intellectual values more confused, this new outburst of sex antagonism may become more accentuated unless the modern man realizes that it is much too late in the day to put woman back into the kitchen or the bedroom where he may think she belongs. She has moments of discouragement when she may even want to go back herself, but that road is closed. There is nothing either he or she can do about it. He had much better devote his energy toward helping her over this worst stage of her progress, as a journeyman mechanic would help a young apprentice in his shop, and in enlisting her aid in fighting the very real battles that lie ahead of them both. The intelligent and thoughtful man and woman have a common enemy. It's about time they turned their attention in its direction.

In an article written for HARPER'S five years ago, Dr. Beatrice Hinkle wrote:

"We have heard much of sex antagonism and the fundamental enmity between the sexes, but from long experience

I can say that there is no sex antagonism between persons who have freed themselves from their infantile desires and mechanisms and are emotionally mature. The struggle in the soul of man between love and power is the basis of sex antagonism and is at the same time the condition which operates to destroy the whole fabric of human relations."

This struggle is not confined to man, as a sex, but is common to every human soul. But because all through history man has acquired the habits of superiority and because that superiority is now being challenged, he is suffering more than woman from the ravages of this conflict. If it is ever resolved, the new masculinism will go the way of the old feminism.

VULNERABLE

BY DOROTHY ALDIS

NOW *with a sudden passion of green leaves*
Summer has come. The grass is far too tall
And thick for April; and the willow grieves
For its soft tassels; and the birds that call
Are too tender, and the winds too sweet. . . .
Oh, stop, stay back, warm slowly rolling tide—
I am not ready for the buds and heat;
There is too much, too much on every side.
Unarmed, I cannot bear this lovely pain
Of Beauty filling up her cup again.



WHERE IS AVIATION?

BY FRANCIS D. WALTON

NOT MORE than two months ago the aviation business in the United States was in the grip of another crisis. Crises have not been rare in the brief years wherein the flying machine has struggled to make an industry of itself. But this one seemed the worst of all. The leading manufacturers and operators of aircraft were thoroughly despondent. Bankruptcy was overtaking the little fellows, and even the big combines could not look on the prospects for earnings in 1930 save with a wan eye. Extreme over-expansion of factories and payrolls in 1929, extreme inflation of the industry's business ambitions, and the sudden discovery that American "air-mindedness" had been a golden illusion were the causes of the collapse and the despair. The general retreat of national commerce following upon the market disturbances of October contributed, of course, to the unhappiness of the situation.

As the summer comes in, however, something that is recognizable as optimism begins to spread through aviation. The survivors of the low-moments estimate, with a new and refreshing conservatism, that at least as many planes will be sold to the public this year as last—and that drastic economies may make the net profits a little larger. They have given up the delightful fancy that Americans can be converted to the airplane overnight by the simple pressure of the industry's desire. They have become aware that good, honest salesmanship—with a touch of inspired brilliance here and there—must replace

urgent dreams if the airplane is to become a general vehicle of transport. They begin to talk now of the long pull, and even to chart with businesslike curves the normal acceptance of the flying machine by the public; and they are making their predictions for 1935 instead of for 1931.

The airplane business, as a matter of fact, is rather good. It is better than it was last year at this time. There is nothing exciting about it; but it may be observed that the leaders in the industry have about given up the idea that it will be exciting. Instead, they have begun to think in terms of even, steady growth, based upon gradual acceptance by the public of this new method of getting about the country.

However, if we are really to advance in the effort to find where aviation is now, we must look a little into the foundations upon which the industry is built.

It was in 1927 that the new industry really began. Nearly a quarter of a century had passed since the two Americans, Orville and Wilbur Wright, had proved that the ancient hope of human flight was not an idle dream. In those twenty-five years little had happened that was to be of lasting significance in the development of the airplane except the engineering impetus which came with the World War. The rest had been a story of false starts, lack of conviction, and lack of faith: ample proof that during the vain years of yearning to travel with the birds man had formulated no definite idea as to what he wanted to do with the ability to fly should he ever

achieve it. Until the War came along the airplane never rose above the modest role of a circus stunt for drawing crowds to country fairs.

The World War challenged airmen to prove whether their contraption could serve any really useful purpose. The genius and money of all the nations was turned upon the job of answering this question. Designers, plane builders, and governments labored frantically to improve airplanes. Pilots were trained by thousands—many of them to die violently, but the survivors to emerge with a prodigious faith in the machine they had learned to control. And the airplane itself came out of the conflict almost as well designed, mechanically and theoretically, as it is to-day.

But the reward for the airplane's final excellent performance in the war of the nations was that it was branded as an instrument of war. For a long time after peace had come it continued to bear this brand. The flying machine was no longer an attraction even at fairs and shows, which were devoted to more peaceful pleasures. There was no room for an instrument of war in a world that was sick of fighting. Lean years followed for all of the disciples of the Wrights. The United States Navy showed that the Atlantic could be crossed by heavier-than-air flying machines—and the people were bored with one more reminder of military efficiency. Alcock and Brown made the first non-stop flight from America to Europe—and a world that was weary of heroism yawned. The United States Army flew planes round the world—and the event is not remembered at all to-day, although it has never been duplicated by any airplane. Eight disheartening years passed for the war flyers who came out of the conflict alive and full of hope that their mastery of the air, learned in danger, would have a definite value in peace.

Gradually the war stigma wore off. The government launched the experiment of air mail, and the public

used it half-heartedly. Still, however, the people who must use airplanes if they were to be built at a profit had no real interest in them.

Then—presto!—Charles A. Lindbergh took-off from Roosevelt Field and thirty-three and one half hours later was in Paris. Aviation was reborn, and everybody at once discovered that the foundation had been laid for a new industry. If all the people who were talking about airplanes could be persuaded to get into them the manufacture of the new vehicle ought to be profitable.

The phrase "air-mindedness" was coined, airplane factories were opened, aviation stocks were offered by the million, and press agents began issuing statements that So and So would build a thousand planes this year, and that regular airplane service across a couple of oceans was a reality in the minds of the Such and Such board of directors. Everything happened so quickly that the birth pains were not felt until two years later.

It was inevitable that the haste and excitement of this new life for aviation should produce an over-inflated, chaotic, and unsound condition.

II

A few sound companies were already established in the business of manufacturing airplanes and engines. (Oddly enough, the making of planes and the making of engines were almost separate industries; there were virtually no concerns manufacturing both—a state of affairs which led to much confusion in the public mind and much difficulty in merchandising, and is only now being rectified by the forming of such combines as the Curtiss-Wright Corporation.) The pickings of these companies, between the end of the War and the beginning of the Lindbergh era, had been lean indeed, but enough to sustain life. Practically all their orders, and the funds to carry on experimental work and improvements, had come from a handful

of wise men in the Army and Navy who carried out literally our governmental policy of liberal encouragement for aircraft builders. These companies immediately enlarged their plants four- and fivefold. They established modern production methods, engaged the best engineers obtainable, and set up sales organizations in the good American tradition of big business, with advertising men, service outfits, contact men, and trouble shooters.

But they were not to have the field to themselves. Dozens of shrewd fellows, scenting the gold, set themselves up in the aircraft manufacturing business. With neglected barns converted into airplane factories, they went out—armed with nothing more substantial than vague drawings of projected planes and engines—to sell stock; and they raised their capital with practically no effort at all. It was a time of widespread speculation in common stocks, and thousands of investors who had failed to have faith in the automobile industry made up their minds that they were not going to lose two such chances in a generation. Hardly a day went past without the announcement of a new aviation company.

Everybody was going to fly—because Lindbergh had crossed an ocean—and the future was a beckoning golden glow. Thirty or forty thousand men went on the payrolls of aviation corporations.

At the beginning of 1929 estimates for the year's production were almost impossible to obtain. Prophecies from irresponsible fly-by-nights poured in together with prophecies from reliable builders. The best estimate that the Department of Commerce could make was 10,000 airplanes of all types for the year. This was to be the total product of 232 factories engaged in the production of ships and engines. In its most expansive days, the automobile industry had never comprised more than 95 separate manufacturers at one time.

Actually, about 7,000 planes were produced, 200 per cent more than in

1928; but this figure would have been much greater if sanity had not been forced upon the new industry by a few conservative leaders who saw that no real market had been created for their novel machine.

Between August, 1928, and August, 1929, the public absorbed \$48,200,000 worth of aircraft stock offerings. This of course is not the total of financial support given to carry forward the idea of commercial flight after aviation awakened from its twenty-five year slumber. It represents the offerings of eighty-two companies, the stocks of which are either listed on the New York Stock Exchange or Curb Exchange, or are frequently quoted in over-the-counter transactions. It does not include privately controlled companies or scores of projects which seem likely to provide work for investigators for years to come. The eagerness of the investing public is further shown by the fact that in six months in 1929 the stock market value of forty-five aircraft corporations was raised seven million dollars.

The industry woke up in the late fall of 1929 to find that it was turning out airplanes at the rate of 150 a week without any market in sight. It was difficult to believe that no more than six months before everything had been rosy in a seller's market and planes could not be made fast enough to meet the demand. The year closed in gloom with all factors of the industry engaged in retrenching. Everyone became woe-fully aware of the emptiness of the old phrase "air-mindedness." The public was air-minded to the extent of watching airplanes, reading about them, talking about them, and buying stock—but not to the extent of riding in them. The industry realized that no markets had been soundly established, and that the idea of flying and actually using airplanes had never really been "sold" to the public at large. The time had come for a serious study of possible outlets for the products of the new business.

III

The great task which now faces aviation is that of improving its merchandising methods and developing its markets. What are these markets?

First, there is the market for privately owned and privately operated planes. While this market is limited at the present time, more arguments revolve about its future than about any other in aviation. For there are two schools of thought within the industry regarding the future of flying. One school holds the airplane to be essentially a vehicle for sport and private transportation, and expects to create virtually another automobile industry. The other school contends that commercial aviation is a new form of organized transportation comparable to the railroad industry, with the airplane the future common carrier on great systems of regularly operated airways. Of course the more far-seeing realize that both fields are fertile for development.

Next to the pilot-owner market and similar to it in many respects is the market represented by business organizations. There are nearly one hundred corporations in the United States at the present time which employ airplanes as tools of business in the sense that delivery trucks, typewriters, and adding machines are so used.

Then there is the fixed-base operator—the owner of the local airport. Until recently he was the most important factor in aircraft operation. Although recently he has been superseded by the operator of scheduled air lines, his position is still enormously important. Fixed-base operators are now in the process of being organized into national groups by the larger manufacturers for the purpose of rendering standard airplane and engine service.

The fixed-base operator is potentially a large revenue producer. He has been purchasing the greatest percentage of all the small, single-engined planes. His airport has been the chief available

showroom for aviation; and, more important, he has been practically the only link between the aviation industry and the air-minded public. Through the airport operators the mass of people who grew excited when Lindbergh flew the Atlantic are having their first personal experience with flight. The joy hop, the short sightseeing trip—taken not so much to see sights, but as an experiment to determine what flying is really like—has been a profitable source of revenue to the airport operator.

The Department of Commerce estimated that some 3,527,000 persons flew during 1929. Only 165,263 of these were air line passengers. Most of the remainder were joy-hoppers or aerial sightseers.

Yet there is a limit to the educational value of what the fixed-base operator provides. For a long time it had been believed that the five-dollar joy hop was doing the selling trick for the whole industry. But a little study of the psychological reaction from the first airplane ride shows fairly conclusively that the airdrome flight of five or ten minutes' duration does not sell aviation. The value of traveling through the air is not "sold" to the novice who flies simply for the excitement of doing something new; it is "sold" only when he actually goes by plane to some destination, and for a purpose in which the speed of the airplane over any other vehicle is conclusively demonstrated.

The next potential market is the air mail system, which could never have reached its present status without vigorous government aid. In fact, the whole aviation industry has been held on its feet for years by wise government support and patronage. Americans who point in contempt at the financial failure of European aviation say, and perhaps believe, that commercial aviation in the United States has been making its way without government subsidy. Such a statement holds very little water. Although the form which financial aid for the aircraft industry from Washington has taken differs from

that frank budgeting for air which goes on in the countries of Europe, it is only an expert in definitions who can make it appear that federal support in this country can even be called indirect.

In the U. S. Air Mail the government started one of the few completely successful aircraft operations to be found in the world. When the government had demonstrated the feasibility of such an airway system it stepped out of the field and turned the work over to private contract operators; and up to the beginning of the present year it had paid out nearly seven million dollars to the operators in differentials between the postage revenue from air mail and the contract cost for flying it.

The system is the most remarkable in existence. Nearly fifty air-mail lines cover the country to-day, and in 1929 one company alone had a total of 3,600,000 miles flown. The operations of this single line equal the combined air transport mileage of Russia, Italy and Great Britain, and are only three-quarters of a million miles less than the total of France, and half that of Germany. The American air-mail operators with their enormously competent achievement have taken great strides toward their goal of making their planes the common carriers of all the first-class mail of the nation. When this objective is realized and when new and lower contract rate schedules have been fixed (a problem now being considered), it is probable that the government's indirect subsidy to the air mail will be considerably reduced. But by that time it is more than likely that the government will be called upon to give further assistance to organized air-passenger transport, which has recently assumed outstanding importance in American aviation and which represents the final great aircraft market.

When we compare passenger travel by air on regularly operated lines in America with that in Europe, the first fact which we notice is the greater age of the European systems. Like most other

aviation developments in the United States, the air transport of passengers was not begun until after the Lindbergh flight. The start was delayed for a number of reasons. Of these the most important was that the extensive air-mail program laid down by the government was sufficient to absorb for several years all available equipment and all available initiative and capital.

The possible profits in sound air-mail hauling were apparent. The government was liberal in the awarding of contracts. An air-mail line did not demand the purchase or maintenance of luxurious, expensive equipment. Safety factors had to be maintained only for dead loads. In fact, air-mail operators discouraged passenger carrying, preferring not to accept the additional responsibility. So in the end the prosperity which came with the development of a system for the transport of mails through the air retarded plans for the establishment of a national passenger air-transport system.

Passenger carrying on regularly operated lines was started only when there were no more profitable mail routes available, and when the suddenly accelerated production of planes made it necessary to find a use for the larger types of ships. Most of this began in 1929, and the beginning in one sense was a compromise. To date there is no all-air transcontinental passenger system. The start was made with a new form of transportation which has been called "air-rail," the combination of existing railroads with air lines. Air-rail travel is still the main strength of organized passenger airways to-day. All of the larger air lines have traffic agreements with railroads which traverse the territory served by their airways, so that passengers can transfer from plane to train and *vice versa*.

Which of these markets holds the greatest promise for the industry? One is inclined to agree with those who pin their chief hopes to organized air transport, if only because it is difficult to

imagine a time when every householder of means will have his own plane as he now has his automobile. The absence of a completely safe plane, and of the "back yard" plane—which we shall not have until someone discovers the principle of slow perpendicular descent and absolutely vertical take-off—gives the large transport system the advantage of the argument at the moment.

However, individual and sport flying have been advancing steadily. The youth of America is determined to learn to fly. The use of the private plane has increased despite the discouragement of accidents, despite the high initial cost of planes, the equally steep charges of upkeep, and the necessity of locating airports at great distances from the centers of population. By the end of the present fiscal year, the Department of Commerce estimates that there will be 50,000 flyers and flying students under federal license to fly planes in this country. Nearly every college now has its courses in aeronautics, its aviation club, and a student or two owning a plane.

IV

One great handicap to the development of organized transport systems has been, until recently, the almost prohibitive expense of travel by plane. The average tariff on air lines until the beginning of 1930 was fourteen cents a mile. This did not compare very favorably with the average of three and a half to four cents charged by most railroads. It did not produce any substantial volume of traffic. At the beginning of 1930 most of the lines which had been carrying an average of three or four passengers in ten-passenger planes manned by a crew of three decided to make a definite bid for volume of traffic. There was a wholesale rate reduction. Airplane fares were cut from twenty per cent to fifty per cent. In some cases the experiment had the desired effect immediately. But many of the lines found themselves little

better off, as capacity loads with the existing equipment and existing expenses cannot produce a profit at the tariff of five to seven and a half cents a mile.

The economics of the average air-line operator, who is without an air-mail contract and who must depend on passenger business solely, has never been particularly sound. A survey made in 1929 showed that all of the aircraft equipment of the transport companies was being used an average of only one hour and forty-five minutes a day. The rest of the time it was on the ground, being written off under the item of depreciation at the rate of $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent a year. And much of this equipment represented an outlay of \$50,000 per plane. Any good railroad executive, accustomed to figuring closely on costs, would tell you that this was not the way to make air transport pay.

There will always be airplane accidents, of course, just as there will always be accidents in ox carts and canoes and automobiles and trains and steamships. Kinetic energy is a difficult thing to harness and cannot possibly be made fool-proof. A fool can kill himself on a bicycle moving at ten miles an hour. An airplane, going a hundred miles an hour, makes it ten times easier for him. Even so, engineering improvements must be sought to remove some of the element of risk now present in human flight. Perhaps a step in this direction is the Curtiss Tanager, which won the \$100,000 Guggenheim prize for safety. Plans are already under way to incorporate several of its safety features into standard commercial designs.

We must also look forward to a great development in what is known as "ground organization" for air transportation. Much as has already been done in the construction of airports and the marking of airways, there is an immeasurable amount of labor still ahead. It is a truism that the automobile is where it is to-day because of the macadam or hard-surfaced road. The millions spent in road construction

are seldom counted in estimating the cost of promoting the automobile, yet they were necessary—and they came very slowly. In actual dollars and cents it seems quite unlikely that the airplane will ever demand such a toll. But for completely safe airplane operation, airports and emergency landing fields must be increased many fold. Nor will it be enough to have these located at intervals along the direct "sky roads" from one major airport to another. The new traffic lanes marked by beacon lights (and in most instances following the existing routes of surface transportation) are far too rigid. They are robbing the airplane of one of its greatest assets, its independence of fixed highways. A plane ought to be able to steer around a storm or to lose its way and still be within easy reach of a safe landing-place where it can be refueled or repaired. Such ground organization will undoubtedly come—but not overnight.

Again, men of science have not yet brought together radio and aviation to the fullest advantage of flying, although much of value has already been accomplished here. The day should come when radio will be the guiding hand of planes, when knowledge required for safe flight will be constantly available in the air by the turn of a tuning knob in the cabin of every ship that flies. This and other developments will come inevitably. The automatic pilot, already proven experimentally, will practically solve that other great hindrance to regular plane operation—fog.

V

So much for the processes by which aviation has come this far, and for the chief problems of the immediate future. We may sum up the situation by saying that development must lie, hereafter, along three main lines: 1. The aviation business must be given that touch of efficiency which has for its chief element a sound merchandising plan. 2. The

airplane itself—a satisfactory machine in the hands of trained pilots—must be improved and simplified if it is to be flown generally as the automobile is driven generally. 3. Ground organization—which takes in everything from airport facilities to radio weather reports, light beacons, transportation between cities and fields, and repair service—must be tremendously expanded.

I have already indicated that the first of these three essentials is becoming a reality. It has been recognized—particularly by the bankers who provided aviation's money—that the conversion of 120,000,000 people to the use of a new transportation medium is no simple task. With this fact established, the worst obstacle has been cleared.

The government, through the Army and Navy and Marine Corps, and through the air-mail contracts, will provide for 1930 enough business to keep the principal companies on a sound basis. One of these corporations alone, for example, has \$10,000,000 of government orders on its books. Export of airplanes and engines, particularly to South American countries, provides another excellent market which is being developed in most businesslike fashion. And the domestic commercial market is showing signs of healthy growth.

As a machine, the airplane cannot possibly be abandoned, now that it exists. In common with most things that sharply change human habits, such as the railroad train and the radio, its course will be marked by much confusion and the lack of any apparent pattern. It will penetrate human life not by a sudden, well-organized attack, but by the process of infiltration, until at last we are all using airplanes without knowing quite how we happened to accept them. Man has always feared the new thing that would move him a little faster than he was ever moved before. But he has always, in the end, conquered that fear.

The problem, now, is chiefly with the engineers and the business executives of

the industry. Can they, or can they not, demonstrate that the current air-plane is the basis for the ultimate air-plane? Can they bring the present business organization to a sound and profitable footing? These are questions which none but a very daring prophet would care to answer.

ON THE LAKE

BY V. SACKVILLE-WEST

A *CANDLE lit in darkness of black waters,
 A candle set in the drifting prow of a boat,
 And every tree to itself a separate shape,
 Now plummy, now an arch; tossed trees
 Still and dishevelled; dishevelled with past growth,
 Forgotten storms; left tufted, tortured, sky-rent,
 Even now in stillness; stillness on the lake,
 Black, reflections pooled, black mirror
 Pooling a litten candle, taper of fire;
 Pooling the sky, double transparency
 Of sky in water, double elements,
 Lying like lovers, light above, below;
 Taking, from one another, light; a gleaming,
 A glow reflected, fathoms deep, leagues high,
 Two distances meeting at a film of surface
 Thin as a membrane, sheet of surface, fine
 Smooth steel; two separates, height and depth,
 Able to touch, giving to one another
 All their profundity, all their accidents—
 Changeable mood of clouds, permanent stars—
 Like thoughts in the mind hanging a long way off,
 Revealed between lovers, friends. . . . Peer in the water
 Over the boat's edge; seek the sky's night-heart;
 Are they near, are they far, those clouds, those stars
 Given, reflected, pooled? Are they so close
 For a hand to clasp, to lift them, feel their shape,
 Explore their reality, take a rough possession?
 Oh, no! too delicate, too shy for handling,
 They tilt at a touch, quiver to other shapes,
 Dance away, change, are lost, drowned, scared;
 Hands break the mirror, speech's crudity
 The surmise, the divining;
 Such things so deeply held, so lightly held,
 Subtle, imponderable, as stars in water
 Or thoughts in another's thoughts.
 Are they near, are they far, those stars, that knowledge?
 Deep? Shallow? Solid? Rare? The boat drifts on,
 And the litten candle single in the prow,
 The small, immediate candle in the prow,
 Burns brighter in the water than any star.*

The Lion's Mouth



WEIGHED AND FOUND WANTING

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

SOME time ago a man came to us saying he represented a firm of Appraisers. His experts, he said, would make a valuation of everything in our house, and then we should know how much property insurance to take out. Most people, it seemed, carried far too little. At first sight this looked like an obvious dodge to make business for the insurance companies. When he told me that they would accept his firm's valuation, I decided to test him.

"What would you say is the value of that rug?" I asked.

He picked up a corner of the rug, scrutinized both sides, and then named a figure which I knew represented twice the value of the thing. Then and there I decided to be appraised, to be insured, and to have a fire.

And so the appraisers came and spent a day and a half examining our household goods. The result of their labors was a monograph of some hundred pages, beautifully typewritten, and elegantly bound in limp something-or-other. We were greatly impressed. We belong to the impecunious professional class, and everything in our house is, I won't say shabby, but at least well-worn. And so, making a virtue of necessity, we have scorned merely material goods and staked our self-respect upon a devotion to Higher Things.

But a reading of the Appraisers' work disclosed that we were persons of property, with a mansion. (Nothing like it has happened since the time when, by a dreadful error, we were asked to pose for the *House Beautiful*.)

Just to give you one example. My bedroom, an undistinguished affair, was referred to as a master bedroom. I don't know whether that means that it belonged to the master, or that, on the analogy of the expression master-key, the room was used indiscriminately by every member of the household. In any event, it had a fine sound. And then my wardrobe. My wardrobe consisted of two complete suits and parts of another, some evening clothes—none of them unblemished by anonymous stains—and a few badly assorted socks and things. But the Appraisers had written, "Master's Wardrobe: \$600." Do you wonder if after this sort of thing people noted the slight swagger with which I carried myself, even though the crease in my trousers were no more than a memory from some Golden Sartorial Age?

This glow of assurance and superiority lasted for some time. Then my brother-in-law came to see me. He is a large, active man, very good in dealing with machines and the brute forces of nature. (I fear machines, and as far as possible I avoid nature in her more intractable forms.) The lawn needed mowing, so he volunteered to mow it for us. The lawnmower proved to be capricious. It would cut all right for a few yards and then give a hilarious and irresponsible skip and pass over a stretch of grass harmlessly. Of course I knew I should have adjusted it long ago; but as I can never remember whether you tighten that rear screw and loosen the front one

or vice versa, I had allowed the matter to fall into neglect.

"Where's your screwdriver?" asked my large relative fiercely, after some ineffectual lunges at the grass.

Opinions varied. Some reported it last seen in the attic where the children had been fooling with it. Others, on top of the ice-box. (We sometimes lose our ice-pick.) Others, again, said it was broken. We finally discovered a screwdriver that we had borrowed long ago from a neighbor. The blade, or whatever you call the working portion, was curved, curved with the sinister grace of an oriental dagger. A beautiful thing, in its way, but no one would think of calling it a master screwdriver. Lawn-mower, screwdriver, and, inferentially, myself, were consigned to the limbo of useless things.

Brother-in-law was still seething with unexpended energy, and he next discovered a post of the pergola leaning at an eccentric angle. It had been leaning that way for years. It had never occurred to me to straighten it. The Pisa complex, I suppose! "Let's jack this thing up!" he exclaimed. The operation called for some rope, some billets of wood, and a number of tools. As I could not supply these, my large relative decided to do the job with nothing but an axe and brute strength stimulated by utter contempt. He asked for nails. He seemed surprised that I did not have a box of assorted nails. But how does one acquire nails? Does anyone ever set out deliberately to buy a collection of nails of various sizes? I mean, do you ever coolly put "nails" on your shopping list? I don't. When I want a nail I go down to the cellar and hunt up an old packing-case and hammer out the nails and then partially straighten some of them until I draw blood and call it a day. Brother-in-law regarded the paucity of nails as a deplorable thing. Our house, he felt, and declared, lacked most of the necessities.

Reflecting on his criticisms, I have been led to do some inventory work of

my own. I have gone over some of the domestic departments that the professional appraisers missed. Here are some of my results.

Item: Two axes. (a) The head of this one flies off whenever you use it. None of my wedges seem to wedge. Value: nil. (b) Split down the handle. Value: nil. Appraiser's comment: Where does one buy axe-handles, and how does one attach them when bought?

Item: Two saws. (a) A beautiful new one that I had last year, but I lost it. (b) A small one, copiously rusted. Value: Not worth a damn.

Item: Master's bathroom door. Lock out of order. I took all of it off without discovering the trouble, and got most of it back on. Can't think of sending for a locksmith for just one door. Have been waiting three months for another lock to collapse. Value of door as a protector of privacy: nil.

Item: Electric light in kitchen ceiling. A problem in overhead. The chain by which you pull the thing on and off broke close up to the root of the fixture. Result: The only way to turn the light on or off was to climb on a high stool and screw or unscrew the bulb. Same feeling about sending for electrician as about sending for locksmith. For eight months lighting-system has remained obstinately free from any defect that would justify invoking expert repair. During that time maid has ascended the stool whenever light was needed. Value of electric fixture: nil. Salary of maid: \$15 a week. Value of maid: \$50 a week.

I could give you many more samples. There is, for instance, that cute arrangement of half a brick and some string by which we regulate the back draft of the furnace, and the complicated and precarious device I have invented for filling my fountain pen; but these will be enough to give you some idea of how the gross material side of life presents itself in our house.

Do you wonder that I am dejected, that all the delusions of grandeur aroused by the Appraisers' moving

brochure have been punctured? I look for consolation only in one direction. If some of those whose households are as dishevelled and incomplete as ours will write and tell me about it, then I shall know that I am not abnormal or alone. If I get enough letters I shall accomplish what a questionnaire might accomplish with much more trouble and expense: I shall have data for an article in *The Gentlemen's Home Companion* on Inefficiency in the Home, Its Cause and Cure. But, what is more important than that, I shall recover my self-respect, so that when I enter my Master Bedroom I shall not feel that the term is bitter irony; rather shall I exclaim,

"Oh, how that name befits my composition!"



THE PROFESSOR HAS AN IDEA

BY R. S. COTTERILL

THE Professor was dazed but triumphant. He had that day read fifty Freshman papers and still believed in God. This showed how firm the Professor was in the Faith, for the things his class had told him on the test were enough to make a strong man weep. They had told him about the sack of Rome by the Scandals, and had given him various bits of collateral information about an eminent medieval institution which they called the Holy Roller Empire. One bright youth had identified Urban II as an Italian city, while another had volunteered the information, probably never before offered, that Don Quixote was a Spanish veterinarian. They had mislaid kingdoms and continents and hemispheres, and the Professor meant to thank them personally to-morrow for not losing the solar system. He reflected ruefully that an examination was one of those things

which it was more blessed to give than to receive. It apparently did his students no good but it prevented *him* from becoming vain. Whenever he began to feel a bit of complacency about his teaching, the remembrance of his last set of examination papers always restored him to a proper state of humility. To-day his spiritual barometer was very low. He wondered what would happen to plumbers and painters and even garagemen if they had no better results from their work than he did from his teaching.

There was but one balm for the Professor in his Gilead of discouragement: he knew that his colleagues were having no more success than he. His friend in Mathematics complained that his classes were not sure of anything except the principle that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. This probably appealed to them because it sounded like a labor-saving device. The Sociology professor, who united a gift of language with a deep bitterness of soul, was accustomed to say that the continued existence of his students was a contradiction of the old axiom that nature abhors a vacuum. It was only in athletics that the students seemed to be meeting the demands made on them.

The trouble was that everybody was in pursuit of knowledge but nobody was overtaking it. But even in his valley of humiliation the Professor realized that the reason latter-day students were losing out in the race was not because they couldn't run but because they didn't want to. He reflected that students being what they were, the only practicable way of inducing them to take Pope's advice and drink deep of the Pierian Springs was to lay a pipe line or start a bottling factory. Then they could drink without effort. He remembered that above the door of a recitation hall in his old University the words were cut in Greek, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." He thought that if he had the choosing of an inscription for a modern temple of

learning he would select the verse from Proverbs, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep."

But, reflected the Professor, there must be something good in education or else everybody (except teachers and students) would not go on having faith in it. For they evidently did have faith in it and showed their faith by their pocketbooks. Greater faith could no man have. He resolved to examine the whole subject again and try to find out what it was in education that called forth all the effort and faith and expenditure.

Of course, as the Professor saw at once, the people who advocated education and supported it were not the students, but their parents. They had been students themselves at one time and so could be under no delusion as to the efficiency of education, so they must have some other reason for their enthusiasm. At this point in his musings the Professor caught his first glimpse of a vague and fugitive idea. In great perturbation of spirit he filled his pipe and set off hot-foot in pursuit.

The idea that had occurred to him was that parental enthusiasm for education was due to the fact that it kept their children busy. From this point of view, the significant thing about education was not that it took the young people to school, but that it took them away from home; it was the effect of their absence from home and not the result of their attendance at school that was the essential thing about education. Thanks to a wonderful system of public instruction, parents were relieved from the care of (and association with) their children for a term varying from eight to sixteen years. Children graduated from family life at the age of six. With their children out of the way, parents had leisure and opportunities for a variety of other things. The Professor began to feel the glow of a philosopher over the birth of a new theory. He proceeded to look around him mentally and to enumerate the ways in which parents might

be affected by the absence of their children.

The first thing to occur to him was that the parents would be able, obviously, to devote themselves more wholeheartedly to the chase of the Almighty Dollar and to lay up for themselves greater treasures on this earth for rust to corrupt and thieves to break through and steal. Mightn't this be the reason why the United States was so prosperous and millionaires grew so luxuriantly? Big Business and public schools had entered our civilization at practically the same time. The Professor remembered the prominent man on the Board of Trustees of his own university who refused to employ college graduates in his hardware business but kept his own children at school; he wasn't so inconsistent after all. He reflected that those people who employed their time making up long tables to show how much more successful college students were in after life (that is, after leaving college) than other people were, were doing a vain thing. Statistics like that were irrelevant. What was needed was a table of statistics showing how much more successful were the parents whose children went through college than those whose children remained at home under foot. It would be interesting to know how much greater chances of success a father had whose children stayed away from home long enough to finish college than one whose children merely finished the grades. These would be vital statistics with real vitality to them. It was a wonder that sociologists had neglected such a promising field of research.

The Professor continued to meditate. He saw that it was education, grade education in particular, that had brought about the emancipation of women. Before the days of compulsory education the mothers were usually tied down at home with the debilitating task of taking care of their children. Now that it was possible to raise children by proxy (thanks to education) women had the leisure to indulge their humanitarian

instincts by going into business and taking part in politics. Both these great fields of endeavor had expanded tremendously as a result. Business and politics had the same place in modern life that bread and the games had among the Romans, reflected the Professor; in the final analysis they were pretty much the same thing. Woman suffrage had followed closely in the wake of public schools, and the relation between the education of children and the formation of women's clubs was obvious. He thought he could see now why it was that women were so active in educational work and so enthusiastic in their support of the kindergarten movement. The men, he had noticed, had never seemed much interested in the kindergarten; children of that age, even if they did stay at home, would inevitably fall to the care of the women, anyhow.

Then, too, there were the sports. Surely the truant officer of the public school deserved to be an honorary member of every golf club and bridge club in the country. For without compulsory education the tired business man would have to spend his leisure hours in disciplining his unregenerate offspring, and the distaff side of the household would have to go regularly to the mat in the same worthy, but time-consuming, cause. Similarly, organized baseball would never prosper if the public schools, by taking charge of the children, did not give the Old Man a chance to attend the games. The rise of sports had swiftly followed upon the development of education. In pre-education days, the circus and the zoo had been the chief sporting events: children could be taken to both.

Finally, there was the great field of ethics and morality and religion. It was only on minds set free from household cares that the uplift got in its deadly work. It was the fact that the children were busy elsewhere that gave parents (particularly mothers) leisure to agitate for pure food laws, and Mann Acts, and to make genial old John Bar-

leycorn dive for the storm cellar. There had been of late years much talk about the breaking up of family life. The Professor wondered if it wasn't because the family was no longer needed for looking after the children: they were cared for during most of their waking hours (and, in higher education, frequently when they were asleep) by the State. In the train of education there followed the collapse of home life, impermanency of marriage, frequency of divorce, and the deplorably one-sided delights of alimony. The family, thought the Professor, seemed to be going the way of the vermiform appendix; it was rapidly getting to the place where it had no function to perform.

The Professor had been traveling fast and now had his quarry in full view. He could see that it was education that had built up the motion picture industry, that was responsible for the cults of psychoanalysis and spiritualism, and contributed, at least, to the demand for automobiles and good roads. With a little more leisure (which, being a teacher, he would never have) he thought he might show the relation of education to Einstein and even to the Quantum Theory. But he perceived suddenly that he had done enough: he had found the justification of education. Previous investigators had missed it because they had looked for it in the wrong place. They had looked for results of education among the students, while as a matter of fact they were to be found only among the parents. Students fulfilled their mission in life by their absence; they contributed to progress by making a vacancy. If schools could be kept going all the year around, six days a week, the world would truly be a lovely habitation. If to this could be added a compulsory Sunday school for all under the age of eighteen, culture would spread itself like the green bay tree, and the millennium would hurry into its seven-league boots and come a-running.



Editor's Easy Chair



WANTED: INTERNATIONAL CO-OPERATION!

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE is need of better co-operation in international affairs. It is sought earnestly in London at this writing in an effort to limit or reduce the world's supply of warships. Then there is the matter of our wheat, which has been on the mind of the Farm Board. Our farmers have been advised by their government not to sell at too low a price, therefore, at this writing a lot of American wheat is held in elevators, and predictions are made that more and more will so accumulate, so that the new crop which begins to come in in July will be embarrassed to find storage.

So we seem to have too much wheat, particularly since our crop has been held back and other nations, Canada and Argentina among them, have caught the market. We seem to have too much wheat; but China, by all accounts, has not enough. The accounts we get of people dying there in the streets of starvation are highly picturesque but not at all pleasant. If we could connect some of our surplus wheat with that starving population it might be a profitable association.

But the main trouble in China, according to the accounts we get, is not primarily a lack of food or a lack of money to acquire it, but the chaotic political condition of that huge country which makes a proper distribution and protection of supplies impossible. China is overrun with soldiers, bandits, and revolution. The Nationalist government at Nanking is not strong and its existence

depends a good deal upon the support of the foreigners in the treaty ports and especially at Shanghai. The Nationalist Government keeps its money at Shanghai in the banks of the foreign settlement, which is the only convenient safe place for money that it knows of in China.

The foreign legations and embassies to China are located at Peking in North China, seven hundred miles away from the seat of the present government of the country. That is where residence is provided for our new Ambassador, Mr. Johnson. If the Nationalist Government is going to survive and the capital is to remain at Nanking, which is up the river seven hours distant from Shanghai, the diplomatic personages now resident at Peking will have to move to Nanking. At present in China, it is as though the capital of the United States were moved to St. Louis or Kansas City, and the diplomats all remained in Washington.

For centuries China's great trouble was from Tartar invasions, and the government was domiciled at Peking near the Great Wall as being a handy place from which to stand off invaders. But that peril has passed, and if invasions should come now they would come from the sea, and the place most necessary to protect and defend is Shanghai, the New York of China, and the port of Nanking with the vast Yangtse Kiang River, navigable to warships, connecting them. About a quar-

ter of the population of the world lives in China, lives, that is, or starves; and the problem of reorganizing that country is about the biggest and most important world problem now claiming attention. The old conventions in China about politics and religion on which Chinese civilization was based are pretty well gone to grass, owing not a little to the ministrations of Protestant missionaries. The job of replacing them with something better is colossal, and one of the leading agencies in its prospective settlement is the United States.

So we may just as well give a little thought to China and even study her map a little, because we shall have to, shortly, whether we like it or not. She is the greatest market in the world. When she is moderately modernized and put in order and becomes productive according to her capacity and able to buy and sell and trade in proportion to her industry and resources, all the world will be enriched. Brazil needs her to buy accumulated coffee, just as we do to buy wheat. So on that account she is worth helping.

And also on another account—her very able and industrious people are so different in race and tradition from the Europeans that they are not acceptable in quantity as additions to populations of European descent in any part of the world. The more reason for helping to make home happy for them. We need them as producers and consumers. They have stopped consuming silver, and in consequence silver cannot be produced just now at a profit. There seems to be rather too many of them, but if that is really true, Protestant missionaries will in due time no doubt provide them with instruction in birth control and other modern policies.

A big job, China, very, very big and worth doing! We must all give more thought to it, even Mr. Borah. And as to wheat, though that detail is difficult, it is worth noting that we happen to have as President just now the greatest living expert in feeding starving people.

He probably knows about what one hears of as "the new political economy," which seems to take more thought than has been hitherto bestowed on the detail of increasing the competence of possible consumers to buy the objects that mass production can produce. Henry Ford is interested in that. Senator Grundy, of Pennsylvania, seems a little backward about it. He has not yet seen the vision of immense world production and a corresponding exchange of commodities among all the nations. None of the Protective Tariff gentlemen is as advanced in these matters as one might wish. Just as France is imperfectly conscious of the rest of Europe, so Pennsylvania, for example, seems imperfectly conscious of the rest of the United States.

Whether anybody in China would be more favorably disposed to us for sharing our wheat with them is uncertain and, of course, does not make much difference. If our measures meet the approval of Wisdom that crieth in the gate that is all we ought to want.

THERE is also another imaginable use for surplus wheat near at home. One does not have to read the newspapers to learn about unemployment. As April begins, he sees it in the street: bread lines in some places, and wherever there is construction going on, more or less unemployed men about watching other men work. One gets news of unemployment also in the mail. Suggestions of all kinds from organizations, long-established or impromptu, that money is needed to tide people who are out of a job over hard places. Our social organization is still imperfect, as are all others we know about which are operating in this world at this time. The most radical experiment is in Russia, and the idea underlying it is to secure to the real creators of wealth the wealth that they produce. That is a very ambitious purpose, complicated by the fact that the greatest factor in the production of wealth is brains; the brains which give employment to hands and

make their labor profitable. The Russians have Karl Marx and Stalin, who is said to be letter-perfect in Marxian theories, and the United States has Henry Ford and mass production. Russia is going to put her mark on the twentieth century. Henry Ford has already put his mark on it. Stalin and Henry are both fairly ruthless people. But that is nothing. What they stand for—the ideas and ideals that they work for—is the important thing. Owen Young made a speech in California and said that isolation of America, either economic or politic, is impossible. That means that whatever is going to happen to the rest of the world is going to happen in a measure to us also. We are not going to remain rich, comfortable, and tidy while the rest of mankind, or any very large part of it, goes ragged and hungry. We have got to take large views in this world and try to realize that we are a responsible part of it, responsible in the exact proportion to our prosperity and power.

France does not seem to be of a mind to agree with Owen Young's veto of isolation. France is for France—French life, French knowledge, French art, French habits, French morals, French food, French drinks. Well, there is so much appreciation of all these French treasures that perhaps it may be possible to keep France as a sort of museum piece in a reconstructed world; but it will never be possible so to keep the United States.

There is more than usual determined effort proceeding in Chicago to put a stop to racketeering and quite a strong disposition in the same direction in New York and doubtless elsewhere. Racketeering is when persuasive persons with guns come to grocers, clothing men, restaurant keepers, speak-easy keepers, market men and other persons in business and offer protection at the price of tribute. The persons who offer protection are called racketeers. If the offer is declined, the practice is to put a bomb on the doorstep, start a fire in the cellar,

or otherwise impede the natural course of business of the reluctant merchant. The effect of racketeering is to put up the price of things, so it constitutes a tax on contemporary life. Of course, there are objections to it, but it seems a very natural process. It is just the Good Old Rule—that those shall take who have the power and those shall keep who can.

For consider the new tariff discussion! Gentlemen interested in various products get together in some purlieu of the Senate and agree upon something. Then the gentlemen interested in oil vote to pass the tax demanded by the gentlemen interested in sugar and vice versa, and both do something for lumber in return for having lumber do something for them, and so on, and so on, and so the price of living is raised by the cost of protection just as it is in the case of the racketeers.

The more one examines this contemporary world the queerer it is, and the likelier it seems that it is on the way to radical reconstruction. What is the matter with it? Just one thing—man. The plant is good enough. It seems to have about everything that is necessary or desirable for human life, and if things do not go on as they should it is because men have not yet learned to live as they should. Some have. There are some really creditable performances.

AN UNUSUAL number of notable people have died recently: Clemenceau, Balfour, Chief Justice Taft, Doctor Hadley, and others. Mary Wilkins Freeman was one of the others. Her stories were very acceptable to a generation now passed. Her publishers know whether the current contemporary generation reads them or not, but probably not. But they were good stories in their day.

The most interesting of the recently departed was Lord Balfour. He was a tall, long-legged man and seemed to live in an atmosphere somewhat superior to that in which ordinary mortals func-

tion. The range of his interests was extraordinarily wide, and his mind seemed to work well on any job he put it to. The most prevalent and usual employment of mankind he never had to be concerned with. He never had to make a living. He got his ready made and apparently ample for all his requirements. Harold Begbie complained of him that he seemed indifferent whether anyone else had any money or not, which may have been true, but only because it was a subject to which his mind was not much called. In spite of that complaint he was kindly, sympathetic, and interested in his way in everything that concerned human life, from psychical research to golf. He was Premier of England for two or three years and he almost always had conspicuously to do with government in some capacity or other. He came to the United States, as we all remember, to help us get into the War and again at the time of the Washington Conference to cut down navies. He was always ready apparently to take a hand in any useful job, and yet life never seemed to worry him. Perhaps he was a man of faith. He behaved as though he were. His life seemed geared to spirituality. When he dined with Mr. Choate toward the close of his War mission here, the dinner-table talk turned on immortality, the prospect, that is, of the survival of personality. If greatness in a man is measured by understanding of life, possibly Lord Balfour will be rated as the greatest Englishman of his time. He was certainly one of the most charming. But who is greatest is not very important, and the conclusion of one generation about that is apt to be reversed by the next.

Doctor Hadley was like Balfour in the great variety of matters that his mind worked on. It was an extraordinary mind, very able and tireless. If one set out to criticize him it might be said he was too busy; but probably that would not be true, for he was meant to

be busy. His mind was hardly of the brooding sort, which is perhaps its greatest variety, but was a tremendous organ for the acquisition and application of knowledge. Moreover, he was a kindly and affectionate human being and a good preacher. He seemed to know as much about religion as he did about railroads. As a college president he was not quite a brilliant success, but he was far from being a failure, and his kindness of spirit and understanding of the details of the pursuit of knowledge must have made him very agreeable to his colleagues to work with.

Yale may be said to have lost her two most illustrious graduates within a week, Doctor Hadley one, the other Mr. Taft.

Mr. Taft seemed to have chosen for his job to be a public servant. He held office nearly all his working life and nearly always by appointment. He was a man other men liked to use. In character and ability and capacity to work he looked very good to them and he was so kind and amiable as to gain credit for any administrator who succeeded in enlisting him.

CANNOT something be done towards keeping acceptable bishops of the Episcopal Church on their job in this life for a longer period? Three valuable bishops, all highly regarded, have gone to glory within a few months at ages not much exceeding sixty: Bishop Brent of Buffalo and Europe, Bishop Slattery of New York and Boston, and Bishop Shipman of New York. To be a bishop in a large diocese of the Episcopal Church seems to call for an athlete in the pink of physical condition and certainly not over forty years old. Men are wanted who can sprint about the country, sleep in damp beds, eat strange food, and still keep in the running. St. Paul could have done all that. How old was he when he started his apostolate? Doubtless not over forty, probably younger. But nowadays the Episcopal Church doesn't catch bishops as young as that.



Personal and Otherwise



THIS is our eightieth birthday. The first issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE appeared in June, 1850.

That first issue, as one turns its yellowed pages, makes a curious contrast with the present one. How different it was in outward appearance you may see by glancing at the frontispiece of this number. It was as different within as without. The type was so small that one wonders how readers' eyes stood the strain. There were no advertisements. There were a few line-cut illustrations, including several fashion-plates of ladies in straw bonnets and dresses embodying "the present tendency . . . to adopt the extreme ornamental elegance of the middle ages." And the reading matter consisted almost wholly of material reprinted (unsigned) from the British journals of the day—stories, articles, essays, book-reviews (and among other things a death-notice of William Wordsworth).

The editors' foreword explained that "the design of the Publishers in issuing this work is to place within reach of the great mass of the American people the unbounded treasures of the Periodical Literature of the present day." In other words, HARPER'S MAGAZINE began as a monthly miscellany of items selected from other publications, mostly British.

To-day the Magazine is dressed in orange instead of dull brown; the columns and cherubs of the original cover, after having gone through various modifications at the hands of John W. Alexander, Maxfield Parrish, and other artists, have given way to Mr. Dwiggins's modern type-design; the print has grown in size and legibility, and the illustrations (including the fashion-plates!) have departed. We are now able to publish the Magazine at a price which—if we take into account the shrinkage of the dollar—is only a fraction

of the three-dollar rate of 1850, which the publishers of those days regarded as very low. The practice of reprinting material from foreign sources was given up as American writers gained in skill and power; and although the Magazine naturally still draws upon England and the Continent for contributions, its tone and the majority of its contents have long been unqualifiedly American. In 1850 there were few magazines in the United States, now there are over two thousand; and as a result HARPER'S has inevitably become more individualized. Varied as are its interests and its contents, it has become first of all a vehicle for the free and lively discussion of those problems which concern the leaders of the best sort of American public opinion. In a sense, then, the HARPER'S of June, 1930, is as different from the HARPER'S of June, 1850, as the America of to-day is from that of fourscore years ago.

Yet in another sense there has been no change at all: the spirit is the same. The editorial foreword of that first issue expressed a desire that the Magazine might "make its way into the hands or the family circle of every intelligent citizen of the United States." The emphasis then as now was upon intelligence, upon the satisfaction of cultured tastes, upon providing the best for those who know enough to recognize the best when they see it. During all these eighty years the aim of Harper & Brothers has been not merely to publish a profitable magazine, but to publish, profitably if possible, a magazine of the highest quality.

It is with some reluctance that we admit to being octogenarians. For pleasant as it is to hear from those old friends who knew and enjoyed us when we were young, it is still more pleasant to be told that we are young to-day. The only sort of magazine worth publishing or reading is the magazine every issue of which comes as a fresh sur-

prise, a fresh stimulus, a fresh look forward into the future. So if you feel kindly toward us as we light the eighty candles on our cake, wish us, please, a new birth every month for another eighty years.



The success of *A Preface to Morals*, one of the most influential books published in recent years, has made the name of its author, *Walter Lippmann*, familiar to a great number of readers, not all of whom may be aware that Mr. Lippmann is also the editor of the *New York World* and one of the shrewdest political analysts in the country. Among Mr. Lippmann's other books are *A Preface to Politics*, *Public Opinion*, *The Phantom Public*, and *Men of Destiny*.

Stella Benson's work is on the whole better known in England than on this side of the water, but American readers of *The Poor Man*, *Pipers and a Dancer*, and *Good-Bye, Stranger* are acquainted with her unusual gifts. Many HARPER readers will recall her strange story, "The Man Who Missed the Bus," or the amusing tale entitled "The Prank" (about the man who played the hose into a stateroom window on shipboard). As the wife of J. C. O'Gorman Anderson of the Chinese Customs Service Miss Benson has lived much in China—which accounts for the background of her present story.

We could wish nothing better for *Leslie Roberts's* article than that it might be read by every Senator and Representative in Washington and by every office-holder whose acts might in any way affect the relations between the United States and Canada. Mr. Roberts is a Canadian newspaper man who has served on various newspapers in Canada and New York and for the past three years has been free-lancing—contributing to Canadian magazines, writing *These Be Your Gods* (a collection of satirical portraits of Canadian leaders), and working on a forthcoming novel. He served overseas during the War; and, as he puts it, "after getting along fairly well for four years with nothing but superficial markings, contrived to attract all the scrap-iron flying in the

vicinity of Cambrai in October, 1918, and has a fairly useless arm and similar leg as a result."

Mary Borden was born and brought up in the United States but has lived under the beneficent influence of the English climate since her marriage to Brigadier-General Spears. Her novels include *Jane—Our Stranger*, *Three Pilgrims and a Tinker*, *Jericho Sands*, and *Flamingo*. In an article in our April issue she ably defended French morals.

As in the account of "Roosevelt and the 1912 Disaster" which we published last month, *Owen Wister* combines narrative with interpretation in his story of his friendship with Roosevelt during the dark years of the War. These recollections will form the concluding part of Mr. Wister's forthcoming book, *Roosevelt: The Story of a Friendship*, which will take a place alongside *The Virginian*, *Lin McLean*, *The Seven Ages of Washington*, *The Pentecost of Calamity*, and Mr. Wister's other distinguished volumes.

In "The Daughter of a Princess," *Charles Caldwell Dobie*, the San Franciscan whose stories have appeared consistently for many years past in anthologies of the best American short fiction, brings before us again a character with whom readers of his work have already become familiar—the engaging baker, Josef Vitek.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church of New York, which is now completing its new home on Riverside Drive, is perhaps the most influential American preacher of our day. In this issue he carries on a discussion to which he contributed last December with his paper entitled "Religion Without God?" Since that article appeared we have published two others on the same general topic from different points of view: Professor Allport's "The Religion of a Scientist" and Elmer Davis's "God Without Religion."

Stewart Edward White's recollections of his boyhood hunting excursions will appeal to dog-lovers, to hunters, and to many who never owned a dog or walked the woods for grouse but enjoy the outdoors as Mr. White and his companion did in those well-remem-

bered days of a generation ago. Nobody writes more delightfully than he of life in the open, as readers of *The Blazed Trail*, *The Forest*, *The Mountains*, and his other more recent books will bear witness.

The endlessly fascinating subject of European contrasts with America offers a theme perfectly suited to the analytical skill of *Katharine Fullerton Gerould*, whose essays and short stories appear frequently in HARPER'S. Mrs. Gerould spent last summer in Europe.

Roland English Hartley is a coming California fiction-writer whose mordant story of "Office Hours" (in a dentist's office) appeared a few months ago. This is his second appearance in our pages.

It was *Lillian Symes* who wrote "What Shall We Tell the Children?" in our April, 1929, issue, and followed it with "Still a Man's Game" and "The Last Frontier" (a paper on the migration of young hopefuls to New York). She is a Californian who lives in New York and has divided her time between journalism and industrial research. In her subtitle to "Still a Man's Game" she called herself a "slightly tired feminist"; tired or not, however, she has little sympathy with the masculinists.

The past winter has been a critical time for the aviation industry and a confusing one for those who knew that flying had a future but saw company after company going to the wall. Just what is its status to-day and what problems must it solve to achieve a real prosperity? These questions are answered by *Francis D. Walton*, aviation editor of the New York *Herald-Tribune*.

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The first poem of the month was found recently among the papers of the late *Katherine Mansfield* (Kathleen Beauchamp, later Mrs. J. Middleton Murry), who was brought up in New Zealand, had an all-too-brief literary career in London, wrote some of the most poignant stories and letters of our time, and died in 1923. The other poets are *Dorothy Aldis* (Mrs. Graham Aldis) of Chicago, a new contributor who has to her credit three books for children; *Katherine Garrison Chapin* (Mrs. Francis Biddle) of

Philadelphia, whose recent HARPER poems have won much praise; *Helene Magaret* of Omaha, who is now studying at Barnard (and has made one previous appearance in our pages); and *V. Sackville-West*, the English novelist and poet whose long poem, *The Land*, won the Hawthornden Prize for 1927.

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This is professors' month in the Lion's Mouth. *Charles A. Bennett*, a veteran contributor to this department, is professor of philosophy at Yale; *R. S. Cotterill* represents the faculty of Florida State College.

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An error in John Gunther's article, "Funneling the European News," calls for correction. Mr. Gunther said the New York *Sun* had one correspondent abroad; we are informed that it has now more than twenty-five representatives in foreign capitals and larger cities, with special arrangements for coverage in other news centers. On January first of this year, the *Sun* discontinued an arrangement for the use of the Chicago *Daily News* foreign service and began national distribution of its own service through the Consolidated Press Association.

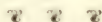
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Stuart Chase's article on "The Mad Hatter's Dirty Teacup" brought forth a chorus of applause and of corroborative testimony. "I wish the article could be read over every radio in the country every night for a year," wrote a Milwaukeean. A physician at a state hospital in New York State, writing "to say amen to every word of it," reported:

Our public roads, hospital roads, and woods are littered and desecrated. I scavenge in summer, seething with rage. When I remonstrate, people are insolent or indifferent—they say if they are on state property it is no one's business. They used to climb and batter down chestnuts, build fires, take up little evergreens we had set out; and they gather 150 trilliums (one person), emerge with them all wilted, then throw them away. They break down dogwood, cut bittersweet vines to get at them. . . . In a quiet country road I saw a

party of motorists rapidly gathering sweet corn, and I have often seen them take boxes of vegetables from our hospital farm. Even our sap-buckets were carried away when people found them near the road.

Similar instances too numerous for quotations are cited by other readers. Our correspondence reeks with indignant references to banana-peels, contaminating sewage, broken dishes, leaky tins, peanut shells, river-banks encrusted with debris, etc.



The *Tulsa Tribune*, of Tulsa, Oklahoma, devotes two columns to a violent attack on us and on Frances Woodward Prentice, whose "American Crude," it charges, is an attempt to "kick the slats out of" Tulsa. The reply is too long to quote in full, but the following representative paragraphs will show that the *Tribune* itself can kick slats with the best of us:

"American Crude" is what Mrs. Prentice, a former resident of Tulsa, calls her description of types she attempts to picture. She probably would not deny that she had Tulsa definitely in mind. Knowing seaboard editors to have a high-hat attitude toward the "low-hat" West, as they see it, she carries to their market the wares she thinks they will buy. And HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE buys them. The crudeness rests less upon the writer than the editors of HARPER'S who pay real money for the privilege of broadcasting the crude attempt at cleverness.

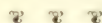
The "American Crude" that this writer, these editors, and publishers hold up to ridicule is not a tenth as crude as the purveyors of the false picture. For the "crudes" delineated are themselves empire builders. They invest themselves in the cause of commonwealth making. They are awakening to a growing intelligence and a perfecting integrity. If that be crude Americanism, then the whole fabric of our flag is colorless gunny-sack stuff, for of this our every state is made, including New York whose great seal screeches "Excelsior."

HARPER'S MONTHLY and its paid defamers of state builders are the evidence of the real American crude. It is no disgrace, as we comprehend America, to build a great state in twenty-three years, to convert the wilderness of the century into

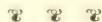
towering towns and commonwealth colleges. They are crude who revel in seeming frailties which are themselves virtues because they are but the evidences of an aspiration that is rapidly finding direction to a positive cultured end. The wheat pit and the pig pen of Chicago's food mart built one of America's greatest art schools. The same ascension is in process right here in Tulsa. HARPER'S is ridiculously crude not to see and reveal that fine romance but instead harpoon it. . . .

Out here in this "crude" Oklahoma we are doing something more than convert range land into perfected farms. We are doing something more than pump crude petroleum out of the bowels of the earth. We are fostering a petroleum chemistry. We are subsidizing physicists in research to find the by-product that will be fed by crude bulk production and which refinements will bring art to Tulsa as the meat packers brought it to Chicago, as the timber cutters of Minnesota developed symphonies, and all of which has been making the magic Manhattan, which the provincial Manhattanite thought he himself had made. . . .

We are conscious of our crudities. Sure we have them. We suffer from an overproduction of them. But even those of us who are subjected to ridicule are contributing more to the social integrities and commonwealth aspirations than the very writers who for profit assassinate aspirations. And we are building bigger than the editors, who to gratify an ingrown egotism publish slander against those who by a purposeful living are trying to make the stars on our flag shine with greater luster.



Readers of Harold J. Laski's recent essays in HARPER'S may be glad of the reminder that several of them are included in his new book, *The Dangers of Obedience*, which has just been published by Harper & Brothers.



We have received so many comments on "The Barren Twig Protests"—including more than twenty articles written in reply, several of them by "fruitful branches" or "fruitful vines"—that we shall have to postpone printing any of them until next month. You can't celebrate your eightieth birthday and conduct a symposium on modern marriage in the same department in the same month.



FRENCH FISHERMAN
By Cadwallader Washburn
Courtesy of the Keppel Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

THE NEMESIS OF AMERICAN BUSINESS

BY STUART CHASE

I RETURNED from Mexico the first week in April. The taxi from the Pennsylvania Station landed us, about seven o'clock in the morning, in front of an apartment house in the east thirties in New York. We rubbed our eyes. How were we to get into the apartment? For the whole length of the block a solid phalanx of men, six abreast, filled the sidewalk from house wall to gutter. Like a great python, the line curved around the corner of Madison Avenue and, like an act of creation under the microscope of a biologist, cells of humanity from every direction were coagulating into its tail as it twisted and swelled towards Fifth Avenue. A policeman, gently enough, tore a breach through the line and, with suit cases bulging with the serapes of Taxco and the pottery of Puebla, we made our astonished way between the files of stolid, battered men, and up the stairs.

We had come from one of the poorest of lands to the richest under the sun. But among the Aztec villages we found no unemployment and no visible economic suffering, while here on the side-

walk of the Queen City of the Republic, where, it is alleged, thirty mechanical slaves are equipped to serve the needs of every man, woman, and child, were fifteen hundred men without work and without food. For hours they will stand here (one has just swayed and collapsed) until to a thousand of them are given tickets, entitling the holder to tramp some miles to the south, and there hours later receive twenty cents' worth of food.

We have the mechanical slaves truly enough, and this bread line is part of the price that we pay for them. A bitter paradox. To hold, as some do, that any worthy man can secure a job if he only applies himself diligently enough is to be guilty of a total, and almost criminal, misconception of the course of the industrial revolution. Let me sketch for you if I can a rough parallel.

In the outlying villages of the central plateau of Mexico I found an almost pure pre-machine culture. Nor was it by any means a neolithic one. Behind it lay the tradition of a very great and noble civilization—that of the Aztecs and the

Toltees who reared their incredible white cities and stupendous pyramids and temples a thousand years ago. Much of that culture remains intact in the Indian of to-day, bent but not broken by the marchings of Spanish conquerors and of revolutionary armies. A group of these villages will comprise an almost completely self-sustaining unit. Houses are built of local materials, clothing is largely home grown and spun, food comes from the neighboring fields and groves, recreation is a local product in which all participate, while over the whole economic process broods a spirit of authentic craftsmanship giving rise to some of the loveliest pottery, glass-work, masonry, weaving which the world knows. Nobody has much; a bad harvest may cause real suffering; you and I would be profoundly uncomfortable adjusting our bathroom-steam-heat-butter-plate complexes to actual living in one of these villages; but there is enough to go around, in the basic biological sense of the term, leisure to enjoy life, economic independence within the exigencies of climate and food supply, while unemployment is as rare as a Freudian neurosis. Indeed, unemployment is a meaningless term in a self-sustaining pre-machine community. In the fields, in the forests, about the house there is always work to be done.

Now let us perform a drastic—and mindful of these kindly Indians—a somewhat ghastly, surgical operation. Let us graft upon this community the technic which James Watt set in motion when he solved the problem of the steam engine a century and a half ago. Invested capital comes sweeping into the country and, with it, interest, profits, and wages. Corporations spring like mushrooms. A lumber company takes over the forest and fuel supply. Contractors undertake the building of houses. Mining concerns exploit the silver, copper, and gold of the surrounding mountains. Factories proceed to the manufacture of textiles, agricultural implements, boots and shoes. Serapes

and sombreros go into mass production. Banks open their Doric doorways. High-pressure men make the round of the cabins, their portfolios bulging with installment contracts. Radios blare, motor horns grunt, saxophones croon, while down from the mountains two hundred miles away loops the slender wire—which one stroke of a machete might sever—which pumps the life blood of power and light. Self-sufficiency lies in ruins; the region is clamped into world machine economy, drawing its supplies of physical goods from the five continents, and supplies of credit from New York and London.

The Indians will have a higher standard of living: more things—and a perplexing amount of new kinds of trouble. They cease to direct their own economic destinies and go to work for a boss. Money wages supplant their sometime more direct means of subsistence. From diversification they turn to specialization; from cottage craftsmanship to work on the assembly line, or in the machine shop. To eat they must punch a time clock and buy at the Arctic and Antarctic store. Without a job they must fall back upon charity—or indeed upon the grave. And unless the transformation here described is directed by a co-ordinating intelligence hitherto unknown, morning after bitter morning they will awake to find themselves without a job. And for a great variety of reasons.

A badly managed silver mine fails, disgorging a thousand workers. Large profits have been made by a concern manufacturing serapes; almost immediately a dozen new mills have invaded the field, competition for weavers has been brisk, wages are good. Then suddenly the serape market is saturated; prices drop, the old mill and half the new ones shut their doors. Another thousand on the street. A panic seizes the stock market in New York, followed by a business depression. American buyers are marking time, imports decline; presently Mexican glass and pot-

tery factories must put their forces on two days a week. The world price of copper takes a slump. Three mines up on the hills give notice to all but the pump men. A new loom room is set up in a cotton factory. Four women can now produce as much as thirty did on the old machines. The twenty-six punch their clocks and march out. Five banks merge, and hundreds of clerks together with a number of high executives find their services no longer needed. An efficiency man is teaching women to fold clothes with ten motions rather than thirty, and the market will not absorb the two hundred per cent increase in output. Half the force is laid off. Meanwhile the systole and diastole of the seasons—the wet and the dry—fill and empty the fields and the canneries which surround them.

Good times come and good times go; men and women are broken in mind and body by the waiting, the uncertainty, the sheer physical deprivation, and join the ranks of the down-and-outers, the unemployables. No longer the rains, the soils, the personal effort on one's environment are the arbiters of the community destiny, but the job. For the reasons spread upon the record—and for a hundred others—the job is untrustworthy and incalculable.

Whether these Aztec Indians would be worse or better off if they submitted to the surgical operation here formulated lies quite outside the discussion. Perhaps they would and perhaps they would not. I should guess the latter, but your guess is as good as mine. The only point I wish to make is that, granting a mechanized environment, normally administered, *they could not escape unemployment*. Where none are unemployed in the pre-machine environment of to-day, it is safe to assume that after the operation, at least one man out of ten would always be unemployed; and in the troughs of the business cycle the ratio might run as high as two or three out of ten. Under the hit-and-miss methods of free competition and the

unlimited pursuit of profit the process implacably takes its toll. Not only does the worker suffer but, by virtue of a ten to thirty per cent decrease in the community's purchasing power, the profit suffers too. Unemployment is the nemesis of modern industry.

II

With the rise of the industrial revolution and the incalculability of the job, at least four kinds of unemployment became chronic phenomena in all nations addicted to the machine:

1. Seasonal unemployment—as experienced by canning factory workers in the winter.

2. Technological unemployment—as experienced by stokers in a liner when one or two white-garbed oil tenders displace them.

3. Cyclical unemployment—as experienced by some two million persons in the United States this winter following the stock market crash. The last great cyclical depression was in 1921.

4. Residual unemployment. The creation through the above misfortunes of a permanent class of unemployables incapable of any disciplined effort.

In recent years, particularly in America, two further subdivisions of technological unemployment have been in evidence:

5. Stop-watch unemployment—as when, through time-study methods, one bricklayer takes the place of two.

6. Consolidation unemployment—as when, by virtue of a merger, half a dozen vice presidents and a hundred times as many clerks and salesmen find their function as overhead charges irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial.

The bread line which coiled about my apartment house was an immediate and shattering revelation that these various classes of unemployment were functioning at their best—or worst; that a real business depression had gripped the country; and that the cheerio paragraphs with a Washington date line which I

had read in the Mexican papers, were, like the workers caught in a merger, irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial. It would appear that the administration and the industrial captains had sought by wish fulfillment and holding the right thought to prove the nonexistence of an unpleasant fact. Their efforts were productive of enormous publicity, but something was obviously the matter with the effectiveness of the mental concentration. Here was this bread line. Turning to the back pages of the newspapers, where the optimistic rhetoric gave way to tangible figures, were a number of other unpleasant facts. Let us glance at them.

The United States Department of Labor has for years calculated an index of factory employment, using the year 1926 as 100. What does the index show since the stock market crash?

September 1929	99.8
October 1929	98.3
November 1929	94.8
December 1929	91.9
January 1930	90.2
February 1930	90.3
March 1930	89.8

Down, down, down. For every hundred men working in factories in September only ninety were working in March; ten were on the street. Now compare these figures with some earlier ones. The index figure for March 1929 was 98.6; for March 1923—also a very busy spring—it was 110.8. The drop between these two prosperous periods of 1923 and 1929—from 110.8 to 98.6—illustrates beautifully, and tragically, the inroads of technological unemployment in six years' time. With eleven per cent fewer men, factories were producing more goods in 1929. But the drop from March 1929 to March 1930 was due almost entirely to cyclical unemployment, which in a few months took almost as much toll as six years' growth in technological unemployment. The latter is in the long run the more serious, but the former is the more dramatic. I had read of "corners being

turned" week by week in January, in February, in the early spring, but the harsh facts for factory employment showed March the dreariest exhibit of all.

The American Federation of Labor gives us the percentage of unemployment among its membership month by month. This is primarily an accounting for skilled men. The unskilled do not often join trade unions, while experience has repeatedly shown that the unskilled are more subject to unemployment than the skilled. The percentage of unemployed union members runs:

March 1929	14%
September	10
October	11
November	12
December	16
January 1930	20
February	22
March	21

Up, up, up—even as the employment indices went down, down, down. These figures show two appalling things. First, that even in the best of times one skilled man in ten is without a job. Second, that the number of unemployed more than doubled from September to March.

The back-page reports come soberly in. . . . Chambers of Commerce in 200 New York State communities in March show ratios of unemployment ranging from 5 to 70 per cent. . . . The National Urban League reports 330,000 negroes unemployed. . . . In November 1929 Willys Overland had 4,000 on its payroll as against 28,000 in the peak of 1929. . . . One-third of the hosiery workers of Philadelphia are out of work. . . . Fourteen woolen mills shut down in the Albany district, discharging 1,600, and putting 600 on part time. . . . 150,000 automobile workers jobless in Detroit, the total employed falling from 450,000 to 300,000, with many of the latter on part time. . . . A special study in Buffalo, based on personal interviews and reported by the *Monthly Labor Review*, shows 11 per cent completely idle, and 18 per cent either idle or on part time. . . . A 40 per cent reduction

in automobile workers is reported by the *Monthly Labor Review* from April to December 1929. . . . The National Cash Register Company has 6,500 on its payroll on March 7, 1930, as against 8,000 "a few weeks ago." . . . Residential construction shows an alarming shrinkage. . . . The Whittin Machine Works in Massachusetts normally carries a force of 3,500 men; in January 1930 there were 2,000 at work. . . . And I have hardly made a dent in the clippings and reports before me.

What the grand total of unemployed for the nation was in the early spring of 1930 no man knows. Months from now the computing machines of the Census Bureau may give us a reliable indication. Various estimates have been made, however. Senator Brookhart believes the figure lies between 3,000,000 and 6,000,000. He is probably right. Mr. Darwin J. Meserole of the National Unemployment League hazards 6,600,000—which is undoubtedly high. The crash of 1921 probably did not account for more than 5,000,000, and the present slump is, as yet, no worse than 1921; possibly not quite so severe. William Green of the American Federation of Labor estimated 3,700,000 in February. Senator Couzens reports that a high government official told him that within a few weeks after the stock market débâcle unemployment jumped from 700,000 to 3,100,000. . . . Take your choice. My guess would be at least 4,000,000 in March. The figures cited earlier indicate that unemployment had doubled over its normal rate. If, in the best of times, seven per cent of the 30,000,000 "gainfully employed" are idle—a very conservative figure—this gives us some 2,000,000 in the army of the chronically jobless—the number seeking work in a "good" month like September 1929. Double this, and we reach 4,000,000 for a sinister month like March 1930. This is a reasonably crude guess, but leaning, I think, to the conservative side.

The reasons for the bread line around

my house are rapidly coming into focus. In a sense it is a bread line four million strong, that, in single file, three feet apart, would reach from New York to Denver, with 300 miles to spare.

For a bread line there must be bread, and somebody to provide it. Public and private charities say last winter was the worst since 1921, if not since 1914. My particular bread line, organized by The Little Church Around the Corner, had made no such effort since the panic of 1907. It was feeding 1,000 men daily, only 150 of whom were genuine down-and-outers; "the great majority were honest men who would work if they could." Every trade was represented, including musicians and engineers. There were other bread lines in New York, and three in Brooklyn. The 611 rooms of the Salvation Army's flop house on the Bowery were filled every night, with sometimes as many as 400 men sleeping on the floor. "Things are worse than they have been for a good many years. One fact is very noticeable—the majority of homeless and jobless are native-born Americans."

The Russell Sage Foundation, tabulating relief budgets in 77 cities, finds: "Acute demands for outdoor relief, which, beginning in October, have severely taxed the resources of public and private agencies, were unabated in February. During the month \$4,676,000 was distributed to 164,000 families." The Charity Organization Society of New York reports more applications for aid from destitute families than at any time since 1921—100 per cent greater than in 1929. The Bowery Branch of the Y. M. C. A. distributed as many as 12,000 meal tickets in one day. Five per cent of these applicants held college degrees, and a few were Phi Beta Kappa men. They were largely American born, and their average age was 30. The Welfare Council of New York had to charter an old barge in the East River as an overflow flop house. Twenty-five hundred men were fed daily in Pittsburgh bread lines. The Family Welfare Association

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of America, tabulating reports from 60 cities, finds a 100 per cent increase in relief administered in January 1930 over January 1929, and a 200 per cent increase in families in distress due to lack of work.

Hospital beds are also an index of unemployment. Bellevue notes an increase of 12 per cent. "Many of these patients are from lodging houses. Out of work and destitute, their resistance has become lowered and has induced an *acute* condition in what are ordinarily chronic complaints that do not require hospitalization."

It has been a bitter winter on the Bowery and a bitter spring. Yet above the flop houses and the bread lines has glared a signboard: "Business is good—Keep it good."

III

As men lose their wages their purchasing power declines. The bulk of purchasing power in the United States consists of wages. This reduces sales in other industries until they too begin to reduce their working force. The vicious spiral begins to whirl. The *Annalist's* index of factory payrolls fell from 109 in September 1929 to 95.6 in January 1930—the lowest since December 1924. According to the *Annalist*, wages have fallen even faster than employment—indicating a certain lack of sympathy with Mr. Hoover's recommendation that wage levels be sustained. A further lack of sympathy is reported from Dayton. Personnel managers were interviewed in respect to their handling of lay-offs. Said one, "All they got was ten minutes' notice. That's not fair, but that's all I got from the New York office." The tabulations of the Labor Bureau, Inc., show a heavy increase in wage cuts in recent months. Farm wages are the lowest since 1923, with supply far in excess of demand. Incidentally, demand is considerably below normal. Mr. William Green, testifying before the Senate, estimates a loss of purchasing power in the domestic market of one billion dollars in the first three months of

1930. In the same hearings Senator Wagner introduced figures to show payroll shrinkages of \$200,000,000 a month in factory employment alone. The repercussion is well documented by a drop of \$86,000,000 in outlays for building materials in January 1930 as compared with 1929. This seems to show a certain lack of sympathy with the great construction program which was to guarantee prosperity.

IV

So much for the tangible evidence as to the economic state of the nation in the spring of 1930. If you want more, I am in a position to supply a carload of documents, more or less. The figures prove that prosperity cannot be sold like a tooth paste: by making people want it. And they prove conclusively, I think, that the fifth great era of American commercial prosperity, which began in 1922, ran its course in eight short years (rather below the average span) and died on a certain sixteen-million-share day in October, 1929. Many of us at the time saw no logical reason why a stock-market collapse should necessarily undermine business, and indeed there is none; but what most of us did not see was the extent of the black cloud over Detroit which had been gathering all summer. Along about July the nation found itself unable to purchase motor cars as fast as they were being built. Demand began to slacken, and in due time production had to follow suit. The automotive industry was the backbone of the whole prosperity era, and as, faster and faster, it began to slip, it dragged the whole business structure down with it. Thus undoubtedly a depression was in order, though without any stock-market collapse the curve would not have dipped so deep.

It is alleged that factories are now equipped to produce more than 7,000,000 motor cars a year. With safety valves tied down, and selling pressure at the bursting point, not more than 5,000,000

can be absorbed; and in 1930, it is safe to say, sales will be far below that figure. Senator Couzens tells us that radio factories can turn out 15,000,000 units a year, while only 3,000,000 can be marketed. In industry after industry potential output is vastly greater than demand—a condition which grows steadily worse. Sometimes I wonder if the whole mass production, low-unit cost, high-pressure selling formula has not gone almost as far as it can under the present limits of income distribution, and is not destined, if not to collapse, at least to be profoundly modified. The automobile was the keystone of the arch, and the stone has slipped. Nor is there any article on the horizon to take its mighty place. A fool-proof airplane might do it, but where is the fool-proof airplane?

V

Americans want things—lots of them. The raw material is available—as yet—to provide them, together with a willing labor force, a beautiful technic of management, and an abundance of capital. So, whatever happens to the mass-production formula and to the motor car, business will go on. It may stagger for a time, but it is inconceivable that it is permanently crippled. The current depression will pass, and the emergency bread lines fade away. Cyclical unemployment will mark time until the next depression. What threatens to continue unabated, in good times and bad, is technological unemployment with its three faces—the machine, the merger, the stop watch. In four years oil refineries increased output 84 per cent, and laid off 5 per cent of their men while doing it. Tobacco manufacturing output climbed 53 per cent in the same period, with 13 per cent fewer men at the end. This is the trend throughout industry.

It can mean only one thing. An equivalent tonnage of goods can be produced by a declining number of workers, and men must lose their jobs by the

thousands—presently by the millions. Heretofore, after a dreary period of searching, they have found other jobs. But how near to saturation are the filling-station industry, bond selling, insurance, hot-dog stands, spear carrying in Hollywood, and the other “blotting paper” trades? How near are we to a genuine attack on the staggering wastes of distribution, with its inevitable result of a reduction in man power? Nobody absolutely knows, but many are guessing—your author included—that the blotting paper is becoming soggy. The automobile industry alone soaked up 4,000,000 new jobs since 1900, but its curve of employment is now definitely downward.

Says the *Iron Age*: “If the productivity of industry through mechanization continues to increase in the next 25 years in the same way and at the same rate as during the last 25, only 45 men will be needed for the work which to-day requires 70, and that formerly required 100. In the automobile industry 30 workers were doing in 1925 as much work as 100 workers in 1914.” What are we going to do with the 25 men out of 70 that are to be displaced in the next 25 years? And there may be far more than 25 displaced, as the curve of technology is an accelerating one. Dr. Wesley C. Mitchell estimates that no less than 650,000 men were added to the ranks of the reserve army of the unemployed from 1920 to 1927. We remember too the drop in the index numbers of employment from March 1923 to March 1929, already quoted.

Here is a new ensilage harvesting machine that cuts cornstalks in the field and delivers them to the silo without a human hand touching a single stalk. Here is a new tabulating machine capable of doing the work of 100 skilled actuaries. Here is an automatic mechanism producing 73,000 electric light bulbs every 24 hours, displacing 2,000 hand operators for each machine installed. Here is Section E of the St. Louis concrete sewer project. Thirty-three machine operators, aided by 37

laborers, are doing the work of 7,000 pick and shovel men. Seventy men and machines displace 7,000! The United States Department of Commerce estimates that combines in the harvesting of wheat in one area have cut the force of farm laborers from 50,000 to 20,000. Here are automatic cigar makers, dial telephones, the "iron chink" which has revolutionized the canning of fish, automatic stokers, mechanical glass blowers, automatic power stations, automatic knitting machines, bookkeeping machines, paint sprayers, mechanical cotton pickers, the telephonic typewriter, automatic check writers—and a hundred more, all taking their toll of direct labor. It must not be forgotten that, in the final balance, the direct labor which is displaced may find a job in building or servicing the machine—but the margin of jobs permanently lost is reasonably wide, otherwise there would be no point in introducing the mechanism.

Turning to the allies of the iron bouncer, we note a recent statement in *Forbes Magazine*: "Never before were so many salaried men looking for positions. Men formerly receiving \$10,000 to \$30,000 are now anxious to start at half salary. Thus many bargains in human material are available." Under every merger we shall find a bargain basement.

And here are the indefatigable time-study men. Stop watch in hand, they eliminate enough unnecessary movements in the customary method of dipping chocolate to increase production 88 per cent. Moving on to the next shop, they cut the time of assembling carburetors from 450 minutes to 45. Few markets can absorb such staggering increases in output per man. So the unabsorbed fraction must punch the clock for the last time. In swinging a pick in the coal mines, in sorting potatoes, in picking fruit, in scores of occupations, the time-study brigade is eliminating motions, and with them men. Not only in motions, but in shop arrangement, routing, lighting, ventilating, management generally, is the process rampant.

Better conditions—true; fewer men—almost always.

If a machine does not get you, a stop watch will; and if you dodge both there is a merger waiting around the corner—such must be the thought which lies none too lightly in millions of American minds to-day. If you are alert enough to keep ahead of all three, God knows when you may trip and plunge into the crevasse of a cyclical depression—like that whose somber figures covering the winter of 1930 we have just recorded.

VI

This is no way for a civilized society to behave. Unabated, it will bring most of us to wish that the industrial revolution had never been born. For all our bath tubs, washing machines, and canned asparagus, we may grow more and more envious of the Aztec, who if he has not so many dandy little jiggers, has at least a steady and rewarding job. And quite possibly some of us may start to smash things up. Such a dependable gentleman as Mr. William Green told the Senate that he had no hopes of keeping his hitherto orderly cohorts in line if the conditions which created unemployment were allowed to follow a masterless drift.

If we care enough about it, we can very greatly diminish, if not altogether liquidate unemployment. It will cost something—but consider what it now costs us in charity, in taxes which flow from public charity, in high labor turnover, in broken shop morale, in the quality of work done by men who have no feeling of economic security, in accumulating overhead on closed and partly closed factories and, above all, in reduced markets due to loss of purchasing power. I wonder if the total cost of seizing the situation by the throat would equal the total losses now engendered? I am speaking in strict financial terms for the moment, waiving the whole human cost in suffering, hopelessness, and degradation.

Conceivably, we might start with

an intelligent and honest publicity campaign to replace the winter's dishonorable record of prosperity billboards in the Bowery—a campaign which flatly recognizes facts, however harsh, and tries to swing public opinion towards constructive remedies. We have the precedent in the Safety First and the Cancer Control drives. We might even go so far as to hope that some of the advertising fraternity might give a moment or two from their sterner duties and originate some effective slogans:

Six Hours' Work and Work for Everybody.

Give a Job and Get a Customer.

A Steady Job. Ivory Soap Gives It—Why Not Your Boss?

If Mexicans Can Eat, Why Can't We?
(These are the ravings of a rank amateur. I appeal to those who know the technic to improve them.)

We need to mobilize public opinion as in the Liberty Bond drives—with posters, page spreads, four-minute speakers, radio talks, news reels, editorials, the whole colorful phenomenon which we Americans do so well, and which is our equivalent of the poor Mexican's fiesta.

In such an atmosphere concrete measures might have a chance of success. They may be launched on many fronts.

The logical, sensible, and only final answer to technological unemployment is to shorten working hours. Under present practice, as the machine advances, fewer men work equally long (or approximately so). Why not keep the entire force on the payroll but work them less? Thus the whole nation would share in technological advances: the worker in a steady job with fewer hours, the owner in steadier markets and profits, due to undiminished purchasing power. This is the final goal. I do not deny that its achievement will take a long time, and more brains and more co-ordinated planning than have ever as yet blessed the Republic. It would be something, however, to get it into the national consciousness.

The regularization of industry lies

somewhat short of the final goal, but concrete beginnings have already been made. The Procter and Gamble Company, for instance, estimates its annual production in advance (the variation does not exceed 3 per cent), divides the total by 48, plans to produce that much soap in every week of the year, and guarantees 48 weeks' steady employment to every man who has been in the factory for a term of at least 6 months. Regularization may be approached through four channels: the Business Survey Conference of Mr. Hoover, the trade associations, the industrial manufacturer or contractor, the labor union. For some concerns where seasonal and storage problems have not been solved the program is impossible. For others it may have only partial application. But for thousands it could be put into tangible effect if only their managers could be brought to think about it, and their working force to demand it. Regularization can be only an intermediate goal, because while it provides steady work for those employed, it takes no cognizance of those displaced by machines, time studies, or mergers. It helps the ins enormously, but the outs not at all. What it does in effect is to kill seasonal unemployment and perhaps cripple cyclical; technological it leaves untouched.

Third, there are the long-swing construction programs, optimistically and exhaustively discussed these past few months. In respect to them we need more action and less talk. A construction engineer told me recently that business in his field for the first three months of 1930 had been the worst in his fifteen years' experience. I inquired about the front-page stories, and the figures with the quantities of zeros. "Bosh," he said, "it was stuff they were going to build anyway, except that a lot of it they didn't build!" Carefully prepared, with something of the intelligence with which an army conserves its supplies, construction work both public and private could be nursed in the good years and brought

forward when a cyclical depression threatened. It was not so done this winter—but the job was new and the time was short. It could be done, and Senator Wagner has a bill before Congress to expedite it. Beyond the immediate construction programs, consider the vast amount of useful and necessary labor required in a sound national afforestation project, in slum clearance, in regional planning and beautification work. Some day we must tackle such projects. Why not now?

Fourth, we must have better statistics on unemployment, preferably collected through a nation-wide system of public labor exchanges. No engineer can build a dam until he knows how much dirt he has to move. Meanwhile the exchanges themselves would be enormously valuable in protecting displaced workers from the villainous brigandage of most private exchanges and in informing applicants honorably and specifically of where jobs are to be obtained, if any. This would mitigate the practice of telling a hundred men in Chicago that there is a job in Milwaukee and collecting \$5 from each—with either a single position or a purely fictitious one available when the whole hundred spend their last nickel in reaching Milwaukee.

Fifth, we can raise the age limit at which children are permitted to enter industry, thus salvaging jobs for their elders. If the minimum were placed at 16 years rather than the prevailing 14 years (in most states) some hundreds of thousands of jobs would be conserved. The benefit to the children themselves is too obvious to need argument. At the same time studies should be undertaken to find out the type of job that the older worker is especially qualified to fill, and thus halt the vicious and stupid practice of firing, or refusing to hire, men or women because they are 35 or 40 or 45 years old. As industry becomes increasingly automatic, the steadiness and dependability of the older worker should be increasingly valuable. Flighty youngsters may have more muscle, but the

automatic function needs no muscle; it needs careful inspection, dial watching, checking, and repairing. I am convinced that competent analysis would reveal thousands upon thousands of jobs in the modern world which the older worker is better fitted to perform than the man under 40.

The above programs, if put into energetic effect, will go far towards liquidating unemployment, but a certain amount of lost time there is bound to be, even under the best of conditions. The industrial machine is not frictionless and never can be. For those who have lost their jobs through no fault of their own, particularly during the transition period, two systems of aid are in order—the dismissal wage and unemployment compensation. The former is a lump sum paid by the company to an employee when forced to give his position to a machine (or for other causes), preferably on a sliding scale based on length of service. The latter is such a system as that set up by the Dennison Manufacturing Company or the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, where reserves are accumulated from profits and payrolls to meet the just debts of industry when the machine or hard times come. State unemployment insurance is another aspect of the same general remedy, and most certainly should be applied if management and labor are themselves unable to provide the necessary funds.

As a certified public accountant, I have been examining corporation balance sheets for many years. Seldom do I find one without a "surplus" account on the credit side, and frequently an appropriated surplus, variously entitled "reserve for dividends," "reserve for depreciation," "reserve for bad debts," "reserve for expansion." But a "reserve for unemployment" I have never seen. The dividends and equities of stockholders have been protected by many ingenious devices. It is time, and more than time, that the flesh and blood which provide them receive at least equal consideration.



MR. BELLOWS, THE MONKEY, AND THE TURTLE

A STORY

BY H. R. WAKEFIELD

WHEN Ethelbert Bellows was aged sixteen years and twenty days his father possessed just two shillings; one of these he was about to insert in the gas meter and then pin a warning to his bedroom door—he had always been too considerate of others to be a “Financial Force”—the other he presented to his son and only child, Ethelbert, to enable him to enlist in that rabble corps which battles for board and lodging without much expectation of anything worth calling victory. Till then Ethelbert had been entirely occupied in learning a fresh language a week and had amassed no worldly wisdom. In consequence he stared at the shilling uncertainly, not knowing how best to employ it. He went out into the street in a perplexed and absent-minded state and immediately had a great piece of luck, for he was knocked down by a vast motor car driven by a very fat, rich man. He was bruised and shaken, and at once began to apologize in fluent Albanian, but the fat man drove him to his even richer and fatter house and there questioned him, with the result that he discovered that Ethelbert knew almost every language of the world, though practically nothing else. However, the fat man gave him a job in his Ethertone Corporation Limited, and he was set to study valves and grids, the versatile eccentricity of electrons, and the farcical and provisional facts of radiation. He did this for seven years.

He was a curious and paradoxical young man, for while he had qualified himself to converse fluently in almost every foreign tongue, he could hardly ever bring himself to use his own. There was something about human beings which paralyzed the speech lobe of his brain, and people soon gave up trying to extract conversation from him. Animals, however, invariably wagged their tails at him—if they had any—even Manx cats oscillated their stumps in his presence. He couldn’t make this out, as he felt so very well disposed towards everybody, and would have liked to have been quite different, but he just wasn’t. However, the fact that he lived in an absolute social vacuum, that he was accustomed to think in one hundred and forty-four languages and speak in none gave him unlimited time to perfect himself in the theory and practice of wireless, so that on his twenty-fourth birthday the fat, rich man sent for him, and with podgy impressiveness informed him he had been chosen to travel the world over to demonstrate and collect orders for that Straight One Cosmic Ethertone which his firm had just perfected.

Now Mr. Bellows had the greatest fear of, yet, in a sense, contempt for the sea. It was so crafty and deceitful and strong. Look at it in a harbor, pretending to be so good-natured and gentle, raising such tiny waves that a paper boat could ride them. But outside! How it

smoothed away the crests of its great combers against the stars, after they'd towered up and up and made the Great Bear wriggle the drench from his pelt, and how it shouted to the wind to burst its lungs, and how it loved to feel great ships tickle its ribs as they tilted headlong through and down it. So Mr. Bellows quivered a little and felt he'd like a big, stiff drink when he was told he'd got to travel the world over and cross all those wicked oceans, one of which he'd watched every August at Bognor (Regis), and seen how treacherous and sly it was. He'd seen it drown six swimmers and break a great ship on its harshly rustling beach, and then it dozed the next day, just purring in its sleep, but ready to spin its web again. All the same he had to go, because he was overdrawn at the bank to the tune of fourteen shillings and ninepence, and the directors of the bank were nervous about it.

So though the ship he embarked upon was A1 at Lloyds—and everywhere else—he didn't really believe in it, even though it weighed ten thousand tons and had two raked black-and-green funnels and two lithe masts, strung like knitting needles, and thrusting, tireless propellers, which churned the sea and made it fizz angrily and spit creamy curses and hurry venomously after it. And off they went. Mr. Bellows found a Life on the Ocean Wave consistently monotonous, for once again he failed lamentably to be a "good mixer." He was asked to make a fourth at quoits and deck-tennis and shuffleboard, but he always said he'd rather not, and socially he was a hopeless, conspicuous dud, and he knew it, as he'd always known it, and he failed as he had always failed, though the ship's mascot, a pure white and sprightly goat, always seemed quite glad to see him and slowly drooped his head when Mr. Bellows scratched him between his tough and tiny horns. And they sailed along for many days, and the sea was deliberately but, oh, so deceitfully, sluggish and light.

But one evening the captain took a look at the glass in his cabin, and the needle was dropping like a plummet and the ship's bows were beginning nervously to nudge a rising sea. And how steadily and remorselessly it rose, and how the taut steel cables, which kept the masts in their places, hummed every rhythm which one cared to borrow from them; and presently a big wave struck and pressed the bows and thumped hardly on the well-deck, fizzed and scampered around it, and poured away through the scuppers like Follies ladies after the opening chorus. And then the battle was joined; that fierce, all-over-the-place, implacable tourney between the terrible and inevitable wave-lift of the sea and the ships, tiny and huge, which challenge it. On the fourth day the Sea determined to kill the *Paternoster*, and at 11.45 P.M. it hurled up a sixty-foot straight wall which plunged green on the crow's nest, and hurled the fellow in it head on to the rim of his barrel, so that he crashed streaming to its floor; and the captain, who had been on the bridge for three days without rest, closed his salt-rimmed eyelids, and the quartermaster, his icy fingers stiff and insensate, nodded and let the wheel slip and spin. And then the Derelict got her chance.

Now the sea keeps derelicts as popes once kept bravos to whisper and crouch and hide and kill—stealthy, suborned fellows. And this soused, lumbering, dagger-mouthed menace had once been the fine ten-masted clipper, the *Hammerswinger*, which had been driven to death by a spinning, shouting hurricane which had fought her for twelve days, finally beam-ended her, and flicked her ten high trees and her hundred sails overboard and all her crew with them in a screaming triumph. And since then she had wallowed in the great oceans, just keeping her nose and one eye above the crests, waiting for a chance to slip across some fine ship's bows. And when she saw the *Paternoster's* riding lights yawing

towards her, she edged in towards her prow wickedly but not really hopefully. But as the *Paternoster*, unhelmed, came on, and pitched from swell to swell, each of which topped her mastheads, the Derelict, the vampire—the *Hammer-swing*er—hurled herself in and ripped the *Paternoster* from a point one inch from her prow to the blades of her port propeller; and she was already dying and heeling over when Mr. Bellows staggered to the deck, lugging the Straight One with him. He had been vigorously instructed that he must consider himself the slave of this mechanism, and, if necessary, sacrifice his life in its service. A moment later he was fighting for that life in the sea, but still clutching with bagman conscientiousness his master (“first instalment, five shillings, makes it yours”), and some moments later he was contemptuously tossed far up a sandy beach by a gigantic comber and lost consciousness.

Presently he came to himself and stared and stared around him. Not a cloud in the sky, the sea yawning into a purple doze, though still spouting high on the outer fringe of the coral reef. He looked behind him and discovered he was on a little circular atoll, for whichever way he looked he could see, through the long, dark grove of coconut trees, the iridescent sky-leaps of foam as the sleepy ocean punched the coral. He lay down again, covering his head with the stiffened strips of his “lounge coat” and went to sleep in a profound, animal way. When he woke up, many hours after, the rising tide was sluicing his ankles; so he lugged the Ethertone up the beach some distance and sat down. He was very thirsty and would have been very hungry if he hadn’t been so thirsty.

Now, almost all Gentlemen of England who are cast away on desert islands are adaptable and ingenious fellows far above the average (especially of other races). First and foremost they possess the Romantic Touch, in so far as always they make a habit of rescuing the young women for whom they have developed

a not unreciprocated fancy. And these adaptable gents are quickly at work salvaging flotsam and jetsam cast ashore from the match making wreck. And in a trice—or a couple of trices—they have built a roomy, well-equipped hut—huts rather, for they are always men who have a very high and chivalrous view of woman, which is partly due to temperamental and national mistrust of sexual enterprise, and partly to a religious and conservative upbringing. And the extra virtuous labor in constructing two huts is its own virtuous reward. The young woman somewhat unenthusiastically regards this laborious morality, but as she gazes out over the lonely billows and rubs the sand from between her toes remembers there is always plenty of time on a desert island. (These are the thousand feet of celluloid which the censor most assiduously scans; and afterwards he probably suggests that the huts are rather close, the hero’s shorts rather short, the heroine’s kisses rather long, some of the lines rather broad.) And then these adaptable and essentially decent castaways have, in no time, apparently, jerked from the air like a Hindu juggler a stout line, and out of most nebulous metal bent a hook, and soon a fat fish is broiling over a sufficient fire, set blazing by some unexplained instrument of ignition. Then some rows of dots are indicated—the twain have scampered apart a perch or two—and, heads averted from each other, are swimming along their separate sunbeams. And presently much modest stitching of leaves by miraculously discovered needles and manna-thread, against the day when the inevitable wear and tear of desert island life will have compelled a brace of clean-minded castaways to realize that decency must be at all costs preserved, and the eyes of their eventual rescuers by no means afflicted by a sartorial economy offensive to the squeamish mariner. Not till they are back in the Old Country does Her Man clear his throat, claim his bride, and present her with a complete

set of the works of R. Kipling as a wedding present.

But poor Mr. Bellows knew he wasn't a bit like that. And he was already in a fair way to nudity and starvation, but not to thirst, for he found a small spring of fresh water perking up just below the coconut grove, and from this he drank deeply. And then, having nothing else to do, he pulled the Ethertone out of its tin box and vaguely twiddled its dial. He found himself listening to some syncopated numbers played by the Teheran State Orchestra. Presently his eye was caught by something moving towards him up from the margin of the sea, a turtle he decided, a fine and fat one. It approached with deliberation. When it reached Mr. Bellows it went up to the Ethertone, appeared to examine it closely, then took a long look at Mr. Bellows before settling itself down beside him. Presently it blinked some blinks and closed its eyes. Mr. Bellows gingerly put out his hand and stroked its crusty, ferruled neck, at which it seemed to be fairly pleased.

A moment later Mr. Bellows heard a light "thump" behind him, and on looking round he saw a medium-sized monkey lying on its back with a look of exasperation and anguish on its face; in its eagerness and haste it had missed the bottom branch of the coconut tree in which it spent most of its time. After a while it got up, wriggled its arms and legs, brushed the sand from its person, and then stiffly approached. Like the turtle, it went first to the Ethertone, which it scrutinized from all sides with seemingly great interest, and then it examined Mr. Bellows, and, apparently reassured, put out its right paw, which Mr. Bellows grasped. Nothing had ever pleased him so much as that spontaneous tribute to his trustworthy appearance. It was a pleasant monkey, gray and black, with its hair parted in the middle right down to its tail and two snowy tufts over its chaps. It retained its grip on Mr. Bellows' hand and stared

again at him, and then at the Ethertone, uttered some muted chattering and lightly pulled the tail of the turtle, who opened one eye for a moment and again slumbered and slept.

When the Ethertone faded and sounded no more there was absolute silence save for the murmuring flop of the drooping swell upon the coral and the tiniest flutter from the trees. Mr. Bellows got up and aimlessly twiddled the Ethertone's dial with the result that a sudden metallic monologue spurted out, a talk on Esperanto from the Balearic Islands. Mr. Bellows hastily switched off for, far removed as he was from any chance of exercising his peculiar talent, he instinctively knew his enemy, and had no wish to hearken to propaganda the success of which would reduce his earning capacity to zero. And then down came the dusk, and the monkey stiffly limped off to his tree; the turtle lumbered away to low-water mark, and Mr. Bellows lay back and slept.

When he awoke the sun was up, and he realized that he must soon eat or die. By right and precedent huge cases of food should have floated ashore—and other things. But Mr. Bellows could have faced a few corpses in the circumstances. There was a light "flop" behind him and there was the monkey, who made a perfect landing this time and held out his right paw. And presently the turtle lumbered up. And then Mr. Bellows had two horrible thoughts; he had a thought about turtle soup and he had a thought about monkey steak. He became conscious that the eyes of his companions were fixed upon him. In the turtle's expression he detected uncertainty; in the monkey's, trepidation. After some excited chattering, the latter jumped up, climbed his tree, and soon returned, carrying a fine nut which he cracked on a big stone and offered to Mr. Bellows. Oh, how delicious! He courteously offered a piece to the turtle, to find it had moved a little to one side to disclose a large white egg. Mr. Bellows nibbled gingerly at its contents. Most

palatable! And his immediate problem was solved. He switched on the Ether-tone and found himself in the middle of a talk on the Danzig Corridor, broadcast from Warsaw. Mr. Bellows spoke Polish better than Marshal Pilsudski and it amused him to hear it again, but the monkey began to whimper, so he tried again and got the Peking Municipal Orchestra playing a selection from "San Toy." Mr. Bellows was preoccupied, for he knew there was something he ought to do and he couldn't think of it. At last he thought of it when they all went down to the reef to bathe, and he took off his shirt. Of course, he ought to tie that garment to a pole so that it might be spotted through his telescope by the captain of a passing ship. On the whole, he thought he'd go on wearing it, at least till his skin was fashionably bronzed. Anyhow, he couldn't see a pole anywhere. The sea was so warm and quiet and clear that they spent the whole morning in and out of it. And when they were dry the monkey fetched him another nut, and the turtle laid him another egg.

In the afternoon he explored the island. It was just the same all the way round—about three miles, and not a thing alive upon it except the trees and the turtle and the monkey, though a great sea serpent was sailing magnificently past the reef, head held high, waves foaming from his humped coils. When he saw Mr. Bellows he turned in, back-watered, and inspected him apparently with great interest. "End on," thought Mr. Bellows, "he looks like a Viking ship." And then the mighty snake went on his way. When Mr. Bellows got back to the spring he found the other two waiting for him, and they had Mr. Hoover's forty-third speech on law enforcement and a symphony concert from the People's Palace, Mile End Road. Then the monkey climbed his tree, the turtle humped off to the reef, and they all went to sleep.

And it was just like that for days and days and days. Nuts, eggs, bathing,

wireless, sleep. Almost the same thing, although there were little changes. The monkey taught Mr. Bellows to climb trees with agility. After three weeks' practice he could swing himself up to the first big branch with his right arm, and then go up and up and up till his head popped through the topmost leaf and he could see all round the island and far out to sea. And he took to sleeping in the tree; somehow, he began to feel safer there. By then he hadn't any clothes left, but he was burnt as black as a Zulu and had never felt so well in his life. And he swam out for miles with the turtle, and when he got tired he took hold of her tail and she towed him home. The monkey didn't go out very far, for once a big fish had chased him for half a mile snapping its jaws, and he didn't want that to happen again; so he lay on his back just off the reef and stared up at the sky. Mr. Bellows always wondered what the monkey was thinking about, and one day he got a big surprise for, after a Syncopated Interlude from Bangkok, the monkey said, "Baby, be true," in a sort of sing-song way. Mr. Bellows muttered his astonishment in a little-known Caucasian dialect and stared at the monkey. So did the turtle. Was it possible? Now, as a matter of fact, all three of them had somehow learned to know more or less what the others were thinking. If Mr. Bellows was hungry, he looked at the monkey and had hungry thoughts, and usually the monkey fetched him a nut, but sometimes he was cross, and Mr. Bellows knew that he was telling him to get one himself. Also the turtle knew when Mr. Bellows was tired of swimming, and Mr. Bellows knew when the turtle was fed up with dance music, and sometimes he almost felt he knew when the Ether-tone was fed up with the lot of them. All the same, he couldn't help feeling rather excited when he heard the monkey ask his baby to be true. He beckoned with his finger and the monkey came and sat closer to him.

Mr. Bellows picked up a handful of

sand, held it out in his fist, looked hard at the monkey and said, "Sand." The monkey looked up uncertainly at him, scratched his head, and after opening and shutting his mouth several times made a sound very like "sand." Mr. Bellows picked up another handful and showed it to the monkey, who looked worried but said nothing. "Sand," said Mr. Bellows. "Sand," said the monkey. Rather less excited, Mr. Bellows repeated the performance, but the monkey looked unhappy and said nothing. "Well, what's it matter?" thought Mr. Bellows; "as it is we get on very well together and it might not have been any improvement." And, indeed, as time went on he didn't find it easy to say anything himself when he practiced talking out loud, for there came a rare jumble of words, sometimes in one sentence, just a comparatively simple one such as "The Ethertone Straight One is the finest receiving instrument ever put on the market." He found himself using fourteen languages to say it in, and even his voice began to sound strange and loud, and thinking became quite a strain.

He knew it was a fine day, for example, but he found it difficult to think so but easy to feel it so; in fact, it seemed to him that he began to know things as the monkey and the turtle knew them, but he couldn't really think all that, it was a vague impression. But he was perfectly happy, or rather, neither happy nor unhappy, but either too hot or just right or hungry or he had a nice full feeling. And he switched off talks at once and lazily listened to sounds, and lazily enjoyed the beat behind those sounds—not much bothering about them. So, presently, the idea of ever meeting human beings again—he'd almost forgotten what they were like—seemed more than he could bear—and how glad he was he hadn't put his shirt on a pole! What he wanted was to see the light, to feel the warmth, and sniff the spicy breezes and eat eggs and coconuts and watch the big, shining purple of the sea

toss a fountain over the reef, and hear it sigh and scrunch and fizz on the sand and away again and back.

One morning on awaking he looked out over the sea at dawn and picked out a speck on the horizon. At first he thought it was the sea serpent; but presently a wisp of what he remembered was smoke, though he remembered it in an almost obsolete Ukrainian patois—drifted from this speck. A ship approaching the island! The monkey had seen it, too, chattered nervously and held Mr. Bellows' hand very tightly. The turtle saw it, also, and dug herself into the sand till just the top of her head showed like a small, ribbed stone. Mr. Bellows did his best to bury the Ethertone right in the middle of the grove, and he and the monkey swung themselves up near the top of their tree and peeped cautiously through the leaves. The ship came swiftly in, and Mr. Bellows recognized it to be a curious sort of ship, but he'd completely forgotten the word. In English it was an ugly word, which didn't sound a bit as it was spelled. What was it? It was something like "what"—yes, of course, "yacht." She was beautifully white and shiny with a small yellow funnel, but Mr. Bellows regarded her with urgent uneasiness. On she came till she reached a point about a mile from the reef when she swung and anchored; and presently a boat put off from her and chugged its way to the shore. Mr. Bellows and the monkey watched its approach nervously and with two distinct kinds of unease. The monkey had never seen a boat before—in fact, he'd never seen anything walking over the sea, except in a way, the sea serpent, and he'd got used to seeing that old snake shuffling the foam from his coils. But Mr. Bellows had memories; he knew that boats meant human beings, and human beings meant—if they saw and caught him—that he'd be dragged back to that Other World he'd lost and didn't want to find again, a world in which he'd die of its fuss, and having to talk and earn a living, and a

huge, frightening, desperately unwanted, noisy, unkind muddle.

When the boat reached the reef a sailor stuck a hook in the coral and jumped out in a nimble way and tugged the boat delicately in, so that its other occupants rather clumsily and with some giggling stepped ashore. Three ladies and three gentlemen, all properly garbed in white clothes—which almost at once they peeled off—but not until the sailor had set the boat's bows to the north and, reeling lightly to the small swell, had chugged back to the rich little ship. Mr. Bellows had never seen ladies without clothes on before, and in a vague, gusty way he remembered that ladies without clothes were—were—were—he simply couldn't remember what they were supposed to be, and he wished they were all very far away. He shut his eyes because they might not be there at all, and he heard a silly, staccato rattle; they were—were—yes, laughing, that was the word. He looked at the monkey, who was staring very intently at them. And presently as the sun sank hugely and a small sharp breeze arose, the six white bodies danced for a while, became white in a different way, and jumped from the coral into the boat which had rolled its way back across the shining swell—the sailor at its tiller whistling and glad he'd got such a good job, but feeling a spot of rheumatics in the three toes of his right foot which had been neatly nicked off in 1915 in the dressing station just behind the church at Bois Grenier.

And when the tips of its masts had disappeared, Mr. Bellows and the monkey dropped with extreme agility and relief from branch to branch till they reached the sand, and the turtle scratched itself up, and Mr. Bellows switched on the Ethertone, and they were regaled with a powerful discourse from the Fifteen-Thousandth Church of Christ Scientist, Boomville, Tex. And at once they all slept like tops.

Now, though one of the observations which Mr. Bellows had been instructed to repeat concerning the Ethertone was:

"Its batteries last forever!" he knew enough about the mechanism to realize that this observation was not absolutely accurate; and leaving it on all night didn't help to prove it true. And when he woke up, and the preacher was bringing the service to an end with some improvised prayers preserved in midnight oil, the first stir of its death rattle was beginning. He hastily switched it off and never on again.

For how many months or years he and the monkey and the turtle lived like that, Mr. Bellows had no means of knowing and he didn't care, for he was perfectly content and had ceased to be able to think in the ordinary way. When he was too hot he had a bathe, when he had an empty feeling he ate something, when he was tired he went to sleep, just as the monkey and the turtle did; and then one day something happened. When he woke one morning he saw that on the far southern horizon there was creeping up a still thin but growing cloud bank. Above this dark quadrangle the sky was like beaten copper, and minatory. And Mr. Bellows saw there was an increasing swell on the reef, a heightening but still lazy and oily rumble and spout. There was not the slightest breeze, and there would have been a gigantic stillness but for the rhythmic splashing from the coral. Slowly the dark cloud rose steeply and covered the sky. The monkey was uneasy and chattered all the time and looked up questioningly at Mr. Bellows. The swell rose steadily, and presently a gust of spray splashed Mr. Bellows' face. Suddenly it happened. There came a whinny from the south across the face of the waters, and then a high moan, and the sea leaped to its stirrups. A flash of lightning ran from the eastern to the western horizon, and the thunder rolled to the world's end. The rain came with the wind, and a huge, terrible and splitting wave crashed over the reef, drove up the beach, and broke against the trees. Mr. Bellows staggered to

his feet, only to be flung down by the steady, unremitting and irresistible violence of the wind; he was almost blinded by the rain. As for the sea, it had become a driving, writhing, inchoate thrust. As each wave flung up its crest, its top was raked from it and lashed hissing clean across the island. Mr. Bellows and the monkey clung desperately to a tree which had been driven over and over till its topmost branch probed down into the sand, the sea to their necks. The turtle was killed instantly by a huge stone which bounded up the beach and dropped for a second on its head, before leaping on again. Mr. Bellows could hear the bodies of birds, broken and pulped against the trees, raining down beside him. In the sky was one incessant flash, and suddenly by the light of it Mr. Bellows saw a huge head rear itself above the reef, and then a wave took it and pitched the sea serpent sheer over the coral to the sand, and the sound of its fall could be heard even above the thunder and the wind, and it lay there broken and stranded and slowly died.

And it seemed after a great span of time that the wind ceased and the moon swung out amongst the stars and a myriad flying things streaked across its chill circle, and the huge roar of the sea was the only sound, and just for a moment Mr. Bellows and the monkey could breathe; and then it came again, and the flying things were whirled away, and every tree in turn snapped off and danced wildly to the north, and the sea sprang forward and flung Mr. Bellows and the monkey amongst the broken branches right down to the further shore of the atoll, from which the sea had been blown back a mile or more. And a branch came down on the monkey's back, and he gave a little cry and clung to Mr. Bellows who took him in his arms wherein at once he died. Half-

unconscious, Mr. Bellows with that merciless power behind him, ran out and out till he found the broken beginnings of the sea and he plunged in and swam and swam till he could swim no more, and then he flung up his arms.

And the Straight One Cosmic Ether-tone? Well, he was driven bounding like a gazelle right out to sea, and after three weeks he passed the Society Islands with a strong breeze on his star-board cheek. He was then caught by a big southerly set and sent rolling past the Low Archipelago, and after a voyage of one hundred and eight days—a record for a craft of his rig, he came to roost on the beach near Valparaiso. And the old chap was pretty briny and bothered by barnacles by the time he humped ashore.

The Ethertone representative in these parts, a fellow by the name of Jones, was a Welshman. So when the Straight One was found, retrieved, and brought to him, he thought to himself that it might put him in well with the Boss if he sent it to him with a letter respectfully describing the circumstances. So the sour old chap was sent to London, and his journey ended where it had begun. And the fat, rich man *was* pleased, raised Jones fifty dollars, and placed the crusty old wanderer in a prominent position in his study. And every time someone visited him for the first time he'd twiddle the cigar in his lips and say, "See that old bit of junk? Well, that was the first Straight One that ever came from the works, and I'll tell you the story of it." And he'd spin a bit of a yarn. But, goodness gracious, as if he knew anything about it! As if he knew about the monkey, the turtle, and about Mr. Bellows peeping through the top leaves of a coconut tree, or what sort of wind it had been which put an end to all of them!



SQUIRT-GUN POLITICS

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

A CONNECTICUT pastoral scene. —The United States Geological Survey.—A bucket of paint.—An ambulatory, inquisitive cow, owned by one Angelo Cerri.

Action: after two unsuccessful assaults on the paint, the aforesaid cow makes a victorious attack, consumes the precious fluid, and dies. Grieved in spirit and injured in purse, the aforesaid Cerri appeals to the authorities in Washington for relief.

The grinding legislative mill begins to turn. A bill is introduced in the House of Representatives (H. R. 414): *Be it enacted, etc.*, That the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to pay to Angelo Cerri the sum of \$160, out of any money in the United States Treasury not otherwise appropriated, for the loss of a cow, due to the negligence of employees of the United States Geological Survey while engaged in installing river gauges on the dam on the Connecticut River at Enfield, Conn.

In due course, the bill is reported to the House, and the four hundred and thirty-five members sit in solemn judgment upon its merits, at least presumptively. One of the assembled Solons wants to know whether the amount represents "the reasonable value of a good Guernsey cow?" His query falls upon unheeding ears. No one answers it. Silence. Then a solemn voice explains that the committee in charge has looked into the matter, and that the late Secretary of the Interior, Hon. Roy O. West, had also given attention to the issue and recommended the payment

of the claim. This illuminating information is then supplemented by a statement from a Representative from New York to the effect that a district engineer has also reported on the vexatious question. According to this adjudication, "the cow had died from drinking paint," and "it was a very inquisitive cow and had been driven away from the house twice before." Still, the Honorable Secretary of the Interior has said that "there was carelessness on the part of the employees of the Government." To enliven the scene a funny member from New York suggests that "possibly" the cow "was guilty of contributory negligence." Thereupon a statesman from Wisconsin emphasizes the fact that the district engineer has reported in favor of paying the bill. Silence. The Speaker asks: "Is there objection to the present consideration of the bill?" There is no objection. The bill is read, ordered engrossed, and passed. A motion to reconsider is tabled. In due time it will appear on the floor of the Senate, demanding consideration, and later it will, if carried, find its way to the White House. If in his wisdom the President of the United States approves, Angelo Cerri will receive the \$160 for the Guernsey cow that drank a bucket of paint negligently left within reach by the employees of the United States Geological Survey.

This will be an expensive method of paying a small bill. Let the mathematics of the operation be reviewed. The members of the august House of Representatives are paid \$10,000 a year, \$4,350,000 in all. Assuming that they

labor three hundred days in the year, which is generous, that means \$14,500 a day. Add heat, light, power, overhead, underfoot, secretarial assistance, printing, and incidentals, and you have well over \$15,000 a day. Allowing a five-hour day, that means at least \$3,000 an hour, or fifty dollars a minute. On a conservative estimate, which would satisfy investors in Connecticut municipalities yielding 3.78654329 per cent, it cost at least \$500 to get Signor Cerri's claim for \$160 through the House of Representatives. If to these production costs are added the outlays for the time of the Honorable Secretary of the Interior, the expert investigation conducted by the district engineer, the paint consumed, the labors of the Senate, and the deliberations of the President, it will be seen that \$1,000 is a conservative estimate of the total bill for satisfying the plaintiff in this celebrated case, that is, about six times the market value of the cow in question.

II

This is not an isolated incident in Congressional history. On the same day that the House of Representatives acted promptly and efficiently on the allegations of Signor Angelo Cerri, it also surveyed many other claims in the same class:

A bill allowing a Crow Indian to sell outright certain land allotted to him under an act of June 4, 1920, "except as to the northwest quarter of section 32, township 7 south, range 38 east, Montana meridian, Montana."

A bill permitting a Flathead Indian to make a similar transaction in real estate.

A bill appropriating \$150 to the heirs of a farmer whose watermelon patch had been ravaged by United States troops stationed at Tampa, Florida.

A bill for relief of an army major whose personal property had been damaged in a Texas storm while he was engaged in his duties as a soldier of the Flag.

A bill to reimburse a military intelli-

gence officer who, acting under orders of his superior, had gone to a dentist in Rome and had his teeth fixed at considerable expense to himself.

A bill for the relief of the heirs of a colored man who had rendered distinguished services to the Army of the United States during the Civil War.

A bill reimbursing some Methodists in South Carolina for a church seized in 1862 under the auspices of the United States Army and forcibly held for all these years by a colored congregation, to the great pain and damage of the aforesaid Methodists.

A bill to reimburse a Catholic Church in Missouri for damages done to property by federal soldiers "in the dark hours of the Civil War." In support of this petition it was alleged that "soldiers entered and destroyed the interior of this church, its benches, its altar, its communion rail, and they shot the walls and roof full of holes. They went outside and dug cisterns until the building became unsafe."

The list of the day is not complete, but it illustrates the kind of business that crowds the calendars of Congress, diverts attention from more important matters, and furnishes statistical grist for those who are clamoring about "too many laws."

III

All this is by way of preliminary to the proposition that the legislative procedure of Congress needs a thorough overhauling in the interest of intelligent functioning, to say nothing of economy. The problem was emphasized in a wearisome manner by the long-drawn-out debate on the tariff bill, from the spring of 1929 to the spring of 1930. According to one estimate, at least 10,000 products were drawn into consideration, involving almost every known physical substance and technological process. Practically every member who took part in the discussion wanted to do "justice." High protectionists, shedding tears over poor workingmen, wanted only enough

tariff to offset the lower costs of production abroad; low protectionists did not want to destroy prosperity by action too drastic. But what was there known about cost of production abroad and cost of efficient production at home?

A study of the debates on schedules shows that at best information on these fundamental considerations was frequently meager and generally clouded by doubts. Take for example the duty on meat choppers for the kitchens of American housewives. An attempt was made to raise the old rates. Objections were entered in the name of toiling millions. What countervailing testimony was introduced? Figures showing that there had been a material decline in the number of choppers produced in recent years. A statement to the effect that one manufacturer of these necessary tools had not been paying dividends on his stocks for three or four years. Was the decline in production due to the fact that people are eating less meat? Or had they enough choppers already? Or did they think the prices too high? Was the failure to pay dividends due to the tariff or inefficiency? Information on these points was strangely thin. In a fog of uncertainty the Senate debated and in a burst of confusion it decided. Time had been spent in discussing a matter on which controlling data were not brought to bear. Nobody knows how much the diversion cost the taxpayers of the United States in salaries, wages, and overhead.

Consider another matter of more significance than meat choppers, namely, lumber, a material vital to all home-builders and to nearly every constructive industry. When higher rates on that commodity were under discussion the following brief speech passed as argument in the august Senate: "I talked yesterday with a gentleman whom many of the Senators on this floor know. He says that either weekly or monthly vessels are coming into New York City with Russian lumber, taking the place of American lumber. One of his imme-

diate family is engaged in the shipping business, and he gets his information authoritatively. He says, 'I can get my lumber cheaper, but that means idleness for American mills and lack of employment for American labor.' He is a great home-builder. He builds hundreds of houses a year. He says, 'I would rather pay a little bit more to encourage our people and employ our labor than to get the lumber a little bit cheaper from these other countries.'" But, of course, patriotism was not enough. It called for a supplement in the form of higher rates on imported lumber.

People must have umbrellas as well as houses, and that item does not escape the eagle eyes of protectionists. The duty on umbrellas must be raised—of course, in the interest of American labor; capital, as Daniel Webster remarked long ago, can take care of itself. But some Senators have doubts. Arguments are necessary to convince them. The weapons of fact and logic are wheeled into position. Here is one of the shots that goes home: "The importance of the umbrella," intones a Senator, "to the general welfare of the public is also entitled to consideration. The value of the umbrella in avoiding those forms of sickness brought on by exposure is recognized. In the protection of clothing it has a clear economic value. That is, the good umbrella possesses these qualities. The cheaper grades, to which American manufacturers are being driven by the increasing pressure of foreign competition at lower prices, are of little avail for these purposes. And to this fact may be attributed, at least in part, the decrease in the use of umbrellas and, as a possible consequence, the increase in respiratory diseases shown by health statistics." Who could resist eloquence like this, cogency almost overpowering? This is not an unfair sample of hundreds of columns of debates on the tariff bill which for months occupied the attention of the Senate, to the almost total exclusion of other business of great economic urgency.

IV

The operations thus illustrated in detail may be generalized in totals. According to the estimates of Mr. Robert Luce, the committees of the House of Representatives reported 900 bills for consideration during the Sixty-fifth Congress. In the Seventieth Congress the number was 2,625—a threefold increase; this meant on the average about 1,300 bills for each session, five or more bills for each legislative day. Out of the bills introduced in the House and Senate during the Seventieth Congress, at least 1,722 bills and joint resolutions were passed—a total sufficiently large to give apoplexy to the critics who were already shouting, "Too many laws." Whether the grist ground out contained unnecessary measures or not, it certainly included hundreds of bills which never should have consumed the time of five hundred and thirty-one cultivated gentlemen at \$10,000 a year, plus perquisites and overhead.

As a matter of fact, on close examination, most of these laws will be found to be highly defensible. If some gouge the Treasury, few interfere with the rights of person or property. The chief criticism warranted by the circumstances is that most of them are of no national importance and should not have taken the form of solemn acts of Congress. Hundreds of them grant claims, such as those listed above, authorize the construction of bridges over navigable rivers, promote army officers, regulate municipal affairs in the District of Columbia, allow Indians to sell their holdings, assign pensions to individuals, or pertain to other things of local or private concern. In every Congress there are usually not more than eight or ten measures of high significance, worthy of the attention of the House and Senate, worthy of talents as high as the nation can command. Within this class might come Muscle Shoals, the federal power bill, radio regulation, interstate busses, the federal farm loan system, branch banking, un-

employment, and perhaps four or five other items dragging along in the present, or Seventy-first, Congress.

These are subjects which invite legislative and technical capacities of the highest order. Action on them runs deep into national economy, materially concerns public welfare, and has already been too long delayed. While Congress fiddles with meat choppers, umbrellas, buckets of paint, and watermelon patches, millions of horse power go to waste, private enterprises of vast capital interests muddle about in uncertainty, and large sections of the nation's economy are held in suspense. This is not all. It can scarcely be doubted that the quality of the men and women who stand for election to the House and Senate is lowered by the methods employed in Congress, by the character of the measures chosen for consideration. Who, with intelligence for grand undertakings, wants to waste his time and strength with the thousands of petty bills introduced and the hundreds of acts brought out for discussion? Since, numerically considered, most of the proceedings do not rise above the level of corner-grocery transactions, nothing but corner-grocery mentality and information are required.

V

And judging by the character of the debates—not a fair test of course—there are only about twenty or twenty-five members out of the five hundred and thirty-one who can make a clear, logical, fact-supported argument on any proposition more complex than the sale of five quarts of beans at ten cents a quart. A careful study of every page of the *Congressional Record* from December, 1929, to April, 1930, reveals not more than eight or ten speeches worth rescuing from the wastebasket. And most of them were delivered by gentlemen who fall within or frightfully near that class characterized by the erudite Doctor Moses of New Hampshire as "sons of the wild jackass." The conservative

cause, once ably defended by men like Webster, John A. Bingham, Spooner, Aldrich, and Hoar, is now supported on the floors of both houses with such intellectual poverty that it seems to betray a strange mental bankruptcy where it might be least expected.

It is true, no doubt, that all legislative talents are not displayed in debate. High abilities are engaged in committee work, in negotiation, and in vote trading. What lies buried in the minds of the silent or less vocal members of Congress no one can say, and it would not be just to render a sweeping verdict on the whole body on the basis of speeches delivered. But surely it is no accident that so little talent emerges in the discussions of measures up for consideration. Nor is it good for the country that Congress should be deeply immersed in trivialities, that great issues should not be defined accurately, debated intelligently, and illuminated from every angle. Nor is it wholly correct to assume that thinking can be separated from debating. Clear thinking takes logical and fact-supported forms. No one can work his way through a subject without arriving at a definite formulation of process and conclusion. Good discussion without clear thinking is utterly impossible. Hence there is ground for a deep suspicion that the dearth of talent made painfully manifest in Congressional deliberations is associated with a dearth of talent for statesmanship among the Representatives and Senators. Congressional ability may not be less than in many preceding epochs—there has been no golden age—but it certainly does not seem to measure up to the complexities of this technological era.

VI

Is there no balm in Gilead? It is not necessary to search in academic lore for the answer. It has been made more than once in Congress by experienced members, recently by Mr. F. M. Daven-

port and Mr. Robert Luce. The beginning of reformation is to remove utterly from Congress a vast mass of measures which have no business there—the thousands of petty measures which crowd the calendars, waste time, and clog all weighty transactions. If Congress relies mainly upon a report from the Secretary of the Interior, buttressed by engineering data, to the effect that Signor Angelo Cerri's cow died from drinking a bucket of United States Geological Survey paint, why on earth should it spend a thousand dollars' worth of time appropriating \$160 to cover the damages? All such business should be entrusted to responsible administrative heads. Congress might be debating the proper rate to be charged by the Duck Creek Railroad Company for transporting wheat from Sauk Center to Chicago, but it has assigned that function to the Interstate Commerce Commission—and many other functions of unquestioned economic significance. Every year it vests in department heads and independent commissions the power to make decisions respecting matters a thousand times more important than most of those which it reserves for long-winded discussions on its own floors. Of course no exact line can be drawn, but it is safe to say that four-fifths of the Congressional business could be transferred to executive authorities and in the shift, if made on the basis of significant interests, some of the powers now vested in other agencies might go back to Congress.

At this point conscientious objectors will rise to cite the failure of the Tariff Commission which was to remove the tariff from politics and put it on a scientific foundation. This, it will be urged, is a good example of what happens when Congress surrenders its powers into other hands. The weight of the argument by illustration cannot be denied. When authority is passed from Congress to an administrative body all the pressures of private interests go with it, from the lobbies to the outer chambers or social

clubs of the individual officers. As the misadventures with Fall, Daugherty, Miller, and Forbes conclusively show, the Executive Department of the Federal Government is likely to be negligent, to say the least, in its housekeeping and to require a periodical overhauling by a Congressional investigating committee. That a big, one-man affair will be honest and efficient is among the childish assumptions of this corporate business age. To enlarge executive powers without corresponding Congressional checks is a fatal mistake, too often demonstrated by bitter experience. Although no standards of measure are available, the guess may be hazarded that American executive departments have been as corrupt and inefficient as American legislatures. Moreover, there are in Congress many members of long experience, trained in committee work and disciplined by study, who know more about executive business than the newly appointed, transitory heads of great administrative departments.

VII

Since this is true, more or less at least, it follows that the transfer of business from Congress to executive authorities must be accompanied by legislative checks. And these controls should be more continuous and effective than mere Congressional investigations, which, though useful and indispensable in the present circumstances, often run off into political and snooping excursions. More than once the clamor and fog surrounding Congressional inquests have obscured the issues, disgusted the country, and defeated reasonable purposes. There is a way, however, to provide control while transferring business from Congress to the Executive Department. English experience furnishes guidance, as Mr. Luce eloquently informed the House of Representatives last winter.

The British Parliament passes fewer laws than Congress, not because there is less business available, but because it shifts a large part of the ordinary bur-

dens to administrative shoulders. As a result, the few great measures which it does pass are formulated more explicitly than most acts of Congress and are debated with more thoroughness and illumination. When it is dealing with legislation of great national significance it draws the lines on administrative authorities with a precision often wanting in federal statutes; it has leisure to give to the matter and invites the best talents of both houses to take part in deliberations. At the same time Parliament allows administrative officers to pass on such trivialities as cows that commit suicide by drinking Geological Survey paint. It permits them to decide weighty questions, subject to report to Parliament and, if necessary, its approval.

If this system were adapted to our requirements something like the following readjustment would take place. Hundreds of minor matters that now come upon the floors of Congress would be entrusted entirely to administrative officers, subject to the provision that each transaction must be reported in proper form to Congress. If neglect of duty or inefficiency were too frequently disclosed, the attention of the President could be attracted by Congressional resolutions. Matters of a second class, rising above trivialities but not to the dignity of laws, would be transferred to administrative officers, with the proviso that in this case their decisions shall go into effect after they have been reported to Congress in due form if they are not countermanded by that body within a fixed period, say sixty or ninety days. In connection with these items, Congress would act only in specific cases, if at all. A third class of legislative functions, of a still higher order, would be assigned to administrative officers, on the understanding that their decisions in this relation must be laid before Congress and shall not take effect until duly sanctioned by joint resolution. A few legislative days would suffice to clear the calendar of such transactions,

for the very checks would themselves act as safeguards.

Supplementing this change in legislative methods, Congress might adopt the oft-suggested expedient of bringing cabinet officers and the chairmen of independent agencies before the Houses in open session, especially when matters described above are under consideration. This should have a wholesome influence on both Departments of the Government. Again and again, Congress enacts laws in vague and general terms, leaving interpretation and application to executive authorities. The Water Power Act of 1920 and the Boulder Dam Act of more recent fame are excellent examples. In such cases it frequently happens that the administrators depart, or seem to depart, widely from the intention of the legislature, assuming that it was ever clearly formulated. Then members of Congress attack the administrators on the floor, and the administrators fire volleys through the press at members of Congress. Not an edifying spectacle! Worse than that; it delays, confuses, and hampers the transaction of business. Every issue of this character should be defined on the floors of Congress with the parties in interest face to face, the press watching, and the country informed.

In all this there is nothing new. Members of Congress have frequently remarked upon the picayune business methods employed by both bodies. As mentioned above, Mr. Luce has vigorously protested against a system which forces 435 Representatives and 96 Senators to give weary days to deliberating upon transactions appropriate to a board of road supervisors or pound keepers. "Is there any man here," he said in the course of his address, "who has served more than one or two terms and does not lament the lack of opportunity to share in the consideration of the big questions? Our time is consumed with little things, the things fit for a state legislature, or, in the case of the

District of Columbia, for a city council. We are so burdened with this multitude of trivialities, administrative detail, that we are for the most part deprived of the chance to bring to the great questions, the great politics of the nation, such powers as the Lord may have given us, whether they be large or small."

There is the lament, reasoned and well-founded, by an experienced member with no academic taint. And why does Congress continue to endure an absurd and intolerable state of affairs? The Constitution does not impose on it the burden so destructive to deliberative functions. Public interest does not require Congress to assume it; on the contrary public interest demands a change in this procedure. The revolution can be effected without altering our fundamental law, or giving palpitation of the heart to the sons and daughters of a far bigger revolution. Nothing but slavish custom and the pain of taking thought prevents the national legislature from breaking the shackles with which it has bound its mind. A little energy directly applied would accomplish the reform. Congress has been busy in recent years investigating nearly everything and everybody, with many excellent results, both astonishing and therapeutic. Now let it investigate itself. Senator Thomas of Oklahoma has proposed a general inquest. If a few who evidently think alike were as dynamic as they are eloquent, they might move a mountain. In case Congress fails to examine its machinery and methods, then the United States Chamber of Commerce, the American Federation of Labor, the National Electric Light Association, and some of the farmers' agencies so powerful in Washington might conduct an investigation on their own account. As the apostle of normalcy, President Harding, once remarked, there is no problem that the great American people cannot solve if they apply their minds to it.



CONCERNING TRAINS

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I HAVE a friend who predicts that before the end of this century there will be no more railroad trains. Fortunately, he has the habit rather than the gift of prophecy, and I take comfort in the belief that he has greatly underestimated the length of time necessary to work so great and mournful a change; for I can no more conceive of a world without railroads, and trains to run on them, than I can imagine wishing to live in such a world.

There must be a great many people who feel as I do in this matter—who have what might be called a steam-engine rather than a gas-engine outlook upon life. Whether one belongs to the first or the second of these categories depends partly upon age, partly upon temperament, and partly upon where one was born; but no one, I think, whose inland boyhood overlapped the division between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries could fail to be anything but loyal to trains. To him the mingled smell of steam and coal smoke is like the smell of the sea to another boy, for the fragrance of his youth is in it; and indeed, one has only to compare it with the acrid stench from an internal-combustion engine to appreciate at once the world of difference, in romantic appeal, between a railroad train and a motor car.

Not long ago, a young man—he was nineteen, born and brought up in the United States—told me that he had never in his life ridden in a train; all of his traveling had been done by automobile. This revelation startled and rather shocked me; it was all but inconceivable, and it brought home to me the wideness

of the gulf that separates his generation from my own. I don't, of course, believe that a love for trains is necessary to a man's salvation. Neither was a love for stagecoaches in the thirties and forties and fifties of the last century; but one has only to read the literature of that period to understand the importance of the part stagecoaches played in the lives of our grandparents and great-grandparents. The same is true—or has been true until recently—in our case, of steam trains: they have added enormously to the color of life; but this cannot be said of motor cars. They have added merely to the convenience of life and, owing to their numbers, their service in that one respect is now passing. They are, or were, only a means for covering ground and not of travel in the fine sense.

Most of man's mechanical creations are mere monsters of speed, or efficiency, or ingenuity, or a combination of all three. The steam locomotive engine alone has a sort of kinship with warm-blooded creatures. Why is this? Perhaps it is due to the fact that it breathes, and has moods as we animals do. I have often heard trainmen talk of engines as though they were alive, and it is easy to understand why when you see one of them, its bowels filled with fierce but benevolent anger, toiling with its heavy burden up a long grade in the mountains. It seems to take conscious pride in its strength and its endless labors for mankind. Or, perhaps, passing through the trainshed at a railway terminal, you have heard an engine breathing quietly at the end of its long journey—a deep, tranquil

tsoo-tsoo, tsoo-tsoo that is almost human. One is tempted to speak to it, to thank it for faithful service; but one never feels thus about an electric locomotive, a purely mechanical thing. A train with an electrical engine attached ceases to be a train.

I believe that a far-inland environment is, or was, most favorable to the development of a deep and unalterable passion for trains. I believe, too, that it becomes a passion only on a great continent, majestic in its distances, in its diversity of climates, peoples, and landscapes, where trains partake of the scope and grandeur of the country they traverse. No English boy, I feel certain, experiences the kind of emotion, at the passing of a London-Edinburgh express that stirs an American boy—of either Canada or the United States—when he hears the first faint whistle of a transcontinental limited, or when he sees, through the dusk of a winter evening, the long line of moving lights crossing the snow-covered plains of Kansas or Alberta.

In one of her earlier novels, *O Pioneers!*, Willa Cather has described, at its bleakest and loneliest, the kind of isolated country town where lovers of trains were born and bred:

One January day, thirty years ago, the little town of Hanover, anchored on a windy Nebraska tableland, was trying not to be blown away. A mist of fine snowflakes was curling and eddying about the cluster of low drab buildings huddled on the gray prairie, under a gray sky. The dwelling-houses were set about haphazard on the tough prairie sod; some of them looked as if they had been moved in overnight, and others, as if they were straying off by themselves, headed straight for the open plain. None of them had any appearance of permanence, and the howling wind blew under them as well as over them. The main street was a deeply rutted road, now frozen hard, which ran from the squat red railway station and the grain elevator at the north end of the town, to the lumber yard and the horse pond at the south end. On either side of this road straggled two uneven rows of wooden buildings; the general mer-

chandise stores, the two banks, the drug store, the feed store, the saloon, the post-office. The board sidewalks were gray with trampled snow, but at two o'clock in the afternoon the shopkeepers, having come back from dinner, were keeping well behind their frosty windows. The children were all in school, and there was nobody abroad in the streets but a few rough-looking countrymen in coarse overcoats, with their long caps pulled down to their noses. Some of them had brought their wives to town, and now and then a red or a plaid shawl flashed out of one store into the shelter of another. At the hitch-bars along the street a few heavy work horses, harnessed to farm wagons, shivered under their blankets. About the railway station everything was quiet, for there would not be another train in until night.

This passage has always seemed to me perfect in its fidelity to truth and its feeling for the melancholy beauty of the prairie country in the grip of a winter storm. The silence of interminable plains is in it, and the loneliness and monotony of the lives of those who lived on them, in such settlements as this. The picture is as notable for what it leaves to the imagination as for what it reveals, and with a certain rearrangement of details it would serve as a description of hundreds of prairie towns of thirty years ago. I have only to put in a cluster of low hills to the eastward, scatter the dwelling houses on their slopes, make the horse pond a small river, take out the saloon and give the druggist the liquor license (for medical purposes only), and there is Prairie Hills, the town of my boyhood, on just such a winter afternoon. But Miss Cather has made one slight error in detail: "The children were all in school." All? I venture to think that, at Hanover as at Prairie Hills, at least one small boy was occasionally missing at afternoon roll-call; and the quiet of the small red station was not in the least disturbed as he slipped into the Gents' Waiting-Room and sat, huddled and apprehensive, by the remains of the fire in the pot-bellied stove. No one but himself—not even the station-agent—was there at that

hour of the afternoon. A baggage truck stood on the platform, its wheels half buried in drifting snow, and there would be a single freight car, empty and forlorn, on a siding. Within doors the occasional loud clicking of the telegraph instrument made silence the deeper. To play hooky from school was considered a grave offense; an afternoon's absence was certain to be discovered and an adequate punishment inflicted. But that was in the future. Meanwhile, here was the station and, although no trains were expected in until night, there was always the possibility of an unscheduled through-freight stopping for water. Even if there should be none, the aroma of trains past clung about the station, a perfume intoxicating to the blood and a thousand times to be preferred to the musty smell of sponges, slates, and blackboards.

Herman Melville, in *Moby Dick*, says that the fo'c'sle of a New Bedford whaler was his Harvard and Yale college. Many a Middle-Westerner, who was a boy in the eighties or nineties, could say with equal truth that he went to prep school in a country railway station. What he learned there may have had little practical value, but it was at least as useful as learning the names of the state capitals and of the townships in his county and how to "bound" his own. He knew the names of all the trunk lines of a great continent and the cities through which they passed. He knew by sight, if not by name, the members of all the train crews, freight and passenger, in his own railway division, and his most far-reaching ambition was to become some day the engineer of a passenger train. But this was a progressive ambition, and in early boyhood it did not reach so high.

In my own case the newsboy of the local westbound passenger that arrived at Prairie Hills at eleven in the morning was the first object of envy. He was a little weazened-up man of uncertain age, with a small, yellow, hairless face and a listless, bored manner of speech and action. It was this air of great weariness and

boredom that impressed me; I couldn't understand how anyone in his position could be anything but happy, having nothing to do but to travel all the time. "Number 21" the train was called, and when it pulled in at Prairie Hills for its two-minute stop, the newsboy would swing down from the front end of the smoking-car with a bundle of papers under his arm. "Des Moines and Omaha morning papers," he would call once or twice in a weak, colorless voice; then he would lean with his back against the station wall, gazing at vacancy, until the conductor called "Bo-o-o-o-ard!" with a clear, blood-stirring, rising inflection. The newsboy paid no attention to the warning of the conductor; you would have thought he had settled for the day under the low eaves of the "depot." The smoking car would pass, and the chair car, without in the least arousing his interest, and the day coach would be gliding rapidly by before he moved. Then he would take three steps forward and, with the ease of long practice, swing in on the rear steps and enter the car at once, as though he thought Prairie Hills not worth the trouble of a single backward glance.

Those were the days, and Prairie Hills just the town, for boyhood. It is the man speaking now, of course, not the youngster I was then who gazed at the dwindling ends of trains—vanishing around a bend to the eastward, shrinking to a mere speck far to the westward—and longed for nothing more than to leave that town: "a little one-horse flag-station on the Rock Island," as I often heard it called. So it was, but I owe, in part, to its indubitable one-horsiness my love for trains and everything connected with them.

The town had a population of almost two thousand at that time. It was customary to say "almost two thousand" rather than the actual one thousand seven hundred and fifty, for we were jealous of its growth and of the rivalry of other towns in the county. Our house stood near the top of the highest

hill overlooking the bottom land along the river. The railroad skirted this hill and others to the eastward—hills that seemed to have been fashioned by nature for trains to pass below and to echo and re-echo their deep-toned whistles.

I have often wondered who invented the whistles for American locomotive engines. Perhaps he merely improved upon steam whistles already in existence. Perhaps he had many collaborators. However that may be, these whistles are among the finest achievements of our mechanical age, and have stirred the blood of innumerable boys during the past two generations. Many a one besides myself must often think of these unknown benefactors of youth and thank them for their labor of love. For it must have been that. They were mechanical engineers, no doubt, but engineers are often poets at heart, and these must have said, in thought, at least, "The horns of elfland shall not be sweeter to the ears than the varying tones of our whistles, heard in the wide air of the prairie country on a drowsy summer afternoon, or coming from afar across the deserts of Arizona or New Mexico, or reverberating among the mountain fastnesses of the Continental Divide. In volume of sound they shall be in keeping with the spirit of a great continent; they shall give voice to the vastness of its plains, to the beauty of its mountains, and to the promise of its future, if not to the memories of its past. Some shall be single in tone, some double, harmoniously blended to float over corn lands and fields of waving wheat and meadows where cattle are browsing knee-deep in clover. They shall make midsummer silence the deeper, and midwinter loneliness less hard to bear. And they shall all mean this to the ears and hearts of boyhood: 'Over the Hills and Far Away.'"

Such was their meaning to me as they roused me from sleep on still summer nights, or in wintertime, when I often heard them for all the howling of the north wind that shook and buffeted our

old house on its exposed hilltop. Number Six, the eastbound ten-thirty passenger train, had a whistle that sounds as clearly in my memory now as ever it echoed among the wooded hills along the river. It was a through train and stopped at Prairie Hills only to take on passengers for Chicago or beyond. This rarely happened. Usually it thundered down the five-mile Middleton grade at tremendous speed, whistling continuously, and I remember how the key of the whistle seemed to change, dropping by half-tones as the distance increased. The Rocky Mountain Limited (the Midnight Flyer we called it because of the time of its passing) never stopped under any circumstances. I heard its whistle more rarely, for boyhood slumbers are deep, but sometimes I would be brought to my knees in bed by its warning and would look out of the window in time to see the red and green lights vanishing in the darkness or the glare reflected from the smoke of the engine as the fireman shoveled in coal. Midnight—a fabulous hour to a boy's fancy. The whistle of the Midnight Flyer set its enchantment to music, growing fainter and fainter, and I last heard it, the very ghost of sound, far out on the prairies.

II

A horse-drawn vehicle was the natural and necessary complement to a train; for it is impossible to enjoy fully the advantages of rapid mechanical transportation unless there exists at the same time a much slower, more commonly used, and equally pleasant method of traveling. The horse and buggy was exactly what was needed. What a homely, gracious, leisurely way of life went with this conveyance, and, alas, out with it. It seems to me a great pity that one state in the Union at least did not band its citizens together to save that horse and buggy as a means of travel, with, and only with, the railway train. I believe that my own state,

Iowa, had leanings that way. The citizens of Prairie Hills, like those of many another country town in the Mississippi Valley, were suspicious of the motor car from the start and resented its increasing presence. If only they and all other Iowans had been even more suspicious, and more active in their resentment!

Suppose that Iowans had stood fast against the whole hideous business of the motor car, with all its attendant abominations. The motto on the state seal of Iowa reads "Our liberties we prize and our rights we will maintain." Suppose that the majority of Iowans had prized, among these liberties, the freedom to enjoy, in peace and at leisure, the incomparable pastoral beauty their state affords, and had maintained their undoubted right to prevent the intrusion of the enemies of this peace: what a heaven on earth, in comparison with her sister states, Iowa would now be! Admittedly, she would be far behind them in everything that relates to material and mechanical achievement, but what does most of this achievement amount to, seriously and humanly considered? Nothing and less than nothing. Excepting—always excepting—trains.

But the virus of the modern spirit eventually infected the blood of the staunchest old conservatives of Prairie Hills. They too bought motor cars, and at last even became advocates of the so-called Good Roads Movement.

Good roads . . . What is a good road in the fine sense? A cement pavement running straight as a plumb line from one state boundary to another, slashed through the green hills, graded up over the valleys, named, numbered, and joined without a flaw in the suture to similar roads on either side of it? Is a good road something to turn wheels over at sixty or seventy miles an hour? A death-trap for squirrels, chipmunks, and other small creatures? An avenue lined with an endless succession of filling-stations, soft-drink emporiums, and "hot-dog" stands?

A good road to me is something almost as indigenous to the country it passes through as the valleys it follows, the rivers it crosses, the hills it climbs and descends—with only a sufficient grade at the tops of the hills to provide a bank whereon the wild thyme grows, or honeysuckle, or blackberry bushes. A good road is the reason for traveling and only secondly the means. It winds and turns at sharp angles as an impediment to speed and to afford the traveler the fullest opportunity for the enjoyment of the countryside. It opens up vistas and never burrows through the hills that afford them. It loves the meanderings of rivers; it loves all wild or field flowers and offers them a generous strip of ground on either side to grow on. Birds may fly across it, from covert to covert, in perfect safety. A good road is, assuredly, meant to be traveled over, to certain destinations, but that must be a bleak and barren country where a good road is the shortest distance between two points; and we seem to have forgotten in these days, in our mania for arriving, the innumerable intermediate destinations we used to enjoy. A meadowlark singing on a fence-post is such a destination; the smell of clover is another; an orchard of cherry trees in bloom is another.

To return, briefly, to that other kind of good road—the railroad; if my friend is right in his prediction what will the boys of the future do? What will take the place for them of the lonely clanging of switch-engine bells at night, the cries of train-callers echoing and re-echoing in the lofty-ceilinged rooms of railway stations—all the alluring sights and sounds and smells and thoughts that go with trains? Where will they go for food to nourish *their* dreams of over the hills and far away? But perhaps, soon, there is to be no far away. The world is shrinking rapidly, no doubt of that. Perhaps it is to shrink still farther, to the size of a small weazen orange, and thenceforth, blue distance to have significance only for the astronomers.



THE CRISIS IN NURSING

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

SAINTS went out of style with the Middle Ages. But one appeared again in England in the middle of the 19th century when a gently born young woman laid aside the fripperies of society for the sordid hospitals of London and the fever-ridden army tents of the Crimea. The story of Florence Nightingale's service to humanity needs no retelling. It is enough to say that she created a great tradition. The first to conceive of nursing as a blend of applied science, skill, and sympathy, she brought to the profession which she founded a spirit of consecration equalled only by the humanitarianism of the religious orders.

High-minded women in the United States were not long in following her lustrous example. Their services were badly needed, for hospital conditions were appalling. In Bellevue Hospital, New York, prior to 1872, the patients were cared for by slatternly females taken from the city's penal institutions, and in all the hospitals sanitary conditions were so bad that the well-to-do preferred to be treated at home. In the face of such conditions the pioneer nurses started the first training schools and worked day and night to establish decent standards of nursing. It was due to their heroic efforts, no less than to the vision of the doctors, that the 19th century pesthouse was transformed into the modern hospital that we know to-day.

It was not long before training schools had been started in most of the hospitals. In those early days there was no other way to procure decent nursing care for patients, and even after graduate nurses

were available, the hospitals found it much cheaper to provide board and lodging for students than to pay salaries to trained nurses. As the schools multiplied, the number of graduates multiplied, and the latter began to earn their living by doing private-duty nursing for patients in their homes or for very sick patients in the hospitals. A little later graduates were also engaged as visiting nurses among the poor. By 1900 there were 11,000 graduate nurses in the country; by 1920 there were 150,000, and to-day there are believed to be 200,000. Of this number it is estimated that 54 per cent are in the private duty field, 23 per cent are connected with hospitals, 19 per cent are in public health work, and 4 per cent in other branches of nursing.

The profession has grown to this proportion in the space of several decades because the ordinary laws of supply and demand have not been allowed to operate. In other words, the hospitals have lured more and more young women into the training schools without giving much thought to their fitness and none at all to their economic future. As a result many graduate nurses are out of employment. At the same time doctors are finding it difficult to obtain competent nurses during busy seasons, and patients are dissatisfied with the prices they are paying for the service they are receiving. I do not mean to imply that there are not still many excellent graduate nurses available, but the leaders of the nursing profession themselves admit that the proportion of able graduate nurses is but a small leaven in the mass of women

whose work falls far below the standard of good nursing.

In view of this grave state of affairs, a Committee on the Grading of Nursing Schools was organized in 1925 by representatives of the National League of Nursing Education, the American Nurses' Association, the National Organization for Public Health Nursing, the American Medical Association, the American Public Health Association, the American Hospital Association, and the American College of Surgeons. With Dr. William Darrach, Dean of the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University, as its chairman, and May Ayres Burgess, Ph.D., as its research director, the Committee has been able to carry forward a number of important investigations, some of the results of which I am privileged to quote in this article.

The public, no less than the professional groups represented, has a vital concern in the solution of the problem which confronts the nursing profession. For as Florence Nightingale said, "Nursing is an art that concerns every family in the world." The time may come when your life or my life or the life of someone who is dear to us will hang upon a nurse's skilled care. And certainly the time is near at hand when the health of the American people as a whole may be greatly improved by such enlightened public health nursing as has already been brought about in many parts of the country.

II

Since the work of the nursing profession is so vitally important to society, it is a curious anomaly that young women who have had very little education should be allowed to study nursing—this, despite the fact that during the past ten years a high-school education has become a *sine qua non* for almost every other type of skilled woman worker. School teachers, stenographers, and now even the clerks in the better department stores are required to have

had a high-school education. It is true that the number of student nurses who are high-school graduates is increasing, but there are still a good many—more than a quarter of the entire student body in fact—who have not finished high school. Nursing is, in short, the one line of work left open to the uneducated girl which will not only raise her social status and pay her comparatively high wages but will provide her with a living while she is training and perhaps even a monthly allowance, since it is the custom of many of the schools to pay their students from \$10–\$25 a month. In view of these advantages, it is not surprising that nursing seems an open sesame to young women whose families can no longer support them or to those who want to get away to the big city. High-school principals, when called upon for vocational advice, have been known to suggest nursing as a possible career for girls unfitted to do anything else. One principal recently wrote the head of a training school, saying, "Mary Blank's parents are too poor to support her; she is a hopeless failure in her studies, and she is not attractive enough to marry. But I think she would make a good nurse. Won't you take her in?"

That nursing should have so fallen in the esteem of a portion of the community is largely the fault of those training schools which, in their anxiety to get the work of their hospitals done as cheaply as possible, have enrolled whatever young women were at the moment available. It is the fault, too, of the state legislatures which have consistently refused to raise the standards for registered nurses. At the present time, so far as I am able to find out, there are only five states, Maryland, Oregon, Rhode Island, Utah, and Washington which have passed laws requiring registered nurses to have had four years of high school, although such a law will be in effect in New York by 1932 and in Idaho by 1931.

The good training schools, however, maintain much higher standards than the

state laws require. Such schools as the Presbyterian, the New York Hospital, and Bellevue in New York City; the Massachusetts General, Peter Bent Brigham, and the Children's Hospital in Boston; Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, the Presbyterian in Chicago, Leland Stanford in San Francisco, and the new university training schools require not only a high-school education as a prerequisite but they carefully select their students on the basis of scholarship, personality, and background. Far from paying a monthly allowance, most of these schools charge a tuition fee of \$50 upwards for the first four months of instruction. Despite these requirements—or because of them—they usually have more applicants than they can accept. Some few of the students in these schools have been to college, while almost all have chosen nursing, not as a last resort or as an immediate means of supporting themselves, but because the work interests them. There are still other training schools, less famous nationally, which maintain equally high standards, and it is from schools of this kind that the cream of the nursing profession comes.

The rank and file of the schools have been slow about raising their entrance requirements because the boards of directors of the hospitals and some doctors are not yet convinced that a high-school education is necessary for nurses. The hospital boards do not realize that the relatively dull student may do fairly well working under her superiors in training school but prove most incompetent when thrown on her own responsibility in private duty. Doctors, too, are likely to forget that their favorite nurses—the sensitive, alert ones who can observe the slightest changes in symptoms and who handle their patients with never-failing tact—are almost always women of more than average intelligence and background. If they are older women, they may not have had a high-school education, but they will have come from the class of families that are now giving

their children four years of high school, if not of college.

When doctors state that nurses need comparatively little academic education they are no doubt thinking of their many convalescent and chronic patients who do not require the skilled attention of a graduate nurse. To take care of this demand there has been some talk of instituting short courses for attendants or sub-nurses, and the experiment is now being tried in several states. Obviously, the educational requirements for such a group of workers need not be so high as for the student destined to take care of very ill patients or to teach public health to the community. The latter not only needs whatever mental training and poise a high-school education can give, but she should be intelligent enough to have been graduated in the upper half of her class, for far greater demands will be made on her than are made on the average young woman in business.

III

With such mediocre human material to start with, the average training school does far less than it might to improve the quality of its students. At best, it offers a kind of apprenticeship which the student nurses are put through, but with this disadvantage, that there may be at least fifteen or twenty students working under one graduate nurse.

The superintendent of nurses, as the head of the training school, is herself busy with a hundred administrative duties. If the institution is a small one, she will be also superintendent of the hospital, and in that capacity will have to attend to the ordering of supplies, the paying of bills, and a hundred other odd jobs. In addition, she may have to function as head nurse in the operating and delivery rooms. After these duties are performed she doles out a little instruction to the student nurses, giving them as best she can the theoretical class work required by the state board

of nursing, with the help of lectures from a few of the doctors on clinical subjects and materia medica. She herself may have had so little education as to be ill-fitted to teach. The Grading Committee found that about one-fourth of a representative group of superintendents of both nursing and hospital services had never gone beyond the second year of high school. Far too often, too, the superintendent of nurses is new on the job, the figures showing that out of a group of 608, as many as 243 had held their positions one year or less.

Ill prepared as she may be to carry the heavy responsibilities of her position, the superintendent of nurses will hardly have time to correlate theory with practice and observe her students as they work in the wards, seeing whether this one does a good job with her first hot-pack, and whether that one causes her patient the least possible pain when she moves him. In the larger schools, it is true, the superintendent of nurses will have a number of graduates on her staff, but their time also is taken up with administrative work, and they do no teaching at all. In fact, more than half of 1126 schools surveyed reported that in addition to the superintendent of nurses they either had no graduate registered nurse on their teaching staff or only one.

With so few graduate nurses supervising their work, the students must learn by the trial-and-error method—and on the run, for they often have more patients to look after than they can properly care for. If they are promoted to head nurses in their second or third year, as often happens in the poorer hospitals, they will have to spend their days working on records, escorting visitors, and waiting on doctors, so that they will have little time left to instruct the freshmen or to perfect their own technic. One senior was heard to say that she would love to study a few of the stubborn cases on her floor to discover how they might be nursed to health a little more successfully if she could only take time off from her records. And yet she was

supposed to be studying nursing, not bookkeeping.

Hospitals that employ inexperienced graduates as superintendents of nursing, and at the same time leave the greater part of the nursing, including the supervision of wards and floors, to overworked students are hardly giving either their students or their patients a fair deal. Under a system of this kind it is small wonder that one hears of hot-water-bag burns, babies arriving while the nurses are busy elsewhere, and deadly enemata of ammonia water being given in place of soapsuds.

There is always, it seems, more work to be done in a hospital than there are people to do it. Not so many years ago student nurses were obliged to scrub floors; and in some hospitals they are still expected to operate the switchboard, wash dishes, roll bandages, clean up rooms after patients have left, and do various other odd jobs which will hardly make them better nurses. Because of this heavy load of work, students who are doing very poorly as nurses are often kept on and even graduated. The superintendent of nurses frequently cannot help herself, since she is responsible not only for training young women to be fit nurses but for seeing that every patient gets at least a minimum amount of care.

Even though students may be kept busy caring for patients eight and ten hours a day, six and a half days a week, they may not be receiving a comprehensive training. One-fourth of the training schools in the country are attached to hospitals that have a daily average of less than forty-two patients. So limited a number will hardly supply sufficient clinical material to give students experience in handling the necessary variety of cases. For this reason the Red Cross refuses to put on its reserve list graduate nurses who have trained in hospitals of less than fifty patients. In the average hospital, as a rule, the students get good training in surgical nursing, but only a smattering of training in the medical, obstetric, and

pediatric field, and practically no experience at all with contagious diseases. Even in some of the larger hospitals, the student's training is practically limited to one or two services.

Much higher standards, however, are maintained in the comparatively small group of schools to which I have already referred. These superior schools aim to give their students a good grounding in at least the four major services, and do so by sending them to other institutions for a few months at a time if their own hospitals do not offer these services. Not many of these schools, however, outside of the university training schools, have as yet affiliated their students with hospitals for mental cases. The directors of the better schools are doing admirable work, although they are too often handicapped by lack of funds and facilities. Among other things, they need a sufficient number of graduate nurses to give the students adequate supervision in the wards and to allow time for the study of individual cases.

IV

It is not surprising that young women who have not been carefully selected in the beginning and who have then been run through the average hospital mill should turn out to be failures as nurses.

The testimony of doctors cannot be ignored. Most of them admit that there are still excellent nurses to be had—women whom they can put in charge of life-and-death cases with the utmost confidence. But four out of five leading New York physicians to whom I talked complained that the majority of nurses are neglecting "the art of nursing." "They don't do the little things that make so much difference to a patient's physical and mental state and, worst of all, they don't seem to care," one physician exclaimed with irritation. Another told me of an old man patient suffering from cardiac trouble who has employed a succession of trained nurses day and night for the past two years, but

in all that time has had just one nurse "whose one idea was to see that I was comfortable."

Testimony from patients themselves is perhaps still more significant. All shades of opinion are represented in a thought-provoking book published by the Grading Committee in 1928 under the title *Nurses, Patients, and Pocket-books*. A number of patients are quoted who express the greatest admiration for the character and ability of the nurses who have served them. But the book also includes testimony from patients who are most bitter in their denunciation of the nurses they have employed. If I quote only from the latter it is to show that all is not well with the nursing profession.

A Pennsylvania woman writes at some length: "My husband had endocarditis and was not much trouble although he sometimes needed attention at night. I always got up because the nurse, who had been very pert and disagreeable with him, stayed in bed. The night before he died he had some pain, and I called her to help me. She gave him some medicine and then went right back to bed. I worked with him until 2:30 and then called up the doctor whereupon the nurse got up and banged doors and told my husband he was going to die anyway. . . . The new nurse whom the doctor brought the next morning looked like a little girl: she had very white lips, and she told me afterwards she had a spot on her lung. . . . All the nurses were so very young and seemed only interested in the money they could earn."

Finally a Wisconsin woman writes: "I have had eight graduate nurses in my home at different times. Of this number there were only two I would have called again. Of the other six I would say that they had two faults which were outstanding. Either they were lazy or careless about cleanliness, or both. Three of the nurses were so dirty in the care of the patient as to be a positive menace."

V

Yet graduate nurses are not likely to prove as dangerous as partially trained or totally untrained "practical" nurses. Unfortunately, none of our states requires that women who practice nursing should be licensed; therefore, any person who wishes may put on a cap and uniform and hire herself out as a nurse. Most of the states, however, do protect the public to the extent of providing for the registration of nurses who have been graduated from accredited training schools and passed the state board examinations either in that state or in some other state whose standards are comparable. (New York alone reserves the right to register only graduates from such schools as its own board has inspected.) A few states also register attendant or sub-nurses. All such statutes entitle the nurses who qualify to call themselves registered or attendant nurses as the case may be.

The general public unfortunately does not know that the initials R.N. after a nurse's name mean that she is a graduate of an accredited training school and that she is practicing with the state's approval. Most people, I fear, think that a nurse is a nurse, and if a doctor is not at hand when they need one they turn to the telephone directory and call the first nurse registry they find listed. Now there are registries and registries. In most states there is at least one official registry sponsored by the State Nurses' Association, and in populous states there are a number of such registries. These official organizations are strictly non-commercial: they are supported by annual dues paid by the nurses whom they place, and they send out only registered nurses who charge no more than the fee fixed by the local Nurses' Association. The alumnae or hospital registries are also of an official order and send out their own graduates at the fixed fee.

Many doctors use only the official or hospital registries, but others have fallen into the habit of calling on commercial

registries when they are in a hurry or dissatisfied with the nurses they have had from the official organizations. There are unquestionably some reliable commercial registries but the greater number of them give no guarantee of the nurse's qualifications and also encourage her to charge as much as the traffic will bear, since they get a straight ten per cent of her earnings.

The public should be on its guard against these commercial registries, for they often solicit business in the most deceiving manner. A registry in a Middle-Western city, for instance, advertises itself in the classified telephone book as "The Nurses' Own Organization," in what would seem a deliberate attempt to pass itself off as the official registry of the local Nurses' Association. In the New York telephone book there are as many as thirty-one registries listed in addition to the official and hospital registries, and more than a few of these are known to have a doubtful reputation. An industrial concern which needed an office nurse recently called upon one of these registries. The young woman who reported for duty looked professional enough in her starched uniform, but the second day of her employment she used an ordinary pin to prick a carbuncle on a man's neck, with disastrous results. He is now suing the company for damages, but the company can get no redress from the registry, since it had not guaranteed that the woman they sent was a registered nurse.

Doctors who accept nurses from commercial registries at their face value sometimes discover all too late that they should not have trusted them with important cases. There was a doctor in a Western city who ordered the nurse to give a series of camphor injections to a patient suffering from pneumonia. After the patient had died the unopened ampoules were discovered in the bed, and the nurse then confessed that she did not know how to give the injections and so had hidden the ampoules. The person who told me the story could not

say whether the doctor subsequently looked into the young woman's credentials or whether he let her go on her dangerous way. Reports from all over the country, however, show that doctors very seldom ask to see a nurse's registration card no matter where she comes from.

It is as true as it ever was that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. There are actually nurses abroad in the land who have learned all they know from correspondence schools of nursing. I have prospectuses from three different schools in different parts of the country all of which promise to teach young women to do all kinds of nursing—medical, surgical, and obstetrical—through a series of twelve monthly lessons. One school writes, "The training that we give you should enable you to handle, under the direction of a physician, any case in general practice to which you are called." How a student could be taught by correspondence to recognize the various stages of labor in childbirth, to give a hypodermic, or to catheterize is beyond this layman. It would seem almost safer to let an intelligent servant wait on one than a correspondence-school nurse who did not know her own limitations.

New York State, in an effort to protect the public against such unqualified persons, has passed an employment agency law which requires every nurse registry to mail to the patient a statement of the nurse's qualifications. It is a good law, but so far it has not been well enforced. Until the states do protect the public against malpractice in nursing by exacting that all who practice be licensed, as doctors must be, it would behoove the public to protect itself by asking to see every nurse's registration card.

VI

But neither the training schools nor the state authorities have it in their power to bring order out of chaos in the

nursing profession, for the problem is fundamentally an economic one.

In most states the Nurse Associations permit their members to charge a maximum of \$6 for a twelve-hour day, and \$2 more for a twenty-four-hour day, on ordinary cases. Contagious, maternity, nervous, and other difficult or unpleasant types of work command an additional \$2 a day. In localities where the cost of living runs high the regular rate is \$7-\$8 for a twelve-hour day and \$2 additional for the types of cases just mentioned.

The patient in a New York hospital who pays \$56 a week to each of two nurses, plus \$1.50 a day for their board, naturally thinks that nurses must be living off the fat of the land. But he fails to realize that this amount by no means represents a nurse's average weekly earnings. During the days when she is idle, waiting for work or recovering from her last case, she is earning nothing at all. In fact, the typical private-duty nurse, according to figures collected in 1927 by the Grading Committee, is actually at work for only eight months out of the year all told and collects pay for only seven. Sometimes patients do not pay their bills and sometimes she gives her services to relatives. In any event her average yearly income amounts to no more than \$1311.

Unlike other professional workers, the private-duty nurse's income level remains the same during the best years of her working life and then suffers a sharp drop. The beginner starts at the top and earns as much as the experienced and competent nurse, while the older woman, no matter how ripe her experience, is sure to find herself out of the running as soon as she loses her physical resistance.

Many private-duty nurses collapse long before they are fifty, so trying are the conditions of their work. Consider for a moment the life of a nurse who does fairly good work but lacks either the training or the personality to make her a favorite with doctors. She has spent, let us say, two weeks on a pneumonia

case in a private home, and during that time she has not only had to look after a very sick patient but she has had to keep up the morale of the entire family. If the patient dies and the wife breaks down the nurse must persuade her to take food, to get some rest, and to pull herself together. Perhaps there is an old mother, too, who crumples and needs nursing care. Such a case takes a great deal out of any nurse who is not hard of heart. After it is over she will have to rest for a few days and for the sake of relaxation she may be extravagant enough to take a trip to Atlantic City or give a theater party for her friends. People who live as close to death as do nurses and soldiers are likely to be reckless when they escape from its shadow for a few days.

When this nurse goes on call again she will not dare leave her telephone, so that the days when she is not working hardly amount to a vacation for her. Very often a case will last for only a day or two, and leave her high and dry until the next one comes along. If she is obliged to take twenty-four-hour duty she will have only three hours a day for recreation and six for sleep; and if she works on a twelve-hour basis she is usually too tired at night to do anything but go to bed. At no time, except when she takes a month's vacation in the summer—if she is able to afford that luxury—can she lead a normal social existence. And if she falls sick from overwork or catches a disease from a patient, she must pay her own hospital bills out of her scanty savings. Health insurance companies consider her the worst risk in the world, and quite justifiably, in view of the increasing number of nurses who are coming down with tuberculosis.

Worst of all, the private-duty nurse suffers keenly from professional loneliness. She is no longer part of a group, and unless she does special duty in a hospital from time to time, she gets completely out of touch with other nurses and the latest nursing technic. Of all free lances, she is the most un-

fortunate, for she has no choice but to work long hours and she cannot increase her income beyond a certain point nor gain any particular recognition. Given such working conditions, it is not surprising that an increasing number of able nurses are leaving the private-duty field for public health and administrative work.

VII

The private-duty nurse suffers not only from disadvantageous working conditions but she is suffering increasingly from a dearth of employment, as the training schools turn out larger and larger crops of nurses. The army of 200,000 registered nurses—and this number does not of course include the innumerable practical, correspondence-school and other varieties of nurses who cannot qualify for registration—will this year be augmented by 25,000 more graduates, the majority of whom will go into private duty because they will not be prepared to do anything else. Many of them, it is true, will marry, and half of them will have dropped out by the eighth year for one reason or another; but even with such a mortality rate as this the army of graduate nurses keeps on increasing at a far more rapid pace than does the population as a whole. In 1900 there was one nurse to every 6405 people, while to-day there is one to every 590 people. We might need as many nurses as we now have, if they were evenly distributed over the country. But nurses, like doctors, tend to stay in the cities near the schools where they have trained. In Manhattan there is one registered nurse to every 235 persons; in San Francisco one to every 271; in Los Angeles one to every 294, while in many rural counties there are no registered nurses at all.

Popular belief to the contrary, there is at the present time no shortage of nurses in the cities and has been none for the past five years, except during periods of epidemics. Far from a shortage, there

has been a surplus supply. This fact was proved in 1927, by reports to the Grading Committee from 325 out of 353 registries to the effect that they did not want any more nurses to come to their localities since they already had more on their rolls than they could take care of. The demand for nurses being seasonal, there are slack periods when even the graduates of the good schools suffer.

Yet there is no doubt that during busy seasons there is often a serious shortage of well-qualified nurses, and this is the reason why doctors talk of a general shortage. The nurses who sit in the registries the year round waiting for calls are usually the ones who have not been trained to handle obstetrical, pediatric, nervous, or special kinds of medical cases—or whose personalities do not recommend them to doctors. The well-trained and skillful nurse, on the other hand, when she has once established herself with a few physicians, seldom has to depend upon the registry for her calls and can as a rule choose the kind of work she wants to do. Most nurses dislike night duty; many dislike obstetric home cases because patients so often expect them to do washing and housework; and practically all graduate nurses prefer special duty in hospitals to private duty in homes. Also, nurses, like other human beings, prefer to keep their week-ends and holidays free. For these reasons doctors are sometimes unable to get hold of their favorite nurses when they badly need them, although, according to the reports from the registries, they are almost always able to get some sort of a graduate nurse.

There is also a decided shortage of capable women to fill the positions of superintendents of nurses and supervisors in hospitals. In public health, too, there is a shortage of nurses who have had at least a high-school education and have been well trained in bacteriology, the handling of contagious diseases, and the technic of asepsis. Many graduate nurses would like to enter the public

health field where the working day is only eight hours long and where there is chance for advancement, but after three years of training they find themselves unprepared to do anything but private-duty nursing, and not even well prepared to do that. All of the evidence goes to show, in fine, that at the bottom of the profession there is a great surplus of graduate nurses with mediocre training and ability, while at the top there is a serious shortage of able women to do the important work.

VIII

While the number of private-duty nurses has been rapidly multiplying, the number of persons who are in a position to employ this type of worker has been relatively decreasing. Preventive medicine is having its effects, and fewer and fewer people are going to bed for long periods of time. Houses have given way to apartments, and there is literally no longer any room for the private-duty nurse. Doctors, too, are more and more inclined to send their patients to the hospitals. The hospitals, in their turn, are enrolling more and more students to take care of the rising tide of patients and sending out more and more graduate nurses into the already overcrowded private-duty field. A vicious circle to say the least.

A number of reforms are clearly indicated. In the first place the hospitals will have to cease to regard the training school as an economic asset rather than as an educational responsibility. Certainly there is no civic virtue in exploiting thousands of students who at the end of their training may not be able to make a fair living and who will be of little service to the community. If the standards of nursing are to be salvaged, a good many of the 2200 odd training schools now in existence will have to be discontinued, and this will include most of those conducted by privately owned hospitals. It should not be possible for doctors who run such hospitals

for profit to influence state legislatures, as they have in the past, against any move to raise the standards of nursing. Some twenty years ago the American Medical Association saw the dangers inherent in unregulated medical schools and met the situation by adopting higher standards. The schools which could not meet these standards eventually dropped out, so that to-day there are only 76 schools as compared with the 160 there were in 1900.

The hospitals which retain their training schools will very likely have to seek a special endowment for them so that they will be able to provide the proper kind of instruction and not oblige their students to do work which is non-educational in return for their room and board. Donors to hospital funds and the directors of community chests must come to realize that nurses should be educated for the sake of society just as doctors must be. It is very shortsighted for a community to raise money for magnificent new hospital buildings and equipment without making any provision for the proper education of the women who must keep the hospitals running. It is important to know that the very first school of modern nursing—that at St. Thomas' Hospital, London—was endowed by Florence Nightingale with the fifty thousand pounds which a grateful people raised in her honor. Had it not been for that initial endowment the profession of nursing as we know it would never have been born. And without some such endowments to-day the profession cannot hope to advance farther.

The hospitals that give up their training schools will have to reorganize on a sounder basis so as to provide adequate nursing care for their patients at a moderate price. Too many institutions at present are administered, if not by nurses, by broken-down school-teachers and ministers who have little business ability.

The present system is far from satisfactory to patients, as has already been

pointed out. A patient in a hospital pays from \$5 to \$25 a day—or even more—for a private room in order to get nursing care, but if he requires anything but student attention he finds that he must pay extra for a special nurse. He either gets too little nursing or more than he needs and can afford to pay for. The plan for group nursing which has been tried successfully in a number of Middle-Western hospitals, and which will be instituted in the new Gotham Hospital in New York, would seem to offer an excellent solution to this problem. Rooms are arranged in units of three or four, and two nurses, a night nurse and a day nurse, care for the patients in these rooms. The two nurses are paid a little more for carrying the heavier load, but the patients pay much less than if each had a special nurse. This kind of duty should prove far more stimulating than ordinary private duty to the alert nurse who often finds that a single case does not make sufficient demands upon her skill and ability. At the same time it should provide adequate nursing care for all but very ill patients.

When there are fewer schools and when the requirements for entrance have been raised there will be fewer graduates and these of a much higher type. Whether the large class of poorly educated girls who are now accepted on an equal footing with the high-school graduates will choose to become attendants or sub-nurses remains to be seen. There is undoubtedly a widespread need for a group of workers to take the place of the untrained "practical" nurses—who will have had a course in simple nursing and who will also be prepared to do a little housework. A number of states provide for the registration of sub-nurses or attendants, but so far the hospitals have found it more profitable to keep students for three years. A few schools, however, have been established for training attendants, and their graduates have been much in demand. The School for Attendants

conducted by the Household Nursing Association in Boston has recruited young women from the servant, factory, and clerk class who have had no more than a grade-school education and has also enrolled a number of better educated older women. Up to date 1047 attendants have completed the nine months' course which prepares them to care for convalescent and chronic patients as distinguished from those whose symptoms must be observed. They earn from \$25 to \$28 a week, or \$4 a day when sent out by the Association's registry, and more if sent out by commercial registries. The chief difficulty with the plan as it has worked out in various cities, is that attendants and sub-nurses after a year or so of practice begin to compete with graduate nurses and to charge not \$4 but the full \$6 a day. Such an outcome is perhaps inevitable since it is doubtful whether any group of semi-skilled workers will be willing to continue very long to work for twelve hours for the same price that scrub-women get for eight.

It seems more likely that the problem of mildly ill or convalescent patients in the home will be solved by the kind of visiting nursing service which has proved so successful among the poor and is now being offered in some communities to patients of moderate means on an appointment basis. A nurse who comes in by the hour can give an injection or irrigation or any prescribed medication, bathe a patient, do whatever needs to be done for a convalescent mother or a sick baby, dress a wound or a bed sore—in short, give the skilled care which a servant or a member of the family is not trained to give. She can also teach the family how to take care of the patient during the remaining hours of the day. The plan has been tried in a number of cities but has proved successful only where the local visiting nurse association has directed the nurses and routed their calls so that the charge to the patient per hour has not been excessive.

If home nursing is to be put on a sound

basis it must be made a community project, just as are the public schools. There must be some sort of an organization (it would have to be endowed at first and in large cities it would have to have a number of branches) which would employ the necessary number of nurses on a regular salary basis and send them out to patients as needed, whether for full-time private duty, hourly nursing, or attendant service. It would be the business of such a civic body to provide at a fair price the proper nursing care for all classes of the community, and to distribute the time of nurses during epidemics so that it would be impossible for some families to monopolize nurses for twelve hours a day while others went without any care at all. The nurses would also be put on a schedule so that there would always be a certain number available at night, and over week-ends and holidays. Under such a system the members of the community would at all times have recourse to qualified nurses who were responsible to the director of the organization for the kind of work they did.

As nursing develops in its various phases, the profession as a whole will no doubt be divided into different categories of skilled and unskilled workers who will charge according to their rank and their experience. As matters stand now, the competent and the incompetent are all classified together as graduate nurses. When the training schools are reorganized, as they must be to provide concentrated instruction, the three-year students should emerge not only equipped to handle surgical, medical, obstetrical, nervous, pediatric, and contagious cases, and to do visiting nursing, but intensively trained in some one of these lines. Such graduates will be in demand for floor duty or group-nursing in hospitals where they can apply their skill to a number of patients at a time, for instructing students, for public health nursing, and for private-duty work on acutely ill cases. The more highly qualified will not, however, be

available for routine private duty because their services will be too valuable. In all probability there will be fewer and fewer graduate nurses who will be willing to do private-duty nursing in homes. Patients who are acutely ill will expect to go to the hospital, and the rest will tend to get along with hourly nurses or with attendants supplemented by visiting nurses.

The possibilities of nursing to-day, it seems to me, surpass even Florence Nightingale's vision of what those who came after her might accomplish. Little, for instance, has been discovered as yet about the nursing of mental cases, and the greater number of the patients in psychiatric wards and sanatoria (they occupy over half of the hospital beds in the country) have so far received only custodial care. Here is a field in which the nurse who is properly trained in psychology can be of immense importance in bringing patients back to normal, for it is she who is with them hour after hour. Nurses who have gone into the work say that it is even more fascinating to salvage human minds than bodies.

There are a number of other fields of medicine—such as paralysis, orthopedia, pediatrics, and heart trouble—where the possibilities of nursing have not yet been fully explored. No one knows what skillful nurses working in conjunction with physicians may be able to accomplish with such cases.

Finally, the opportunities for public health nurses, those "missionaries of health" of whom Florence Nightingale expected great things, are only beginning to be realized, although their achievements in town and country and in foreign lands are already notable. In New York the Henry Street Visiting Nurses are doing remarkable work in caring for the sick and in teaching preventive medicine. In the same city the Maternity Center Association, through its program of maternity nursing, has been instrumental in cutting down the maternal death rate in one section of Manhattan to 2.4 deaths per thousand

live births as compared with a rate of 5.3 in the city at large. Nurses from all over the country come to train at the Maternity Center because their own hospitals failed to give them training in these specific aspects of public-health nursing. Many cities, too, have excellent visiting nurse associations supported by voluntary contributions, while a number of boards of health employ nurses to visit the schools, to conduct baby health stations, and to check the spread of contagion in the homes. A few insurance companies have found it worth their while to provide a minimum of nursing care to those of their policyholders who need it and have arranged with the visiting nurse associations to do this work. All told, there are approximately 20,000 graduate nurses who are engaged in organized public health work, and there is no doubt but what we need many more. The time is not long distant, I believe, when every city, county, and state government will consider the public health nurse an indispensable part of its health program.

It was to meet the country's growing need for able public health nurses, as well as the no less prevalent need for more highly skilled nurses to take care of the sick and to administer hospital services, that some thirty universities have established training schools of a truly professional nature. Two of these, the Yale University School of Nursing and the one at Western Reserve, are fortunate enough to be endowed. The Yale School, founded in 1924 with one of the outstanding leaders of the profession, Miss Annie W. Goodrich, acting as its dean, enrolls only women who have had two years of college, and in every way offers the highest grade of training. From the beginning its graduates have been in demand for administrative positions in hospitals and with public health organizations. Western Reserve and a number of the other university schools are also doing notable work, the University of Minnesota having been the first to start a training school for nurses.

Teachers College at Columbia University has also contributed to the advancement of nursing by offering post-graduate courses in such subjects as administration, education, psychology, and comparative nursing methods; and now other colleges are following its lead.

With the growing importance of preventive medicine and the constant development of new technics in treating the sick, the profession of nursing offers a real future to women who want to use their ability to some good purpose. They have a great ideal to live up to, for the tradition created by Florence Nightingale has been carried on more gloriously in this country than in any other. American Red Cross nurses are known all over the world for their heroism in times of war and disaster, while our public health nurses have succored all kinds and conditions of people—in our own slums and in such distant quarters of the globe as the Far East, Poland, and Brazil, where they helped to fight and conquer both smallpox and malaria. No less worthy of praise are the thousands of unknown nurses who have served their patients with true professional

zeal. Nursing has held a peculiar fascination for all of these women—a thrill that is based, they tell me, on the sense of being needed and the deep satisfaction that comes from seeing patients regain their health day by day. That is the reason, no doubt, why so many fine women have stayed in the profession despite the fact that even the highest salaries in administrative and public health work do not begin to compare with the incomes which women of ability are now earning in other lines of work.

In time, it is to be hoped, the public will realize that it can afford to pay well to preserve its own health. Nurses must be provided for every community, just as school-teachers must, and the heads of the profession must be paid salaries commensurate with their ability and the importance of the work they are doing. The days when women gave up their lives to nursing as they would to a sisterhood have passed. The best of the nurses to-day are animated by the same high ideals, but they see very clearly that the profession must be reorganized on a sound educational and economic basis before it can do all the things it has set out to do.



RUIN

A STORY

BY GORDON ARTHUR SMITH

WE HAD been discussing crime and punishment and the difficulty which both man and nature have experienced in making the punishment fit the crime. My companion, Paul de Maubray, sociologist, psychologist, and a graceful writer of occasional strays of fiction, had maintained stoutly throughout the half hour we had sat in the smoke-stained café near the *Sacré Cœur* that neither man nor nature has devised punishments in any way appropriate to the crimes which both man and nature have devised.

"Crime and punishment!" he exclaimed. "What should be their relation? Or again, take service and reward. The line between a crime and a service is so tenuous that only too often we punish a service or reward a crime. We men, makers of laws and administrators of justice, in our impudence pretend to be able to distinguish between a good deed and a bad one! I tell you, my young friend, that we cannot."

"Men are not infallible judges," I pointed out.

"They are not," he agreed, "and for that reason they should not pretend to judge. If you will look behind you, across the room, you will see facing us a disreputable old friend of mine whom long ago men pretended to judge. What he did they called a crime, and they punished him accordingly; but I am not at all sure that what he did was not a noble, a supremely generous act. Look

at him, my friend, and observe how he has been rewarded."

I glanced across the room in the direction that Paul de Maubray indicated. I saw, hunched over the marble top of a square table, as unprepossessing a remnant of a man as I ever remember to have seen. It was impossible to guess at his age—he might, I thought, have seen through those red eyes of his a century go by. His hair (if he owned a hat he had removed it) was white and long and thin and lifeless. His beard was not pretty to look at. I cast a glance at his clothes and averted my eyes. I must have shuddered a little as I did so, for Paul de Maubray said maliciously, "You do not like my friend, eh? You condemn him already; you prefer not to contemplate him?"

"What is the use?" I returned. "One knows that such creatures exist. Is not that enough?"

"No," answered Paul, "that is by no means enough; and if you were not so sensitive a young flower you would have seen for yourself what I shall now point out to you. Look at his forehead and look at his hands. Study them carefully, my friend, you who pretend to be interested in your fellow-men."

Reluctantly I returned my gaze once more to the creature at the opposite table; and almost immediately I saw what Paul had meant me to see—a fine, high brow, a student's brow, a brow that would have graced an academician. And hands, yellow, to be sure, but long and shapely and nervous. There was

no denying those hands—they belonged either to an aristocrat or to an artist or to both. Artists—I use the word of course in the inclusive sense—are as a rule aristocrats marked with something far more indelible than a title.

“Well,” queried Paul in his lazily scornful voice, “what do you see now?”

“Who is he?” I asked meekly.

“Who is he? Why, he is a suicide. He is a person who has killed himself in every way that a man can kill himself except that rather sordid and vulgar way of taking his own life. Nevertheless, his life is gone. I will ask him over to tell you about it. It will cost you perhaps half a bottle of cognac, but it is not impossible that you might make one of your so delightful little newspaper sketches out of what he has to say.”

My friend instructed a waiter to ask Monsieur Jerome Hubertot if he would do us the honor to join us in a *petit verre*. Jerome Hubertot—I noted the name but at the time it signified nothing to me—roused himself with a start from his lethargy, turned his reddish eyes toward us inquiringly, recognized Paul and, with a nod and a grunt, started the process of disentangling his legs from those of the table. When he had done so he crossed over to us, heavily, painfully, like a man walking through deep mud. Paul motioned him to a seat, introduced me, and called for cognac.

“My very young friend here,” said Paul, “is anxious to hear from you the story you told me some nights ago. I, myself, shall not be vexed to hear it a second time. My young friend is an ambitious journalist.”

“Then,” said Jerome Hubertot, “your young friend is a young fool. He would do better to become an ambitious horse-doctor.”

“Yes, yes,” said Paul quickly. “I know you are prejudiced against the profession and I know why; but my young friend does not know why and he is eager to hear. So tell him.”

“Very well,” agreed Jerome Hubertot, “I will tell him.”

He poured himself a *petit verre* of cognac, threw back his unkempt head, and swallowed the liquor at a gulp; then he said, “Oh!” licked his bearded lips and began.

“It happened, all this,” he said, “about thirty years ago. That was before you were born, young man, I’ve no doubt. It began here in Paris and here in Paris it will end. The drama, you perceive, can boast of at least one of the three classical unities—the unity of place.

“Thirty years ago I was thirty years old. That is a good age to be, is it not, young man? Yes, I agree. At thirty all should be splendid with the world—the apprentice days are over and the great deeds are ahead of one; not too far ahead of one, either; coming nearer and nearer every day, almost within one’s grasp. Fame, at that age, seems beautiful and imminent—as beautiful as a beautiful woman and almost as tangible. One says, ‘If I am not famous to-morrow I shall be famous at any rate not later than next week.’ One is so very sure of oneself.

“Well, that was my condition. I had a job as assistant dramatic critic on *L’Eclaireur* which, at that time, was the most influential morning paper in France. I was second to the great Colin Martel, the satanic old man who made or killed every play that he reviewed during the last ten years of his life. Monsieur de Maubray remembers him, even if you do not.

“With some it has been a question whether *L’Eclaireur* made Martel the power that he was in things dramatic or whether Martel made *L’Eclaireur*. In any case their authority, their supremacy were indisputable. If Bernhardt or Réjane had a failure—and they had several—you could be sure that it was because Colin Martel had devastated the play in his review.

“You see what I mean? You see what my position was at the age of thirty? Second to Martel and waiting to step into his shoes! And Martel was

seventy-eight, so I had reason to believe his shoes would soon be vacant.

"Now I want you to understand that I did not spend my days and my nights gloating over my opportunities. On the contrary, I strove in every manner possible to fit myself for the opportunity when it should come. I studied—*bon dieu*, how I studied! I read the classics and the moderns until I knew them by heart; I pored over Sainte-Beuve and Brunetière until I was certain that the critical methods of both were unsound. And I took to pieces and put together again every review that my master, Colin Martel, ever wrote. I even learned English, so that I might read what that Irishman, Shaw, was saying at the time. You may not remember, but he was saying a great deal. In short, I did everything in my power to make myself worthy of the eminent position to which any day I expected to be called.

"But when one is thirty and in Paris and June comes around in due time, as June always will, it is difficult to remain always serious, always a plodder, a student, a monk. My connection with the theater had provided me with many acquaintances among the profession—many acquaintances and even a friend or two. I had, however, as a rule striven to avoid entanglements of a serious nature with the women of the stage, for such things are detrimental to the career of a dramatic critic, and, as I have tried to make clear, my career was more precious to me than anything else in life. More precious, I thought, than any woman was or could be. Imbecile!"

The old fellow rapped the table so sharply that I started, and the glasses tinkled against their saucers.

"Imbecile," he repeated, but less vehemently—"imbecile, and excusable only because at that time I had yet to meet Roxane Renoir. Roxane Renoir! Does the name say anything to you, monsieur?" And he turned to me with an expression half hopeful and half hopeless. I felt that he would have liked

me to remember Roxane Renoir but despaired of my doing so. Forced to be truthful, I shook my head.

"I fear not," I said. "I must have been in my cradle at that time."

"Of course—evidently. Your friend, Monsieur de Maubray, remembers her, however. Doubtless he could tell you of her better than I. I find it difficult, somehow—perhaps because I loved her so much. One cannot describe accurately the fire that consumes one or the wind that carries one away. I was the ash in the fire, the leaf in the wind.

"But no matter. Let me sketch her for you as well as I can. You have, perhaps, seen photographs of Cléo de Merode—even you? Well, that was a little her style. The long, oval face with the hair parted in the middle and drawn down, smoothly undulating, over her ears to form a knot that lay, dark, lustrous, and heavy, low against her white neck. Her hair was as black as a pool on a starless night. Her eyes were as black as her hair, God pity me!

"She was very slender. Very slender," he repeated musingly, "but then she was very young. There was Spanish blood in her somewhere—somehow—I have forgotten, but it is of no importance except that she held herself like a Spaniard. You know what I mean—erect, chin up, head back. You have seen 'Carmencita,' no doubt, in the Luxembourg, by that American, Sargent? Well, that is how she held herself.

"So, now, there you have her to the best of my ability, but of course you haven't her at all. No one who has not seen her in those days can imagine her; and even I, at times, find that her picture is blurred—even I who have held her in my arms."

He ceased abruptly, reached for his glass of cognac, found it empty, and glanced inquiringly at me. I told the waiter to bring the bottle. I filled our three glasses, Jerome Hubertot sighed and sipped. Then he resumed.

"Roxane Renoir, when I met her, was filling a small and absurd part in a revue. Oh, the usual sort of thing. The demure young girl from the provinces whose most naïve remarks can be interpreted in the most Rabelaisian way. We French have a passion for obscenity in the guise of innocence.

"Roxane invested the part with all the art and charm which was hers and which Paris was later to recognize. I devoted a eulogistic paragraph to her in my review of the piece—for that was the sort of drama assigned to me to review for *L'Eclaireur*. Colin Martel, quite naturally, would not soil his hands with it.

"I was presented to her a day or so afterward at a restaurant. She thanked me for my favorable notice and asked me to come to see her in her apartment in the rue de la Faisanderie. I went.

"I don't remember what we talked of at first but toward the end of my visit we talked, as was inevitable, of love. Every woman will turn the conversation to that topic as soon as she decently can. Sometimes before she decently can.

"But I, myself, was in no way reluctant. There was something about Roxane Renoir in those days that made men light-headed—the passion under her demureness, perhaps, latent but discernible, like the quick color that came and went beneath the whiteness of her skin. One does not stop to analyze these things at the time. Once one has touched one's lips to the cup one closes one's eyes, drains it, and becomes drunk without questions, without scruples, without thoughts of the morrow.

"From that day forward I loved her. I thought that she loved me. She said so, but what man can be certain? As between an actress and a critic, ours was a highly respectable love, for we determined to marry. That, I suppose, was my idea. You will accuse me of being maudlin, but the plain fact is that anything short of marriage would have seemed to me a tarnishing of my love

for her. I had set her above and apart. I had put her, virginal, in a niche as something worshipful. In my heart I had sanctified her. All this, of course, was very wrong of me, very mistaken, very inexperienced. One makes such mistakes at thirty—and before and after.

"Another mistake that I made was in giving her time to think and, incidentally, time to make a name for herself in her profession. That last led to catastrophe for me, as I might, perhaps, have foreseen. But, I tell you, I was in no mood, no condition, to foresee anything except Roxane and myself, united, climbing, in a roseate mist and surrounded by plump cupids, a sort of lazulite staircase to delight. A sort of Christmas-card picture, you see. So I helped Roxane to become famous. A critic—even an assistant critic—can help a great deal if his paper carries authority.

"But Roxane Renoir had it in her to become, alone and unaided by me, a great comédienne. She graduated rapidly from small parts to important parts, from vulgar farce to less vulgar comedy and thence to high comedy. Within a year and a half she had received an offer from the famous Lucien Bergs to play opposite him in his next piece.

"I shall not soon forget the day she told me of that offer. It was in her apartment—still, mark you, the one in the rue de la Faisanderie; for although her salary had increased she was ever of a thrifty nature. Peasant stock, you see.

"Well, how do you suppose she broke the wonderful news to me—to me who had struggled and schemed as arduously as she for her success? How do you suppose she told me? With rapturous arms about my neck and in the intervals of a rain of kisses? With tears of gratitude and in a voice broken with emotion? You might think so, my friend, but you would be wrong. As you grow older you will learn that people take their successes merely as their due: it is their failures that are always the fault of somebody else.

"Yes, precisely. On that day Roxane greeted me with what I perceived to be an unusual coolness. She was completely polite, but also, completely formal.

"Sit down, Jerome," she said. "There's something I must tell you about."

"I sat down, wondering what the calamity might be, whether her old mother had died suddenly down in Provence or her Pekingese had been run over in the Bois. She put an end to my wondering at once.

"Bergs was here this morning," she said quite calmly. "He wants me for his next piece—to play the leading woman."

"I leaped from my seat and ran to her with my arms outstretched. Pride and delight and triumph caught me up and swept me away. I experienced all the emotions, all the raptures that she should have experienced; I was filled with the glow that fills one who, having fought his fight and run his race, sees victory at last.

"I ran to her, I say, and started to fling my arms about her. And then—well, and then she pushed me away with a shrill, petulant cry. It was as if she were thrusting aside some awkward, over-affectionate dog that had pawed his eager body up to lick her face.

"No, no," she cried, "get away! Go back to your seat. We must discuss this calmly."

"In a daze, hurt, rebuffed, I desisted, even as the too affectionate dog desists when he has been slapped on the nose.

"We must discuss this calmly," she repeated. "It means a great deal to both of us. It changes a great deal for both of us."

"I was silent. I did not even then know what she meant.

"You see," she continued in a hard, cool voice such as she might have employed to dismiss her cook—"you see that if I accept this offer, my poor friend, I cannot possibly marry you. It would be out of the question. Bergs would not tolerate a married woman for

his leading lady. You know that as well as I."

"I suppose I did know it as well as she, but I had not thought of it as soon as she. Bergs, as you may remember, selected his leading women with an eye to marrying them himself if they proved satisfactory. He had already married and divorced three at that time. He was an uxorious man, a man of many wives but no mistresses; a delightful and a faithful husband until a wife ceased to please him and then a ruthless, cynical brute until he was rid of her and seeking another. And he was the outstanding genius of his day among the younger actors and dramatists. There is not the least doubt in the world of that, and even the women who have been his wives admit it gladly.

"That was Bergs. That was the man who had offered Roxane the most coveted position in the dramatic world of Paris—the position of his leading woman.

"I do hope," said Roxane, "that you will see the situation as I do. It is the opportunity of my lifetime, and you must certainly understand that I should be an idiot to allow anything like—well, like sentiment to stand in the way. You would be the first to advise me not to, wouldn't you, my friend?"

"Ah, the cool, calculating impudence of a woman! She might as well have said that I should be the first to advise her to poison me if I should chance to stand in the way of her ambition. Her next speech was perhaps even more heartless.

"It is sad, is it not," she observed without a touch of real sadness in her voice—"it is sad, is it not, that always in order to reach the great heights in any line of endeavor one has to turn one's back on so many of the pleasant little things in life? Alas, Jerome, to achieve, one must sacrifice. I shall endeavor to give you up bravely but you will always have a place in my heart. You know how I shall suffer!"

"Oh, I knew well enough then just

how much she would suffer; and I saw red and I told her I knew. At that moment I hated her so intensely that I desired to kill her. I do not pretend to be one of your strong, silent men who scorn to betray an emotion, who never raise their voices or their fists in anger. No, I am from the Midi originally, where the blood runs hot and violent and men say whatever comes into their heads.

"I said a great deal to Roxane. I did more, I took her by the shoulders and I shook her back and forth until her white teeth clicked and her black eyes bulged out like huge black agate marbles. And then I released her and began to wreck her apartment. With one superb gesture of my arm I swept everything from the mantelpiece—horrible little Dresden shepherdesses and lambs and cupids and whatnots, a gilded Louis XVI clock that I had always despised, a pair of grinning china cats. By that time she was on her knees, wringing her hands and displaying for the first time true emotion. She was more distressed, I noted savagely, at the loss of her hideous ornaments than she had been at the loss of me.

"When I had devastated enough I bowed to her where she still knelt on the floor and said, 'I never wish to see you or speak to you as long as I live. You are the most contemptible woman alive, and I sincerely hope you fail in everything you may undertake.'

"Then I turned on my heels and stalked out, forgetting my hat, as of course one does on those grandiose occasions."

Once more Jerome Hubertot paused and once more regarded his empty glass. I filled it in silence from the bottle.

"The good cognac!" he murmured. "One at least can trust it. It keeps its promises for it will always make one drunk in the end. Do I bore you, young man?"

"No," I assured him, "on the contrary—"

"Good," he said. "In that case I continue. But before I continue it is necessary that I tell you more about Lucien Bergs and especially about his father, the illustrious Felix Bergs.

"As I have said, Lucien Bergs was a genius, a many-sided genius, for he wrote his own plays, acted in them, and directed them. His father, Felix Bergs, was, as you should know, also a genius but without Lucien's versatility. Felix was a magnificent dramatic actor—a better actor than his son, granting that a role suited his rather limited talents. He was essentially a tragedian, a player of serious parts.

"Now Lucien, his son, strangely enough, was essentially a comedian. Not a vulgar, slapstick comedian, but an infinitely subtle comedian, the master of a thousand nuances, a man who could bring tears to your eyes while you were still laughing, who could make you laugh while you wept. A truly great man.

"All that is common knowledge. But what you must especially remember about Lucien Bergs is that he worshipped his father. I mean it almost literally—he worshipped his father. Quick beyond the normal to lay his finger on defects in his own acting and in that of others, he was totally unable to see a flaw in anything his father did on the stage or off it. The world has applauded Felix Bergs, but the applause of the world has been tepid in comparison to that of his son.

"Well, you may put this father-worship to the credit side of Lucien Bergs' character if you care to. I am willing, for I bear him no grudge. He never knowingly did me a wrong. All I insist upon is that you fully comprehend this dominant trait in his make-up. It is important.

"Now, let me see, where was I? Oh, yes, exactly. I had stalked out of Roxane's apartment, forgetting my hat and, of course, far too proud and angry to return to get it. So, hatless, I paced the streets of Paris that night. I don't remember where I went, but I know

that I lingered breathlessly at the bridges over the Seine. I believe I even went so far as to climb up on one of the parapets. Suicide? Yes, indeed, I contemplated suicide; but it was not until some years later that I committed it. I shall come to that.

"I found myself, eventually, sitting on a bench in the Champs-Élysées. It was a night of tired stars and a thin, sick moon. It was a hot, stifling night. I saw a young fellow go by with his arm about a girl and I saw him lean down to kiss her and I laughed at him aloud. It must have been a bitter and a horrible laugh, for the man turned to glare at me, and the girl gave a little cry and clung to him the closer. Then they hurried away into the shadows of the chestnut trees.

"When I reached my room it was dawn. I threw myself on my bed, fully clad, and I slept until evening. I awoke with a dull ache somewhere within me, but I was sane. The fire of my fury had burned itself out, leaving me cold and weak and as gray as ashes. I was no longer in a rage with Roxane; I did not put her below the level of average womankind, but, rather, I lowered my opinion of average womankind to her level. I had become, you see, a misogynist overnight. That was young of me, was it not? Yes, very, but it proved a healing and a comfortable philosophy.

"Convinced that all women were disloyal and self-seeking, I ceased almost to suffer. I threw myself into my work with a sort of vindictive energy. I had enough money to pay my rent but I worked as hard as a man works who is in fear of eviction. And, since Colin Martel, my master, was aging rapidly, important opportunities for reviewing began to come my way. I was permitted to sign my name to my critiques now, and my name was attracting attention. I was quoted. 'Jerome Hubertot, who so ably substitutes for Colin Martel in *L'Eclair*,' and so on. You know the sort of thing. Fame was on

my threshold, a long-awaited mistress tapping at my door.

"And Roxane? In due time Lucien Bergs put on his new piece at his own theater. It was called, I remember, '*Pourquoi Pleurer?*' On the opening night, Colin Martel, being, as was often now the case, confined to his bed, I was sent to review it.

"It was a typical Bergs comedy, deftly constructed, full of easy, informal dialogue, tinged with a philosophy that harked back to Epicurus, and truer to life than life itself. There was, as always with Bergs' comedies, an undertone of pathos, of tragedy even, that lay beneath all the wit and the sparkle. Bergs, the actor, was an adept at interpreting this subtle insinuation of Bergs, the dramatist. It remained to be seen if Roxane Renoir, his new leading woman, was as adequate as had been her predecessors.

"She was more than adequate, she was superb.

"I gave her a tremendous write-up in my column in *L'Eclair* the next morning. It was so eulogistic that Colin Martel when he had read it summoned me to his bedside.

"'My young friend,' he said with his tired old man's smile, 'this Roxane Renoir must be very beautiful, and you a very susceptible youth. One raves like that on occasions about Bernhardt, but not, I think, about a little person called Renoir. Superlatives should not be exhausted too early, for the demand far exceeds the supply, and the day may come when you will find that you have none left to bestow on a Duse?'

"'Master,' I said, 'there is no one now alive who can play comedy as well as Roxane Renoir, except possibly Modjeska!'

"'Bon dieu!' he sighed, 'have you never heard of a woman called Réjane?' and he closed his skeptical old eyes and dismissed me with a wave of his hand.

"The piece, '*Pourquoi Pleurer?*' ran successfully through the season, and after a month Lucien Bergs married

Roxane. He was, as I have said, given to that sort of thing, and the marriage created little comment in Paris. As for me, I had by now acquired a fine, protective callousness and I received the news with a shrug of the shoulders.

"I can state, I think truthfully, that of far more interest to me was the rumor that edged its way into the world of the theater to the effect that Felix Bergs was engaged in writing a play for his son, Lucien, and his daughter-in-law, Roxane Renoir. This, if correct, was important and interesting, for old Felix Bergs, hitherto content with his undisputed position as the great, classic French tragedian, had never before tried his hand at play-writing. Unlike his son, who could do and did do everything, Felix kept his activities in the narrow and sure path which for decades he had trodden so majestically and admirably. Polyeucte, Britannicus, Hernani, Ruy Blas, and of course, *Œdipus Rex*—those were his roles, there lay his proven ability, and until now he had appeared to recognize the fact.

"Before long it was officially announced that Felix Bergs' play was nearly completed and that it would be produced by his son as soon as the run of '*Pourquoi Pleurer?*' should terminate. The run did not terminate until the spring of the following year, but in the meantime you may be sure that we heard many whispers concerning the defects of the new piece. Those things get about quickly.

"As I look back on it now, knowing the truth, it seems to me unbelievable that a man of Lucien Bergs' fine intelligence should have considered the production of '*Les Poupées*,' as the play was called, for an instant. I can attribute his stupendous lack of judgment to but one thing, a thing I have dwelt on, you will remember—his blind love and admiration for his father. That must have been it, for there is no other possible explanation.

"From what I have been able to gather since, I can put together the picture, bit by bit, as one does those

fantastic jig-saw puzzles: the majestic, deep-voiced, rather vain, rather pompous old man working day and night on his precious manuscript, locking himself in where no profane eyes may see him, writing, erasing, rewriting, revising, convinced that he is producing a masterpiece whereas in truth he is producing nothing but the most abysmal drivel. Oh, yes, I can see him, mildly triumphant as he jots down what he considers a brilliant bit of dialogue, licking his lips with satisfaction, anticipating his son's gratitude. That would be it, you see: his son would be grateful, would soar to success on this superb play provided for him by his father. He was fond of his son, you may be sure, fond of him but by no means convinced that he was a great artist. He would have laughed at the suggestion that his son was in many ways greater than he.

"And so he sits in his study, penning puerilities, hanging platitudes on a hackneyed plot, contriving long, bombastic speeches *à la Corneille*, dragging stale witticisms in by the heels—for the piece is to be a comedy—creating, in short, the most monstrous piece of modern theatrical writing that has ever been produced on a stage in Paris.

"And then what? Why, then, when it is finished he invites his son and his daughter-in-law in to dine with him, and after the liqueurs he reads his work aloud.

"Can you visualize the scene as I can? Can you hear the old fellow declaiming his banal lines in that splendid voice of his, his enunciation perfect, his diction exquisite—all in the grand classic tradition of the *Comédie Française*? Can you hear him, can you see him? And his son, Lucien, what of him? Why, his son, Lucien, the most understanding of modern dramatists, the subtlest, the most polished artist alive, the keenest judge, the shrewdest wit—why, his son, Lucien, sits and listens, and because it is his father who has written it and his father who is declaiming it, and because he worships

his father blindly and thinks he can do no wrong. Lucien, I say, pronounces the work a masterpiece.

"He embraces his father at the conclusion, he wrings the old fellow's hands, there are tears of emotion and of admiration in his eyes, and he turns to Roxane Renoir, who is sitting silent in her bewilderment, and says, 'We have been permitted to be the first to hear the finest comedy written in the French language since Molière wrote "*Tartuffe*.'"

"And old Bergs, by now unbelievably superior, says, 'I never thought very much of Molière.'

"Poor Roxane is not certain she is not dreaming. She has enough respect for her own critical judgment to know that '*Les Poupées*' is beneath contempt. She is not blinded, you understand, by a too great love for Felix Bergs. She wonders if Lucien, whose opinions she has always trusted implicitly, is merely feigning his admiration, striving to spare his father's sensibilities. She decides that he must be and she follows his cue. She even goes farther than he and asserts that the comedy surpasses anything that Molière ever dreamed of doing.

"Then, when adulation has been exhausted, the three of them set to work forthwith to select a suitable cast—the greatest cast ever assembled.

"That, as I have since gathered, is about what happened. What a situation! What a predicament for Roxane who, alone of the three, could see clearly, without prejudice, as an audience sees—for Roxane, who saw clearly that the play was abominable!

"One can understand her stupefaction when, later, she realized that her husband was sincere in his admiration of his father's work and sincere in his determination to produce it. She saw stark failure ahead—worse than failure, she saw ridicule. Once or twice she summoned her courage—it required infinite courage—to suggest that the play might be improved, to hint at a few weaknesses. Lucien's answer was as decisive as the guillotine, 'It will be

played as it stands without the alteration of a single word. Would you tamper with a masterpiece?'

"So, perforce, she desisted. A cast was chosen; rehearsals began; and with the beginning of rehearsals something of the truth commenced to leak out."

At this point Jerome Hubertot paused and, without comment, helped himself from the bottle of cognac. He was not drunk as far as I could tell, but he was keyed up, nervously excited by his own narrative. It was quite evident that he was rushing along now to his climax and needed cognac to steady him.

"The play," he resumed, "was advertised to open in October—October the twelfth, to be exact. I happen to remember the date, for it was the day of my death. There were others dying about that time, too. On the ninth of October—that was a Friday—my master, Colin Martel, ceased to criticize in this world and went himself to be criticized, I suppose, by a Higher Critic even than he. I trust that his life's play met with a favorable reception; I know that it deserved it.

"As I had every right to expect, the management of *L'Eclaireur* promoted me to the position Martel had left vacant. I had earned it. Among the flattering things the managing editor said to me there was one note of warning, 'You are young, Hubertot, and enthusiastic. Neither of these is inexcusable, but bear in mind that *L'Eclaireur* is not young nor has it ever, in reviewing transient and ephemeral successes, permitted itself to be over-enthusiastic. And so, my young friend, be generous but do not squander your superlatives on mediocrity.'

"I thanked him and pledged myself to conservation. How could I know that in a very brief time I should deliberately break my pledge?

"I have told you of the death of Colin Martel on a Friday; I have not yet told you that on Saturday the word was passed that Felix Bergs was about to die. The doctors, it was said, gave him a

day or two at most. And the opening night of his play was set for Monday. People wondered if he would live until it should be born.

"He had talked of the piece freely with his friends, and we all knew that he considered it the crowning achievement of a career which he would have been the first to admit was already a glorious one. His conceit was incredible and, in a way, pathetic because it was so utterly without foundation. And it was pathetic, too, because Felix Bergs was a very sick old man and his brain a very sick old brain.

"The newspapers kept us informed of his condition—Saturday, he was very low, Sunday morning a shade better, Sunday evening very low again. It was admitted that the one thing that was keeping him alive was his invincible determination not to die before he should witness, if only from his sickbed, the triumph of *'Les Poupées.'*

"On Monday afternoon I was in my study glancing through the pages of a poetic comedy, *'Les Romanesques,'* by a youngster called Rostand, when my doorbell jangled violently. My elderly servant having gone out to buy provisions, I answered the ring myself. I saw, standing on my threshold, the last person on earth whom I expected to see. Ah, yes, you have divined it—I saw Roxane Renoir.

"She was greatly agitated, embarrassed, distressed. That much was evident at a glance. As for me, I have no exact recollection of what my emotions were. On the surface, I feel sure that I appeared calm. I asked her politely to come in—as politely and as coolly as a doctor inviting a patient into his consulting room.

"She came in, trembling, and sat down in my large, comfortable leather chair. When she lifted her veil—women wore veils in those days—I discerned traces of tears about those amazing black eyes of hers. I was surprised at this, for I had never remembered her as a woman capable of tears.

"*'Madame,'* I began formally, 'to what am I indebted—'

"*'No, no, Jerome,'* she broke in, 'it is useless if we are to talk like that to each other. I have come to ask you to render me a service—a service so great that I cannot ask it of you unless you are a friend.'

"I bit my lip in anger at her cool impudence. I hated her again. I saw that she was very beautiful—more beautiful even than before. I found her very desirable. I hated her again. I loved her again. I saw that she was very beautiful.

"*'What possible reason,'* I said angrily, 'can you have to believe that I am your friend, that I would render you a service?'

"*'The only reason I have,'* she answered quietly, 'is that you once loved me.'

"*'I did,'* I admitted—'once.'

"She waved the qualifying word aside as superfluous. Her lips quivered into an uncertain little smile. Nothing is more stimulating to a woman than a man's admission that he has loved her, even if only in the dead past.

"*'What do you want me to do?'* I demanded abruptly.

"Then she told me. Felix Bergs was dying—would now be dead except that he refused to go before the public should acclaim his play as a masterpiece. The play, as of course I knew, opened that evening. It was execrable. Everyone but Lucien Bergs knew it to be execrable, and Lucien was blinded by father-worship. The critics would tear it to pieces and trample on it. They would be truthful and merciless.

"*'Felix Bergs,'* she concluded, 'will not be well enough, naturally, to attend the performance in person, but we shall be forced to show him the reviews in to-morrow's papers; and the reviews will kill him—kill him miserably and wretchedly like so many knife-thrusts through his heart.'

"She paused but kept interrogating eyes on me. Even then I did not grasp

the stupendous folly that was in her mind.

"All this," I said, "is unfortunate. I am sorry for Felix Bergs; all of us critics are sorry for him. He was in his way a great actor, but the cobbler should stick to his last."

"He is dying," she said, as though that explained everything, excused everything. "It is a pity he should die broken-hearted."

"A great many of us," I said a little bitterly, "die, I fear, broken-hearted."

"Yes," she agreed, "but in this case you can prevent it."

"I stared. I was very obtuse."

"In what way?" I asked.

"She hesitated a space, scrutinizing me, weighing me, I suppose. Then she said, 'If a paper carrying the authority, say, of *L'Eclaireur*, should print a eulogistic review to-morrow of Felix Bergs' play, we could show him that one review and withhold the others and he would die—well, as happily as any man can die.'"

"I saw then all at once what she meant. She meant merely that I should betray my employers, renounce my integrity as a critic, violate the codes and traditions of my profession, toss my honor like a rotten fruit into the gutter, and deliberately kill my career with my own hands! And why? Why, because I had once loved her and, if you please, because she wished to ease the death agony of a pompous old fool!"

"I am surprised now that I refrained from striking her. She must have seen the desire to do so in my face, but she did not cower or draw back. Instead, she continued speaking calmly and evenly."

"I am not asking you to do a reasonable thing, Jerome," she said. "I am asking you to do something so unreasonable that if you do it I shall know you still love me—and that is all I want to know."

"I laughed. 'If that is all,' I said, 'I can easily satisfy you. I despise you.'"

"She shook her head slowly. 'No,'

she said, 'you do not. And you will do what I ask. And if you do I shall leave Lucien Bergs to-morrow and come to you. He will divorce me and we can be married. I have never ceased loving you, Jerome.'

"I made some inarticulate noise compounded of rage and incredulity. I was on my feet in front of her, over her. She was in my big leather armchair, looking up at me with questioning eyes, a tentative, uncertain smile at the corners of her lips."

"I thought I could be happy without you," she murmured. "I was so utterly wrong!"

"You lie!" I cried, and with that she was in my arms and I was kissing her brutally."

"When some trace of sanity returned to me I seized her by the elbow and led her, unresisting, to the door. 'Get out,' I said briefly. 'You have done enough damage.'"

"She went without a word, but the smile on her lips was no longer uncertain."

"I will not attempt to picture for you the agony I underwent during those next hours. The worst agony imaginable is probably the agony of indecision. You will say I should not have hesitated for an instant, that I should have thrust from me at once the thought of betraying my newspaper for the sake of a woman who I had every reason to believe was treacherous, self-centered, and worthless. You will say all that, perhaps; but if you do it will be because you have no adequate conception of the power of passion."

"Every reasonable argument that presented itself was arrayed, of course, against Roxane. But when a man contemplates doing an unreasonable thing, it is pitiful to see how little weight reason bears. Passion, I tell you, will nine times out of ten triumph over reason; if it were not so, how peaceful life would be—and how dull!"

"The hour approached when I must go to the theater, and I had not yet come to a decision. At least, I told myself

that I had not come to a decision. Looking back on it, I believe that at the bottom of my heart—my heart, mind you, not my head—I was convinced I should do what Roxane had asked of me. At any rate it was what I eventually did do.

"The play was even more contemptible than I had been led to expect. There was hissing and booing at the end of the first act, and only the personal popularity of Lucien Bergs and Roxane prevented, I am sure, an angry outbreak on the part of the disgusted audience. During the intermissions my fellow-critics talked openly of their intention of killing the piece. In other circumstances I should have been as violent as any of them; but, as it was, I contented myself with reminding them that its author, Felix Bergs, lay on his deathbed.

"They laughed. 'Ha!' they said, 'Listen to Hubertot. He is advocating leniency and all the time he is filling his fountain pen with vitriol. His review will doubtless be the most scathing of the lot.'

"I bore it as long as I could and then, frenzied, I flew from the theater. I was sweating as if I had been wrestling with the devil, as indeed I had.

"In the coolness of the October night I made one last valiant effort to collect my wits. One by one I marshalled the arguments against what I feared I was going to do. Honor, duty, self-respect, the esteem of my fellow-men, my reputation both public and private, my career, my friendships, my position in the social and in the artistic worlds—all these I threw into action like so many battalions. They should have been invincible but they were not; and why? Because against them, irresistible as a tide, all-compelling, all-pervading, was my passion for Roxane Renoir, a little girl with large black eyes!

"At half-past eleven I went calmly to my desk in the office of *L'Eclaireur*, and there, without addressing a word to anybody, without comment or apology of any sort, I wrote the most eulogistic

review of '*Les Poupées*' of which I was capable.

"I stooped to no half-way measures: I praised the piece as no French comedy had been praised by *L'Eclaireur* since the days of Alfred de Musset. I asserted that it was a splendid climax to the glorious career of its author; that it would assure him a high place among the immortals who had written for the French stage.

"Then I went home and locked myself in and shivered and wept all through the night. I had committed suicide, you see, and I was weeping at my own grave."

Old Hubertot paused here to pass his hand vaguely over his forehead and there ensued an uneasy silence. The catastrophe that had befallen him was by now clearly indicated. One could account for his appearance of extreme age, for his blurred, reddened eyes, for his garments of a tramp, for his utter aimlessness, for his cognac.

"You can guess the rest," he said wearily. "I received my dismissal from *L'Eclaireur*. It was brutally brief and to the point and it offered me no opportunity to explain if, indeed, I had cared to do so. My fellow-critics were in an uproar. I had, it seems, disgraced their calling. Henceforth I was to be shunned like a leper. My friends, as I had foreseen, promptly turned their backs on me as though it was they whom I had injured and not myself, as though I had committed murder and not suicide.

"And that night Roxane left Lucien Bergs and came to me. I had doubted her but I had been wrong to doubt her. She was faithful to her promise. She was and is."

Unexpectedly Hubertot broke into an ironical laugh. It was as startling, as out of place as a revolver shot in a cathedral.

"A little joke of the devil's," he explained. "It seems that old Felix Bergs died before he could read my splendid notice of his play in *L'Eclaireur*. In spite of his determination his body

was not strong enough to last through the night. And so I committed suicide, after all, to no purpose. Life is compounded of such little accidents.

"I said just now that I had committed suicide to no purpose; but I hasten to retract that statement, for if I lost everything else I gained Roxane. Bergs divorced her without delay—he was thoroughly conversant by now with that technic—and she and I were married."

As he said this he turned his head to face the street door through which a woman had entered. Following his gaze, I saw a slovenly, frowzy creature advancing in the direction of our table. She wore a shawl about her fat shoulders, and on top of her disreputable black hair swayed a wide hat decked with tired ostrich plumes. Her skirt, which had once been bright red, seemed to cling precariously, as if insufficiently fastened, about her broad hips. A cheerful, easy-going smile was almost lost in the fat folds of her painted cheeks.

Hubertot, at sight of her, got unsteadily to his feet.

"There is my wife," he said—"there is Roxane." And he added so low that I scarcely heard him, "Is she not beautiful?"

I regarded him in amazement, and in amazement I saw that he was wholly sincere.

When Roxane had good-naturedly led old Hubertot by the arm from the café, Paul de Maubray turned to me.

"Well," he said, "you see? That man sacrificed everything in the world that he valued most highly for that—that woman. In a way it was a noble, generous act, and yet witness how he has been punished. A tramp, a derelict, friendless, penniless, and a social outcast. He is broken; he has nothing to live for but his cognac."

I shook my head meditatively.

"You are wrong," I said at length. "You are very wrong. Did you not see the glow in his eyes when he murmured, 'Is she not beautiful?' I did, and I swear to you that that man has far more to live for than his cognac. He sacrificed everything for the love of a woman, and he still loves her; and the miracle of it is that in his blind old eyes she is still beautiful. That man, I tell you, has not been punished—he has been rewarded."

Paul de Maubray smiled lazily. "Young man," he said, "you are more observant than I thought."



MUST WE SCRAP THE FAMILY?

BY FLOYD H. ALLPORT

WHEN Mr. Herbert Hoover looks at the nation he sees not one hundred million individuals, but twenty-three million families.

The unit of American life is the family and the home. It is the economic unit as well as the moral and spiritual unit. But it is more than this. It is the beginning of self-government. It is the throne of our highest ideals. It is the source of the spiritual energy of our people. For the perfecting of this unit . . . we must lend every energy of the government.

In justice to our President it should be mentioned that this encomium was uttered in one of the speeches of his presidential campaign and, as such, may be taken as an expression of American idealism rather than as a statement of sober, present facts. Like most current pronouncements upon home life, it seems to embody a confusion of two different ideas.

There is, on the one hand, the family as a group of individual human beings who respond to one another in a face-to-face manner and who are held together by no ties other than those of mutual affection. The acts of each member are determined not by any considerations of custom or propriety, but by his personal feeling toward the other members and by their specific behavior toward him. This may be called the natural, or biological family. Under this conception each familial group is different in character from every other. Upon the other hand, the family may be thought of as a unit of social organization, stable and uniform throughout society, and consisting of a set of relationships among

parents and children. The behavior of the members toward one another, in this view, is governed not by the give and take of personalities, but by what is conventionally expected of individuals in their domestic roles. This is the institutional, or sociological conception. Mr. Hoover was probably thinking of the family in the biological sense, as a natural group of personalities under the leadership of intelligent and kindly parents; but his manner of speaking confused these two notions, assuming that the fruits of the one would be the fruits also of the other.

While the formal or institutional aspect of family life has remained unaltered for many generations, its biological character has, in recent decades, changed almost beyond recognition. In the old days life was centered in and about the home; to-day it has moved to the factory, the store, and the office. We have come to think not in terms of families but of organized masses of people who sustain the life of the "great society" in which their individualities are submerged. In the days when the individual lived mainly in the family and local community his life came into contact at every point with the same group of personalities. Now he spends his time in many places and among a bewildering variety of groups. As a friend of mine who resides in New York City once put it, life is fatiguing because "one is torn between too many different patterns."

Formerly husbands and wives were not merely sex mates, but partners in many other interests as well. The mani-

fold task of caring for the children required the study and discussion between them of many topics. To-day social and civic agencies, in taking over most of these parental responsibilities, have deprived the parents of an important bond of mutual understanding. In the "higher life" of the family there is now little opportunity for the sharing of experience between husband and wife. Professional groups, lecture courses, literary and religious societies, Chambers of Commerce, civic organizations, and clubs have absorbed their time and energies. Modern husbands have also lost the opportunity to know and value their wives as personalities in the simpler daily affairs of the household. In the field of hospitality married partners of yesterday had another sphere in which they could appreciate one another's true resources. But neighborly calls are to-day almost obsolete, while the gathering of guests within the home is being replaced by the practice of entertaining at hotels, theaters, and other places of amusement. In every sphere of participation between husband and wife, life is becoming more intellectually and spiritually barren. Sympathies which might have been deep and fruitful are void. Almost the only personal needs which each finds satisfied through the other are those of financial income and of sex.

The influences which are estranging wives and husbands are also producing a gulf between successive generations. Parents and children cannot know one another as intimately as in former days. My early memory of my father, who was a country doctor, is particularly vivid, because it was my privilege to share his companionship in so many aspects of life. I recall sitting beside him as he drove at breakneck speed to save a child who had partaken of fly poison or of paris green. I can remember him stopping his horse to explain to friends and relatives the details of some patient's condition. Because his office formed a part of our own home, I saw many tangled human

miseries; but I saw them as they were unravelled beneath his skilled and comforting touch. I still picture him standing half-dressed before the kitchen stove, preparing breakfast in order to spare my mother. And there were the numerous vagabonds to whom he gave shelter and employment about the place, helping them meanwhile to reconstruct their lives. On a Saturday he loved to put us all to work in the cellar and work with us, producing order and even beauty out of chaos. Within the quiet of the family pew I would imbibe, without the need of words, his feeling towards the unseen mysteries of life. These are but a few of the many phases of my father's character which I came to know, to admire, and perhaps to emulate. For our family was still a portion of the old community pattern; our lives were lived as the full expression of one personality toward another.

In the intellectual sphere as well as the practical, opportunities for children to become acquainted with their fathers and mothers are nowadays transitory. It is no longer incumbent upon the elders to point out the wonders of nature when this is done more effectively through scouting organizations and the child's encyclopedia. Why, we think, should a parent with only a faltering musical education sit laboriously at the piano when a flood of the world's best music performed by artists can be obtained by turning on the player-piano, the victrola, or the radio? Art and science, like other pursuits, have become organized by distant corporations and are delivered to us through machinery. But we have sacrificed the opportunity of responding to the artist directly as a fellow-being or of knowing him as a human personality. Hence, while the child passively receives all the sensations of beauty, he must inevitably lose the spirit of its quest.

The average city youth to-day must indeed find life trying. Every organization with which he associates has its own peculiar standards. In each situation,

such as athletic and recreational activities, economic employment, school work, Sunday-school, and the movies he must make adjustments which frequently work at cross-purposes with the ideals of his other groups. There is no one to help him to organize these conflicting elements into a single workable pattern for his own life. In such confusion there is little wonder that he becomes listless, that he tends to grow up with no definite point of view at all, or else breaks from all conventional moorings and drifts into some form of egoistic and precocious dissipation.

If, through our segmentalized manner of living, the child is deprived of the steadying influence of the parent, it is no less certain that the parent is losing the child. Should I wish really to know my boy or girl (and this will be increasingly true as they grow older), I must go out into the community to gain my knowledge. I must study my child's school record. I must learn about his physical condition from the clinic. I must go to the playground supervisor or to the Y. M. C. A. in order to discover his athletic and social adjustments. His employer, should he have one, must be interviewed. And finally, I must see how he is getting on at the Church-school and in his art or his music class. When all these reports have been collected and, granting that the information is accurate, I now have before me only the fragments of my child. What he is, in himself, as apart from all these pigeonholes and compartments, I have had no way of knowing. He has ceased to be, for me, an intimately experienced personality, but has become a case study. I am no longer a parent, but a social worker. Nor can his teachers and supervisors help me, for each of them knows the child from one particular angle only. Since I have lost that center of contact from which I myself might have influenced him, his future lies no longer in my own hands, but at the mercy of the great society.

Just as the bond between husband and

wife is tending to become one merely of sex love, so the contact between parents and children is narrowing down to an intense but purely emotional affection. The break-up of home life does not, as some think, liberate the young from the tyranny and repression of an older generation. For what really enslaves the young is not the customs of the past, but too narrow a love. Such an affection demands of the child a conformity to parental feelings; and there arises a conflict between his desire for self-expression and the dread of renouncing those whom he loves. The saving grace of the situation, the safety valves afforded by a variety of shared points of view and interests are no longer at hand. Such an attachment makes demands upon personalities without understanding them; and love without understanding does not enrich life, but stultifies it.

Young people of to-day are prone to rationalize the difficulty by the theory that the modern youth have suddenly climbed to greater heights and have achieved far deeper insights than the generation immediately preceding. Parents, on the other hand, are shocked and frightened by changes in the moral standards and attitudes of the young. In our present painful misunderstanding we might clear the air for a new start by realizing that these recriminations are beside the point. The root of the trouble lies, in my opinion, in our acceptance of a civilization which chains individuals in a common submission to machines and organizations. Engrossed as they are in the pursuits of vast impersonal associations and business groups, parents no longer have time nor talent for family relationships. Lacking the opportunity to evolve a new and broader philosophy of living, they can only cling whimsically to the standards of the past. Meanwhile the children, whom they love but do not comprehend, are groping blindly and unaided toward some fresh ideal of life. Can this longing be fulfilled before it is stifled? Can these young people find a new individuality and restore a

meaning to family life? Upon this issue rests the hope of a sympathetic understanding between the parents and children of the future.

II

It is a striking fact that, in spite of the decline of the old life from which our familial customs have emerged, these expectations themselves have continued and are still potent. The father in the earlier period was a ruler whose word could not be challenged. We still insist that he shall be the supreme authority over the household, though there is now very little about which he can intelligently be authoritative. Although educational and moral functions have been taken largely away from the home, we persist in holding parents responsible for the rearing of children who shall be upright and useful citizens. The acceptance of the sanctity and procreative function of marriage grew up naturally, under the old conditions, as a part of the security of the home. To-day, though home life is being threatened through causes other than moral, we cling to the old family morality as though it were still our one great hope. Oblivious to profound social changes, we are existing in the past so far as our domestic institutions are concerned.

It is at this point that social scientists are attacking the problem. They are proposing that we invent a new set of family customs and institutions which will be more in accord with modern needs. Society as a whole, they say, is right; at least its trend and direction are beyond human control. It is superior to individuals, though like the latter it is perpetually evolving to a new and higher type. Our only problem, therefore, is that of adjusting its different phases so that they shall progress in a uniform and harmonious manner. Since all the other institutions are changing, we must evolve a new type of domestic institution.

Although this solution sounds plausi-

ble, I am convinced that it is both gratuitous in its logic and futile in its application. It assumes that there are super-organic laws which control human affairs, and that whatever course we take in society is inevitable and, therefore, right. It is also the creed of those who find our present civilization so pleasant or so profitable that they must close their eyes to its defects. The belief that the biological theory of evolution can be applied to society has been thoroughly discredited in recent years. It was founded upon dubious organic analogies, *a priori* definitions of perfection, and a philosophical misunderstanding of the nature of laws. And after all, what makes the present state of the family deplorable is not the fact that the parts of society are failing to work harmoniously together but the fact that such a situation represents the thwarting and unhappiness of individuals. Human beings, then, rather than impersonal institutions, should be our starting point.

But the best way to convince ourselves upon this issue is to examine the various substitutes for the traditional family which the architects of our social structure are proposing. Let us begin with the marriage relation. The marriage of young people—as a procreative, household enterprise—is being delayed by the increasing specialization of work, the prolongation of vocational training, the competitive and rising standards of living, and the desire of women for business or professional careers. It is now delayed far beyond the arrival of physiological maturity. It, therefore, becomes necessary to forego parenthood, at least for a considerable time, and to conceive of marriage purely as a relationship for comradeship and sexual satisfaction. Hence, there are arising more liberal views of sexual morality. The institutions of trial marriage and the companionate (the “marriage for two”) are being welcomed both in theory and practice.

Strangely enough this new conception of marriage, which has arisen as a neces-

sity, has come to be acclaimed as a virtue. Its advocates have represented it as a revolt against the narrow morality of the past and against a society which demanded continuous propagation at the expense of individual happiness. So far, the justification is sound; but is this the entire story? I am inclined to think that the renunciation of parenthood has, for the most part, been forced upon us by the conditions under which we live rather than selected by freedom of choice. When we remove from the home nearly all the activities in which husbands and wives can participate on behalf of their children, the rearing of offspring, even when it is not financially precluded, becomes a tiresome and irrelevant process. Having rendered parenthood difficult and meaningless, our next logical step is to abolish it. A man and woman who have been thus divested of the prospects of household and children are spoken of euphemistically as "the new family."

But waiving the desirability of having children, will the proposed changes prove an effective basis for the average marriage of the future? This is doubtful. The reason is not that the customs of the past were any more wise or moral than our present experiments, but that the newer methods fail to reach the heart of the problem. The restlessness felt by so many married couples is due not so much to the choice of the wrong partner or to the disturbing presence of children as to the break-up and dissemination of their interests throughout the greater community. Under the proposed forms of wedlock there will be no more opportunity than previously for husbands and wives to know and appreciate one another; hence, the trial marriage can in the end prove nothing. As for the companionate, while it may succeed among a few intellectuals who have some major interest independent of the rest of the world, it can in general accomplish no more than the traditional marriage. Now that both husband and wife are seeking careers away from each

other and their home, now that they have stripped off the burdens of children and household encumbrances, what is left for them to be companionable about? Some social genius of the future may work out a scheme for true self-realization in wedlock. But surely the current proposals for the revamping of family institutions are fraught with no large promise of success.

The architects of these proposed social changes are of course advocating the childless marriage only for persons whose economic and vocational circumstances render such a course the happiest solution. There remains for the mass of people the problem of the new relationship between parents and children. And here the suggestion is offered that extra-familial institutions should be still further developed to take over the old functions of the home, while the parent of the future should play the role of a liaison officer between the home and the community. I will quote from a recent book on *Cultural Change*, written by a well-known sociologist:

We must frankly face the fact that recreation outside the home has come to stay. This suggests that parents learn to participate in community affairs in order to select wholesome leisure-time activities for their children. If they are actively interested in the establishment, supervision, and maintenance of public playgrounds, censorship of movies, inspection, and regulation of dance halls, and in supporting child protective legislation, then new attitudes and mores of civic participation will have a chance to develop. When parents know and understand with reference to family needs such movements as Boy and Girl Scouts, Camp-fire Groups, wider use of school equipment, and school self-government, as well as the enforcement of compulsory attendance and health laws, other new attitudes will be developed.

But how, we ask, are all these agencies to be related to the need of children for a fundamentally integrated life? To what new set of wholesome personal relationships between parents and children will they lead? The writer has assured

us that other new attitudes will develop. But what attitudes? Will there arise a broad and guiding philosophy of child training, or merely further stereotypes for breaking up the life of the child into segments? Under this program parents, far from being restored to a genuine usefulness in the family, are, it seems to me, rendered still more ineffectual. They cannot associate with their families directly; they can reach them only vicariously through organizations. They may select and equip the playground; but they have no contact with their children during play. They may choose a scouting or campfire group; but they are likely to learn little concerning what such associations mean to their boys and girls or what bearing, if any, they have upon the home. Parents may protect the young by censorship of movies, inspection of amusements, and child welfare legislation; but the effect of this regulation, or the kind of life for which the children are being protected, lies beyond their knowledge or control.

There are phases of education which cannot be delegated successfully to the school, or even to the co-operation of parents and teachers. The knowledge taught in the class-room is, of course, useful; but does the child not need the wisdom and background also of the parent? And who, if not the parent, can help him to reflect upon the knowledge he receives in school and relate it organically to his own life? Surely not co-operative organizations. The Parent Teachers Association has become, in many localities, another sociability group for drawing parents away from their home, the child remaining a neglected appendage. The same considerations apply to moral and religious training. Character is acquired not merely by sitting on a bench and listening to ethical precepts, but through the actual frictions arising in face-to-face situations, as in family life, in which children learn to work out their difficulties through a developing sense of justice tinged with affection and loyalty.

Even in the field of health there is a need which only such a group as the natural, biological family can supply. Modern public-health laws and clinics are effective, and we have at hand skilled specialists for the treatment of almost every organ of the child's body. But what of mental health? We must consider that subtle tension which shows itself not in any particular organ but in the delicate emotional balance and adjustment of the entire personality. Much of our present toll of nervous and mental disease can probably be laid to the fact that the child, like the adult, is "torn between too many patterns," and that so few opportunities for quiet and stabilizing contacts between personalities have survived in the modern era. A theory has lately arisen, through a mistaken impression of psychoanalysis, that most, if not all, parents are vicious, that scarcely any are fit to raise children, and that parental love is likely to lead to psychoneurotic conflicts. Even granting (which I do not) that there could be found a body of better informed and more self-controlled guardians to whom the children could be entrusted, this theory is hopelessly one-sided. Defective mental hygiene arises not from parental love and attention—for psychiatrists and social workers agree that these are needed—but from the unstable and exacting character of that affection when it is entirely divorced from other interests. There must be a give and take between child and parent, which though based securely upon the love of the one for the other, is enriched by a variety of mutual experiences, interests, and points of view. For this foundation of health there is no substitute, though our clinics and our specialists be multiplied a hundredfold.

III

Community substitutes for family life, though invested with true modern efficiency, must, therefore, be regarded as failing in their ultimate purpose. But

more than this, they bring into the picture new and hazardous consequences of their own. I received the other day a circular letter, stamped with the signature of an eminent American scholar, which opens with the following plaint from a working-class mother:

I would like to play with the children more than I do but I'm too tired even when I have the time. . . . And my man is so tired when he comes home from work that he just lies down and rests and never plays with the children.

Following this comes an appeal for aid for an organization which aims to correct this condition. The descriptive folder begins with these words:

In Pioneer Youth clubs, one interest calls up another. Making airplanes and ships took two clubs on industrial trips. Questions on a hike led a group to the museum. A fire in the neighborhood resulted in an investigation of tenements and fire laws. Wanted—a club library, and soon the boys were designing bookplates and cards and selecting books. . . . Three members of a young people's group . . . conducted a forum on The Unorganized Worker.

Such activities under wise leaders absorb the interests of Pioneer Youth boys and girls in a score of neighborhood clubs.

New clubs could be formed at once if money were available.

Such is the remedy offered for an industrial situation which separates the lives of parents from those of their children. The leaders of the Pioneer Youth of America are serving no doubt a useful purpose. Given adequate funds, they may provide opportunities for many children who otherwise would grow up in boredom and neglect. But after all, does their solution follow logically from the nature of the evil it seeks to cure? If the parent is too tired to pay any attention to his children, would it not be better to correct this condition first, rather than to condone it by substituting for the parent a playmate hired by the community? If the father and mother are too preoccupied with other things to be interested in their children, would it

not be wise to inquire whether those things are worthy of the sacrifice?

And what is to become of these children of the Pioneer Youth Movement when their hours of play are over? In the absence of any other class who will keep the machines of industry running, they must some day step down from their high adventures into the spiritless drudgery which has engulfed their parents. The children of these children will then be taken. They, in turn, will be rescued from the homes which are still empty, entertained for a short time, and then abandoned to the same doom which awaits their maturer years. The youth is always the pioneer, but his excursions never gain for him and his race the possession of promised lands, but only glimpses from which he must return forever to the same painful road whence he departed. Community recreations have indeed created a new world, but they have left the old world standing. We find joyous dreams in youth, but in maturity the dull and bitter reality.

If the reader will turn to a copy of the *Boy Scouts' Manual* he will find there some six hundred pages describing a realm into which over half a million American boys have entered. Here is a remarkable composite of all that youth holds dear: honors, knightly exploits, chivalry, passwords, subtle woodcraft, and an intimacy with plants, birds, and animals of every description. I, for one, would rather live my whole life in such a world than in our present scheme. But I cannot. And every boy, alas, must some day leave it. And when that time comes he will find that it has all too little to do with the issues with which he must cope in a twentieth-century America. The leaders of such movements will say that, while the interests of youth are naturally different from those of maturity, the ideals and philosophy embodied in those pursuits will be carried over and will work toward the improvement of society. This outcome is possible in certain cases, but it seems to me, on the whole, doubtful. We cannot prepare

ourselves to redeem society by spending our youth outside it, particularly when the juvenile world is, by implication, an indictment of the entire adult order and a refuge from its imperfections. The powerful drives of maturity, the urge for sex life, for social status, and for economic security must be realized through the civilization in which we are to live as adults. As they grow older, therefore, our children must exchange their earlier ideals for the code of modern men and women.

The tragic conflict between youth and adulthood is occurring also on a vast scale in European countries. Particularly in Germany throngs of adolescents are renouncing their bondage to a materialistic civilization and are withdrawing from the world to live their youthful dream of beauty, natural simplicity, and brotherhood. This amazing rift which cuts across the stream of life is deeply significant; for it points to the repudiation of a world order by those whose eyes are not yet too dull to see its implications. But what will happen as these youths grow older? Unless prepared by intelligent and sympathetic family contacts to bridge the gap between the generations, the Youth Movement can never make its contribution to the maturer world. Its radiant enthusiasm must fall beneath the civilization which its followers inherit.

I do not mean to disparage these attempts to supply a wholesome content for the leisure days of childhood. The activities fostered through the Boy and Girl Scouts and the Pioneer Youth Movement are of distinct value. They replace for children much that an age of machinery and commerce have crowded out of human living. To their originators must be given credit for the vision of this need. But these leaders have failed to attack the evil at its source. Not realizing that our social and economic system is directly responsible for the neglect of childhood, they have played into the hands of its advocates by offering to bolster up its weaknesses. Accepting

the breakdown of the family as an unalterable fact, they have tried to invent a means of carrying on, so far as children are concerned, without disturbing our faith in our sacred institutions. And in so doing they have contributed not a little to the hazards and confusion of modern living. For through their efforts the life of the individual is separated not only lengthwise into diverging streams of interest, but crosswise into periods which are unrelated. The child is a stranger not only to his parent, but even to himself. Under such a system there can be no continuity, no striving toward some constant goal, but only shifting interests which, as they vanish, leave doubt and lack of purpose in their place.

But the disorganization of the individual is not yet complete. Under the conditions of modern industry old age presents another crisis; and many are advocating that the greater community shall again step in. In the old, self-contained family men and women could pursue their employment throughout life with a speed proportioned to their strength. In their old age they had their place within the family circle. To the common life of the family they contributed their lives, and in the family they found their lasting happiness and reward. But nowadays as soon as energy begins to lag, sometimes even in middle life, the worker is likely to be cast off to make room for younger blood. Once more he must face a new and uncertain future, but this time without the means or hope of meeting it. He must drift, alone, uncertain of a livelihood, without respect, and crushed by the sense of being wholly useless to himself or to others. Overlooking fundamental causes, we leap to the breach with new institutions. We agitate for doles for the unemployed, "homes" for the aged, mothers' allowances, and old age pensions. By such travesties upon the human spirit we fortify the system which has robbed us of our worth as individuals and broken us upon the wheel we call our civilization.

IV

The new patterns of the sociologist, far from solving our dilemma, are, therefore, involving us only the more deeply. They are showing new dimensions along which life can be broken and scattered. Such efforts must finally yield to the realization that the essence of family life lies not in its form but in its content. In youth as in age, in work as in play, in physical care as in education and morals, there remains a vital function which only such a face-to-face relation as the biological family can fulfill. No artifice of the social scientist, no new marriage contract or community agency can replace this relationship as a medium for the development and integration of human personality. Fresh expectancies of conduct may be defined, new organizations may spring up to take over old familial duties; but these devices only dissipate our energies the further and realign us among new factions and patterns. It is only through one another as complete personalities, and through our common labors, sorrows, and triumphs that we can attain to genuine self-expression. Only communion with whole individuals can make the individual whole.

We are coming inescapably to realize that the family, which has been eulogized as the fountain of our spiritual energy, has from the beginning of history been none other than this natural, face-to-face group. It is not a form of marriage, nor an obligation for few children or for many. Domestic appliances and model playgrounds have nothing to do with it; nor is it a centralizing agency for community organizations. It is not a societal form nor an institution. All these notions and contrivances are without its domain; they have no more vital relation to the family than has a description of digestion to the process which actually goes on in our stomachs. The only reality which is ultimately worth considering is that of human beings who associate together; and the life of this family is the life which actual

fathers, mothers, and children live in one another's company. Unless there are opportunities for individuals to grow and to realize their potentialities through free contact with one another, the most highly perfected pattern of the sociologist will be only an empty formula.

The theory of the social scientist that we must develop new mores and new forms of organization to keep the family abreast of our other modern developments, therefore, entirely misses the point. You cannot cure institutions by institutions. Forms grow out of, and are related to content. If there were some new reality evolving within families, if parents and children were living their lives together in new ways, then a movement for modernizing our institutional habits would be in place. The content of family life, however, is not changing; it is *disappearing*. When people shall have ceased to live and to participate in the freedom of face-to-face association, when they shall have scattered their interests into diverse organizations throughout the great society, we cannot say that the family has altered; we can only say that it has gone. No salvaging of conjugal and filial customs, no skill exerted in promoting co-operation between the parents and the community will bring it back. All the ingenuity and resources of the Government will be of little avail.

I am not one of those reactionaries who find the solution of all problems in a regression to the golden past. No era ever repeats, or can repeat another. In our own past, moreover, we have struggled through many forms of crudeness, drudgery, superstition, and disease to which we should not care to return. But perhaps in one sense we have become too efficient. We have invented cunning machines to do our work for us; but the machines have in large part become our masters rather than our servants. Most of us work harder than ever to keep up with the increasing pace of life; and those who do have leisure to enjoy are finding that life is empty of

many interests which were our former heritage. We have harnessed great sources of physical power; but the creative spirit of men and women is chained beneath the machines. We have set up vast corporate organizations and associations for every conceivable public function; but the life which these institutions were developed to foster is crushed and scattered beneath their weight. Competition between groups, with all its hurry and excitement, has crowded out the quieter, stabler contacts of family and community living. We have erected a stupendous civilization; but we have not learned how to use it.

While it is not necessary, in order to change one's direction, to turn completely backward, it is essential that we recall the values of the older, biological family which we are so ruthlessly destroying. For this much is certain: If the family, as Mr. Hoover believes, is the unit of our national life, if it is really the throne of our highest ideals, then the rest of our civilization must be fundamen-

tally upon the wrong tack. There is no use in trying to delude ourselves with substitutes. It will do no good to harmonize domestic institutions or to eliminate cultural lag when the living reality has disappeared. We cannot restore the kernel of the nut by conjuring with the shell. Instead of exorcising the failure of the family to keep pace with the rest of society, we might more logically consider the spurious acceleration of inventors, organizers, and promoters. Rather than speed up our domestic arrangements, we might choose the alternative of slowing down our salesmen. For there are human relationships which are still too precious to be sacrificed, even to the god of prosperity or the law of cultural change. And these are values, not merely for strengthening a traditional institution, but for life. The issue, therefore, can be settled only within the broader problem of the great society. When we have learned to live in that society as individuals, the family will come into its own.





MAN OUT OF WORK

BY HIS WIFE

AS A political liberal I have for years been interested in the problem of unemployment; but never until this past year have I actually known, through long and bitter experience, the hideous misery and long, dull agony that those twelve letters can spell.

I had been brought up on a farm where, though actual cash had not been plentiful, the necessities of life, food—and plenty of it—clothing and shelter had been taken as much for granted as the sunshine, space, and air we had in abundance. So when, at last, after a five months' period of unemployment, our savings were all gone and the rent was due and I had no cash wherewith to buy groceries, I knew, with every nerve quivering, that the "wolf at the door" of proverb was a real, actual horror, beside which a real wolf from a Russian forest would have been as little to be feared as a large tabby cat.

For the first time I have come to realize what is back of that commonplace paragraph I have so often encountered in the newspapers: "Man Out of Work Commits Suicide." And I have trembled if the step at the door was late, lest such a thought might have occurred to my own breadwinner. I have known what it means, not only not to be able to buy the new, warm coat my daughter needs for the winter, but to fear that I might not even be able to buy her proper milk and food. Perhaps—sharpest pang of all!—I might have to renounce her to someone who could care for her properly.

Before my marriage, nine years ago, I had been one of the "eight million gain-

fully employed women" statistically reported. I had taught school for a time, worked on a newspaper, and after that had been a well-paid organizer in various women's organizations for a number of years. Jobs in what I now consider my merely lucky experience had not been hard to get and had paid well.

Mark was a newspaper man when we married, and for three years thereafter. Our income was small but steady, so after my daughter's birth I gave my attention to her and earned no money except by an occasional essay or lecture. I had learned from my German mother the first principles of thrift. So, though it seemed impossible to save out of our income—a fact about which I worried quite a little—we managed to live comfortably and have our share of good times.

Then—crash! The newspaper on which my husband worked was bought by the owner of a string of papers and, with no warning whatever, other than a brief day or so of vague rumor, it was killed over night, and its entire staff, from office boy to managing editor, was thrown suddenly into the street. Incidentally, the printers and such, having more good sense and brains economically than the highbrows of the city room, were protected in that crisis by their unions—poetic justice for the scribes who were above that sort of thing!

I remember the sense of bewilderment and the all-gone feeling I had at the pit of my stomach at that time. It was as though the floor had suddenly floated out from under me.

But, luckily for us, after a few days of

suspense, the floor floated back and we stood on it once more. My husband had gone to an advertising agency and had "sold himself" for a salary that was fifty per cent more than he had been getting on the paper. Life looked rosy, especially when, on the day of the newspaper's "funeral," the assembled editors of the papers owned by the man who had killed it told Mark condescendingly that he had been assigned to work on the staff of one of them. Would he care to? they asked, as if in afterthought. How pleasant to say, "No, thank you!"—to thumb one's nose at the newspaper-owner and all his hirelings!

For the next three years we were economically on the make. A Southern advertising agency offered Mark a job at a very good salary in Florida. During our two years there, which were coincident with the real estate boom, we managed to save what, to us, was a considerable sum of money. Almost every week I managed to put thirty or forty dollars into the savings bank. It is possible if we had invested that money in the wild real estate poker game which was going on in that state at the time that we might have come out, when the boom and the agency simultaneously collapsed, with ten or twenty times the few thousand dollars we did have. On the other hand, it is much more likely that we should have had less than nothing.

After our return to our own city, New York, such a long train of evil circumstances befell us that we both had the unspoken feeling that Old Lady Calamity was on our trail. My husband, who had never before been ill, contracted a form of blood-poisoning while helping to care for a dying friend. He had two long and fearful illnesses, one right after the other, so that not only were all our savings eaten up, but he was too weak to work for the better part of a year, and for the first time we were reduced to borrowing.

Up to that time I, who was the financial manager of our family firm, had laid

down the rule that there was to be no borrowing or installment buying. This was because my journalistic husband, further handicapped by having been the seventh child of a poor parson, completely lacked any sense about money. (I never exactly told him this, but he admitted it.) In this he was not untypical of his scribbling brethren. I have seen so many pathetic examples among his friends of families perpetually in financial hot water—'phones shut off, doctor's bills unpaid, plus threats of eviction—all because they never, seemingly, had sat down with pencil and paper and figured what one could or could not do in New York City on sixty-five or seventy-five dollars a week.

During my husband's long convalescence I tried hard to be the breadwinner, but I fear a record of my attempts would not read like one of the glowing "success" stories of women so prevalent now. I tried writing but sold very little. Then I got a part-time welfare job that paid miserably. The only other part-time work that offered itself at this time was that of waiting on tables in a tearoom where I knew the tips were good. When I suggested to my husband the greater earning possibilities of this job I immediately sensed that his pride would be so much hurt by seeing his wife doing menial work publicly that I promptly abandoned the idea. My German instinct to care for my own child kept me from turning her over to someone else, except for two brief months in the summer when I did full-time field organization work at a good salary for one of the women's organizations with which I had formerly been connected.

Finally my husband was able to return to work on a part-time basis on a salary on which we could just squeak through. I had a little part-time job that paid enough to cover the price of my daughter's tuition, plus very modest wardrobes for herself and me.

When Mark's health was finally restored he went to work in the advertising department of a large manufacturing

concern at a salary of seven thousand. Once more we seemed to be going up, instead of down, the financial ladder. During the next six months our income was \$3,500, plus little checks for odds and ends that I earned which brought it up to about \$4,000 in all.

We did wonders with that \$4,000. First, we paid a number of debts that were hangovers from my husband's illness of the previous year. Several friends had lent us several hundred dollars without ever dunning us for the money that they knew we did not have. This was also true of the two fine specialists—God bless them—who had treated my husband. These debts amounted to about \$700 in all. Then we bought new clothes, being nearly threadbare. Nothing fine or expensive, but a pretty spring outfit for my daughter, a new coat, dress, hat, and shoes for myself, and a new suit and shoes for my husband. We also paid a long delayed and much needed family call on the dentist, the bill for which was \$145.

We enjoyed a few luxuries—little reckless escapes from penury. I took a \$50 course at one of the city's universities. Allowing for the extra maid service that this entailed, the real cost was about \$80. We went to the theater frequently, always at modest rates, and my husband indulged his love of music by sneaking off to a two-dollar concert now and then. And sometimes we rode in taxis. When my daughter's school was out I took her on an inexpensive six weeks' outing to the nearby mountains.

And then I saved. At the end of six months' work at the new job a two weeks' vacation had been volunteered and scheduled for my husband. And I was determined that after the two gruelling years he had been through he should have a fine one, away from work and family. So towards this end, as well as towards a permanent bank account, I had saved religiously. In the savings account at the end of six months I had over \$800.

The plan was that my husband should

go to Canada for his vacation. His clothes were packed and his ticket bought, when—crash! On this payday Friday afternoon, on the very eve of his vacation, the blow fell!

II

In the organization where he was employed there had been a political upheaval several months previously. The head of the department, who had hired my husband, had been forced by artful maneuvering to resign, and the member of the department who had been there longest had been put in his place. This new man, seemingly in order to make his own position more secure because most of those under him had been partial to the old chief, had been gradually firing all of the people his predecessor had engaged.

We should have had forebodings; but because most of Mark's sales plans, advertising ideas and copy had gone through with such enthusiastic recommendation he had felt falsely secure in spite of this. Alas! His head, the last to fall, had been reserved for a special guillotine. While a number of others were bidding cheery good-byes, vacation-bound, he was hearing these words from a sadistic chief who had casually stepped up to the desk Mark was locking, "Sorry, Mark, but your job is no good any more."

If I live to be very old I shall never forget the poignant heartsickness of that day. Instead of bidding my tired man a cheery vacation farewell, I nursed him through a short physical illness that the shock and anger caused by such treatment had brought on.

When he was again well I urged him to go on a vacation just the same. I argued that with our \$800 saved he could well afford to do so. I also reminded him that midsummer was a slack season in advertising. But he countered that he had to get this job question settled first, and then he would go away to rest. He would enjoy him-

self so much more. Surely, with the numerous fine samples he had collected and the prestige of his latest position, it would take him only a couple of weeks, even in the slack season, to land with another first-class firm. Poor boy! Little did he guess that those "couple of weeks" would lengthen sickeningly out into a goodly number of months!

Just at this time, when my husband was starting out on that always hard, and often soul-sickening task, the search for work, his sister wired from the Middle West that she was starting eastward to make the visit that she had talked about for years. Though she had never been in New York, there was a chance of her getting radio broadcasting work. . . . It was not an opportune time for a four months' guest.

Instead of entertaining my sister-in-law royally, as we should ordinarily have done, with sightseeing, theaters, and the like, we felt restricted both in time and money. Also, so as not to spoil her visit—not realizing how long we should have to keep up the pretense—we decided not to let her know that Mark was out of work. There was an element of proper pride in this. He had been the only one of a large family to attain a degree of success in that Mecca of success to Westerners—New York. So to have admitted his embarrassing situation would have been humiliating.

Our apartment was small—only four rooms—therefore, in various ways we felt the strain of having another person in the household. Also, it cost considerably more to feed four persons than three. I remember my mean feeling of exasperation, as time wore on and our bank balance each day grew slimmer, when I noticed that my dairy bills were \$2 higher per week because my sister-in-law consumed unlimited quantities of butter. At other times I should never have noticed it.

To the uninitiated—that is to say, to those who have not yet been forced by their own experience to think about it—my husband's experience of being five

months out of work will probably suggest that there must have been something lacking in him or his ability. But these uninitiated are behind the times. Through long years of economic security they have come, I believe, to look with middle-class haughtiness upon the bread- and soup-lines, saying, "Well, if those men really wanted work they could get it."

I say this mental attitude is behind the times because I am aware that the plight of these bread-line men has crept up the social scale and is to-day threatening the middle-class. It is destined, I believe, even to creep to the very threshold of the well-to-do.

For a man to be long out of work, provided there is work to be had, has heretofore indicated to us middle-classes a lack of ability or experience. But those who are privy to the quirks and absurdities of present-day business will realize that my husband's long failure to find a job may readily be attributed to causes over which he had no control.

For example: If you have climbed as high as \$7,000 a year and lose your job, it is correspondingly harder to find a niche that is as good as the one you have lost. Seven-thousand-dollar jobs are not so plentiful as berries on a bush. This is particularly true in my husband's business; as you may be aware, advertising salaries, like salaries in the theatrical and certain other professions, are greatly exaggerated in report.

Finding a first-rate job in any of the several branches of the advertising business is, as perhaps it also is in any of the other branches of the commercial and industrial world to-day, a sort of "pussy wants a corner" game.

This was especially true last year, not only a year in which business mergers, creating their natural wake of unemployment, were noticeably on the increase, but a year that turned out to be one of decided financial depression.

Right now I know two advertising men, one an advertising manager whose last salary was \$10,000 and the other a

copy chief who had been earning \$8,000, who have been out five and three months respectively. These friends tell me what I have already come to know: that for a man who has been receiving a given high salary to offer his services at a lower rate makes his ability questionable in the eyes of his prospective employer.

Also one should mention that in this land of canned courtesy as well as canned sentiment, where an organization called the "I Thank You League" was once started and where the typical up-and-coming village bears on its signboards, "Welcome," and "Thank you! Come Again!" there is a surprising amount of rudeness and lack of common, decent civility.

As an example: At the beginning of his campaign for work my husband applied for a position in a large public service corporation as a minor executive—a job for which his talents well fitted him. This corporation had a fully equipped personnel department that had got out the most complete, if not the most sensible, questionnaire for prospective employees ever heard of. They wanted to know about Mark's teeth—whether his own or the dentist's; his religious scruples, how he spent his leisure, and his taste in women. He spent two full days conscientiously filling this out.

About a week after turning in this confessional about personal habits and predilections (which would seem to have little or nothing to do with his capacity for this particular job), my husband made so bold as to ask the secretary of the personnel director what impression his life story had made. She reported, "Good," but that usually the various heads did a vast amount of "psychologizing" over all prospective employees. It seemed that they did.

From August until Christmas this firm did not give Mark a definite "yes" or "no." Always one of the chiefs was sailing the Mediterranean or playing golf in Pinehurst. Or the interview of

Monday had been postponed until Thursday or Friday.

Finally, six months after his first application, when he had gone to work elsewhere and could not honorably accept, this firm made him an attractive offer. The mystery to us was: why, if they were the psychologists they pretended to be, could they not have finished their psychologizing in one month instead of six?

Looking back upon this five months' search for work, I should say that the much heralded courtesy and ethics of American business men were conspicuously lacking. There were several good letters, asking for an interview, written by my husband to firms of good standing that were not even given the courtesy of a reply. There was the obscure little outfit that led him to believe that they were about ready to hire him at a fair salary if he would work out some selling plans and write several pieces of convincing advertising copy to convince the company's president. After working on this for two days and after repeated efforts to get a decision on it, Mark was at last told hesitatingly that his copy had not been "convincing." But several weeks ago we noticed that that self-same copy, for which Mark had received not a single penny, was "convincing" enough to have been used, with only slight changes, in several full-page newspaper spreads.

There was the large public service corporation whose advertisement for a publicity man Mark answered. They said frankly that he was the only man who had answered their advertisement who had the exact qualifications they wanted; but, sensing his need and seeing his shabby overcoat, I suppose, they tried to beat him down to half his former salary. When they asked him his age and he truthfully replied, they courteously said, "Well, you look older."

A decent offer, at a fairly good salary, came recently from this corporation. It seems they had tried out for several months an inexperienced man at a low

salary, but that he had proved unsatisfactory. It would seem that maturity and experience are not always handicaps, though the prospective employer would usually have one think so.

As autumn wore on and so many bright prospects faded into thin air, while our precious bank account was painfully shrinking towards its last hundred, our mutual anxiety was sharpened into agony. We would find each other lying awake at night, tense with worry. The saddest sound to me those days was my husband's whistle—a sound I had heretofore always loved. I knew now, when he whistled as he came in the door or while he shaved, that it was not because he was really gay, but to keep his courage up. My own nerves were threadbare, and very often I gave way to fits of weeping when alone.

I myself did my best at trying to earn money at that time. Together with the housekeeping for three and a guest, plus the laundry, I kept up my part-time job at my daughter's school that earned her tuition, and wrote a few magazine articles on the side that brought in tiny checks. But my state of mind was such as to make most of the things I wrote unsalable. When I went out looking for work I was conscious of the fact that I needed a new suit and hat. Two traveling jobs were offered me, but each would have taken me away from home and my small daughter for weeks at a time.

We touched the depths at Christmas week, when the rest of the world was cheery. Buying the makings for dinner, instead of being a merry task as in other days, was a painful one because of my shrunken purse. Also, the gifts for my daughter's tree were sparse. In lieu of the new, warm coat she really needed, I had interlined her summer one, and this, plus a few ten-cent-store presents, had to suffice.

To add to Mark's Christmas gloom, he had the week before run into an old newspaper friend, a man of sixty, who had had, by way of a little Christmas

greeting from the paper on which he had worked as an artist for ten years, this little notice, "Your services are no longer required." Mark's inability to help this friend, in an even more desperate plight than himself, made him almost hysterical.

At least half a dozen of our friends, as well as several acquaintances, were out of work at this time; and it increased our misery to think that where, ordinarily, we should have been able to help a bit, we had now almost reached the point of needing help ourselves. The best I could do was to tell all and sundry that as long as we had food to eat, they, too, were welcome. I had also felt obliged to give up my charwoman, and she, too, was in need.

Mark no longer tried to hide his despondency. His nervous state was such that each night, if he were a little late for supper and had not 'phoned, I became anxious. One night six o'clock came, then seven, then eight, but no husband. I telephoned to all the places where he might have been likely to be. At ten I found him on a neighboring park bench, sobbing like a child. He said he just couldn't bring himself to face me again on still another night with nothing whatever to report. In all our years together I had never seen him thus before. "I'm just no good," he said, as I pulled his head down into my lap. "Why, here I am, almost forty, and a failure. I can't even pay the rent and buy the groceries for my wife and child next week. I can't 'sell myself.' If I only knew what handsprings these chaps want me to turn for them, I'd turn them; but I just can't find out."

III

After paying the January rent we should have exactly \$20 left. We had put off paying the \$12.50 insurance premium that was due. There seemed to be no friends or relatives from whom we could borrow any worth-while sum at that time. That week Mark pocketed all

his pride—and he is immensely proud—and went to a firm with which he had had a friendly acquaintance for some years. Without mincing matters, he told the chief there his whole situation. This employer was a man of unusual sympathy and understanding. In his youth he had fallen heir to a large fortune, but had dissipated it and his own powers. Rather late in life, realizing the plight into which he had thrown his wife and children, he had come back, like a prodigal son. He was not the average executive.

He told Mark that they were in no need of a new man at that time, but would try to make a place for him. "Let me show you that I am in earnest," Mark replied. "I'll come to you at half the salary I got last year, and when I've had a chance to show you what I can do you can raise me accordingly."

New Year's Day found us with just two dollars in our purse, but with light hearts. No longer need we fear the landlord's ring might mean a threat of eviction. Nor need we ask friends or relatives to take us in—bitter thought!—until we might get on our feet again. True, we have to live economically on a small salary, but after what we have just been through, that seems easy.

But we still bear the scars of those "five months out of work." In the back of our minds is always the fear that through illness or unforeseen circumstances, the experience may be repeated. We shall do our very best to save—never an easy feat in an expensive city. We realize that each passing year that puts more gray hairs into Mark's head will make the finding of new work more difficult. We should both like to head a larger family, for the sake of the child we already have, as well as for our own enjoyment. But, weighed down by our sense of economic insecurity, we refrain,

feeling that it would be unfair to have more children, knowing that there might come times in which we would not be able to give them the simple essentials to which every child is entitled. Always, we have the dim sense of living close to a precipice—the common fate, I suppose, of the average skilled or unskilled worker who sells his services for a weekly wage in this great era of prosperity.

In a country like ours, where the real wealth is so vast that the liveliest imagination can scarcely comprehend it, is there not enough corporate intelligence and good will to do away with the mighty load of human misery borne by three million men out of work? We are like people in a rich and beautiful garden who, through a sort of willful stupidity, go hungry because we do not know how to cultivate it, or because we waste the abundance of food that is therein.

When we are nationally threatened with an epidemic, such as the Spanish influenza of 1918, each community is stirred to take measures of prevention and cure. But the suffering, spiritual and mental and physical, entailed in an epidemic of unemployment must be greater than that of an epidemic of mere physical illness. If our business executives, from the presidents of firms down to the heads of the smallest departments, could but see the unemployment problem in that light, instead of as a sort of Act of God, as the smallpox we no longer have was viewed years ago; if they could but understand—as I now do—what agony it brings to its victims, would they not be able to do away with it? Or must we be forced to believe that, as the radicals tell us, American business will never learn to think in human terms?



THE REALITIES OF ZIONISM

BY JOHN GUNTHER

ALMOST a year has passed since the Palestine riots last August all but blew the top off Zionism. Authoritative facts were difficult to secure during the period when the Commission appointed by Great Britain was making its investigation and completing its report. It contains some amazing features. Everyone knows that it was the Jews who were attacked, pillaged, murdered. Yet a cardinal recommendation of the Report is that the *non-Jewish* inhabitants of Palestine must henceforth be protected. How comes this blazing paradox? What are the permanent realities of the Zionist experiment? Who is boss in Palestine?

Zionism is as old as Moses. Even if Moses himself didn't reach the Promised Land, he first transferred into terms of political actuality the need of Jews to possess geographical borders. In its modern phase Zionism began late in the 19th century with the propaganda of Theodore Herzl, as an effort to counteract the assimilation of Jews in alien countries and to entrench in the Holy Land Jewish nationality, race, and religion. The movement had little success until the War. But no sympathetic observer could refuse emotional respect to a crusade asking a home for a homeless people. Then during the War a curious accident transferred Zionism from a dream to a reality and added fierce dispute to what had been an almost uncontroversial issue.

Dr. Chaim Weizmann, head of the Zionist organization, was a famous chemist. The War was raging. Thousands

of tons of munitions were exploding day by day. The supply diminished. Mr. Lloyd George, declaring the War as good as lost unless a synthetic means was invented to produce acetone, the base of cordite and T.N.T., called a conference of chemists. As director of Admiralty laboratories, Doctor Weizmann got to work and produced synthetic acetone. When he was offered any reward he wished—grant or honor or title—he asked instead for a National Home for the Jewish People. The British government gave it to him, swapping Zionism for acetone.

The Balfour Declaration, of date Nov. 2, 1917, gave official expression to this policy. This document is Zionist scripture. It reads:

His Majesty's Government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.

No one doubts that the Balfour Declaration was sincere. But no one can doubt on the other hand its enormous convenience to Great Britain at this juncture, since it brought Jewish opinion all over the world, especially in America, to the Allied cause. I shall allude later to other aspects of its convenience. It is important to notice also the express duality of the Declaration. It promised to support the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for

the Jews, *provided* the non-Jewish population, *i.e.*, the Arabs, were not prejudiced. Out of this duality has arisen every phase of the Palestine trouble, down to the disemboweling of non-Zionist Jews in the massacres last August.

Palestine became a British mandate under the League of Nations, with the Balfour Declaration embodied in the preamble. Ever since it has been the permanent base of British policy. Promptly the machinery of Zionism had gone into action. A very widely expressed philanthropy contributed funds, and the Palestine Zionist Executive was formed, with Doctor Weizmann as chairman. Two important organizations functioned under the Zionist ægis to buy land for Jewish settlers, pay their expenses of entry, and install them on the land. World Jewry, however, did not unanimously espouse the Zionist cause. A great body of Jewish opinion considered settlement in Palestine a reckless and impracticable experiment, and many prominent Jews, like, for instance, Julius Rosenwald, refused co-operation. Within Zionist Jewry, too, there were dissensions; even now the Revisionist group, which advocates immediate direct action, is in "opposition."

However, the work in Palestine began. The business of immigration, settlement, and education was efficiently organized. In 1922, of the total population of Palestine, 590,890 were Moslem Arabs, and 83,794 were Jews. Almost 75,000 Jews have entered Palestine since. The population in 1928 was estimated at 898,000, of whom 660,000 were Moslem Arabs, and 150,000 Jews. Thus the Jews still constitute a minority of 1 in 6.

Some details of the work of Zionism are remarkable. An attempt to express spiritual homogeneity in geographical terms was unique; to many it was enthralling. I have watched the immigrants come in at Jaffa, on boats like troop ships, from the ghettos of Lemberg and Czernowitz and Prague. No, they were not handsome, vigorous young men. No, they were not lit by any apparent

inward fire. Instead, they were wretchedly dressed and miserably poor, babbling in Yiddish, huddled in cantonments where brisk British officers shuffled and distributed them; they looked like what they were, refugees from slums. But one could imagine these same people tilling the soil within a year or two, cultivating the grape, carving livelihoods out of the dusty rock of the Jordan hills, or the plain of Esdraelon.

In Palestine (wrote Sir Herbert Samuel, the first civilian High Commissioner) there are Oriental Jews from Bokhara and Persia and Iraq, and there are University men and women from New York and Chicago. There are Jews from the Yemen, of small stature and with gentle, refined features, good craftsmen in silver and ivory, or good laborers on the farms; and there are agricultural experts from the colleges of France, from Poland and Russia. There are students and writers, doctors and lawyers, architects and musicians, organizers and social workers, from Eastern Europe and Western, from Asia and America.

Zionism is an attempt to hand pick a nation. The immigration of the *haluzim* (pioneers) is not fortuitous, but selective; the Zionist organization, represented by agents throughout Eastern Europe, chooses them, man by man. First of all, of course, a quota is established; this quota the Palestine (British) government must approve. Recently it has been restricted to the number the country is supposed to be able to absorb; for the past two years comparatively few immigrants have been allowed to enter in consequence of an acute economic crisis in 1926 and 1927.

Once in Palestine, the immigrants are organized into colonies and settled on the land. Of various types of colonies, the *kvutza* are the most interesting; these are purely communal, in which even money theoretically disappears. Some of the land is the property of the Jewish people as a whole, in perpetual lease to the Jewish National Fund; some may be privately bought and sold. The whole question of land tenure and sale is a complex and difficult issue, of

which an expert investigation is expected in the near future.

These immigrants, together with other Jews, have become the biological expression of what is known as the Hebrew revival. They are taught Hebrew, and that tongue has been resuscitated as a living language. Hebrew theaters have been organized; a living literature in Hebrew is encouraged; newspapers and public signs are Hebrew. Schools have been opened, in great numbers; a Hebrew university has been built on Mt. Scopus, near Jerusalem; a definite revivification of Jewish life has occurred, expressed in Hebrew terms.

The concrete achievements of Zionism are also considerable. The standard of living of the whole country has been increased, as swamps were drained and malaria controlled. Jewish capital has entered the country in large amounts. The remarkable town of Tel-Aviv has arisen on the Jaffa sands, the only exclusively Jewish municipality in the world. And Zionists hope that Jewish brains and Jewish capital will eventually industrialize the country—and so give employment to thousands of Arabs as well as Jews—by such works as the Rutenberg water-power concession on the Upper Jordan and the chemical project for reclaiming potash from the Dead Sea.

But in doing these things, Zionism had to struggle to survive. It has survived, but only just.

II

The Balfour Declaration did not install a Jewish National Home in a vacuum; it installed it in an Arab country. The fundamental cause of the August riots, according to the Report of the Commission, without which the disturbance would not have taken place, was "the Arab feeling of animosity and hostility toward the Jews consequent upon the disappointment of their political and national aspirations and fear for their economic future."

Arab and Jew are astoundingly con-

tradistinctive, considering that both are Semites. In religion, in language, in wage-scale, in politics, in morals, in community ideals, in habit of mind, in God they differ. H. W. Nevins put it nicely: the Arab is a camel; the Jew is a motor car, bumping him off the road.

That Palestine is an Arab country is undeniable. And the Arabs insist, moreover, that Palestine was promised to them by the British as an integral part of an Arab state. Futile to explain that in the days of the promises the Allies chopped up Arab territory month by month—on paper. No perfectly clear elucidation of these pledges has yet been vouchsafed by the British foreign office. But during the very days that Colonel Lawrence was promising the Arabs independence in order to gain their support in the War, the Balfour Declaration was being evolved in London. Once the Balfour Declaration was established, it was kept secret from the Arabs, so they say, for two full years.

The Arabs are careful to point out, however, that they do not regard the Jew as necessarily or individually an interloper. They are not anti-Jewish. They are simply anti-Zionist. They point out in proof that almost 60,000 Jews lived in Palestine before the War, and not a hair on the head of one of them was ever harmed. Of course it is clear that Zionism alone is not responsible for the change whereby to-day Jews are massacred. When the Jews lived in peace in Palestine, for instance, it was the Turks, not the British, who ruled the country. The country was then garri-soned. Arab nationalism was unknown until 1908. The Turks ruthlessly forbade politico-religious agitation. But in addition to these factors it is clear that fear of political Zionism spurred the Arabs to the necessity of hate, and Jewish insecurity followed.

As long ago as 1920 and 1921 riots occurred. The situation following them was so acute that the British government set itself the difficult and invidious task of determining anew its Palestine

policy. Mr. Winston Churchill produced the definition, in a famous White Paper issued in 1922. Being an extremely equivocal document, the Balfour Declaration is obviously capable of two distinct interpretations. The Churchill memorandum steered a careful path between the two. It insisted that Jews were to live in Palestine as of right, and not on sufferance. On the other hand, in distinct terms the Arabs were reassured. There would be no attempt to create an entirely Jewish Palestine. A Jewish National Home was contemplated "in" Palestine—no more.

The Zionists have accused the British of "whittling down" the Balfour Declaration ever since. They redoubled their zeal in immigration and colonization. And so the Arabs saw more and more Jews come in. The Arab effendis (land-owners) recoiled before Jewish high wages as their own cheap labor disappeared. A Palestine Arab Executive rose to confront the Palestine Zionist Executive in local politics. Arab tenants lost their holdings, Arab resentment daily grew, and with it the fundamental character of the Arab case.

In literal terms, it is not true that the country has been "taken" by the Jews. Even to-day, of an estimated 2,750,000 acres of cultivable land in all Palestine, the Jews hold only about 225,000 acres. And one should point out that all this land was bought and paid for by the Jews, at a good price, and that the Arabs were willing enough to sell. Nevertheless, the bedrock quality of Arab resentment remained unmodified. Essentially the Arabs were being dispossessed. In the early days Zionist hopes ran very high; Zionists boasted that in thirty more years they would outnumber the Arabs, and the country would be "theirs." Dozens of details contributed to the indignation of the Arabs, and in time the opinion of an ignorant, childish, and credulous group of nomads and peasants was solidified to a passionate, relentless anti-Zionism.

It became clear very early that tension between Jew and Arab permanently prevented any development to normal self-governing institutions. Indeed, the government of Palestine is unique. There is no constitution, no parliament, no president, no prime minister, no cabinet. The administration is purely colonial. New laws are posted simply by decree. The "government" is vested almost solely in the person of the British High Commissioner, who is responsible only to the Colonial Office in London and, at an astronomical distance, to the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations. This has occurred because no legislative instrument could be devised satisfactory to Jew and Arab alike. Being vastly outnumbered, the Jews refused any government based on proportionate representation. And the Arabs refused anything else.

The leader of the Arabs in Palestine is Hajj Amin El-Husseini, a tall young man of thirty-five with a ginger beard and hazel eyes, who is President of the Supreme Moslem Council and Grand Mufti of Jerusalem. As such, he is technically a British as well as an Arab official, and is in receipt of a salary from his Britannic Majesty's Exchequer. Both his jobs under present ruling he holds for life. The Jews consider him the villain in the piece; the Commission, however, exonerated him.

The Mufti was condemned to five years' imprisonment in 1920 by the British for complicity in the Jaffa riots; he fled, however, and was not captured. Then Sir Herbert Samuel, wisely devoted to a policy of conciliation, decided to pardon him; he announced the pardon at a great public meeting in Amman, capital of Transjordan.

"Let Amin El-Husseini come to Jerusalem; he will not be molested; we have pardoned him," Sir Herbert said.

There was a movement in the crowd and, to the amazement of the British, El-Husseini appeared, lifted on the shoulders of the Arabs. He had been hiding—in a good place!

III

Now there is a third great factor to the Palestine problem, greater than either Arab or Jewish—the British.

It is the British after all who have the really thankless job; they hold the bag and they can't let it go, for a reason.

The importance of Palestine to the British Empire in the sphere of imperial communications is profound. For five thousand years Palestine has been an umbilical link between East and West and a cross-roads of conquest and trade by which Africa, Asia, and Europe joined. It still is. When the British government traded Zionism for acetone a certain idealism underwrote the transfer. But it is undeniable what an immense practical convenience Zionism has become.

The British have offered a treaty to Egypt which may shortly curtail British control there. They have promised to withdraw from 'Iraq in 1932. But no one has suggested that they are going to withdraw from India. When Cairo is evacuated, Palestine remains an essential base for British protection of the Suez Canal zone, and with it the crucial line of imperial communications, Gibraltar-Malta-Port-Said-Bombay. Additionally, Palestine is inevitably an essential link in any British overland or aerial route to Bagdad and the Persian gulf. Where are the India mail planes to rest save at Gaza and Amman? And where is the oil of Mosul to reach the sea—except in Palestine? Thus Haifa harbor is being rebuilt, and a great pipe line laid through Palestine from Bagdad to the sea.

Zionism is so important because it legalizes the British position in Palestine. In Egypt, in 'Iraq, in India protests and insurrections against British control derive essentially from doubt of the British right of occupation. In Palestine this doubt does not exist. By virtue of its official commitments under the Balfour Declaration and the Palestine Mandate, Britain is *obliged* to remain in

Palestine. Zionism not only serves to give the British an anchor in the Middle East, it makes that anchor moral.

For these reasons, among others, the Balfour Declaration cannot possibly be withdrawn, or even seriously modified. The British job is simply to make it work. The ineptitude of the local administration, however, granting all the difficulties, is hard to understand. The British officials are pretty well white-washed by the 1929 Commission; even so, criticism from other sources is severe. The White Paper of November, 1928, defining the *status quo* of the Wailing Wall, for instance, was never put into effect.

Another matter is that of the garrison. A strong force was kept in Palestine during the first unsettled years after the War; it was reduced under Sir Herbert Samuel and in 1926 was almost entirely withdrawn, mainly at the injunction of Lord Plumer, then the High Commissioner. To disband the garrison saved money for the British taxpayer, and out it went. Part of the force, it is true, simply marched across the Jordan, there to form the Transjordan Frontier Force, but in Palestine itself remained only a smattering of police.

Another curious item proved unlucky. However unfortunate it was in any case that the 1929 riots should occur, it was doubly unfortunate that they occurred in the middle of an English week-end. When the trouble began the High Commissioner was absent from Jerusalem on leave. So was one of his senior assistants. So was the commandant of police for Palestine. So was the district superintendent of police for the Jerusalem area. So was the chief British representative in Transjordan. So was the commander of the Transjordan Defense Force. And so was the deputy district commissioner who succeeded to the job of governor of Jerusalem.

Since the importance of Zionism to the British Empire is clear, and the sincerity of British pledges to Jewry have been repeatedly proclaimed, why cannot a

way be found from the dilemma in clear and unconditional Zionist advocacy? Why not escape the equivocation of the Balfour Declaration by resolute reinforcement of the Zionist case? Why have the Arabs been so "coddled"—whereas Egyptians and Hindus are seldom coddled?

The reason adds a final item to the British aspect of the Palestine dilemma. It is that Great Britain is the greatest Moslem power on earth. Something more than 100,000,000 Moslems live under the British flag; most of them are uneasy, and all of them respond at once to any slightest ripple on the Moslem ocean. For the sake of a few Jews in Palestine the British cannot possibly afford to sacrifice the good will of millions of Moslems in Arabia, in 'Iraq, in India.

Palestine, indeed, is not only itself an Arab country; it is surrounded by Arab countries—Syria, Transjordan, Egypt, Hedjaz. In all of them, anti-Zionist agitation took place complementary to the Palestine disturbances. As far back as 1925, Lord Balfour was in danger when he visited Damascus; Sir Alfred Mond in Bagdad in 1928 had an uncomfortable time. The British did not fear revolt in Palestine in August–September, 1921, so much as *jehad* (holy war) in Britannic Islam. The holy war did not come. Probably it never will come. But it is uncomfortable to note what embers have already been brought to an easily inflammable situation.

Thus the equivocation of the Balfour Declaration was from the beginning inevitable; by the nature of the case, British policy in Palestine was deliberately condemned at outset to ambiguity. The Balfour Declaration cannot be really enforced to encourage Zionist aims; just as certainly it cannot be dismissed. All of which makes it more than ordinarily difficult to comprehend that the British "army" in Palestine at the time of the riots numbered exactly 142 men.

IV

The general direction of the persistently mounting dissatisfaction was first of Arabs against Zionists, then of Zionists against British. In this oblique form passion was confused, but grew to clarity. The Jewish attitude to the Arabs was contemptuous, but in the beginning was hardly of direct hostility. But the Zionist grievances against the British rose apace, and were expressed freely and bitterly. Here is how Mr. William Zukerman, a Zionist journalist,* outlines them:

1. The British land policy. This policy has been to distribute whatever free common land there was in Palestine to Arabs only. The Jews have not received an inch of free land for colonization purposes. (Art. 6 of the Mandate promises "close settlement" of the Jews on the land.)

2. The immigration policy. Jewish immigration into Palestine is restricted more than into the United States under the quota.

3. Unequal taxation, under which the Jews pay practically all the taxes of the country.

4. Failure of the administration to employ Jews in public works in Palestine.

5. Failure of the Palestine administration to subsidize sufficiently the Jewish educational and health institutions.

6. Failure to engage Jews proportionately in the police and in the military defense of the country.

7. Above all, the supercilious, snobbish, and even downright anti-Semitic treatment which the Jewish population received from the British officials of Palestine administration.

Thus the Jews charge, in effect, not only that the Balfour Declaration is being "whittled down" but that it is being forgotten. Vladimir Jabotinsky, leader of the Zionist revisionists, complains that the fact Jews breathe in Palestine will soon be classed as "provocation." This is unfortunately almost true, Palestine being an Arab country. And a Jew has cynically suggested to me that it is the intention of the British to "enforce" the Balfour Declaration—until the last Jew leaves Palestine.

* In the *Nation*, Oct. 16, 1929.

Meantime some supernatural agency seemed to precipitate disaster on the struggling Zionists. First came a cattle plague, then an earthquake, then a serious invasion of locusts. But the main cause of the critical economic crisis which followed was the unwarrantably heavy Jewish immigration in 1925 and 1926. As a result there were 8,440 Jews out of work in 1927, with dependents running up to 30,000; they had to live on a dole of \$2.50 per week, all that the Zionist organization could afford. Building activity dropped, especially at Tel-Aviv; hundreds of small shopkeepers went out of business; newly born petty industries had to shut down.

The obvious remedial measure was to cut down immigration, and this was done; the Jews consider it a grievance that immigration is restricted, but if it were free Zionism might very well have starved. During the crisis emigration of Jews from Palestine began in alarming numbers. Since 1927, in fact, hardly more Jews have entered Palestine than have left it, although Zionist officials say that "mass emigration" is now checked. Here are the disconcerting figures:

<i>Year</i>	<i>Immigration of Jews</i>	<i>Emigration of Jews</i>
1925	33,801	2,151
1926	13,081	7,365
1927	2,713	5,071
1928	2,178	2,168
1929 (Jan.-March)	zero	448

Slowly and dishearteningly, moreover, it became clear that the experiment as a whole was not paying its own way. On account of the various autonomous and pseudo-autonomous organizations involved in Zionist finance, it is extremely difficult to see the economics of the venture in the large; but it is clear that few of the new colonies are self-supporting. Zionism survives practically by virtue of a widely expressed but essentially miscellaneous philanthropy.

Had not the riots broken out in Au-

gust, 1929, that month might have been celebrated by all Zionists henceforward as the anniversary of a strikingly fortunate event. For in August, 1929, the United Jewish Agency was formed during the deliberations of the Zionist congress at Zurich. Not all Jews, as I have said, are Zionists. Not even all Jews in Palestine are Zionists. The students in the great rabbinical colleges of Safad and Hebron, who bore the brunt of the massacres, and the old settlers in the Rothschild colonies, who hire Arab labor, all stood aloof from political Zionism.

The creation of the new Jewish Agency to unite world Jewry in support of Zionism was, and is, of great importance. The Agency is composed half of non-Zionists, who henceforth promise support to "Jewish" work in Palestine. But the constitution of the enlarged Agency at Zurich to this end had two excessively unfortunate results. First, it caused the absence from Jerusalem of the responsible Zionist officials stationed there; and had they been at hand to prevent the Jewish demonstration at the Wailing Wall on August 15, the riots might not have occurred. Second, the formation of the Agency was a direct factor contributing to the riots, because it incited outbursts of chauvinism by Jews in Palestine, and this led to Arab retaliation.

Then finally to the confusion and suspicion and tension of the whole situation was gradually but inevitably added the explosive force of a fierce religious crisis.

V

This crisis had been brewing a long time in the hot, fervid atmosphere of old Jerusalem. The whole religious issue was, in fact, absolutely fundamental, and it absorbed before long rational disagreements in political and economic fields, so that the disagreements became matters of hysteria and fanaticism. To this was contributed the extraordinary sensitiveness to any religious dispute which

distinguishes Jerusalem. Imagine one's astonishment, for instance, to discover an Arab policeman on guard in the Church of the Nativity itself, in order to preserve peace among the five different Christian sects who have chapels at Bethlehem. The tension between Arabs and Jews was many more times more intense. It reached a natural and inevitable climax at the Wailing Wall, the Holy Place in Jerusalem which both Jew and Arab claim.

The Wailing Wall is a colossal block of masonry in the old city of Jerusalem supposed to represent the last vestige of the ancient Jewish Temple. Thus it is a symbol of Jewish glory, an intimation of Jewish dreams, and a pathetic reminder of the Jewish past. But that it is a survival of the Temple of Solomon is a myth. Not a trace of the Temple of Solomon anywhere remains. The Wailing Wall does stand, however, on Mt. Moriah, where the Temple once stood, and a few stones in the lower courses of its masonry do date back to Herodian times. The Wall has, naturally, a profound reverential significance for Orthodox Jews, as well as an emotional significance few of any sort can ignore; for generations Jews have assembled there, weeping, wailing, lamenting:

Reader: Because of the palace which is deserted—

People: We sit alone and weep.

Reader: Because of the Temple which is destroyed,

Because of the walls which are broken down,

Because of our majesty which is departed,

Because of the precious stones of the Temple ground to powder,

Because of our priests who have erred and gone astray,

Because of our kings who have contemned God,

People: We sit alone and weep.

But there is a terrific point to explain. The Wailing Wall is sacred not only to Jew, but to Arab also. It forms, in fact, the actual western wall of the Haram-

es-Sharif, the Moslem holy enclosure in which stand the so-called Mosque of Omar and the Mosque el-Aqsa. The Haram-es-Sharif is not only one of the loveliest concentrations of architecture in the world; for 1,300 years it has been a concentration of the Arab spirit, so august that only Mecca and Medina outrank it as the holiest shrines in Islam. And of it the Wailing Wall is an integral part.

In old Jerusalem architecture combines so plastically with legend, stone by stone and myth by myth, that almost every Holy Place is the seat of several rival associations. Thus the rock in the Mosque of Omar is supposed to be the altar from which Abraham proposed to sacrifice Isaac; but it is also the spot from which Mohammed is believed to have ascended from earth to heaven. Moreover, the Wailing Wall itself is an Arab shrine, since it stands atop the Mosque El-Buraq, where Mohammed tethered his famous horse before the ascent.

Remote as these details are, they are of enormous significance both to Arabs and Jews; and they are enforced by something much more tangible. The Wailing Wall, the pavement in front of it (where the Jews stand), the structures behind it and adjoining it, and the houses above it, are, and for generations have been, indisputable Moslem property. This fact is legally absolute. The Jews, in fact, offered to buy the Wall, a few years ago, offering \$400,000 for it, but the Arabs, after haggling over the price, refused to sell. The Arab property rights are vested in the Abu Madian *waqf*. A *waqf* is a Moslem foundation, holding property for religious and charitable purposes. Both the absolute legal right of the Arabs to the property and the pious nature of the trust in charge of it are reiterated by every competent authority.

These details seem complicated and perhaps obscure, but they are essential points to understand. From incidents at the Wailing Wall to the outbreak of the riots in 1929 is a direct sequence.

One reads the Report of the Commission almost aghast at the bitterness of racial feeling evolving step by step from outwardly trivial events. In the large they may be summarized in three sentences. The Wailing Wall was the pretext and scene of direct Zionist religio-political demonstrations. Retaliation by hysterically inflamed Arabs followed. In each case, Zionist provocation came first.

The Wailing Wall became a specific occasion of tension in September, 1925, and of actual disorder in September, 1928. From early times the Jews had had indisputable right of access to the Wall for purposes of lamentation and prayer. No one ever thought to interfere with this right until Jews not only came to pray, but brought with them mats, benches, chairs, a screen, and other appurtenances of prayer. Presence of such appurtenances transformed the Wall into a synagogue, an intolerable affront to Islam. In September, 1928, a British police officer forcibly removed the screen brought by the Jews; feeling was so high a riot followed.

The British authorities were forced to issue a ruling taking the form of a White Paper establishing the Jewish right of access to the Wall for purposes of prayer, but denying them anything else beyond what the Turks had permitted. Both parties were to observe the Turkish *status quo*. But the ruling was not rigorously enforced: each side insists that the other violated it.

The Arabs, for instance, began building operations (on what was certainly their own property), but which according to the Jews served to transform the pavement before the Wall into an indirect passageway, where Arabs promenaded at times of Jewish prayer. British legal authority expressed all the way from London insisted the Arabs were within their rights, and had not disturbed the *status quo*; the Arabs proceeded to build.

Zionist indignation grew, violently expressed. The Zurich conference protested bitterly to London. Tension

reached such a dangerous point that Zionist officials in Jerusalem warned the conference by telegraph that the extreme Zionists must be restrained on the subject of the Wall, else there would be "revolt and insubordination." The Wall became the fierce glowing core of the whole controversy. Even atheistic Jews who had previously regarded the Wall as a worthless pile of stones in "a dirty Arab alley" joined to demand militant measures.

They came soon enough. August 15, 1929, was the day of Tisha B'Av, the feast of the Destruction of the Temple. A number of Jewish youths, stalwart and militant *haluzim*, marched through the city and, in violation of British orders and despite Zionist attempts to keep the peace, raised the Zionist flag at the Wall, made political speeches, and sang the Hatikvah, the Jewish national anthem—all of this exactly comparable to advancing to an annoyed and ravenous lion and sticking one's head inside his mouth.

The next day Arab retaliation began. One of the dangers to security in Palestine is an everlasting overlapping of Jewish, Moslem, Gregorian, and Julian holidays. The day after the 15th was the eve of the Prophet's birthday, when thousands of Arabs normally swarmed into the Haram area. They were restrained. During the week following, agitators told them of Zionist designs on the Holy Places; credulous villagers heard wild rumors that the Mosque of Omar had been bombed. On the 23rd the storm broke.

Magnificent work by British police prevented a revolution; but by the time the troops from Malta and Egypt had restored order 133 Jews, including 8 Americans, had been murdered; arson, rapine, pillage had fired its way over the country; public security in Palestine was set back twenty years; and the Zionist experiment all but disappeared, in blood and smoke.

VI

I have told the story of the riots with an attempt at chronology and in such

detail because they represent apparently permanent characteristics of the situation. An amazing discovery I made in Jerusalem is that Zionists do not mind murder. They apparently accept the possibility of further murder. The Jews have been massacred by the best people in history for centuries, and Arab pogroms are hardly big-time stuff. I exactly paraphrase a Jew with this remark.

In other words, Zionism is to go on, come what may. In discussion with Zionists shortly after the outbreak I mentioned the certain necessity hereafter of a permanent British garrison, to protect the colonies. I was told, "The British will protect us or we will protect ourselves; it hardly matters which." The irrevocable fervor of Arab hostility is taken almost for granted. For Jews there is no solution, not even death.

The Report of the 1929 Commission certainly does not express this view, but indirectly it includes it. Since this Report presumably will condition future British policy in Palestine, if indeed it does not actually determine it, I must, to make my story complete, insert a brief summary of its conclusions.

The outbreak was not premeditated, the Report says; it neither was nor was intended to be a revolt against British authority in Palestine; it was from the beginning an attack by Arabs on Jews for which no excuse in the form of earlier murder by Jews was established. But the Grand Mufti is cleared of any direct provocation, as is the Arab Executive. "The complaint that the Palestine government has consistently shown a lack of sympathy toward the establishment of a Jewish National Home and that their policy is one of weakness is, in large measure, due to the difficulties inherent in the Mandate."

Zionist policy is severely criticized. "While Jewish immigration has conferred material benefits in Palestine in which the Arab people share, it is clear that claims and demands of Zionism

have been such as to arouse Arab apprehension that they will in time be deprived of their livelihood and pass under the political domination of the Jews." There is, the Report says, incontestable evidence that the Zionist organization has seriously departed from the accepted doctrine that immigration should be regulated by the economic absorbing power of the country.

The land situation is acute, according to the Report. A landless and discontented class has been created by evictions of Arabs without provision of other land for their occupation. The Report does not note that in many cases Arab landowners sold land to the Jews at an excellent price, and have ever since complained that the Jews bought it.

During the course of this article I have kept fairly close to the opinion of the Commission as to the causes of the outbreak. The fundamental one, already given, is Arab fear that the country is being taken from them. As to conclusions, the Report suggests the basic necessity of a new statement of policy by the British government, that will clearly safeguard the rights and position of the *non-Jewish* communities in Palestine.

Naturally the Zionists have resented this Report even as the Arabs acclaim it. Neutral observers fall in the middle, appreciating the excessive difficulties of forthright recommendation, regretting, inasmuch as Zionism is to go on, that no definite ameliorative suggestions are forthcoming. Perhaps such suggestions are impossible. But Mr. Snell, the Labor member of the Commission, although he signed the Report, added a disclaimer strongly advocating practical compromise.

His plea is mostly for conciliation. The difficulties, he thinks, are not absolutely insoluble. The Jews, he says in effect, are going to stay: an inward fire impossible of extinction brought them there; it will keep them there. Resented, attacked, murdered, they will yet stay. So the political tenets of

Zionism must be modified, and Arab fanaticism controlled. The Jew and Arab are not fundamentally enemies: they must be taught not to gobble each other alive. Both Jew and Arab face adjustments of almost incredible difficulty to this end. But the attempt ought to be made, else Palestine may very well slide into the sea.

VII

God promised Zionism to Moses, and Balfour promised it to Weizmann; and all four have failed to make it work. At the moment conciliation seems indeed millennial. Perhaps chiefly for this reason action is necessary at once. Something must be done. But what?

For qualities of pure dilemma the Palestine situation is unrivalled. Let me recapitulate. Zionism is an emotional necessity to certain Jews; but it is an economic and political failure. Arab hostility to Zionism is lamentable; but it cannot be erased. The British can-

not recant their pledges; but to maintain them means difficulty, tension, bloodshed.

Three fundamental conclusions are, however, reasonably clear. Ambiguous as it is, the Balfour Declaration cannot and will not be withdrawn. Coterminously, friction between Jew and Arab seems inevitable. Derivatively, a British garrison must remain in Palestine.

A garrison is not conciliatory, and it is not millennial; but it is necessary just the same. Inexorable facts for which Jews as well as Arabs are responsible have created difficulties that are greater than ideals. Two great international nationalities meet at murder-point in Zionism. It is the thankless lot of the British to have to temper this extremity. Thus to-day from one end of the Holy Land to the other the silhouette of steel helmet and bayonet is added to that of cyclamen and cedar. Henceforward—perhaps until Mohammed meets the dead atop the Rock of Abraham—Zionism rests in Palestine on British bayonets.





THE CANADIAN OASIS

BY LESLIE ROBERTS

OVER the ribbons of asphalt which farsighted Provincial Governments have put down between liquor store and liquor store, shop-new Packards from Delaware vie with fourth-hand Fords from New Jersey in the race to reach journey's end before closing time. Gentlemen whose hatbands proclaim them Proud Boosters of Mason City, Iowa, carry bottles of Scotch out to their cars from the vendors' portals, returning to acquire gin, rye, or Bourbon. Ladies in golf trousers and horn-rimmed glasses pilot their mates through the whirligig doors which lead to breakfast in Child's. Straight-haired school-ma'ams from Columbus sip sparkling Burgundy out of thin-stemmed glasses in the Chateau Frontenac, each seeing herself, no doubt, in the seductive half-light of a synthetic old-world grill room, as the reincarnation of Du Barry or of Ninon de l'Enclos. Serious-minded folk rush through town and countryside at a pace of two hundred miles a day in their haste to assimilate a nation's folklore and, on discovering that a roadside shrine of more than passing quaintness is not mentioned in the guide book, dismiss its grass-cushioned crucifix with a wave of the hand and pass on. Through White Mountains, Green Mountains, and Adirondacks the multi-cylindere juggernaut is rolling north. Across Minnesota prairies and through the precipitous passes of the Pacific Northwest the Packards and Fords ride hell-bent-for-holiday. The great seeing-Canada season is on.

The American tourist during the past decade has assumed the status and

dignity of a major industry in the northern Dominion, competing with agriculture and mineral development as a provider of wealth to the industrious native. The industry is stable and has a staple commodity to sell. Unlike the business of growing wheat, the task of catering to visiting firemen from Utica and Grand Rapids creates no price-control pools to capitalize, nor is there the bogey of overproduction to face; unlike the mine-maker, the gentleman who extracts his living from the tourist has no intricate problems of geology to ponder and no elements of wildcat speculation to defeat. The desire to step-into-the-old-bus and see things abounds in the United States; Canada has good roads, comfortable hotels, guide books, a bottle for the thirsty voyager, and a keenly developed sense of the commercial value of the traveler's pocketbook. Canada has cities with American plumbing and European charm, hotels with liveried bellhops and licenses to purvey beer and wine with meals, rubberneck wagons and megaphone-shouters for those who like their folklore served *table d'hôte*; the United States has automobiles, travelers' checks, and the wanderlust. Canada has accessibility, comfort, and the prevalent human willingness to exchange services for cash. Hence the tourist traffic.

As an industry it is immensely profitable to Canada; as a diversion it seems to provide infinite enjoyment to the hordes of visiting Americans; but as a contrivance for bringing about better mutual understanding between the individual American and the individual

Canadian it does not exist, despite convention orators and the political haranguers.

What the American tourist actually sees is a Little America fashioned to meet his tastes within the borders of Canada, with side glimpses into some of the more unusual customs of Canadian life as he rushes past. The real Canada remains in the background, unseen; only the surface manifestations are visible. The real American hastening along, remains a stranger to his host. But of this more later. Let us consider the commercial magnificence of the tourist structure.

II

In 1928 alone—the last season for which complete statistics are available—more than \$250,000,000 passed into Canadian coffers from the pockets of American travelers north of the forty-ninth parallel. In the nine years which ended with the whoopee parties of December thirty-first, 1928, the neat sum of \$1,402,604,000 was spent in good, hard cash by visitors from the United States. The following figures are offered by the Dominion Bureau of Statistics as evidence of the growth of the industry:

1920.....	\$83,734,000
1921.....	86,394,000
1922.....	91,686,000
1923.....	130,977,000
1924.....	158,876,000
1925.....	177,882,000
1926.....	186,791,000
1927.....	215,763,000
1928.....	250,501,000

There has been, as you can see, a steady up-swing in the returns. The tourist industry since the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment has always been a booming business, prosperous no matter what the condition of crops and the state of the metal market might be. To what new heights the gate receipts have soared in 1930, since a hundred thousand Mystic Shriners and two hundred thousand wives, friends, and relations suspended the normal functions of

Toronto and its environs for the space of three days, no one can imagine. Already the semi-pro estimators see at least another hundred millions in sight.

The motor car, prohibition, and Canada's easy access must be credited as the bases for the growth of trade, while the enterprise of the Canadian go-getter and his constant ballyhoo must be considered as contributory causes. Even hard times in the United States react to Canada's favor, as those who must forego wanderings farther afield when stock market levels are low see in a visit to Canada an opportunity to embrace the pleasures of a jaunt through Europe at infinitely lower cost. Though prohibition has had much to do with the success of the industry indirectly, there is surprisingly little drunkenness among American visitors.

Prohibition can be best described as the invisible factor in building up and maintaining the tourist traffic in Canada. No doubt there are visitors who conspire to join in the conclave of serious and scientific drinking, but these are the few and not the many among the tourist army. Rather does the automobile traveler, after making comparisons with the costs and attractions of a domestic holiday, allow his curiosity to sample legitimate drinking to turn his decision in favor of a Canadian vacation.

Officially, at least, Canada takes no cognizance of government-sanctioned liquor as a factor in the success of the tourist trade. On the contrary, in the documents of the statistician, thanks are given to nature, to ancient landmarks, and to the lure of Old Quebec. In proof of this alcoholic modesty I commend to your consideration the words of Mr. R. H. Coats, B.A., F.R.S. (Hon.), F.R.S.C., the Dominion Statistician, culled from the Canadian Government's Report on Tourist Trade for 1928:

Canada's great natural assets—her picturesque scenery, the diversity of lake, forest, and river, the many large districts still remaining in their natural state, the healthful and invigorating climate, the

charm of the Canadian winter and its distinctive sports, the old-world lure of French Canada—attract tourists in ever increasing numbers. The presence on our southern border of the United States with its dense population possessing in a high degree the leisure and the means to travel, the ease of communication between the two countries, the large automobile population, the relative cheapness of an automobile holiday in Canada for the average family, the close interlocking of business interests between the two countries, result in a very large travel over the border.

But though official statistics may abjure all reference to the vulgar thought that the item of stimulants has anything to do with the American tourist trade in Canada, there is at least one politician in the Dominion who has no dislike for frankness. Says the Honorable L. A. Taschereau, K.C., M.L.A., Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec:

The people of Quebec still drink spirits, particularly in winter, thanks to the rigors of our climate, but the great part of the liquor purchased and consumed in the Province of Quebec is bought by visitors from outside. In summer, when tourist traffic is at its peak, liquor sales are high but in winter, which is the season when the resident likes to lay in a bottle against the ravages of zero, liquor sales fall off tremendously. Our own people are turning to lighter drinks, particularly to wines, and are finding the solution to the problems of the past in moderation and temperance.

There is ample support of Mr. Taschereau's point of view. In the years when Quebec was the only eastern province which enjoyed Government control the lower Saint Lawrence Valley was the tourists' mecca, while dry Ontario was almost entirely disregarded by the motorist when he arranged his route. Adjacent to thickly populated regions of the United States, Ontario is the natural stopping place for the traveler who moves north across the Niagara Peninsula or through Detroit; but when Ontario was arid country the residents of these regions either did not venture into Canada at all or, if they came,

rushed straight through the dry lands, Quebec-bound. Once Ontario moved into the wet column again, however, its towns and its countryside at once began to gain in popularity, so that nowadays the records of all other provinces fall behind in the matter of gate receipts from the American tourist. To-day lore-steeped Quebec, with its battlefields, citadels, shrines, and old-world populace, must play ignominious second fiddle to its more recently dampened neighbor, contenting herself with a paltry \$45,915,000 in annual tourist revenue while Ontario's turnstiles click to the tune of \$95,680,000 in cash receipts.

Proof exists, therefore, for the theory that the presence of alcoholic stimulants has much to do with the amazing up-trend of the trade in recent years. Equally is it true that the rank and file of visitors do not abuse the privileges which Canada extends, evidence of which statement is seen in the abnormally low percentage of accidents on Canadian highways, in the almost complete absence of arrests of Americans for driving while under the influence of liquor, and in the eye-testimony available in hotels, clubs and on the streets of Canadian cities when the tourist season is at its height. There is less inebriation *pro rata* in wet Montreal than there is in dry New York, despite the fact that the best customer of the Canadian Liquor Store is the holiday-making American visitor.

III

The American tourist trade in Canada divides sharply into three classes: motorists, winter-sports enthusiasts, and the huntsman and fisherman. The automobile season, largest of the three divisions, begins with the disappearance of frost holes from the highways and is closely associated, chronologically, with the advent of the first robin. Reaching its peak towards the close of July, it maintains its zenith through the dog days of August and comes through the

downward are during the cool weeks of September. Thereafter a Canadian citizen may be reasonably sure to find a room in almost any good hotel until the winter-sports battalions begin to arrive with the turn of the New Year. The hunting and fishing class is recruited principally from the ranks of the wealthy and comprises a body of sportsmen willing to pay the high fees exacted by the exclusive Fish and Game Clubs. The class is not large numerically, but makes up for its small proportions by spending hundred dollar bills instead of tens. Its members, by and large, are traveled Americans who know their way about. They do not stand agape on the curb, nor do the radiator caps of their cars flaunt miniature American flags to the alien breeze, nor pennants announcing the owner's pride in the fact that he comes from Omaha.

The motoring fraternity arrive in five-passenger cars, the freights of which include father, mother, Aunt Nellie, little George, and Baby Anna. Travel is conducted with as much discomfort as possible, every inch of leg-room in the rear spaces being surrendered to the demand for storage room, with a front-seat overflow sufficient to wedge father and mother into their places in the overlapping fashion of sardines in their cans. Those who drive eights frequent the Palace hotels. Sixes are parked outside caravansaries where slightly lower rates prevail. The owner of the humble four seeks his lodging behind the brownstone fronts in side streets, where two-dollar comfort is provided for five dollars a night. This is the great picture-postcard brotherhood, an inchoate body which speeds from point-of-interest to point-of-interest, strictly according to schedule, effecting departure from the moist and picturesque realms of the north in time to permit father to secure one good night's sleep before he returns to his job. Such caravans cover a large territory in the space of two weeks of holiday-making. Hurried visits are made to shrines and to cathedrals brown

with weathered age. Roads which once resounded to the tread of the armies of England and France marching into battle unwind beneath the wheels of their cars. But such is the speed of their passage and so urgent their desire to prove to their eyes the statements made in guide books that they whisk through the Canadian scene and return whence they came without contact with Canada itself other than with such hardy members of the populace as derive their competences from selling something to the hastening visitor. Such touring provides eye-pictures of buildings and moves one rapidly through the roadside scene but fails entirely to bring the visitor into touch with the visited, to their mutual misfortune.

In the realm of winter sports certain novel schemes have been conceived of late, and there is being brought to the production stage what might be termed the Switzerland-on-the-American-Plan idea. For many years the city of Quebec has enjoyed a particularly profitable winter season, catering to an ever-growing horde of visitors who come to whirl down the toboggan chutes of Dufferin Terrace, to ride in horse-drawn sleighs, and to cheer competitors in the Dog Derby—the last a spectacle of less than passing interest to the average Canadian. Even in Montreal, where only the sketchiest sort of winter-sports organization existed, hotel lobbies have resounded to the cries of visitors in mackinaw coats, toques, and fur-backed mittens. It is only natural, therefore, that the jealous eye of the promoter, after looking upon these events, should seek afield for new attractions to offer for sale. Hence we find the beginnings of the Ritz-in-the-wilderness movement which sets up immense Palace hotels in the heart of virgin forest—or what is casually termed virgin forest—and invites the wealthy person to acquire a winter-sports wardrobe and have a good time next door to Mother Nature. At Murray Bay, eighty miles down river from Quebec, for example, two million

dollars have been expended in rebuilding the fire-swept Manoir Richelieu and to create what the advertising agents would call a Winter Sports Paradise. Huge open-air rinks, ski-jumps of championship quality, and a bob-sleigh run longer than the famous Cresta in Switzerland offer mute testimony to the tourist's taste for all the trimmings when he ventures abroad in search of fun. Actually, it would be difficult to find more enchanting countryside and more favorable ground for the carrying out of winter-sports programs. That Canada should occupy the relationship to New York and Washington which the Alpine resorts do to London and Paris is entirely logical.

But there is no end, apparently, to the magnificence of schemes devised to sell new amusements to the pleasure-hunting United States, so that we discover an even newer paradise under course of construction in another corner of the province, hard by Montreal. Here the adventuring backwoodsman from Forty-second Street may acquire his plot of virgin timberland on the history-golden acres of a seigneurial estate, where the promoters will build to his order a wilderness log cabin, complete with tiled bathroom and every modern convenience. Elsewhere on the property a completely modern hotel is going up, constructed on rustic lines, where Broadway menus will be offered while imported orchestras bang out dance music for the delectation of hardy pioneers who remembered to bring their dinner jackets. Ski championships, skating, tobogganing, and bob-sleighting provide amusement during the frosty months, while the warmer season finds lakes well stocked with fish for those who like to drink their whiskey while wearing rubber boots. Here you have the perfect American-catching tourist plan, an all-year holiday headquarters which brings the so-called virgin wilderness to the steps of the pullman car and the running board of the tourist's sedan. What does it matter if the wilderness is

synthetic so long as a good time is had by all?

No consideration of this great industry would be complete without a brief examination of the go-getter salesman who makes it possible, and whose duty it is to uphold the banners of revenue in the between-seasons gaps when, without his aid, they might drag disconsolately. Nowadays every up-and-coming transportation company, hotel group, and civic-pride organization maintains these specialists, commissioned to ferret out impending human mass movements and bring them to town. The Canadian convention-and-tour salesman of to-day is a business-builder who need bow to no other member of the high pressure guild, for he it is who has draped nature, history, alcohol, and comfort-on-the-road in the alluring vestments which capture the potential visitor's fancy. Where in all the annals of salesmanship can you find anything to compare with the effort which resulted in bringing to Toronto the entire entourage of Mystic Shriners—nobles, wives, camels, horses, children and fez caps—which descended in June on that city and its environs, three hundred thousand strong, to the complete dislocation of urban affairs during the period of their stay? Here, surely, is the alpha and omega of all salesmanship, a city almost doubled in size overnight. Untold thousands were housed in pullman cars on freight tracks and in coach yards, dubbed for the occasion with the fantastic titles of Fez City and Temple Park. Barracks were opened everywhere. Tent towns flourished in the fields and in parks. Railway equipment utilized for the transport and storage of living freight alone represented an investment of one hundred and twelve million dollars. As an epic of mass discomfort there is nothing in the history of human movement, unless we consider the Great War, to compare with it. In this fashion has the apex of salesmanship been achieved. Fortunate, indeed, is the Canadian go-getter in his choice of neighbors, for to no race on earth but the

American people could such bizarre arrangements be sold!

IV

Strange though it may seem, this great invisible export—for that is the term which the statisticians apply to the tourist trade—makes singularly little impression on the life of the average Canadian. Realizing that the main routes of traffic have been converted into a Little America for the duration of the season, the native contrives to seek out new holiday places away from the arteries of traffic, where he may hive among his own. To the visitor who has come for a hurried examination of an alien land he leaves such places of interest as the guide books insist should be seen and such places of amusement and shelter as visitors frequent. So, taken in tow by the professional purveyor of Canada's attractions, the American tourist races along his route according to plan, sips his wine and drinks his whiskey, pays far too much for almost everything he buys, speaks with a policeman or two, talks with a few waiters and

hotel clerks, and goes his way convinced that he has learned almost everything there is to know of Canada and its customs, whereas, in fact, he has learned practically nothing. The Canadian, if anyone asks him, supposes that he is glad the tourists come along every year, but wishes their women wouldn't wear men's golf pants on the street and be quite so masterful in tone towards their male escorts in public places. The two elements, in short, do not mingle, and this contact of oil and water, if it does anything, creates impressions in the minds of each that are not true conceptions of the qualities of the other. One page, at least, the Canadian go-getter has torn from the American book: he has caught the American idea of mass production and has converted it to his own use in selling the surface charms of Canada to the visitor from Grand Rapids and Binghamton. In this light-hearted fashion is the American tourist enabled to acquire eye-information, instead of the first-hand knowledge of a people which can only come from leisurely progress through the byways and backwaters of a country's life.





SAPHEAD

A STORY

BY M. C. BLACKMAN

I'M TELLING you, Charlie, you'd a laughed yourself sick if you could a seen that young saphead they sent down here one night while you was gone. Long as I been on the force—fourteen years next May—I never saw no such animal as that claiming to be a reporter. He was a scream from start to finish, and the finish was too close to the start to suit me, on account of I was getting a kick out of him, even if he did try to mess us up.

You see, Joe was working in your place, but Joe got sick. It was a hang-over, I guess, because the night before he was chasing to the can every fifteen minutes to pull on a bottle he swiped on a raid out in the West End, and about midnight he got so oiled up the Chief thought he was going to have to send him home in the wagon. Anyway, Joe didn't show up for work next day. They must have been short-handed, or something, because they sent this young saphead down here to do police. Way I heard it, he was just out of some college up north and blew into your office and got a job. It being Sunday and not much doing, old Bill Davis sent him down here. I guess he knew he could count on us to see that the paper didn't miss out on anything big. Oh, we look out for you boys, Charlie, and you know it. I ain't denying you do us a good turn now and then, but hell's bells, that's the way the police and newspapermen oughta work together, ain't it?

Well, this young feller come in just after the three-to-eleven watch went on.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," he says, very polite, stopping outside the cage there. We said hello, and Hank got up to wait on him, thinking he was some guy with a traffic tag or something.

"My name," says this bird, "is Frederick Hughes, and I have just been employed by the *Times*. I was assigned to cover the police run to-day."

"Hell," said Hank. "I thought you was a citizen and a taxpayer."

"I beg your pardon?" this chap says, just like that.

"Don't mention it," says Hank. "What's the matter with Joe?"

He looked kind of blank and then he said, "Oh, he's the man I'm replacing, isn't he? I understand he is sick."

We had a laugh at that. "Yeah," I says, "I bet he's nursing a head as big as a ashcan and has swore off again."

He couldn't figure out what we was laughing at or what I was talking about, and we didn't bother to explain.

Hank says, "Well, come on in, Freddie, and help yourself to whatever you see. There's the bulletins and there's the docket, and if you get stuck, ask the sergeant there. He's used to fool questions from you guys."

"Yeah," I says, "and don't forget to say 'according to Sergeant Johnson' when you write something you know is a damn' lie." 'Course I was just kidding, Charlie; you guys do pretty good most of the time.

Freddie give a grin at that and says, "You've been misquoted by the press, I presume."

"Well," I says, "we'll call it that."

He come around behind the counter then and started looking over the docket and the bulletins. He wasn't a bad-looking young feller all told, but he was sort of pale, and his eyes was real serious and thoughtful. The way he looked at you, you could tell he was sizing you up, but he didn't let on what he thought. It sort of made you wonder what he really did think about you. All in all, he just didn't look like no newspaperman we ever saw, and it didn't take us long to find out he didn't act like one.

"Listen," Hank says to him, "I'm going to tell you the same as I tell all you guys. Lay off them bottles under the counter there. It's evidence in them bottles, and we been bawled out by the judge a couple of times too many on account of lost evidence."

Remember, Charlie, that time you swiped a coupla them bottles and I followed you up to the office and got 'em back? They was empty by that time, but we filled 'em again from another batch. You oughtn't—but, never mind. I'm getting away from this guy Hughes.

He looked at Hank and says, "If it's liquor, it's safe from me. I don't drink."

"My God!" says me and Hank at the same time. "He's a newspaperman and he don't drink."

He looked at us kind of funny for a minute and then made some crack about the "gentlemen of the press" which I didn't get. He started asking questions then about the arrests on the docket, and the bulletin reports. We could tell he was green; so we give him some tips about the kind of stuff you and Joe write up. He made some notes and says thank you, and goes out. We don't see him no more until after supper.

When he come back after supper things had began to pick up a bit. You know how it is on Sunday night: speeders, and drunks, and nigger crap shooters, and four-sixteen cases. Lot of little cases which keep us hopping sometimes, but you all don't pay no

attention to 'em, on account of they ain't any news to 'em.

Well, this Freddie person sat down over there in the corner and took it all in with them serious eyes of his. He had sharp eyes and ears, and they wasn't much went on he didn't see and hear. But no matter how funny some of the things was—and you know what a laugh some of these niggers are—he never cracked a smile, but just looked on solemn, like he was learning every word was said by heart.

He never said anything for a hour or so, and then he cut loose like he had gone nuts all of a sudden. It was when Bud Harmon brought in old Big-to-do for being drunk. You know how Big-to-do is; they ain't a better nigger in town when he's sober, but when he's drunk, he needs handling. When Bud and Hank started to take him downstairs he give Bud some short talk, and Bud banged him one in the mouth. With his fist, mind you. Bud never will learn to hit a nigger with his black-jack; he gets all hot and mad, and is always bunting up his fist on some nigger's head.

Well, Bud packs a wallop, you know, and when he hit Big-to-do he went down like a tree a-falling. Bud kicks him a coupla times for good measure, and they drug him off downstairs. He was bleeding some, but he wasn't hurt. You couldn't hurt Big-to-do with a sledge.

Anyway, this young chap, Freddie, turned white like a ghost and shook all over. And when they come back upstairs, he jumped up and went over and shook his finger at Bud. He called him a coward and a beast and said—I forget exactly what it was, but it went like this, "That was an unwarranted piece of brutality. You had no excuse whatever for abusing him like that."

Bud was still kind of hot, and he looks at this guy and says, "What'd you expect me to do? Kiss him?"

"You wouldn't dare treat a white man like that," young Freddie raves.

"Say, who the hell are you, any-

way?" Bud asks. He come over to me. "Who's this nigger lover?" he wants to know.

Hank took Bud off and explained things to him, while I calmed the young squirt down. "Don't get all excited over nothing," I told him. "That coon wasn't hurt none. You couldn't hurt him with nothing short of a double-bit axe."

"It's not that," he says. "The officer took advantage of a defenseless, drunken negro simply because he was a negro. What he said to the officer was not insulting, and even if it had been, he was drunk and not responsible."

I forget what it was Big-to-do said to Bud. It wasn't much of anything; it was just the way he said it made Bud mad. You know, short and sulky, like he was thinking a lot more'n he said. Anyway, this Freddie railed on a coupla minutes, harping on it being a nigger and not a white man the reason Bud did it.

"You must be from up North, ain't you, Buddy?" I asked him.

"What if I am?" he says.

"It's just that you don't understand niggers and the way we got to handle 'em sometimes," I told him. "You'll get used to it in time if you stick around here."

"Not as long as I remain civilized," he comes back. I got to thinking over that crack later and figured out he just as good as said we ain't civilized. But I didn't pay no attention then, because I was getting kind of tired of all this to-do over nothing. So I says:

"Well, that's the way we do things down here, and if you want to get along with us, you'd better pipe down. You won't get no place calling the boys cowards and other names."

"Perhaps you are right," he says.

"I know I'm right," I says. "I'm just telling you."

He calmed down then and took things easy for a while. But he watched everything that went on, and every now and then he'd ask me some questions. Like when a couple of the riders brought

in half a dozen niggers for shooting craps. They was a white man with 'em, some mechanic that worked in the shop where they was shooting in the back end. We took five bucks bond apiece from the niggers—them that had it—and ten from the white man, like we always do. Young Freddie noticed that.

"Why do you require different bonds for the same offense?" he wanted to know.

"Niggers just naturally can't help shooting craps," I told him, "and white men are supposed to know better. So we stick white men more."

"I see," he says. "The same law with different applications. Working to the advantage of the black citizen this time." That's what he said—"black citizen."

Another time we had a nigger and his gal on a four-sixteen charge, and this goofy reporter come up with some more questions while they was making bonds of ten bucks each.

"What bond would be required of a white couple for this offense?" he asked.

I told him twenty-five bucks. Then he wanted to know where the nigger couple was arrested.

"Oh, she's been laying up with him for some time," I says. "I don't know if it was his place or hers."

When they left he followed 'em out in the hall, and I heard him ask how long they'd been living together. The boy told him it was about a year, so then he asked them why they hadn't got married. The gal said they just hadn't got around to getting their papers yet but she guessed they would to-morrow because the papers would be cheaper than having the law on 'em.

I wondered what the hell difference all that made to Freddie; he couldn't make no story out of a coupla niggers on a four-sixteen case. You and Joe never paid no attention to stuff like that. But this guy seemed to have gone nuts on the subject of niggers.

I was getting kind of a kick out of the

way he was acting; he was so serious and all. So when there come a call for the wagon over in the Bottoms, I asked him did he want to go along. Hank was on the 'phones, and Ed was downstairs; so they was nobody to ride the wagon but me. I thought maybe he'd see something else to get all hot and bothered over. He said yes, he'd like to go along with me.

Scotty didn't say when he 'phoned in, but I figured from the address it must be old Mary's place they'd raided, and, sure enough, it was. We turned off the Drive, drove down some of those nigger quarter side-streets deep in the Bottoms, and stopped in a alley side-street in front of Mary's place.

Scotty was standing at the front door waiting for us, and Jack was in back. This new reporter was all eyes when we went in. I don't know if you've ever been to Mary's place or not, but she's got it fixed up pretty nice. Her old man is a brakeman, and she works out, too; so they kind of put on the dog a little. The house is some better'n most of them shotgun shacks in the Bottoms, and old Mary has got a victrola and a pianer and some other doo-dads. The young niggers like to go to her place, and old Mary likes to have 'em, and always has brew. They was seven couples there, all told, if I recall it right, and Scotty and Jack had corralled 'em all in the front room.

Old Mary was moanin' and grumbling like she always does; you know how she carries on. "Lawd hab mercy," she kept saying, "somepin done tole me I better had gone to bed dis night and give my old bones a res' instid er all dese heah fumadiddles. Lawd hab mercy."

"Ride 'em all?" I asked Scotty.

"Yeah," he says, "they was all dancin' and carrying on. We found thirty bottles of home brew and some whiskey glasses, but we didn't find no booze. Hold on a couple of shakes till we look again."

Scotty and Jack went around looking into closets and boxes and things,

while old Mary begun moanin' louder'n ever.

"Lawdy, Cap'n," she said, "dey ain't no whiskey in dis house, I swear. Dey ain't been none since I don't know when. Dem little glasses is jus' keep-sakes."

Jack said, "Shut up," and they went on looking.

Then this saphead reporter went over to old Mary and he said, "Are you the lady of the house?" That's what he said, "Are you the *lady* of the house?"

Old Mary's eyes popped. "Says which, Mistuh?" she sort of gasped.

"Is this your home?" Freddie then asked.

"Go 'long, white folks," said Mary. "Y'all know dis is my house. I been livin' heah since I don't know when."

"And these people are your guests?" the goof asks, waving at the niggers sitting around.

"Who? Dem?" says Mary. "Dey jus' some triflin' niggers come over heah to pleasure theyselves wid old Mary."

"Then," says Freddie, "your entertainment of them is not commercial? You don't sell your refreshments?"

Mary says, "Mistuh, f'um de way you-all tawks, you sho mus' be a lawyer. Well, I got me a lawyer. Mistuh Schultz, he takes care of me and all my law business."

Jack and Scotty come in then and said they couldn't find no liquor. "Take 'em away," says Scotty. "Charge Mary with possessing, and the rest of 'em with disturbing the peace."

We marched 'em all out and put 'em in the wagon. Freddie got in front with me and we started back to headquarters. And how that guy did rave! Charlie, I'm telling you; he'd plain gone nuts. He kept talking sarcastic about what a fine, uplifting business it was for policemen to go breaking into a private home, where they was having a harmless, peaceable party, and drag all the guests and the "hostess" down to jail like they was murderers and thieves.

"Hell," I says, "they was dancing,

and that's against the law on Sunday."

"Disturbing the peace!" says this guy. "Who was disturbed, pray tell me," he says. "There are no white people living in that neighborhood, are there?"

"Of course not," I says. "That's the nigger quarter."

"Well, whose peace were they disturbing?" he wanted to know. "Certainly not their neighbors," he says.

"Well," I says, "it's against the law to dance on Sunday, and that's the charge—disturbing the peace. Besides," I says, "don't you ever believe old Mary was putting out her home brew free. She was making 'em all chip in to pay for it. We didn't see her collect for any of it, so the charge is just possessing liquor for sale."

"You don't raid the homes of white people when they're having private home brew parties, do you?" he asked.

"Listen, feller," I says. "It's like this: If we don't raid these coons now and then, they get to thinking we've forgot all about 'em, and they go hog-wild. We got to let 'em know we're keeping a eye on them all the time."

"I see," he says, thoughtful. "I see."

He didn't say no more for a while, but just sat there thinking about I don't know what. He said he saw what I was driving at, but I knew he didn't savvy at all.

We come back along the Drive, and just as we was passing Colonel Morgan's big house there on the Drive, this Freddie set up sudden and grabbed me by the arm.

"Wait a minute!" he says. "Stop!"

I slammed on the brakes and stopped without even thinking. I didn't know what the hell had happened.

"What's the matter?" I asked him.

"Look!" he says, pointing at Colonel Morgan's house, which was lit up in the front room and the shades all up. "Look!" says this guy. "They're having a party in there, and dancing. It's against the law. And I'll bet if you go in you'll find more to drink than home

brew. Why don't you raid the place, and arrest all those people?"

I begun to get sore. "Listen," I says, "you was funny for a while, but you ain't funny no more."

Before I could start up again, young Ted Morgan got out of a car where he was sitting with some girl and come over to see what was going on. He had a pretty good load on and was weaving when he come up to the wagon.

"Hello, Chief," he says to me. "Want something? No? We're having a little party. Swell party. Wait a minute," he says, "and I'll bring you out a drink. No? Come see us again sometime."

I told him he better get back in the house and then I drove off again. I looked at this saphead reporter, and he was laughing to beat hell. Not making any noise, just laughing to himself quiet like.

"You're a smart guy, ain't you?" I says.

"No," he comes back, "but I'm being educated rapidly."

When we got back to headquarters Hank docketed all the niggers. Some of 'em put up bonds of five bucks each for disturbing the peace and went on about their business. While I was searching the rest of 'em, getting ready to lock 'em up until somebody could come down and bail 'em out, I heard this sap reporter talking to old Mary some more.

You won't hardly believe it, Charlie, but it's the truth. He was calling her Mrs. Martin! It was Mrs. Martin this and Mrs. Martin that, just as polite as if he was talking to the mayor's wife.

Well, when I finally got through searching them that was to go downstairs, I looked around and Freddie was gone. I was going to ask him didn't he want to go downstairs and stay with the coons a while, seeing he was so fond of them and all.

Old Mary telephoned Lawyer Schultz to come down and bail out her and the others that didn't have no money, and

then I locked 'em up to wait. Schultz always takes his time about coming down, you know.

Me and Hank and Ed sat around talking about this funny reporter and wondering how long he'd last. Just before the end of our watch, when we was getting ready to check out, Freddie come in again. He had a topcoat on his arm and was carrying a suitcase.

"Well, gentlemen," he says, grinning with his mouth but not with his eyes, "you have witnessed one of the briefest journalistic careers on record."

"You mean, you're quitting?" I asked.

"In a manner of speaking," he says, in that same flowery way he always talked. "You see," he says, "it was my innocent belief that a newspaper reporter should write accurately and con—con—" Well, he went on to say he thought you guys was supposed to write the truth about things you saw, no matter whose toes got stepped on.

"It seems I was mistaken," he says. "I turned in my story to Mr. Bill Davis, the city editor. Mr. Bill Davis returned it to me with the suggestion that I send it to the *Chicago Defender*." That's the name of that nigger newspaper, ain't it, Charlie? "Well," he says, "I thanked him for the suggestion, and told him I thought perhaps I'd better take the story to Chicago myself. He agreed that it was a splendid idea. So I'm on my way."

"Going to Chicago, eh?" I asks, just to be polite.

"On second thought," says this bird, "I've decided not to bother with taking my masterpiece along." He pulled some sheets of typewriting out of his pocket and pitched 'em down on the counter. "I'll just make you gentlemen a present of my journalistic swan song," he says. "I know you'll appreciate it."

I've got that stuff he wrote around here somewhere. It was all about the raid on Mary's place, and it seemed like he was trying to give us the razz. It was terrible sarcastic, and kind of a dirty

way to write about us boys when we'd treated him friendly and all. No wonder Davis wouldn't print it.

But let me finish telling you about Freddie. Before he left, he says, "How much bond do you want to release the hostess of to-night's party?"

"You mean old Mary?" Hank asks. "A hundred bucks'll get her out. She's waiting to be bailed out now."

This crazy feller pulled out a roll of bills and peeled off a hundred bucks and pitched it down on the counter.

"Release her," he says, "with my compliments. I've always paid for my education," he says, "and I feel I've learned more to-night than I did during four years at college."

He walked to the door and give us a polite bow, and says, "I'm going to Chicago and apply to Al Capone for respectable employment. After all," he says, "a civilized man must draw the line at some professions."

He left then, and that was the last we saw of Freddie.

But the funniest thing was the way old Mary acted when we brought her upstairs. We told her that her bond was made and who made it. And old Mary says:

"Ne' mind none er dat, Cap'n. I don't want nothing to do wid sech white folks. I wouldn't tech dat money wid a fawty-foot pole. Dat white man sho mus' be crazy in de haid, or else he tryin' to make a fool out er dis ole nigger. How come he make such fool tawk wid me? Foxin' 'round callin' me Miz Martin. Humph! Ne' mind, Cap'n, I gwine wait right heah to Mister Schultz come down and bail me out, like he always do."

Well, nobody seemed to know where the saphead come from, or where he went to; so the Chief finally took the hundred bucks and put it in the Policemen's Benefit Fund. So we come out ahead in the long run.

But, say, Charlie, why'd he call that tripe he wrote a swan song? What's a swan song?



THE TWILIGHT OF EMPIRE

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

IT IS not necessary to know much about India to understand what is happening in India now. But to understand what is happening in India is to understand the world we live in. For India is the perfect clinical case—the type case of the organic disorder of the twentieth century. Here is every symptom, every maladjustment, every infection of the disease which, inoculated in the lusty and heedless nineteenth century, now has broken out in festering sores everywhere in the world. The disease may be called imperial elephantiasis. Year by year it grows worse, and the crisis is not far off. While it cannot be pronounced inevitably fatal, history has no record of a cure. Nor has it ever manifested itself in so aggravated a form as now, and the most virulent area of infection is India.

Let us examine India, then, not for itself but as a clinical example.

The case history goes back a century and a half, but only the last few years are decisive. While there have been irruptions before, imperial nostrums—containing mainly blood and iron—were effective until recent times. We can start with the World War. The War killed men but gave birth to ideas. They were ideas fatal to the composure and equilibrium of the world—democracy, liberty, self-determination, rights of small nations, justice for weak nations. To the many nations like India, which were governed autocratically by alien Powers, which knew no freedom, which had no rights as nations and which were in subjection because they were weak, these were subversive. They

were promise of a glorious dispensation, they whetted an appetite for its realization, and they incited to action to win it. And they came as a climax to a long period of subversion by the revolutionary spirit of the times—the spread, by means of improved communications, of ideas of nationalism, conscious patriotism, and mastery of the environment and of one's own destiny through the power of machinery.

Where this spread was not carried by the sheer momentum of the age, we speeded it by introducing Western education, Western science, Western towns, Western goods, railways, telegraphs, newspapers, and hospitals wherever we went. We had to, for it profited us, and that was our motive in reducing to subjection what we called backward peoples. We had to, moreover, because it was the Occidental's convenient assumption that he was conferring the benefits of civilization in taking possession of other lands and because it was and is his quaint assumption that his is the only civilization—that is to say, that civilization inheres only in the kind of habits which he has acquired in the few generations since he has known the use of power machinery. Nevertheless, the ferment which the Occidental and his ideas had introduced, consciously and unconsciously, worked explosively. In the cataclysm of the World War all explosives were brought to the surface. In India, as in all lands like India, all lands which had been gathered in as the spoils of a hundred years of empire, the signs were unrest, disaffection, and nationalistic uprisings.

When India's restiveness became ominous, even before the end of the War, Edwin S. Montagu, British Secretary for India, was sent out to report on the situation there. He reported: "Attention (in India) is repeatedly being called to the fact that in Europe Britain is fighting on the side of liberty, and it is urged that Britain cannot deny to the people of India that for which she is herself fighting in Europe and in the fight for which she has been helped by Indian blood and treasure." In that sentence is summed up not only the motive force of all that has happened everywhere in the East since then but also the price now being paid for the recklessness of Allied war propaganda.

On Mr. Montagu's recommendation, the British government sought to placate Indian sentiment by what was known as the Montagu-Chelmsford plan, whereby the Indian people were given an increased share in government. They were allowed to exercise minor powers of administration in the provinces, while control of all important functions of government remained with the British raj. A revision was promised at the end of ten years. Nevertheless, there was an almost open revolt, led by Gandhi. Gandhi was arrested and the revolt put down. India then bided its time quietly, awaiting the outcome of the ten-year trial period in 1929. The British government appointed a commission to make recommendations, no native of India being included on the commission. As 1929 wore on India again became restive, the more so as it was being clearly indicated that the commission meant to propose only trivial concessions. The Hindus on their part were indicating as clearly that there would be serious trouble unless they were given a wide extension of rights. They finally laid down a flat ultimatum demanding in effect home rule by January 1st or they would institute civil disobedience—non-recognition of the British government and its acts. Nothing was done, January 1st came, civil disobedience was

proclaimed as a step toward independence, and India is drifting into a state of war.

In 1919 the British faced the situation in India and by concessions eased it. At least they robbed the nationalistic movement of its impetus. In 1929 they could very likely have accomplished the same with concessions, but by this time the movement had gone so deep and so far that only the most sweeping concessions would have served, so sweeping as to affect the status of British rule. This situation the British not only did not face but could not bring themselves to face. They did nothing. They discussed whether India was "fit" for a greater degree of self-government, an interesting question and not necessarily to be answered in India's favor, but also an irrelevant question. For the point is that Gandhi, as the agent of the spirit of the times and of a movement of history, had marshaled something which constituted a tremendous fact and not a matter for abstract speculation. The fact is that, justifiably or not, India is demanding the control of its own destiny. And it must be given what it demands or enough to appease it, or it must be suppressed.

II

That England could not bring itself to face the situation in time and did nothing last year is of the essence of empire. What could Ramsay MacDonald have done? His government would have been overthrown had he made the kind of concessions that would have availed—that is to say, voluntary surrender of much which England had fought for, won, and clung to for more than a hundred years. For one thing, the price of democracy is politics. The Conservatives would have made political capital out of Labor's treason to the Empire, with fatal results for Labor. They would have done so also from disinterested motives and they would have had the support of the country, a moral backing deriving from decades of indoctrination.

Propaganda is the most effective weapon in the world. Its weakness is that it can become a boomerang. A public can be propagandized to any purpose. Unfortunately perhaps, it cannot be so easily unpropagandized when the purpose has changed. Momentum can be arrested, but the distance gained not so quickly wiped out. A generation of all that Kipling's writing represents cannot be undone in a year. To the English people India has become a psychological symbol, even if a synthetic one—a symbol of national self-esteem and self-sufficiency, of national pride and power. It has become a dedication to duty from which they cannot retire without loss of honor. Since for practical purposes in the external relations the truth is whatever enough men believe, it is irrelevant that the body of ideas articulated and popularized by Kipling—and by him sincerely felt—were meretricious and tawdry, vulgar and of the stuff of the mob-mind; and that the concept of the white man's burden was part rationalization and part unconscious hypocrisy concealing the activities of carpetbaggers on the make. For that sublime purpose to which we consecrated ourselves in the nineteenth century when we crushed the helpless peoples who would not let us uplift them yielded us profits at usurer's rates. And only where the profits were at those rates did we feel the urge to self-immolation. No land has been given the benefits of civilization which did not have desirable resources or strategic military uses. The white man's burden has been an enviable cross to bear, as may be gathered from the fact that every empire will fly to arms against any nation that seeks to deprive it of part of its burden. One of the stock arguments against America's freeing the Philippines is that Japan will seize them if we do, in which case we shall be forced into a war: from which it is arguable that possession of the Philippines does not particularly bow us down. All this may be historically true, but it is that which

men believe to be true that cannot be crushed to earth. So the English official who would strike at England's position in India strikes at the foundation of English belief and does so at his peril, and probably in vain. Certainly Mr. MacDonald could not have done so and survived politically.

Even had Mr. MacDonald been sure of survival, he would have been restrained by another consideration beyond his control. Suppose that as a socialist, a historical realist, and a libertarian his instincts and convictions had impelled him to free India completely: he would not have dared to do so. A hundred years of commercial and economic development in India by English invested capital have forged economic bonds that cannot be suddenly severed. To do so would be to shake the foundation of the economic structure of England, already now so unstable that not much more is required to send it tumbling to the ground. And there is no doubt that to sever the political connection with India would be to sever the economic bonds. In other words, in a politically independent India British investments would be for a long time insecure. Certainly they would not have the preferential position they have had. Quite likely they would be lost. Dominion status would lessen the danger only by degree. And here is the essence of imperialism's tragedy, that wherever it plants itself it forces its roots so deeply into the soil that it can never extricate itself, and where it is held inextricably bound, it sprouts the seeds of its own destruction.

In any case, the British did not face the situation last year and did nothing. Now they are facing it, willy-nilly and when it is much more forbidding. Then they might have avoided a crisis by offering sufficient to placate all but the intransigents, which means the majority. They could have offered not Dominion status, but an approach to it, a compromise with it and a marked advance on the Montagu-Chelmsford plan. To-

day the chasm is widened. Concessions that would have bridged it a year or two years ago would be futile. Either far wider ones would have to be made or the nationalist movement must be crushed. Crushing it, effectively crushing it, can be achieved only by force on a large scale. Events may prove, even by the time this is printed, that the scale may be one of actual war. Even if not, even if the nationalists can be suppressed without war, the actual test will only have been postponed. It will have been brought nearer by the events of 1930 and made sharper when it does come. The choice for England becomes more inescapably restricted to fighting or losing by default. For that which was possible a few years ago—a graduated series of compromises in an atmosphere of good will, which would have left India without rancor and England without unnecessary risk—it is now too late. And this, too, is of the essence of imperialism. Empires are always too late. They may be moved in this by an instinct for self-preservation. An empire in 1930 scarcely dares to face its destiny. The exception is the United States, which, with the examples of others before it, is busily creating a destiny of the same kind.

III

The question is broader than India or England. It is empire. It is the nineteenth century, and the twentieth as its consequence, or, in other words, history. The nineteenth made conquest possible through the power of machinery and industrialism. The twentieth made the challenge of the conquered inevitable through the spread of ideas of national independence and the distribution of the power of machinery, especially in the form of destructive weapons of warfare. The white man's burden, who never has found his position agreeable, has now discovered that it is more oppressive to himself than to the white man. The resulting struggle raises its alarms from

one part of the world after another. To-day it is India. Yesterday it was China. Day before yesterday it was Egypt; it may be Egypt again by tomorrow. A few days ago it was Turkey and Morocco. Arabia it is almost chronically. The Philippines it threatens to be soon, and who shall say about the Caribbean, Mexico, and Latin America generally? Each differs from the others in detail, but all are of a type. They were formed in the same mold.

As India is now, so China was in 1927. There, too, clear notice was given to the Powers which shared the domination of China that there must be a retrocession of some of the rights of independence. Not much was asked; the first demands were modest. The Powers ignored the signs or contented themselves with discussions as to whether China was fit for independence and whether independence would be for its own good. The Chinese became more aggressive, struck in 1927, seized some of what they had demanded, and arbitrarily nullified treaties by which they were bound down. International intervention in force was threatened but, owing to American opposition, was reduced to a small expedition. Yet the tide of Chinese nationalism could not be stemmed. Nationalism, too, grows by what it feeds on, and their first successes emboldened the Chinese to seize more. The Powers then became complaisant, but it was too late for soft compromises. Had they in 1926 offered the Chinese half of what they could not help giving in 1928, China would have been grateful. But 1928 only whetted the appetite for what the Chinese grasped in 1929 with no effectual resistance on our part and what they are reaching out for in 1930. And of what is left of our control over China we still refuse to yield now half as much as we shall be glad to offer in 1932 or 1933 after another outbreak. Always we yield too late and do not even receive a return in the form of good will. In reality our dominance is already over. By acknowledging its passing gracefully we

might receive by way of gratitude the equivalent of what we used to exact by force. Instead we wait until the acknowledgment is wrung from us, after which the mood of China will be only to pay us back for past humiliations when it has or believes it has the power to do so. In the meantime there is always the danger that the mood for paying back will provoke an incident which our pride will not brook, and the intervention will come in a passion for retaliation. Punitive measures will be taken, but the logical end will not be evaded. China will regain independence.

In the same way Egypt, which was left by the World War a British protectorate, has by successive outbursts—but only after outbursts—forced the British to recede ever farther. But British troops still remain on Egyptian soil in order to protect the Suez Canal; Britain still has effective control over the Sudan, and Egypt's control of its foreign affairs and foreign residents on its own soil is still restricted. Meanwhile the Wafd or Nationalist party smolders and, going by precedent, there is every reason to expect that it will flame again.

The Philippines offer a slight variation from the type, one with nice ironic implications. From time to time the Philippines have been promised independence at some vague date when they will be "fit" for independence, though by what standards fitness will be determined is not laid down for their guidance. Year after year Filipino delegations have appeared in Washington, instructed by the Philippines Legislature to ask immediate redemption of the promise. And in the Islands is an almost unanimous sentiment for independence, expressing itself in ever-sharpening acerbity. But until a few months ago the answer has always been vague and meaningless and patronizing. They must wait until they are fit.

In the last few months a new note has entered. Now part of the American people are demanding Philippine independence. To redeem America's prom-

ise and establish its good faith in the eyes of the world? Unfortunately, those Americans who now suddenly renounce the moral obligation to the Philippine Islands of which we have so magniloquently spoken since 1900 are Americans financially interested in barring out Filipino sugar by a tariff wall. They are, in a word, the sugar interests. For the first time in the history of empire the dominant motive of conquest, which is economic gain, is working in favor of reduction of territory. American opponents of the various proposals for independence are now arguing—a variation of the argument based on the good of the Filipinos—that the Islands are not economically self-sufficient and cannot stand on their own feet without American support. That is probably true. But the argument must be examined.

Since a few years after their incorporation into the United States as a dependency the Philippines have come within the scope of American tariff provisions. As a result American products have entered the Philippines at an advantage over those of other nations, as may be seen from the fact that sixty per cent of Filipino imports are American. Since Filipino products enter the United States duty free, the United States is the natural outlet for products of the Philippines, and approximately three-quarters of their total exports do go to the United States. To declare the Philippines now a foreign land is, therefore, to destroy an economic equilibrium which we ourselves have established, which we established in our own interests (for that was our purpose in holding the Philippines) and which we now upset in our own interests. If, therefore, the Philippines are now unable to stand on their own feet without American support is that indicative of the capacities of the Filipinos or the irresistible workings of imperialism? America has forged economic bonds which tie them to us inescapably. To that extent we have made them helpless. There, incidentally, is a commentary on the orthodox

argument that advanced countries must take control of the backward—by which we mean economically undeveloped—until they are ready for independence.

IV

As a matter of fact, such arguments are all immaterial. It is immaterial whether peoples now dominated by empires are capable of efficient self-government. Probably they are not; almost no nation is, including some of the strongest independent ones. It is more than likely that India would become a prey to inter-provincial and religious civil wars if suddenly emancipated. It is certain that the Philippines would not be so efficiently governed by Filipinos as now by Americans. It is obvious that Nicaragua has been spared countless revolutions by the American occupation, and that an international receivership in China such as has always been mooted would stop the intermittent civil wars now devastating the country. The same may be said for the argument drawn from genuine humanitarianism—the benefits which countries less highly developed do undoubtedly derive from sanitation, prevention of disease, roads, schools, and a greater production of wealth through machinery. Whether these benefits when obtained through the domination of an alien Power are counterbalanced by the losses through exploitation by the alien Power is another matter. So also is the question whether anything can compensate for the death of an indigenous culture. But that subject nations of great Powers have also obtained material benefits is not to be disputed. Nor is it to be disputed that many of these benefits would be lost if foreign control were to be suddenly withdrawn.

These arguments are interesting but immaterial. What bearing have they, for example, on India? The nationalistic movement exists nevertheless, widespread and deep-rooted, the expression of a race instinct, magnetized and di-

rected by a great leader. It is unaffected by the merits of abstract arguments. So also is Great Britain's situation unaffected by them. It must confront India's revolt as a fact and deal with it as a fact, whether the revolt comes to a crisis this year or in 1935. China is as disorganized, as inefficiently and as dishonestly governed to-day as fifteen years ago; it still is decimated by plagues and disease. Yet it has made astonishing progress toward recovery of its sovereignty nevertheless. It appears to be instinctive in men to prefer sliding downward to the devil on their own power to being kicked upward to Paradise on the toe of another's boot. It may be a healthy instinct. As long as one is on one's own power, one at least retains the right of choice. In the other case one is helpless.

At any rate, what is involved is a pure matter of fact—the determination of the subject peoples of the earth, who are in a majority on earth, to be free. What will determine the issue is a pure matter of force. China is winning, not because it is stronger but because the Western Powers and Japan are not in a position to use their strength. If India wins it will be because England cannot or will not send an army big enough to put down the nationalists and police the country. If India loses it will be because England has sent a big enough expedition or used to exceptional effectiveness the army it already has there. Under those circumstances, if there is another incident like that at Amritsar—in which an officer of the British Army in India ordered the deliberate shooting down of two thousand demonstrating natives in the Punjab—there will be no occasion for outcry. In fact, protest will be illogical. Once the challenge is given to empire, the price of retention of empire is Amritsars—in India or any other subject land. Subject lands were originally subdued by Amritsars. They can be kept subjugated only by Amritsars. An English liberal who cannot bring himself to consent to the emanci-

pation of India and then flinches if several thousand natives are massacred is illogical. An American who thinks the United States should not get out of the Philippine Islands and also thinks that we shall not be compelled in time to shoot down thousands of Filipinos is deluding himself. We already have. We did so in the insurrection which followed on our original occupation.

The decision is not one determined by sensitiveness only. It is not between brutality and decency of instinct. It is between brutality and that which is the price of decency in international relations—the loss of power, vanity, glory, and riches. For the British Prime Minister the decision with regard to India is not a matter for doctrinaire speculations. It is a matter affecting the ability of British business to retain its balance and of the British working-man to hold a job. So is it in greater or smaller degree for every empire that has a disaffected dependency. For better or worse we have bound ourselves to our territorial possessions and our possessions to us. We depend on them for trade, for an outlet for our manufactured products; we depend on them for the raw materials for our factories; we have

money invested in them which we cannot lose without inflicting on ourselves a serious blow, in some cases a fatal one.

On the other hand, there is the question whether we can help ourselves, and whether we can in any event retain our territorial possessions, and at what price. For the cost of expeditions must be balanced against the profits from the dependencies they are to solve.

It is the world's most tortuous public problem. The gorgeous romance of the nineteenth century, the white man's adventure in world conquest, has now become drab reality. Much of it was tinsel. The glitter is gone. What now remains is dross, but the price has yet to be paid. As India and China have proved, we shall not escape payment by sticking our heads in the sand. We shall not even reduce the price. To the contrary, it will only have to be paid with accumulations of interest that may prove ruinous. We shall come off best if we face at once the necessity of decision and then decide whether we shall settle at the best terms obtainable or cling to what we have and risk the consequences. An enterprise in history is to be liquidated.



NIKOLAI LENIN

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

NIKOLAI LENIN lived and died with one paramount object, to overturn the world organization of society in such a way that wealth, leisure, and the means of happiness should not be confined to a small class, but should be fairly distributed among the vast masses who perform the useful labor of the world. Whether such an object is in any way attainable, and whether Lenin's methods could ever be really effective or justifiable for attaining it may well be questioned. But such question does not come with the best grace from one who has profound sympathy with Lenin's aims but who has himself always been a thoroughgoing parasite of the capitalist system which Lenin so energetically condemned and who feels that his sole claim to the benefits of such parasitism is the fact of possession, to which he clings with an obstinacy exactly proportioned to the frailty of its tenure. All that is attempted here is a thorough and searching analysis of the soul of Nikolai Lenin himself.

Lenin, whose real name was Vladimir Ilyitch Ulianov, was born in Simbirsk, southeastern Russia, in 1870, of a fairly well-to-do family, which had made its way into the minor nobility from the peasant class. His dreaming youth was concentrated and crystallized by the execution of his adored elder brother in 1887 for attempted assassination of the Tzar, and this is said to have been the origin of Ilyitch's relentless, lifelong effort to overthrow tyranny and give the lowly and downtrodden the dominion of the earth. His determined agitation

with this view naturally made him obnoxious to the imperial government. He was watched, arrested, sent to Siberia for three years, and then kept in wandering exile all over Europe, during which he worked into connection and gradual leadership with many whose passions and tendencies were similar. He took an active, if not the most prominent part in the Russian Revolution of 1905, only to be exiled for another ten years of equal agitation. Finally the Great War brought his opportunity. Under the Kerensky regime he returned to Russia in 1917, and by skilful manipulation and fortunate circumstances he found himself at the head of the government with an authority over millions unsurpassed by that of any tzar or Mussolini or Napoleon. The sudden, tremendous, overwhelming contrast between past and present is nowhere better indicated than in his brief remark to Trotsky immediately after the acquisition of power: "The transition from the state of illegality, being driven in every direction, to power—is too rough: it makes one dizzy." And he made the sign of the Cross before his face.

A question at once arises as to the motives which were the driving force behind this forthright and overmastering life career, but their complexity is almost beyond disentanglement. Lenin's admirers insist that personal ambition was no motive with him at all. They say that he forgot himself altogether and lived simply in absolute devotion to a great cause, that he cared nothing for glory or display or the outside trappings of power. As if history had not proved

to us again and again that the most furious love of power shows itself in just the disdain of the outward manifestation of it! There is no madder or more engrossing ambition than that of making over the world.

The first forty years of Lenin's life were simply years of preparation for the marvelous six years, from 1918 until his death, when he was master of Russia. During those forty years he was scheming, dreaming—"one must have something to dream of," he wrote in the early days—reading, sometimes twelve to fifteen hours a day, laying vast plans for all possible contingencies. It was the entire concentration and supreme erection of a life upon one devouring purpose and hope.

And he came across the writings of Karl Marx. What he would have been without Marx it is impossible to say, but it is obvious that Marx made Lenin intellectually. He spent many hours in the assiduous perusal of Marx's works, in the ardent digestion of them, and in working them over, with apparently little modification, in far vaster writing of his own. The cardinal principle of Marx is of course the tireless, ceaseless, remorseless war between the proletariat and the capitalist bourgeoisie, war which must be carried on by ruthless means and which can end only in the complete victory and permanent domination of the working classes. It is true that the somewhat cloudy German metaphysics of Marx are susceptible of varied interpretations, and many of his followers see things differently from Lenin. But the Russian agitator liked simplicity, and the Marxian attitude, reduced to its simplest form, was quite adequate for him in the building of a life philosophy and a world administration. He taught Marx, he preached Marx, he lived Marx, and as soon as ever he got the chance, he acted Marx with a venomous realism which would have astonished his master and perhaps a little bewildered him.

For it cannot be denied that destruction—to overthrow, to tear down, to

uproot—was a primitive instinct in Lenin's disposition. When he came to exercise command he was mercilessly arbitrary and authoritative; but, like many such people, he bitterly hated to be repressed and commanded himself. He seized upon "Revolution," the watchword of his master, Marx, and made it the guiding principle of his life. A hundred years earlier Thomas Paine joyously drank a toast to the ideal revolution of the world. Lenin strove to make the ideal a reality. After overturning Russia he schemed to overturn all Europe, America, and Asia; and it is possible that even yet his schemes may come to fruit.

After which, it must be admitted that the man thought of construction as well as destruction. When you had torn down the old, worn-out fabric of bourgeois statecraft something must be substituted; and he planned long and elaborately and wrote thousands of pages explaining how the dictatorship of the proletariat could be and would be established and what mighty wonders it would accomplish for the regeneration of the world. In all these pages, as in the speculations of the master, Marx himself, there is a terrible dry, musty savor of German doctrinaire metaphysics, a hard, logical theorizing, which somehow does not suggest any very immediate practical connection with fact. Take the statement: "But, striving for Socialism, we are convinced that it will develop further into Communism, and side by side with this there will vanish all need for force, for the subjection of one man to another, of one section of society to another, since people will grow accustomed to observing the elementary conditions of social existence without force and without *subjection*." Beside this sort of thing mere destruction had a convenient definiteness which was perfectly practical; and anyway, the destruction had to come first.

So it went on for the forty years of preparation. Then in 1918 the man leaped into absolute power, and a great

administrator was born. Some writers express amazement at the sudden change, at the difference between the dreaming Lenin of earlier years and the doer of later. But it is probable, is manifest, that the doer was the real man, and was simply waiting his chance. At any rate, when the door of opportunity was flung open the great executive swept through it with magnificent éclat. All the qualities of a statesman shone out in him. He loved to manipulate men's souls and sorted and sifted and shifted them till they all fitted together for his purposes.

It seems extraordinary that a man of fifty, who had never really managed great affairs, should develop such statesmanlike capacity; but it should be remembered that the experience of Cæsar and of Cromwell was the same. This man had the doer's magnificent self-confidence, which some of us find it almost as hard to imagine as to share. He liked to make difficult decisions. Supposing he did not always make them rightly—could others make them better? He liked the responsibility for the welfare and the ill-fare of others, which to more timid souls is simply intolerable. This superb doer realized perfectly well that he made mistakes, and he did not hesitate to confess them. He knew that he was big enough and strong enough to come before his followers and say, "He who finds himself in a blind alley must turn back; he who has done a thing wrongly must begin it over again. This business has to be learned and not until then shall we endure the test or win out in the race." So arguing, he reversed his course and adopted the New Economic Policy, which recognized the necessity of combining the abhorred methods of Capitalism with working Communism to some extent and temporarily. And his frankness, his energy and, above all, his winning persuasiveness were sufficient to carry his followers with him anywhere.

Perhaps the supreme test of greatness is growth, adaptability, the power of

fitting soul to circumstance, and certainly this power was Lenin's in a high degree. "The art of government cannot be got out of books," he cried. "Try, make mistakes, learn how to govern." He is constantly reiterating the imperative necessity of keeping close to *life*: "Such questions are answered *only* by life itself." In this respect he might perhaps be called an opportunist, but it would be cruel to call him so, since some of the harshest epithets in his rich vocabulary of abuse are attached to this very word, opportunist, in the sense of the man who always keeps his ear to the ground, who is trying to curry popular favor and to catch the slightest veering wind of temporary prejudice so that he may trim his sails to it. In contrast to this cheap and shallow opportunism, I would rather call Lenin's disposition "vitalism"—the profound vitalism of a Cæsar, a Napoleon, or a Lincoln, which moves with far-reaching insight and dominating, prevailing purpose, yet constantly adapts and adjusts that purpose to the living, vital movement of human circumstance, always with the fixed determination of arriving at a long predestined goal.

How much of that goal Lenin would have reached it is impossible to say. His premature death left a chaos of which no man can yet foresee the end. But judging from his manifest abilities and from what he did accomplish in the face of superhuman difficulty, it is fair to assume the chance of his arriving at supreme achievement—as well as of grotesque failure.

II

Whatever might have been the possibilities of success or failure, it is evident that the man's whole existence was possessed, obsessed by the notion of making over life in an ideal mold. In this unyielding, unceasing fight for the Ideal, Lenin of course had to have instruments, men and women; and not the least curious element in the study of him is

his attitude towards these instruments. Naturally he had a vast acquaintance with them. His nomad existence had taken him into all sorts of society, had accustomed him to the habits and the manners of all classes of men. At the same time, all this human investigation was for a purpose. It was not a dispassionate scientific quest into the workings of the human heart, but a persistent classifying of all men according to their utility for the one great object. All these flitting, fleeting, shadowy, manifold creatures were just simply incarnate bourgeois or the embodied proletariat: they were labeled, treated, employed, and to be disposed of merely as such.

The result seems to have been a considerable contempt for mankind as a whole. "I got the impression that he despises a great many people and is an intellectual aristocrat," says so acute an observer as Bertrand Russell. And if he had not a high opinion of mankind in general, he was no more enthusiastic about the large mass of his own countrymen. There may be some exaggeration in his reported saying, that "for every honest Bolshevik there are thirty-nine scoundrels and sixty fools," but it probably represents the fruits of bitter experience in many respects.

The curious, the interesting thing is the patent contradiction between this general contempt for mankind as a whole and Russian mankind in particular and the fact that Lenin's whole theory of government, his complete political idea rested on the intelligence and competence and utility of the masses for political ends. The working class, the common people, were to govern, were to show the despised and selfish bourgeoisie that they could govern with intelligence, with honesty, with efficiency. Give them training, give them education, give them persistent, enlightened self-discipline, and they would work out the problem for themselves. If they could not, no one could.

In the meantime somebody must

work it out for them. It is fascinating to watch the delicate and subtle process by which this *somebody* was gently insinuated into the working of the huge political machine which Lenin attempted to establish. First of all, it was to be the dictatorship of the proletariat. If you listened to his words and read his writings you would suppose that the vast mass of the people in the factories and the fields were just taking over the machinery of government in their neatly graded soviets, or popular assemblies, and running it themselves for their own benefit. Then, if you looked more closely, you would discover that the guiding force was the comparatively small Communist Party, perhaps half a million or so out of the whole hundred millions. But all the force and inspiration of the said Communist Party originated in a small circle of controlling spirits, and at the center of these spirits, with his watchful eye on every movement and his guiding finger on every motive sat the one supreme authority, Nikolai Lenin, and the dictatorship of the Proletariat was just simply he and no one else.

But masses are made up of men, and must be treated individually, and no one knew this better than Lenin. From the time when he first went out into the world he studied men and women, their motives, their passions, their capacities, and always, persistently, with a view to what they could do for the great object that controlled his life. Innumerable brief observations and comments show how quick and how acute were his perceptions of human nature and human character.

Lenin not only judged men, he managed them, and in his intensely practical mind the judgment was merely preliminary to the management. With different agents his methods were different. Some must be handled by a gentle and persuasive suavity, by a hand laid on the shoulder, a finger on the arm. Others required strict and systematic logical treatment: you must convince them be-

fore you could lead them. With others again it was necessary to be purely commanding. They must be told what to do without too much explanation, and they would do it. And in the accomplishment of his great purpose no human means was to be despised or scorned. The Germans were the enemies of Russia, but if he could use their money or their support to save Russia, he would do it. Even the despised instruments of the old Tzarist police might be utilized if they could be paid to work for him. But undoubtedly the climax of his human triumph was the making elements so antagonistic as Stalin and Trotsky work together in harmony, so long as he led them, though they split and severed as soon as his control was taken away.

Even more significant for Lenin than his friends are his enemies, and heaven knows he had enough of them; for he hated right and left, with a most magnificent heartiness. The word *tolerance* did not exist for him. If you were not with him you were against him, and he was against you with all his soul. The Marxian antithesis between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat took hold of him early and never left him. The world was sharply divided into the two classes, and on the detested bourgeoisie he could not pour out enough of his anger and contempt. Yet even so it seems as if he had still more indignation and scorn for those who had been his friends than for his lifelong enemies. They had betrayed the Cause, they disagreed with Nikolai Lenin: how could there be any good in them?

He not only hated, but he vilified. If one may trust translation, his language of abuse was as richly varied as it was offensive. Those who differed from him were not only traitors, they were little better than scoundrels. Nor did he stop at words. When power came into his hands, he used it mercilessly, as is well known. The gentle methods of persuading and convincing were not, in his opinion, the instruments by which Revolution should triumph. He had

read Sorel on Violence, not without profit. "There are 'revolutionaries,'" he cried, "who imagine we should complete the Revolution in love and kindness. Yes? Where did they go to school? What do they understand by dictatorship? What will become of a dictatorship if one is a weakling?" He did not propose to be a weakling, in that sense at any rate. And he shot and hanged and tortured and terrorized in the name of the Ideal.

It may be that this world must be made over from top to bottom. God knows in many respects it needs it. But is it necessary that the making over should be built on wrath, on hatred, and on revenge? Such was not the method of Jesus. But perhaps Jesus was thinking of a better world than this.

III

So we have considered Lenin's attitude towards the various human instruments who could help him in his purposes. Now let us turn to their attitude towards him. No aphorism is more surely established by the course of history than that hate breeds hate. Impress upon large masses of mankind that you loathe them, despise them, and condemn them, and they will reciprocate the feelings with abuse as bitter and savage as your own. Lenin literature, therefore, is quite as highly colored with animosity against him as any that he poured out against his foes.

As they branded his cruelty, so they emphasized his utter unscrupulousness. The undeniable Oriental strain, the suggestion of Tartar origin, was supposed to give him an incurable underhandedness, a complete indifference to means so long as the end could be attained. Such critics would apply to Lenin's disposition the words which he himself uses as to the Russian character in general: "What is peculiar to Russia is the tremendously rapid transition from savage violence to most subtle deception."

On the other hand, if you listen to

Lenin's friends and admirers, you wonder if they can be discussing the same person; and you have to delve deep down into the roots of the human heart to search for the hidden compatibilities. He was simple, they say, straightforward; his earnest, genuine bearing and manner elicited confidence and at once rewarded it. Those who knew him, those who loved him—and many did—insist that he looked at things, looked at his great projects and ideals, always from the human angle. When he was in far Siberia he entered most intimately into the life of the people, studied their needs, studied their inarticulate desires, and when he became ruler over millions he had all these needs and desires written in his heart.

His enemies declared that he viewed life only in mathematical formulas, that human passion and suffering were discounted. Yet there appear to be innumerable instances of his thoughtfulness for individuals. It is said that among Lenin's papers there are many documents which show this personal interest: "One directs that a certain worker is to be supplied with food, in another Lenin asks for new clothes for one workman or tries to provide a house for another, or medical treatment for a third." No doubt the overmastering Ideal came first, but it left room for a lot of human consideration behind it.

On one point friends and enemies are agreed, that is as to Lenin's vast, compelling influence over other men; though some regard the influence as beneficent and others as baleful. He could persuade, induce, allure. Even those who were hostile were somehow led to do what he wanted of them, almost before they knew what they were doing: "Nobody who has not seen Lenin or read his books can possibly imagine the force of that man's will and his intellectual authority. . . . Lenin took the whole responsibility for revolutionizing the Russian Empire, and the others faithfully and intelligently helped him as children help their father."

Again, he could put a compelling, commanding power into this treatment, could crush down opposing wills by sheer magnetic force. There is the story of the somewhat rebellious comrade who kept alleging the glorious part he had taken in the Revolution of 1905. "But Lenin took a step forward, not letting go my eyes, and said again, 'Yes, comrade, but what are you doing for *this* revolution?' It was like an X-ray—as if he saw all my deeds of the last ten years. I couldn't stand it. I had to look down like a guilty child. I tried to talk, but it was no use. I had to come away." Needless to say that this man's will became Lenin's.

As he could deal with men individually, so he had perhaps an even greater hold on them in the mass, could sway great bodies who heard or read his words in whatsoever direction he might desire. The accounts of his oratory are very curious. He certainly was not a magnetic speaker in the ordinary sense, had no flowing, golden periods, none of those overmastering effects which carry an audience off its feet for the moment, but afterwards evoke doubt as to their sincerity and their meaning. He was often heavy and awkward, especially at beginning. His short, stumpy figure, his shiny bald head, his somewhat stolid features were anything but impressive. But as he went on speaking and warmed to his work, his simplicity, his earnestness, his intense direct appeal to the passions of his auditors began to take hold, and having taken hold once, they never let go.

So there can be no doubt that this man was loved as ardently as he was hated, and he certainly impressed the shadow of his spirit upon the whole vast empire of Russia, for good or for evil who shall say? How great the impress was is evidenced in the adoration which surrounds his embalmed body, as it is preserved and exhibited to-day, making his canonized memory, his patriotic achievements, and his mythical figure almost the center of a new religion, to replace

the old one which he so vehemently demolished. Perhaps the most concrete expression of this developing worship is the tremendous eulogy registered in the declaration of the Soviet Congress at the time of Lenin's death: "His vision was colossal, his intelligence in organizing the masses was beyond belief. He was the greatest leader of all countries, of all times, and of all peoples. He was the lord of the new humanity, the savior of the world." After which one can but remember the thousands who were and are yearly being executed because they did not believe in Lenin or his ideas at all.

IV

So far we have studied Lenin in his public relations. Now let us turn to the consideration of his private and personal character and life, though he himself gives us little help in this, since he was always too busy and preoccupied for much self-analysis, at least in any records that I have discovered.

And first as to his personal dealings with humanity. In his family he seems to have been not only exemplary but attractive. As a child he was quiet and self-contained, an excellent, assiduous student, standing high in his classes in school and college, attentive to his duties, and not criticized in deportment except that his political tendencies made him an object of jealous watchfulness on the part of the government. He adored the dreaming, idealistic elder brother, who was executed. He was devoted to his mother as long as she lived, and he and his sister cherished a profound mutual affection.

I find extraordinarily little reference to Lenin's relation to women. There is no vestige whatever of early love affairs or any indication that women as such interested him in any way whatever. No doubt there were marked exceptions to this—there are in most men's lives—but they have left no traces here. Lenin married at a mature age, but it seems to have been rather a matter of comradely

friendship than of romantic passion. His wife was an ardent Socialist, like himself, and they were brought together by a common enthusiasm. She with her mother followed him to Siberia, when they were engaged, and her account of their life is full of interest. In their further erratic, nomadic career she did her best to make him comfortable and since his death she has borne loyal witness to his greatness and to his achievements. The most humanly characteristic anecdote that I have met with in regard to Lenin's matrimonial affairs is the story of the expiring mother-in-law. Madame Lenin's mother was very ill and at the point of death. The exhausted daughter retired for a little while to get absolutely needed sleep, enjoining upon her husband to call her if there was any occasion. He assented, and worked away busily at his writing. The old lady passed away, and still Lenin wrote. When his wife came back, she reproached him bitterly: "I told you to call me if she needed me." "So I would have; but she did not need you: she was dead."

Lenin had no children of his own but was devoted to the children of others, loved to chat and play with them and devise sports for them. He had a singular tenderness for animals, also, especially cats, liked to pet them and fondle them. Madame Lenin tells us that, though he was a keen sportsman, he once spared a splendid fox when he had it right under his gun, and when she asked him why he didn't shoot, he answered, "I couldn't; it was too handsome."

Sometimes stories were circulated, especially abroad, that Lenin made money out of his political advancement, or at least that he indulged himself in luxurious, extravagant, dissipated living. There seems no question but that this was utterly unjust. The man was too immensely absorbed by the one great interest of life to care for minor indulgences of any kind; indeed, it seems as if he had little personal taste for such indulgences. Carrying out literally his

political theory, that the highest officials should be paid just like ordinary workmen, he accepted only the most moderate salary, and his living expenses were far within the limits of the salary he had. His household arrangements, his food and drink were of the simplest and most primitive character, and his dress was often careless to the point of slovenliness.

It does not appear that Lenin had special attraction in ordinary social intercourse. Again, he was too preoccupied with larger things. He was absolutely simple and unpretentious, never gave himself the smallest air of greatness. Everyone insists upon this. But he had a constitutional propensity to argue, which does not contribute to the charm of social life. Also, he gave his interlocutor an uncomfortable sense of being penetrated to the very bottom. The idea seemed to be always to discover whether you were someone who might be useful to the Cause. If you were not you would be civilly dismissed as soon as possible.

I look in vain for any record of intimate, self-abandoning friendships at any time. Lenin had any number of so-called "comrades," but they were comrades for the Cause, not for merely personal reasons. This spiritual isolation is well, if perhaps somewhat over-indicated, in one account of his early life: "Ulianov never prompted his neighbors, never permitted any of his classmates to copy his lessons, never helped any of them by any explanation of a difficult lesson. He was not liked, yet no one ever dared to tease him. So he passed through all the eight years of the gymnasium, always alone, awkward in his motions, a wolfish light gleaming under his eyebrows." The last touch shows the animus of hostility, but the general drift is sufficiently significant of a nature at least remote from its fellows, if not estranged from them.

As it was with the more serious aspects of human fellowship, so it was also with the lighter forms of relaxation and

amusement. Lenin had in some ways a natural taste for these things. His substantial health and his physical courage—which has been questioned but seems hardly questionable—also his passion for excelling in everything, inclined him to out-of-door sports. He was extremely fond of hunting, and both as a boy and as a man in Siberia skating was a delight to him. He was a great chess player at one time, worked out the printed problems with absorbed attention and developed the art till he could beat not only the members of his family but others much more experienced. But even as a boy, when he found that skating at night made him sleepy and dull over his lessons in the morning, he dropped the exercise at once. And as soon as he perceived that the contests of chess were distracting his thoughts from the mightier contests of the actual world the allurements of the game were discarded forever. He had greater bishops and castles and pawns to handle than the puppet-figures of the chess-board.

But what interests and puzzles me most in Lenin's contact with his human surroundings is the question of his laughter. One meets it everywhere, in every quality of observer, both those who enjoyed it and those who were perplexed by it. "He appreciated funny stories," says Gorky, "and laughed with his whole body, was really inundated with laughter, sometimes even to tears." He laughed with his intimates, he laughed with strangers, he laughed when he was idle, and he laughed in great crises also.

What I want to get at is the significance of the laughter. His simpler admirers say that it was pure good-nature and joyousness. He was cheerful, whatever came. "You see, nothing really worries him." Again, there is the possibility that the laughter was a convenient mask. He had a curious trick of putting his hand over his eyes and scanning an interlocutor through it. Perhaps the laughter served the same purpose. Or, in some natures, it might suggest an underlying detachment, the

sense that even the great cause of world revolution was a trifle and a jest in the light of infinity and eternity. But this seems quite out of the question in view of the mad intensity of Lenin's customary political attitude. Another element of Lenin's laughter which impressed some keen observers was the suggestion of cruelty in it. This stands out in the account of Mrs. Philip Snowden, a by no means unsympathetic witness: "It was the persistent, unnatural merriment of those amused eyes which gradually increased my distaste to the point of horror. What was there to laugh at in the whole wide realm of suffering Russia? . . . Here was a man who according to the Bolshevik's own printed statement had sent ten thousand persons to their death for the love of a political creed. When one of our number elicited his plan for dealing with obstinate rich peasants, he shook with horrid laughter as he spoke of their hanging." And Bertrand Russell emphasizes the same thing: "He laughed over the exchange the peasant is compelled to make, of food for paper; the worthlessness of Russian paper struck him as comic."

This phase, of laughter, suggests a comparison with another Russian ruler, Catherine the Great. But Catherine had naturally a sweet, sunny, joyous temperament such as I cannot trace in Lenin at all. And again, the laughter suggests our own American Lincoln. Yet Lenin had none of Lincoln's tenderness, none of his distrust of himself, none of his profound, subtle, haunting melancholy; and it is precisely these elements that give the laughter of Lincoln its human warmth and richness. But if one attempts the comparison of Lenin with Lincoln, one strays off into an endless field of conjecture as bewildering as it is delightful.

V

If Lenin subdued and eliminated the personal life in all external human con-

nections, he did so even more in the inner intellectual and spiritual world. Art and aesthetic experience were never of much account to him. It is true that he was eager to see a proletarian painting, a proletarian theater, and above all to take advantage of the new, mighty instrument of the moving pictures for proletarian propaganda purposes. But these things meant little in his own life, toys, trifles, gewgaws, beside the manipulation of real men. Music did, indeed, sometimes take hold of him, did work on his nerves and unfit him for the terrible affairs he had on hand. Therefore, music must be put out of his life.

Though Lenin lived so much out of doors and came into contact with external nature at every possible point, I find almost no trace of sensibility to natural beauty, very rarely any reference to it whatever. The same is true of the Great Catherine except that one aspect of nature, the driving Russian winds, seems to have obsessed her. And also with Lenin there is the exception in favor of the sea: "Soon after this Lenin went for a month to Brittany, where his mother was living, because he wanted to see the sea. He had an extraordinary love of the sea, and could watch the play of the waves for hours: the sound of the sea soothed his nerves."

Literature, regarded merely as an art, made little more appeal than other forms of the æsthetic. It is true, Madame Lenin repels the charge that her husband never read novels or poetry, and she gives a considerable list of authors to whom he turned in Siberia, Russian and others. But his interest in them seems to have been largely in their bearing on the problems of life and politics which mainly appealed to him, and from the artistic or emotional point of view they probably touched him very little. If the germs of such things were born in him, he had crushed them and subdued them for so long that they were stunted and withered away, precisely as they gradually disappeared in Darwin.

Science in the abstract had little more interest for Lenin than art, though its logical processes were naturally somewhat akin to his intellectual activity. But applied science meant a great deal to him from its bearing on practical production and the welfare of the workers, and it is one of his notable elements of originality that, while he attacked capitalistic society on the side of its economic organization, he recognized that its technical methods might well be of the utmost importance for a Communistic State. He wanted to combine the practical energy and infinitely varied scientific ingenuity of America with the idealism of Russia, and he is said to have even gone so far as to remark: "A single technical expert is worth ten Communists."

Lenin's attitude towards philosophy was much the same as towards science. There were a few years when he busied himself enormously with abstract speculation and in the introduction to his book on *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism* he characterized himself as "a seeker." But the tone of the seeker, the essential scientific spirit, was not in him in any respect, the long, patient, curious, tolerant research, wholly regardless of results. If he went into philosophy it was as he went into everything else, with his mind made up and a furious determination to find what he already carried with him. The economic theory of Marx, which was the breath of life to Lenin, was built on philosophic materialism. Therefore, philosophic materialism must be true, and a few years must be spent in proving that it was true, and especially and above all, in proving that all those who opposed it on any ground whatever were liars and cheats. They differed from Marx, they differed from Lenin, therefore, they obviously were wrong, and the rich vocabulary of abuse must be exhausted in making this evident to them and to the world.

But by far the most significant, the most characteristic of all the elements of

Lenin's inner life is his attitude toward religion, because this, like the others, but far more than the others, is interwoven with his whole political, social, and moral thinking. He regarded art and science with indifference. He regarded God with positive, furious animosity. God was the contemptible creation of the abject bourgeois, the last pitiful device of the sordid capitalist for keeping the unhappy proletarian in slavish subjection. "God is primarily a complex of ideas which result from the overwhelming oppression of men through external nature and class slavery; of ideas which *fasten* this slavery to him, and which try to neutralize the class struggle." Again, even more vehemently: "And God-creation, is not this the worst form of self-reviling? Every man who occupies himself with the construction of a God, or merely even agrees to it, prostitutes himself in the worst way, for he occupies himself not with activity, but with self-contemplation and self-reflection, and tries to deify his most unclean, most stupid, and most servile features or pettinesses."

The moral sanctions and supports of religion were of course swept away with the supernatural foundation, and the possible hopes, consolations, and compensations of a future life were easily disposed of in the same fashion. Everywhere there is an aggressive, furious, if you like, joyous and even laughing assertion that our souls are snuffed out, flung to the winds with our bodies, and that heaven must be found or made right here on this earth, through the dictatorship of the proletariat, or it can never be found or made anywhere at all.

With many people who flaunt these bitter anti-religious affirmations it is possible to find some flaw, some crevice, some cranny of personal weakness or childhood memory where a shuddering suspicion or at least a lingering regret creeps in. As Saint-Evremond puts it: "The most ardent believer cannot always believe, nor the most confirmed denier always deny." But I have not

come across the faintest evidence of any weakening in Lenin. God was his enemy from start to finish, and he hated him as if he were a capitalist and a bourgeois, as indeed he believed he was. Not from Lenin would ever have come a touch of sympathy with the whimsical last stanza of "Exit God":

I sometimes wish that God were back
In this dark world and wide,
For though some virtues he might lack,
He had his pleasant side.

Thus, it seems as if Lenin had crushed, uprooted, got rid of the personal side of life altogether, had subordinated all the common hopes and desires of men in a supreme devotion to one ideal Cause

which consumed and engrossed him entirely. Yet all the time you cannot help feeling that just that very devotion involved the most tremendous emphasis on the ego that is possible to man, in the acquisition, the assertion, the enjoyment of power and arbitrary dominion over other men. The whole study of Lenin is made fascinating by this bewildering and complicated tangle. And then through it all there is interwoven that strain of sardonic laughter, which I cannot quite explain or understand. So, as often with these great doers of the world, we are forced to end with a question. For doing, and life, and death are merely a vast question, after all.

REPLY TO A SUMMER BOARDER

BY EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

WHAT do we do when season's done, you say?
Well, I dunno—there seems enough to do
A-livin' our own lives an' wonderin' who
Has made the most this year. Ain't nothin' jay
About us any more. We're pretty gay,
With radio, an' the movies—'lection, too,
An' jaunts to town to git us somethin' new—
For winters we folks take some time to play.
You don't take life away, ma'am, when you go,
For everywhar we humans air thar's bound
To be a sight o' livin'. Seems real funny
Anyone likes cities. Want to know
Our fav'rite sport? It's jest to set around
An' talk about you folks—an' count our money.

The Lion's Mouth



THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOSEPH GISH

BY PHILIP CURTISS

I HAVE always had a secret ambition. I have wanted to be a historian. More than that, I have wanted to be a great historian. It is not that I have ever done any direct work along that line. I am not even sure that I have ever been greatly interested in history as such, but I have always been fascinated, enthralled by the style in which history is written. What jazz is to some people and oratory to others, the sonorous phraseology of history has always been to me. Instead of singing "O Sole Mio" in the cathedral solitudes of the bathroom, I am continually finding myself muttering such lines as, "While Claudius was immersed in the luxuries of the capital, a hostile cloud was already gathering on the banks of the Tagus," or "This move on the part of the Whigs in central New York was quickly followed by a counter move on the part of the Federalists in Georgia."

If I had lived in the time of Herodotus or Plutarch, or even Macaulay or Green, I see no reason why my ambition might not have been realized. Writing history at that time was a comparatively simple matter. It consisted merely of finding out all the events that concerned a given man or a given period and putting them together in a straight line, beginning at the beginning and ending at the end. When I emerged from college, however,

I discovered a strange phenomenon, one that appalled me at the time and one that has puzzled and disheartened me ever since. I have found that nowadays everyone except myself seems to know everything already, and furthermore they seem to have learned it not from any dull reading or course of study. They seem to have acquired it at birth or by instinct. Apparently, in some strange manner, they have been able to pick it out of the air.

Take, for instance, the case of Madame de Staël. I had, as I believed at the time, a good average education, and since leaving college I have done more daily reading than most men, yet I could never, somehow, really learn the identity of Madame de Staël. To be frank, for a long time I supposed that, with Madame de Maintenon and Madame du Barry, she was a part of the harem of Louis XIV or Louis XV or possibly Robespierre, and it is only recently that the cloud has lifted sufficiently for me to offer apologies all around.

Yet everybody else in the world seems always to have known all about Madame de Staël. I have not read a book in twenty years, or a critical review, that has not made some casual reference to Madame de Staël, but none of them ever told me who she actually was. Of course I might have looked her up in an encyclopedia, but for a budding historian that did not quite seem like playing poker. It was too much like turning over the next card in the pack. It has been the same with hundreds of other names such as Guizot, Gambetta, Potemkin, and Lord Holland. Try as I will, I can never seem to become Gambetta-conscious, yet every book that I read tosses out airy references that seem to assume

that any literate man must have been familiar with him from the cradle. Even worse—in the modern practice—are the endless Louis's and the interminable Ducs d'Orleans. When I was a lad, if a historical writer mentioned the name "Louis" he did at least let you know whether he meant Louis XV or Louis Sherry; but in modern writing the bland fashion is to spread three Louis's on a page and expect you to know by the context that the first one means Louis the Pious, who lived in 1293, that the second is Louis of Naples (half cousin of Anne of Thuringia) and that the third is some left-handed little Louis who never really did come to a head. And when a book suddenly pops on you the name "Duc d'Orleans" it may mean a lot to some people but to me it is about as definite as "the Mayor of Jacksonville."

All in all, my future as a historian looked pretty black until a day or two ago. As nearly as I could figure, if I studied twelve hours a day for seventy years I should know as much as the average reader or writer seems to know now, and in that case what would there be left that I could tell them? Then suddenly came the light. If *they* knew all about it, why should *I* have to know? All that I should have to do would be to jog their memories.

And so from this vision has grown my great historical work, which I expect to be off the presses before the close of the year. It will be the Life and Letters of that fascinating character Joseph Gish. And who, you may ask, was Joseph Gish? Well, that's just the point. If you don't know now, you're never going to know—at least not from *my* book. Joseph Gish, in short, is to be my revenge for Guizot, Lord Holland, Potemkin, and Madame de Staël.

"I have just received," writes Madame de Staël, in the closing days of her correspondence with Carlmetz, 'a letter from that world's enigma, Joseph Gish—the *petit Jo*.' In these words, one of the cleverest women that ever lived characterizes one of the cleverest men. More

poet than statesman, more statesman than poet, half soldier, half pacifist, half gutter urchin, and half country squire, a bit of a saint, a bit of a brigand, with a dash of the scholar and a grain of the charlatan—such was Joseph Gish."

There! Won't that be a crackerjack way to open my book and can't you just *see* the man? And how much better than the stupid, old-fashioned way of beginning, "Joseph Marie Jean Constantin Gish was born on May 22, 1832, in the village of Neicy, province of Haute Savoie, France." Also how much easier when it comes to a question of looking up the facts!

So, having bounced Joseph Gish into your consciousness as a full-grown man, what shall I do next? That's very simple. I shall give you a picture of Paris in 1832. And what do I know of Paris? Well, listen.

"Paris in 1832," writes Madame de Staël, 'was a mess.'"

But, really, you are entitled to *some* facts about Joseph Gish and, although no proper modern historian will ever give you any of the facts that you actually want to know, such as where he went to school, whether he made the track team, or how, although apparently without a cent in the world, he managed to live in style and mingle with the best society all over Europe, yet it will be my honest endeavor to lay bare the true soul of the man Gish. How better can I do this than through his own letters, and what letters give a truer picture of a man than those that he writes home to his own family?

"My dearest Chu-Chu," writes Gish, while he was still living in the Rue Racine—Chu-Chu being a pet name that he had given to his youngest sister, then aged six—"you do not know how my heart aches for you and for dear Maman and Papa. How is Fritzie (a pet rabbit)? And how are The Cardinal and Belisarius (a guinea pig and a goat)?"

Nevertheless, we see signs that already Gish was beginning to find himself, to feel his true powers stirring into growth,

for it is during this same week that we find him writing to Guizot. Copies of the same letter were also discovered in the posthumous papers of Potemkin, Lord Holland, Count Cavour, and Ruskin, and three more copies have since turned up in the British Museum.

"'Weariness, weariness, that is all I feel,' writes the young man—now from the Rue Crossman. 'I saw Gambetta yesterday, and all the talk was of the events of the twenty-ninth. Apparently this poor, mad nation has at last decided to sell its own soul. Kashofski stopped in to tell me what the Russians are doing, but I didn't believe him. Franz Schubert, Liszt, and Ferdinand de Lesseps were also among my callers and, later, Wagner, looking cross as a bear. Sometimes I ask myself whether anything amounts to anything. My headaches are steadily growing worse.'

Well, so are mine, to tell the truth, but we must not assume that all life was sad and depressing for Joseph Gish. Indeed, it is quite another picture that is given by Lord Holland who saw him for the first time in Baden.

"'It was while I was walking in the Braennerstrasse,' writes Lord Holland (*My Life, by George, Lord Holland*, London, Murdoch & Stoanes), 'that I first became conscious of a very remarkable looking young man. Indeed, so impressed was I by my first view that I turned hurriedly and walked back down the street in order that I might meet him again, and for several seconds I stared fixedly at his face. "Here," I said to myself, "is somebody."

"Gish at this time was between thirty-two and thirty-three years of age. He was of the middle height, neither tall nor short. His hair was brown, his brow noble, but not exaggerated, the nose aquiline, the eyes an indeterminate color but firmly set in the face. The chin was neither bold nor receding—altogether a remarkable figure. He was wearing, I remember, a redingote of moderate length with a muslin neckband that was at once both careless and modish.

"That afternoon, in company with Gladstone, I called at his modest lodgings in the Hämmerkrugge. Although Gish was still half dressed from his nap, about twenty or thirty people were there, including the Princess Nikke, Count Cavour, and Murphy, the American weight lifter. At our entrance all were laughing heartily at something that had occurred, and we were told that just before our arrival the landlord had appeared with a bill for five marks. Quick as a flash, Gish had replied with that well-known quotation from Thucydides, *Θὺς ἔς νόθιν γὰρ ἄτ' ἄλλ*, at which the fellow had retired in complete confusion. It afterwards transpired that the man did not understand Greek.

"Never, in fact, have I seen Gish in better spirits for, immediately after the wine and biscuits were brought, some inner fire seemed to light within him and he talked steadily until two o'clock in the morning. I remember that at one point Cavour asked him whether he thought that women were more important than men. Without a moment's hesitation Gish turned to Princess Nikke and said, "To whom?" It was a scene that I have never forgotten."

And so, step by step, my book will trace Gish through all the phases of his strange, baffling career. Of course he was mixed up in the Romantic Movement—with Froissant, de Cuivres, Saint-Bailly, and all that bunch—you know whom I mean; but really he will only get into his stride, emerge in all his majesty, when we reach the Crisis of '54. Do you know what the Crisis of '54 was? Why, my dear gentle reader, I'm ashamed of you! Then read, I pray you, my Chapter XVIII, which is going to begin, "The Crisis of '54 found Gish in Vienna, anxiously waiting for news." But I am sorry to say that, whether or not Gish ever got the news, *you're* not going to get it. All you are going to learn is that "The Crisis of '54 left Gish a broken man." To be sure, for a half dozen years afterwards he "wandered over the face of Europe, his cough steadily grow-

ing worse." Nevertheless, the end will be already in sight, and Guizot, Gambetta, Potemkin, Lord Holland, and Murphy the weight lifter may just as well prepare to gather around his last couch. Three or four more chapters, in which each of them describes the final moments, and then *The Life and Letters of Joseph Gish* will be ready for the printer.

And do I really think that the public will take to this fascinating, enigmatic character, that by writing this work I shall at once leap into the ranks of the popular historians? Yes, frankly, I do, for there is one feature that I have not yet mentioned, one bit of news for which I shyly suspect that thousands of people are waiting. In the back of each volume there will be a sealed page which one can open only by paying the full purchase price of five dollars. And on this sealed page will be these remarkable words:

"Staël, Madame de, French writer, 1766-1817."



A BALLADE OF A MONUMENT

BY CAROLYN WELLS

Stairs always have a charm for me;
The Spanish Steps, with flowers ablaze;
The serried streets of Napoli,
The Scala Sancta, where one prays.

My pen a wilful muse obeys,
Defying tastes, denying carpers;
I want to crown with memory's bays
That spiral staircase down at Harper's.

Around that twisting iron tree
We climbed, bearing our books or plays,
Hearts beating high with hope or glee,
Remembering our careful phrase;
Long ere the assonantial craze,
Long before tales of crooks and sharpers,
We climbed with romances and lays
That spiral staircase down at Harper's.

Perhaps I may not clearly see,
As through the long years memory strays,
A golden mist there seems to be
Like unto Jordan's gentle haze;
In rush and whirl the modern maze
Quaff of their Abanas and Pharpars,
Forgotten in these latter days,
That spiral staircase down at Harper's.

L'ENVOI:

Fame, blazon it where all may gaze,
Get skilful gravers, master scarpers,
Carve it where Time may never raze—
That spiral staircase down at Harper's.



FRESHMAN ADVISER

BY GEORGE BOAS

WE ARE sitting pencil in hand, surrounded by college catalogues, rules and regulations, directories, handbooks, mimeographed slips with last-minute changes of courses on them, folders with big cards for the students' records, pads with two carbons on which to write out schedules. We are all washed and clean, fresh from a summer in which we were supposed to rest and which we spent making enough money to fill out the gap between our salaries and a living wage. We are all resigned to the winter that is before us, teaching, coal bills, committee meetings, those tonsils of Susie's, academic free-

dom, subscription to the Symphony, student activities, what price a decent pair of shoes . . . We smile at each other and sigh at the mass of paper. We have never learned all the rules. How can anyone learn them? Different ones for students in the college of arts and sciences, pre-meds, engineers. But what are rules anyway?

Here they come. . . .

His name is Rosburgh van Stiew. One can see he is one of the Van Stiewes—and if one can't, he'll let one know soon enough. That suit of fuzzy tweed, that regimental cravat, that custom-made shirt. Right out of *Vanity Fair*. Already he has the Phi Pho Phum pledge button in his buttonhole.

He speaks with a drawl. It is the voice of his mother's *face-à-main*. He has slightly wavy blond hair—his mother still has a crinkly white pompadour, like Queen Mary's. He has weary eyes.

No use to smile.

"Very well, Mr. Van Stiew. Have you any idea of the courses you'd like to take?"

"No . . . aren't there some things you sort of have to take?"

"Freshman English and Gym."

"Well, I may as well take them."

"History?"

"Do you have to?"

"No. You can take Philosophy, Political Science, or Economics instead."

Mr. Van Stiew tightens his cravat.

"Guess I'll take History."

"Ancient or modern?"

"Well—when do they come?"

"Modern at 8:30, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; Ancient at 9:30, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays."

"Oh, Ancient."

Mr. Van Stiew looks shocked that one should have asked.

One shouldn't have.

"Very well, Ancient History."

That leaves three more courses.

"One of the fellows said to take Art Appreciation."

"Yes, you could do that. But sooner or later you are required to take French

and German and a laboratory science."

"Couldn't I put them off until next year?"

"You can until you're a senior."

"I think I'll put them off then. I don't want too heavy a schedule."

"Mathematics?"

"Do I have to?"

"It all depends. What are you going to major in?"

"Do I have to major?"

"More or less."

"When do I have to decide?"

"Next year."

So it goes with Mr. Van Stiew. He is using his right of election, his free will. His personality must not be crushed. He will have a Liberal Education, be a member of the Tennis Team, the Dramatic Club, and manager of the Glee Club. And as a prominent alumnus, he will see to it that the Football Team is never oppressed by a fastidious faculty.

Enter Mr. William Hogarth.

Hogarth is from the city Technical High School. Engineer. Red hair, freckles. Ready-made blue serge.

"Math, Physics, Philosophy, German—why can't I take Chemistry too? I'll make up my French this summer. . . . No, can't take any Saturday classes, working at the Universal Clothing Outlet Saturdays."

"English Literature?"

"Do I have to? . . . All right, Professor, put it down. Where do I get my text books? Don't they have any second-hand ones? . . . Classes begin to-morrow? All right. . . . Yes, I know about the Physical Exam. Had it already. . . . No, I guess I know everything now."

"If you need any information, Mr. Hogarth, I'm in my—"

"Thanks, don't believe I will."

He's gone.

Woof! One lights a cigarette.

A presence is before one, grinning. Lots of yellow hair parted in the middle, rising on each side of the part and falling like too ripe wheat. Head slightly to one side. Very red face.

Timidly shoves forward receipted bill from the Treasurer's Office.

Fred Wilkinson.

Mr. Wilkinson doesn't know what he's going to major in as yet—"you see, I may not stay here four years." A glance at his high-school record makes that more than probable.

"English and Physical Training, that is, Gym."

"Can't I be excused from that?"

"Have you a physical disability?"

"I'm not sure . . ."

"Well, we'll put it down anyway and you can talk it over with the doctor."

"French? German?"

"I'm not very good on languages."

"Mathematics?"

"Heavens, no!"

"Philosophy?"

"What's that?"

"It's—it's part of the business of philosophy to find out, Mr. Wilkinson."

One stops in time.

"I don't believe you'd like Philosophy. Physics? You have to take one science."

"Isn't there one where you take a trip in the spring?"

"Geology?"

"Is that where you study rocks and things?"

"Yes." God forgive me.

"I guess I'll take that."

"History?"

Quick response. The eyes actually grow bright.

"Oh, yes, History. My brother said to take History."

"Good, that's that anyway. . . . Ancient or Modern?"

"A—what?"

"Ancient or Modern?"

Mr. Wilkinson looks as if he were going to cry. His lower lip seems to swell. His eyes blink. But he is only thinking.

"Which do you study Keats and Shelley in?"

"Which History course?"

"Yes. My brother studied Keats and Shelley. That's the course I want. Don't they come in History?"

"They are undoubtedly a part of history" (one grows pontifical) "but I don't believe they usually are discussed in the History courses."

"I'm sure my brother studied them here."

"Maybe it was the History of English Literature."

"Would that have Keats and Shelley?"

"I imagine so."

Mr. Wilkinson is dubious.

"Well, I tell you, Professor. Couldn't you put it down, and then if it isn't all right maybe I could change it afterwards. I could change it, couldn't I, you know, if I didn't like it, if they didn't teach Keats and Shelley in it? I could change it, couldn't I?"

Why not? Mr. Wilkinson will flunk out at mid-term anyway.

So we go.

The pad of the three carbons grows thinner and thinner. The atmosphere grows thicker and thicker. The advisers grow stupider and stupider. The day grows shorter and shorter. By night all schedules are made. To-morrow classes will begin. And after to-morrow Mr. Van Stiew, Mr. Hogarth, Mr. Wilkinson, and the rest will begin dropping courses, adding courses, shifting courses about until they have left of their original schedules only English Literature and Gym which are required in the Freshman year.



Editor's Easy Chair



REMARKS ON THE DEPARTED

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE *Harvard Graduates Magazine*, a quarterly, now in its thirty-eighth volume (which means that it began life in 1892) threatens to suspend publication with its June number. It is not that it is tired of life. It does not complain that the times have changed, or that it cannot conform itself to the habits so rapidly developing. It merely discloses that its support is insufficient for its maintenance.

But for our part we hope it will retrim its financial beams and go on, the more so because its most valuable service—though by no means the only one—has been to publish obituaries of Harvard graduates, and especially of such as were notable and distinguished; and these notices have usually been well done and good reading.

If one takes the large view of obituaries, the whole of history is little else than a succession of obituary notices—narratives, that is, of people who have been alive, and of what they have found grace and strength to do about it. The appetite for facts about human life and performance has never been livelier than now. The illustrious dead are all being rewritten or have been rewritten, the forgotten have been recalled, the slums rummaged for picturesque delinquents, and fiction itself is not a livelier industry than this one of putting out new pictures of people who actually lived.

It may be that all the magazines would be improved by more copious obituary departments, but it is quite

vain to expect increase in them. They have too many other things to think about which look to them more important and show a greater prospect of profitable advertisements. One does not stimulate production, consumption, salesmanship, or distribution by talking about the recently departed who are out of the market for clothes, food, shelter, and money, and can be discussed only on the basis of merit. So from a business point of view the motive for talking about the dead is rather weak except that if one is in the periodical or literary line there is value to a good story; and any obituary can be a good story if it is not hampered by too many restrictions and the writer of it has due talent.

Moreover, we are constantly reminded that for a really interesting character it is never too late to rewrite an obituary. All the more notable of our Civil War soldiers have been rewritten lately or are now in process of it. If they are of enough consequence to interest the rising generation, out they come again before the footlights. We know a great deal more about the Civil War men, both sides, than we did sixty years ago, being compelled to knowledge by writers, a good many of them British, who got interested in war in France and Flanders and had their minds concentrated upon that subject.

These late-born obituaries have the advantage of appearing after everybody concerned is dead, so that if you tell the truth there won't be much objection,

and if you fib or make mistakes, correction can be made without endangering life or limb.

The newspapers have obituaries and of course will keep at it. There is some information in the jobs they do but usually not much art. Compiled from editorial morgues, they tell some of the facts about people who seem worth having their facts recorded—when and where they were born and who their parents were, whom they married, what offices they held, how much money they made and all that. It is all useful to a biographer but it does not tell the story. It only makes a frame for it. For newspapers life is short, but death much shorter. They can seldom afford to have the departed person on their hands more than three days at the outside. As far as information goes, the newspapers attend to that fairly well, but in real consideration of life, of character and of the factors that made character, of performance and achievement, they are not so good just now as they were in the time when Dana edited the *Sun*. In those days obituaries often engaged the best editorial writing minds in the office, or even out of it if the case was one for which outside help was needed. Of course the population has increased, circulations have increased, obituary columns in newspapers in which publication of departure is popular have lengthened very much, but real obituaries belong to the high art department of journalism and they are not often accomplished.

PERHAPS it was partly M. Clemenceau's perception of this fact that led him, after he had composed a full and adequate obituary of himself in a book of memoirs, to break out with another giving his positively last words on all people and subjects. Clemenceau's book had come out, Foch had died, and Recouly had published his conversations. Clemenceau, dissenting, jumped for a pen and proceeded to do himself an obituary in which there should be no nonsense. He did it; everybody smiled,

for Clemenceau being dead, it was safe to smile again. He really showed himself a champion obituarian of his time, at least for fervency and comprehensiveness, and not only made a notice of himself but of everybody else that he had been intimately concerned with in politics for the last fifteen years of his life.

Whether he expected to meet any of his late colleagues or accomplices on the farther shore of Styx does not appear, but he showed not the least concern to secure himself an affectionate welcome from any of them. Everyone, and especially every Frenchman, concerned with the War or the Peace of Versailles who he thought deserved to be smitten in the eye was so smitten with all the emphasis of a character practiced all his life in smiting adversaries. He was more kind to Colonel House than to anyone else, but also gave Mr. Wilson much more credit than one would expect, and recognized the merits and services of Lord Balfour, Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Bonar Law, of General Bliss, of Dr. Beneš and others, reserving his more caustic benedictions for the Frenchmen who, he thought, had earned them.

The marvel about Clemenceau was the persistent energy of his resentments. In most people resentment, if it exists at all, becomes enfeebled as the end of life approaches and other things seem more important. Not so with Clemenceau, who went down firing broadsides. He said very kind things of Mr. Wilson but blamed him for being so slow in getting into the War. As to that he might have been interested in remarks credited to Melville Stone of the Associated Press, who allowed it to be known some years after the War that in 1915 and 1916 Mr. Wilson had repeatedly asked him if he thought Congress would declare war under all the conditions then existing, and that he had had to say that it would not. In 1921, looking back at the complex political situation of the neutral years, when his own hand had been on the pulse of Western public opinion, Mr. Stone was "sure that it would not

have done so." Such is the report of Mr. Alexander Dana Noyes in obituary remarks about Mr. Stone in January, 1930.

Of all the recent obituary jobs none outranks in remarkable qualities Mr. Dakin's copious exhibition of Mrs. Eddy. Somebody has just been writing again about Mohammed and doubtless shed some new light on that remarkable man. It is the hundredth year of the Mormons, and maybe Mr. Smoot or some of the faithful, or even some of the unfaithful, will put out pictures of Brigham Young and Joseph Smith; but their work must be cut out for them if they undertake to beat Mr. Dakin, who seems really to have added to our knowledge of the qualities in human creatures that make possible the organization and establishment of a new religious sect.

Not the least of the honorable services of Mr. Charles Scribner as a publisher, extended as they had been over forty odd years, was his resolute complicity in the closing months of his life in the publication of Mr. Dakin's book. Which being said, it may be added that no such book as Mr. Dakin's should be held to be final. Mr. Dakin has saved a lot of facts from disappearance but, of course, another generation may see Mrs. Eddy differently. That goes on constantly. Every new biographer has the point of view and the knowledge of his generation.

THE three hundred and eighteen convicts burned alive in the state penitentiary fire in Columbus, Ohio, on April 21, called with urgency for obituary treatment in the newspapers, but were discussed mainly as news. Mr. Hearst, however, rose to the event on the front pages of his morning papers in two columns, large type, in which he discussed the causes behind the overcrowding of prisons and the frightful situations we are coming into as a consequence of law-making by people too lacking in knowledge and experience of life to know what they are about. The death of those men in Columbus was a

terrific consequence of laws still operative and still defended. But in such matters we seem to be rapidly becoming shock proof. We read of these men being cruelly destroyed under our laws and turn a page of the newspaper to see what the stock market says.

Mr. Hearst heads his remarks with a question in black type: "Where are cruel selfishness and cold-blooded indifference leading the people of this nation?" He reviews the state laws, the powers of legislators and judges. "Everything is done to punish crimes, misdemeanors, and even innocent errors, but nothing is done to prevent them." It is time, he thinks, for the real heart and the real brains of the nation to take control of matters social and political, "otherwise our fat and fatuous ruling classes who apparently don't care what happens so long as it does not happen to them, will go the way of the Russian autocracy and wake up one fine morning to find that something *can* happen to them."

So, Mr. Hearst! But has he not said true? Is it not true that if we read such an obituary story as that about the penitentiary fire in Columbus and merely turn the page we invite terrific retribution?

After all it is the living that the obituarian aims at, not the dead. He paints his picture for the survivors. So Mr. Hearst has done, and an awful picture it is.

About the prisons it is very much as it is about war. The Dry laws are given the credit of overcrowding them—the immediate cause of their troubles—but apart from that, there is something approaching general agreement that the prisons are not managed as they should be, that their populations are ill selected, and not well handled after they get there.

When war is discussed and the ways and means of getting it nicely done, the conclusion usually reached is that war is not nice and cannot be nicely done; that it is, on any large scale, a shocking performance, and that it almost always leaves things worse than it found them.

So it is, very much, about prisons. People who wish to make them better and are most concerned and mortified that they are what they are, realize presently that prisons are not much nicer than war, and that the great aim is not so much to improve them as to keep people out of them, and if possible devise other means of doing the work which they do so ill. If war is out of date, as we try to think, so are prisons, and it may be we are all coming to think so.

Another matter about which opinion is moving and spreading is whether the people really in charge of this country at this time understand the job, or come as near understanding it as is necessary. Probably no set of political managers ever did understand the job of running the country they had charge of, but just muddled along with it for better or worse the best they could. That is all well enough when the mass of the people are living near the ground and have not far to fall if a smash comes, but nowadays we in these States are not living near the ground at all, but are perched on a scaffolding that is highly artificial, and not so substantial as one could wish. Our standard of living is very high, and the higher it is the harder we shall hit the ground if it buckles under us. Seeing the prisons so full and so disorderly makes us wonder whether our lawmakers are wise enough for their employment or should be swept out with a large broom and replaced by persons of deeper understanding.

Well, we shall have to wait and see. The obituaries of the 19th century are on file, and those of the first quarter of the 20th century are rapidly accumulating. Persons who are still here to read the obituaries of the second quarter will doubtless have a better notion of where the world is tending than we have, or possibly will pause from considering where it is going to write up where it has gone.

WHAT is a Humanist?

Apparently, some sort of a religious animal.

One finds a good deal written about it in current periodicals, but the writing is apt to be of a sort that one may read a good deal of and not feel any wiser.

What one would like to know about the Humanists is such things as whether they say their prayers; whether they think there is any Hell; whether they are Drys or otherwise; whether they play golf Sunday mornings, or only in the afternoons. One can read pages about them and not get answers to practical questions like these, nor even get their views upon divorce.

If a little group of Humanists, or even a single one, could be kept on exhibition in Bronx Park it would make greatly for elucidation of ideas on this subject. Even a stuffed group in the Natural History Museum would be better than nothing. It would not show us how they function, but at least we would know what they look like.

As it is, the Humanists are up in the air. One does not know off-hand whether Doctor Fosdick is one, or Doctor Cadman, or Doctor Bernard Iddings Bell, or Cardinal Hayes, or Rabbi Wise. It helps visibility of them to have a newspaper report Mr. Theodore Dreiser as calling up from Texas to say that he is not a Humanist and does not expect to join. Mr. Paul Elmer Moore writes about them, but one easily forgets whether he is for or against them, and one turns, if he must know more, to Professor Irving Babbitt, who seems to be the leading expositor of the cult. Of course it takes time to connect the name of a new sect with the principles it stands for. Does it mean anything to you to have someone say that John Wesley was an Arminian, or that somebody else was an antinomian? It is not really remarkable that we should be a little in the dark about Humanists, but nothing yet known about them equals expectation based on the space given them in the weekly periodicals. Driver ants are more interesting so far and it is easier to get on to their wiles.



Personal and Otherwise



BY THE time this issue of the Magazine appears, the worst of the unemployment crisis may be over. Nevertheless the insistent question will remain: shall we let it happen again? How grave, far-reaching, and difficult of solution the problem is, *Stuart Chase* makes clear in the opening article of the month. (Incidentally, the anonymous article entitled "Man Out of Work" makes equally clear what acute distress unemployment brings even to many a member of what we ordinarily consider the prosperous classes.) Mr. Chase is qualified for his assignment by his training as an accountant, by his presidency of the Labor Bureau, Inc. (which gives him an opportunity to study labor problems at close range), and by the special study of our present-day economic system which he made in connection with the writing of his latest book, *Prosperity: Fact or Myth?* He is also the author of *Your Money's Worth* and of many HARPER articles, including "Laid Off at Forty" and "The Mad Hatter's Dirty Teacup."

H. R. Wakefield is a young English writer who made his bow to the HARPER audience last March with "Corporal Humpit of the 4th Musketeers."

Whatever *Charles A. Beard* says about contemporary politics takes on added importance from the fact that he knows American political and social history as do few men of our day: witness *The Rise of American Civilization*, which he wrote in collaboration with his wife, Mary R. Beard. Dr. Beard was formerly professor of politics at Columbia. Among his recent HARPER articles have been "Whom Does Congress Represent?" and "The Dear Old Constitution."

Since the War, during which he proved that an aviator could also be an excellent writer, *James Norman Hall* has lived in

Tahiti. His stories and essays on life in the South Seas are familiar to readers of this Magazine. But even at the other end of the world he recalls the Iowa village where he was brought up, and the transcontinental trains that thundered through it.

Dorothy Dunbar Bromley, whose discussion of "The Crisis in Nursing" will interest not only nurses and physicians but patients, has written before this on medical subjects: her "What Risk Motherhood?" (June, 1929) won high praise for its medical accuracy. Mrs. Bromley is a New York writer who for several years has been a frequent contributor to HARPER'S. In preparing her present article she has had valuable assistance from several leaders of the nursing and medical professions, and has been given access to the findings of the Committee for the Grading of Nursing Schools. The article has been read and approved by Dr. William Darrach, Dean of the College of Physicians and Surgeons and chairman of the above-mentioned Committee, by Mrs. May Ayres Burgess, research director of the Committee, and by Miss Mary Roberts, editor of the *American Journal of Nursing*.

Gordon Arthur Smith's stories have appeared from time to time in the Magazine since before it put on its orange dress. This month Mr. Smith gives us, not an adventure of the nefarious Monsieur Georges, but another sort of tale with a Parisian setting.

Those who recall such previous articles by *Floyd H. Allport* as "Seeing Women as They Are" and "The Religion of a Scientist" will not be surprised that his reflections on the status of the modern family contain food for thought. Doctor Allport is professor of social and political psychology at Syracuse University and the author of a standard volume on *Social Psychology*.

The facts set forth in "Man Out of Work"

have been altered only enough to disguise the identity of the author, whose name we are of course not at liberty to divulge.

As correspondent for the Chicago *Daily News* in Europe and the Near East, *John Gunther* is able to set forth without partiality the facts concerning the situation in Palestine. Mr. Gunther has twice visited Palestine—during the summer of 1926 and during the riots of 1929. Each time he visited also the surrounding countries, Egypt, Transjordan, and Syria. He has written for us previously on "The High Cost of Hoodlums" (in Chicago) and on "Funneling the European News." His novels include *Eden for One*, *The Red Pavilion*, and *The Golden Fleece*.

It was *Leslie Roberts*, Canadian novelist and newspaper man, who contributed "Step-Uncle Sam" to our June issue. Now he writes in more genial mood about the travelers from the United States who venture north across the border.

"Saphead" is *M. C. Blackman's* second HARPER story; the first, "Hot Copy" (December, 1927), a tale of a reporter's cruelty (as told naïvely by himself), made its way into more than one anthology. Mr. Blackman, a native of Louisiana and later a member of the *Detroit Times* staff, has recently been living abroad.

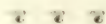
Nathaniel Peffer's conclusions with regard to the plight of imperialism are based on an intimate knowledge of the Orient. He lived for six years in China as editor and correspondent, visited China again in 1928-29 on a Guggenheim Fellowship, is the author of *The White Man's Dilemma* and of a recent HARPER article on "The Death of Chinese Civilization," and has been giving during the past year a course at Columbia, on the Far East.

Those who have enjoyed *Gamaliel Bradford's* historical portraits—collected in *Damaged Souls*, *Bare Souls*, and a long row of other volumes—will be interested to find him applying his gift of portraiture to a group of men of our own time. Nikolai Lenin is his first subject in the series; a study of Mussolini, another man of vast contemporary influence, will follow. Mr. Bradford's other subjects, we understand, are to be American.

There is only one poet represented in this issue: *Edna Kingsley Wallace*, a New York writer who has not contributed to HARPER'S for several years.



In the Lion's Mouth appear *Philip Curtiss*, whose incomparable dog story, "The Honorable Charley," will appear shortly in book form; *Carolyn Wells*, parodist, nonsense anthologist, and detective-story writer, who commemorates the spiral staircase in the old Harper Building at Franklin Square, New York (forsaken seven years ago when the firm moved uptown); and *George Boas*, associate professor of philosophy at Johns Hopkins, author of *The Adventures of Human Thought* and *Never Go Back*, and translator of Michaud's new book, *Emerson, The Enraptured Yankee*.



Cadwallader Washburn, whose dry-point of a French fisherman is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, was born in Minneapolis (his father was for many years United States Senator from Minnesota), graduated in 1890 from Gallaudet College, Washington, studied architecture at M. I. T., turned to the study of painting at the Art Students' League in New York, and after studying in France with Besnard, later found his appropriate medium in etching. During the past twenty-five years Mr. Washburn has traveled widely and produced a fine variety of landscapes and portrait heads, which have given him a distinguished place among American etchers.



The Magazine suffered a great loss in the death, on May 1, of Professor Charles A. Bennett, chairman of the department of philosophy at Yale University. At the age of forty-four Professor Bennett was already one of the most brilliant members of the Yale faculty. Thousands of HARPER readers have enjoyed both his serious articles (such as "The Cult of the Seamy Side") and his numerous and engaging Lion's Mouth essays. The latest of these, entitled "Weighed and Found Wanting," was in press at the time of Professor Bennett's death and appeared only last month.

The anonymous article entitled "The Barren Twig Protests" has brought forth an extraordinary variety of replies: in addition to all the letters written to us about it, more than thirty articles prompted by it were submitted to us for publication. Innumerable "fruitful branches" have pointed out that Mrs. Barren Twig is deliberately missing one of the solidest satisfactions of life, or have insisted that in her refusal to bear children she is unrepresentative of American women as a whole, or have denounced her for her selfishness. ("This poor man says his wife loves him. Well, she doesn't. She loves nobody but herself.") Here is a passage from a characteristic indictment of Mrs. Barren Twig:

It seems to me that there is a distinct gap in the thinking processes of such women, a place where, convinced that they are free of inhibitions, they are guilty of the greatest inhibition of all: denial of life as it is. They have thrown off such conventionalities in regard to sex as hinder them from its obvious pleasures, only to plunge themselves into deeper conventionalities that restrict them in the full enjoyment of their emotional life as women. Through fear, and no doubt through a view of family life biased during adolescence, they reject the rich fruitfulness that is the normal outgrowth of sexual enjoyment. Marriage, pregnancy, birth, and motherhood should be a sequence so wholly natural and desirable that the woman who is robbed of any part of it would feel as cheated as the woman often does who is denied the first consummation.

How or by what means such an attitude can be fostered I do not pretend to know or what can possibly be the solution for the man who, after fourteen years of marriage, sees himself as a lonely and barren twig. His protest—as he himself admits—comes too late to do him any good. But surely it is never too late to voice a plea to the group of intellectual women against whom he makes it: a plea that asks them, for their own ultimate content, to free themselves of yet another inhibition and embrace maternity as eagerly as they have welcomed sex.

On the other hand the Barren Twig himself comes in for his share of criticism from another group of readers. He is called "a jellyfish" and his "wail" is described as a "puerile exhibition" in a syndicated column in the *Columbus Citizen*, which continues:

Half the childless wives in this land are miserable because they are married to exactly such spine-

less men as this one. They are permitted to have their own way and because they are not wise enough when they are first married to realize what they do when they postpone having a family, they are doomed to go wanting all their days.

The man who longs for children and has a mate strong enough to bear them need not curse fate. He has the right to demand them. And only a weak one would put up with a Susan.

A bachelor rushes chivalrously to the defense of Mrs. Barren Twig:

It strikes me that the writer of the article is a very common type of childless husband, no better and no worse than the average, but short-sighted, inconsiderate, presumptuous, selfish and tyrannical, without in the least meaning to be any of these things. He has nursed his own desires and baffled hopes until he is blind to his wife's rights.

Who is it that risks life and bears the terrible agony of birth pains? Who is it that suffers the torture of suspense and dread for months beforehand? And who is it, after this ordeal is over, that devotes her life to the petty annoyances, the dirty and nerve-racking details of child-rearing? The woman. The husband's share of all these things is comparatively slight. He may and does worry about providing for the children. But so does the wife, even more so.

It seems to me perfectly obvious that the entire question of having children should be left solely and absolutely to the decision and wishes of the wife, and that no husband has the slightest right to demand that she make the sacrifice. As a trained nurse said recently, "If the husbands had to endure the tortures of childbearing, there wouldn't be any children."

Usually, women are more desirous of children than men are. If they can curb their craving for parenthood, surely men can. If Mr. "Anonymous" is pining to death for parenthood, then it is too bad that he was not born a woman, so that he could bear the agony as well as the felicity. If he loves his wife as he should (instead of merely pitying her) he will have a greater regard for her happiness and well-being than for his own selfish desires.

I suspect that he is one of those old-fashioned men who still cling to the obsolete notion that woman's only sphere or excuse for being is to shut herself up in the home and become a mere breeding machine. Fogysism does die hard.

An original comment is that of a hard-boiled realist who read both "The Barren Twig Protests" and Mary Borden's article in the same issue, and suggests prescribing to the Barren Twig "a dose of French morals."

In the May issue we gave space to the protest of a clerical gentleman who called us a cancer. A young subscriber from Chicago is one of many who rally vigorously to our defense:

According to the letter from the reverend of Minneapolis in the May issue of the Magazine, HARPER's is a cancer. Please let me draw out the analogy and state that in that case the reverend is undoubtedly not even a pimple.

Perhaps you would be interested in the paganistic influence your Magazine has upon one of your younger readers. I am twenty years old, and have subscribed to HARPER's since I turned seventeen, when my voice took a definite downward trend and I borrowed Dad's razor for what I considered a noble experiment. I have read every article in every issue since the first. Oh, I suppose I did skip a few arid dissertations upon economics and such, but whatever religion I have, and whatever kind of modern attitude I take in regard to government and morals and women and sex and football and money, I owe to HARPER's.

I wish I could rattle off a few articles and authors of a few years back to impress you with the intensity with which I read HARPER's. But I can't. Lord, I don't even know where most of the issues are. I have saved perhaps ten numbers, those

that contain Huxley's "One God or Many" and Owen Wister's "Safe in the Arms of Croesus" and "The Crisis in Morals" and so on. Articles like that have supplied me with the clay with which to mold the rather unstable philosophy of my adolescence. Unstable, because I have argued with men twice my age about so many things which I consider important (and which you do, too) only to have them say, "Well, of course you're too young to understand or read a Magazine like HARPER's intelligently. Wait until you have lived and have a family and get to be on the board of trustees with real responsibilities." I don't want a family, and, being twenty and a college student, I have had experiences.

You and the reverend from Minneapolis may rest assured that HARPER's is not corrupting me. I believe in it too implicitly. That perhaps is a fault with me. I have yet to disagree with any article or criticize any short story, for the same reason, I guess, that the reverend would not dare question the veracity and authenticity of the Bible.

I feel so *alive* when I read HARPER's. You are so keenly and intelligently progressive and modern.

And in 1970 I shall write again to say that I wonder if any other HARPER reader has read the Magazine as long as I have. Why, I started way back in '26. . . .





SEGOVIA

By Ernest D. Roth

Courtesy of the Keppel Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

PRESIDENTIAL PROSPERITY

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

IT HAS been said that if Machiavelli were alive to-day and were writing a book on the governing of men he would study not "The Prince" but the leaders of the Standard Oil and other great companies—that these are the real lords and barons of our twentieth century. It is true that power and influence to-day are more closely allied with industrial than with political leadership; and many causes and conditions have combined to make it appear plausible that almost the chief concern of the State should now be economic. For one thing, the leaders of a State have always been concerned with the dominant forces of their time; and just as some centuries ago they were forced to concern themselves with religion, so to-day they seem forced to concern themselves with economics. We have passed out of the former stage for the most part, and religion has become a matter of individual belief and practice rather than a great social force which must be controlled and directed by the political leaders for personal and social preservation. Now that business has passed from the in-

dividualistic to the national plane, has become a force of national magnitude, it has, like religion of old, grown something to be reckoned with by the political powers.

In some respects the relation of the State to business bears an interesting resemblance to the relation formerly existing between the State and religion. Had religious beliefs remained solely matters of concern to the individual citizens, there would have been no irresistible tendency to merge Church and State. In the same way, had business remained on the small individualistic scale of two centuries ago, there would not now be the strong tendency to merge Business and the State. The period of the Church-State has passed. The period of the Business-State appears to be beginning. Our ancestors experienced the statesman as controller of religious belief. If we are to experience in due course the statesman as controller of our economic practices and prosperity it may be well to reflect somewhat on what may be in store.

The attempt of a government to con-

trol the economic welfare and life of a people is not an American invention. We have now been engaged in such an experiment in novel form—for America—for the past four years or more, but it has been tried elsewhere in other forms. We may mention, for examples, the efforts of Germany on a small scale before the War, and on a great one after it, to deal with unemployment; and what is promising to be a classic example in Russia of an effort to regulate the entire economic life by government control. Our own experiment, however, holds unique interest for us partly because it is our own and partly because, although only four years old, the stages through which it has already passed illuminate many phases of the problem. In the Coolidge-Mellon regime there was merely an extraordinary extension of the old American relation between Republican politics and prosperity. Under the new Hoover-Mellon one we are asked to envisage and experiment with a wholly new conception of the Business-State, a Business-State under Capitalism much as the Soviet government is a Business-State under Communism.

Three leading personalities have been involved in our experiment thus far, Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Mellon, and Mr. Hoover. Their interest in economic problems and their relation to them have been widely different. Mr. Coolidge cared little, and perhaps knew less, of the great economic forces and new ideas with which he had to deal. He carried to the White House the ideals and outlook of a hard-scrabble Vermont farm. He held fast to the old ideals, perhaps less outworn than many believe, of hard work, thrift—a getting ahead, either personal or national, by carefully adjusting one's expenses to a point well below one's income. For him the national income was the affair of the one hundred and twenty million citizens. His affair was to see to it that the nation spent less than it earned.

Mr. Mellon is the type of the great modern financier, the man whose vast

wealth is in stocks, and whose indices of prosperity are stock prices, hidden assets, and dividends. In a few months of the great bull market his family was reported by the *New York Times* to have made three hundred million dollars by the rise in prices of two of their stocks alone. In carrying out his gigantic public task of reducing the war debt ten billion dollars in a little over ten years, his chief considerations have perforce been low money rates and high security prices.

Mr. Hoover is of a third type. He is typical of the latest stage so far reached in the evolution of the great modern industrialist, that of the efficiency expert on a super-scale, the man to whom the vastness and intricacy of the modern industrial organization offer problems of absorbing interest.

During the years of the American experiment, until the past few months, Mr. Mellon's influence has been dominant; but for obvious reasons, stemming from our old political training, it is the presidents who have been held responsible in the public mind. We have had the "Coolidge prosperity," the "Coolidge market," and were promised the "Hoover market." Before we enter upon larger considerations let us rehearse briefly the relation of these three statesmen to the new theory of economic statesmanship.

II

To understand the conditions surrounding the initiation of the experiment we must first glance for a moment at some of the factors which had operated to make the America of Coolidge so utterly different from the America of McKinley, thirty years before. Speaking broadly, the wealth of the citizens up to that earlier time had been obtained by the exploitation of our vast natural resources combined with individualistic business methods and the old-fashioned Coolidge virtues. New factors in altering the situation, however, quickly succeeded one another. The invention of

the modern elevator, for example, which made the skyscraper possible, and the multiplying of rentals from the same plot of ground tenfold added untold billions to the prices of city real estate. With the formation of the United States Steel Corporation in 1901, the era of mergers, billion-dollar companies, and illimitable opportunities to win profits by juggling stocks began. The development of the motor-car industry not only created hundreds of millions of new profits but, owing to its so far unique influence on other industries and the opening up of entirely new ways of making a living (employing to-day, all told, nearly four millions of workers), it largely neutralized for many years the progressive unemployment caused by improved methods of production and operation in many other industries. Owing to constant new ideas and inventions, these improved methods advanced rapidly, adding to the profits of many of the more far-seeing and wealthy corporations. The Great War raised wages to unheard of levels and brought enormous increases in earnings. The new theory of mass production acted in a similar way, raising both wages and profits, and making spectacular fortunes possible in the stock market. National advertising, to the tune of a billion dollars a year, created new wants. The higher scale of living created new industrial activity. The extension of installment buying to almost every line acted like a forced draft in a furnace. There had been the panic of 1907, the crisis at the opening of the War, and the deflation of 1920; but all the factors mentioned above, and others, proved sufficiently strong to carry the nation by 1926 to a pitch of "prosperity" hitherto undreamed of.

Successively, however, the first great impetus of many of these factors tended to weaken. The strain was becoming great. But what had come to be considered in 1926 as "normal" in business and prosperity for all classes was almost unthinkable higher than that of less

than a generation before. In every quarter the great business leaders of the country, realizing that a slackening of consumption would spell disaster on a correspondingly great scale, had assured the people at large that we were in a new era, and that they could buy recklessly without fear that any of the old economic laws would bring ruin to them. The stock market was watched by everyone as the index of prosperity. On December 31, 1926 the average price of twenty leading industrial stocks had risen from \$67 to \$177 in little more than five years. There were, however, many signs recognized by the more thoughtful business men and business journals that there was a break in sight for this hectic prosperity. Up to this point the prosperity had been non-governmental. From this point onward, it became "presidential."

In January, 1927 the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, and certain business leaders, stated that there could no longer be a doubt that a business reaction was well under way. On the other hand, Mr. Coolidge predicted continued prosperity, and Mr. Mellon advised the American people that all was well. The stock market continued to fall, brokers' loans rose, and there was fear of high interest rates. In other words, sanity was beginning to prevail and economic laws were beginning to operate. In March Mr. Mellon gave out a statement, practically implying that interest rates would not rise for at least ten months. The market immediately turned upward, although in about three weeks it again began to sag. Mr. Mellon then issued a much stronger statement, in which he again predicted low interest rates, claimed that brokers' loans were not too high, and predicted general prosperity. The market at once began to climb again. With one recession the twenty industrial stocks had risen to 217 by June, when the advance began to weaken. Business in many lines was distinctly on the downgrade, yet Mr. Coolidge issued a state-

ment giving to the people an optimistic view of conditions and again predicting "satisfactory" business for the rest of the year. The market at once started on a wild climb, rising 26 points in a month.

By this time prosperity had become so "presidential" in the minds of the people that Coolidge's decision not to run again was a severe blow. The market fell on the announcement. However, in spite of such facts as a decrease of 11 per cent in railway earnings, and a marked recession in general, the President stated that the business outlook was better than it had ever been and, after a momentary hesitation, the market resumed its advance.

Nevertheless, by the beginning of January, 1928, conservative bankers and business men had become genuinely alarmed. During the preceding month brokers' loans had increased over \$341,000,000 to a new unheard of total of over \$4,400,000,000. When the figures were published, the market broke with great violence. In the *Journal of Commerce*, Parker T. Willis, one of the wisest of American business observers, had written that "there is a great deal of unrest in the banking system and with regard to banking conditions in general." At a meeting in Dallas more than one hundred bankers joined in a protest against the management of the Reserve Banks and the vast expansion of Stock Exchange loans. Thomas R. Preston, president of the American Bankers Association, called attention to the great danger of the situation and noted the over-expansion of credit as one of the great problems to be solved in 1928.

However, on the afternoon when the figures of the loans were given out and the market had broken heavily, Mr. Coolidge issued a statement at the White House in which he said that he did not consider the loans too high and that there was nothing unfavorable in the figure to which they had attained. There is good reason to believe that the opinion thus expressed, to the amaze-

ment of the country, was Mr. Mellon's rather than Mr. Coolidge's; but prosperity had become wholly presidential. The statement was published January 7th, and, as the *New York Times* noted, "appeared to cause as much surprise to speculative Wall Street as reassurance." The experiment, started in the preceding year, of creating prosperity by governmental control was now well under way. "Old-timers in Wall Street tried without much success," said the *Times*, "to recall any precedent for Mr. Coolidge's remark," and in the leading editorial on the 11th added that the giving out of such an interview was neither wise nor prudent. The whole question, it said, was in many respects highly technical, and "was partly bound up with the dispute as to whether stock speculation had or had not been carried to excess. These are not matters which a Chief Executive should feel called upon to discuss." The Chief Executive, however, had in the past year voluntarily assumed the job of acting as wet nurse to a wild and unjustifiable speculation and had led the American people to take colossal risks. He had the bear, or perhaps we should say the bull, by the tail and could not let go. Sooner or later a crash was inevitable, but with Coolidge luck it might be staved off for his successor to deal with.

On January 9th, Mr. Willis in the *Journal of Commerce* wrote that the President's statement by no means satisfied those who had been worrying, and who "think it queer that the investment market should be so richly endowed with funds when stagnant commercial loans indicate that current business activity is not experiencing a parallel expansion. If new capital for permanent investment is being provided by the public at the rate of over \$8,000,000,000 per year, whence is it coming?" The president of the Federal Reserve Bank at Richmond wrote an article asking "Are we living in a Fool's Paradise?" and concluded that we were, sanely handling the whole problem, so easily

disposed of by Mr. Coolidge (possibly as a "ghost writer" for Mr. Mellon), of loans, credits, and interest rates.

During January and February trade reaction continued, gold was exported in large volume, brokers' loans fell somewhat, and the markets were moderately quiet and declining. The situation was again tending to right itself in a normal way. On February 29th Mr. Coolidge announced that he could see no such falling off in business as to indicate a lack of prosperity. The market again started to rise, and in the next month brokers' loans increased over \$317,000,000, the second largest rise in the history of the Exchange. In April the market was wildly excited, rising in face of advancing money rates and gold exports. On the last day of the month an uncontradicted despatch from Baltimore in the *Times* stated that Mellon interests were reported to be heavy buyers of Consolidated Gas, Electric Light and Power of Baltimore, and of Pennsylvania Water and Power, which had risen to record prices.

May witnessed another excited rise in prices and an increase of \$366,000,000 in brokers' loans with continued gold exports. On June 4th the National City Bank of New York declared business was good but added that "the chief jarring note has been the huge amount of speculation in the stock market. Regardless of what may be the long-time trend of investment values, speculation on the scale current during recent weeks can only be deplored as unsound and hurtful to the best interests of the country. Visions of easily made riches are tending to destroy the usual habits of saving, and millions of dollars are being put into the market by many who can ill afford the risks they are taking. Never before has stock speculation involved so many people of all classes, and one hears the frequent complaint that one trouble with business is that business men are paying too much attention to the market and not enough to the conduct of their own establishments. All this can only

mean storing up of trouble for some future day, and the danger is that with so widespread a public participation in the market, a decline, which is always a possibility after so prolonged an advance, would affect general consumer purchasing power and so slow up the distribution of commodities." Warning was issued of higher interest rates to come.

The following day the Federal Reserve Board also issued a warning of danger, stating that unless there were a reversal of gold movements or in the policy of the Federal Reserve system the only remedy would be a reduction in the loan accounts of the banks. The care with which the newspapers were warned against premature publication of this statement showed its importance in the eyes of the Board; but when Mr. Mellon, the ex officio head of the Board, was asked to comment, he put off questioners with the mere remark that he had not seen the statement. Brokers' loans had passed five and a quarter billions. The market broke badly. On the 14th Mellon stated that the break was without significance, and that he could not say that stocks were too high or that speculation had assumed undue proportions. The day before Hoover had been nominated for the presidency at Kansas City, and the papers at once began to talk of a "Hoover market" to begin in September.

General business improved during the summer, and by September the public participation in the stock market had become unprecedented, brokers' loans rising over \$462,000,000 in the month. On the 13th the *Times* noted that "in a market so wild and excited as yesterday's, Wall Street was ready to believe almost any fantastic yarn . . . is in a mood to take its tips where and as it finds them," and that in spite of denials made as to the values of certain stocks they continued to forge ahead. The public had gone so mad that a steadying word might have been useful, but Mellon chose the next day to make a report that the country was prosperous and

that he saw no indication of a slump or depression.

The next month was characterized by "violent and constantly increasing speculation for the rise." John J. Raskob announced that stocks were too high, and the American Bankers Association, at their annual meeting, took a strong stand against the danger of the speculation. Stocks broke sharply on October 26th but rallied next day. On the 31st Mr. Coolidge announced that the foundations of business were very strong.

The presidential campaign was now on. In his speeches Hoover stressed the issue of good business, saying on November 2nd at Louisville that "the policies of the government bear an increasing responsibility for continued national prosperity." He thus assumed the obligation of "presidential prosperity."

The new year, 1929, began with a continued advance in stocks; and so insatiable had become the demands for credit to support the market, that nearly every European country was now being drained of gold in a reversal of the exchanges. The steady advance in quotations—17 points for January—gave everyone the impression of unprecedented prosperity, and industrial operations had advanced to a new high level. In the two months of December and January more than \$2,240,000,000 of new securities were issued, \$256,000,000 of investment trust issues being put out in the latter month. Money ranged from 7 to 12 per cent. The world situation was becoming deranged and at the beginning of February, Norman, head of the Bank of England, was in conference in Washington with the Federal Reserve Board, which, on the 6th, issued a formal warning against the increased use of credit for stock market purposes. Three days later the Treasury Department (Mr. Mellon) "explained informally" that this was not intended to "bring about a sudden slump in stocks." A week later the Federal Advisory Coun-

cil unexpectedly announced that it approved the tight-money policy of the Reserve Board. Mr. Mellon refused to issue any statement, but on the 15th announced that he thought it an opportune time to buy bonds. "This does not mean," he added, "that many stocks are not good investments. Some, however, are too high in price to be good buys." A week later the Secretary of Commerce, Lamont, stated that business was progressing favorably, only one branch—building—showing a decline.

The tremendous excitement in the market continued through the next few months, nervous and heavy declines alternating with great advances, such as that of over 20 points in June. On May 22nd the public appetite had been whetted by a Pittsburgh despatch to the *Times* estimating the profits of the Mellon family in Aluminium and Gulf Oils alone, on the basis of shares owned, as over \$300,000,000. By the middle of September the stock averages showed an advance since the first of the year of 82 points. The end, however, was in sight. In the annual review of the *Times* on December 31st we read "a Stock Exchange panic of unexampled violence broke out in the last week of October, after several weeks of falling prices. . . . A long list of high-grade stocks fell 25 to 40 points in one day. The crisis of the panic came on Tuesday, October 29, when the outside public's huge speculative account was mostly closed out because of exhausted margins, with disastrous, nation-wide losses." Presidential prosperity had crashed and the nation was lying dead or wounded under the ruins.

III

Hoover, as we have said, is of a different type of mind from either Coolidge or Mellon. The old-fashioned views of the former interested him about as much as an old blacksmith's shop would interest the president of the United States Steel Corporation. Nor did he care about finance, which he had left to

Mellon. The President had been paying but the scantiest—if any—attention to Wall Street. He was absorbed in the larger problems of production and consumption, and with vast plans for “stabilizing” business cycles. The crash gave him his opportunity. His calling of the great business heads to Washington for conference and the methods pursued to rebuild the fallen structure of credit and confidence are current history, fresh in all minds, and we need not dwell on them. One of the great heads called was Mr. Henry Ford and, in view of the news steadily given out by the administration on business conditions, the comment made by that gentleman was illuminating. “The first thing to do,” he said, rather unkindly, “is to correct the impression that the present state of affairs is due to the stock market. . . . The real explanation of the present situation is not to be found in recent stock-market history but in recent business history. . . . In this country the purchasing power of the people has been practically used up.”

Psychologically, and for a time, the calling of the great modern Barons into conference and the promise that they would without delay set Humpty Dumpty up again may have had a reassuring effect and prevented large failures and further demoralization. As to the long-run results to be obtained by scientific stabilizing of business by government the issue is more doubtful. Something more is needed than mere desire for a new economic order, as Russia can convince us. The problems are of enormous intricacy, and the curious may find some of them touched upon in the *Papers and Proceedings* of the American Economic Association read at their meeting last December. What would seem essential are extraordinary wisdom and power of forecasting on the part of those responsible for the process. It is not unfair to judge somewhat of these attributes in the light of recent predictions by Mr. Hoover and his advisers.

On December 5th Mr. Raskob an-

nounced that “by early spring business ought to be going ahead at its regular rate. The whole economic situation would seem to indicate that.” On December 14th Mr. Hoover thought that the volume of Christmas shopping indicated that the business of the country was back to normal.

On January 1st the ever-hopeful Mr. Mellon announced that “I see nothing in the present situation that is either menacing or warrants pessimism. During the winter months there *may be* [italics mine] some slackness or unemployment, but hardly more than at this season each year. I have every confidence that there will be a revival of activity in the spring.”

On the 22nd Hoover said the trend of employment had changed in the right direction, and Secretary Davis announced that every major industry was showing increases and that “we can expect a great deal of business in 1930.” The following day Miss Perkins sharply disputed the Secretary’s statistics of unemployment for the State of New York.

On February 11th Secretary Lamont, of the Department of Commerce, stated that “there is nothing in the situation to be disturbed about. . . . There are grounds for assuming that this is about a normal year,” and added that the steel plants making steel shapes for automobiles were “filled up” for months ahead. A week later he announced, after a White House conference, that there was every reason to hope that business would soon pick up.

On March 3rd, speaking for the Administration, he said business would be normal in two months [May 3rd] and that “it is amazing how well off we are considering what we went through.” It had all, however, amounted to very little in the mind of Mr. Hoover’s assistant. “We were going ahead a little too fast,” he said, “and got winded. In another month or two [April 3rd or May 3rd] we will catch our breath for a fresh start.” On March 8th Hoover predicted that unemployment would be

ended in sixty days [May 8th], and in general gave out an optimistic statement.

On March 16th, Mr. Julius H. Barnes, chairman of Mr. Hoover's National Business Survey Conference, announced that "the spring of 1930 marks the end of a period of grave concern. . . . American business is steadily coming back to a normal level of prosperity. . . . On the whole a note of optimism is apparent among the vast majority of industries." A fortnight later the monthly *Survey* of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York stated that "in spite of the considerable improvement in business sentiment and the definite establishment of some of the fundamentals of recovery, industrial revival has made only very moderate progress." Speaking of the hopeful feeling that recovery may not be long delayed, it made the more than suggestive remark that the "consistently cheerful comment from Washington in the issuance of trade figures has probably helped to create this sentiment, although there has become evident an increasing disposition to discount such views as inspired by a desire to aid business recovery rather than to examine the situation in the cold light of truth."

On April 19th Mr. Barnes spoke of the Business Survey Conference as "a really novel social experiment," and was optimistic about unemployment.

On the 28th the Guaranty Trust Company again introduced a death's head at the feast in its monthly *Survey* when it stated that "aside from the usual seasonal expansion of some branches of industry, little tangible progress in business recovery has thus far been reported." On the same day Mr. Barnes presented facts, not forecasts, to the meeting of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, and the market started downward, after its three months' wild upward whirl of this year, based on misleading governmental predictions.

On May 2nd Mr. Hoover in a long address said "we have been passing through one of those great economic

storms [not merely getting winded, as his Secretary of Commerce had phrased it] which periodically bring hardship and suffering on our people. While the crisis took place *only six months ago* [italics mine] I am convinced we have now passed the worst and with continued unity of effort we shall rapidly recover. . . . I believe I can say with assurance that our joint undertaking has succeeded to a remarkable degree." Poor Mr. Hoover! Had he not told the American people in his campaign speeches that "the victory of the [Republican] party will ensure stability of business and employment"?

The optimistic utterances quoted above had misled the American people into staging a remarkable "come-back" in stock speculation. The soberer element had been amazed at the rapid rise since the beginning of the year. But, as the Guaranty Trust Company noted at the end of March, people were beginning to suspect the horse sense and the reliability of presidential predictions. The last utterance of Mr. Hoover was the signal for the biggest crash in the market since the panic of last autumn. As the ordinary old-fashioned business man, not indulging in new social experiments but merely trying to see where he stands, looks about him, he reads of rapidly declining railway earnings, of lowering steel prices, of smashed copper markets, of big decreases in foreign trade, and so on through the rest of our statistics. In the *Times* of May 11th—a date subsequent to all those which the government had set as a return to "normal" prosperity—I read that "it may be that industrial production is now on an upward trend and that unemployment is showing noticeable improvement; but tangible evidence to that effect is unfortunately difficult to obtain."

On the 28th Mr. Hoover was reported to have said that business would be normal by fall. The same day the excellent survey issued by the Union Trust Company of Cleveland, after pointing out that "a very decided im-

provement in business would be required during the second quarter to bring the general volume of business back to a satisfactory level," added that "no such swift revival is in evidence. Business is therefore resigning itself to the realization that it may have to face a 'long, hard pull' in order to get back to normal." Meanwhile, as pointed out in the financial editorials of the *New York Times* of May 28th and 29th, the exports of wheat for April were the smallest for that month in any year except 1928 since the War; the decrease in railway net earnings for the northwestern regions for April 1930 as compared with 1928 ran from an average of 60 per cent to 80 per cent for some carriers; seventy railroads throughout the entire country showed losses of 33 per cent in net; and the drop in the price of steel billets to \$31 in May brought the price of steel to the lowest since 1922, when it touched \$28.

Perhaps our ordinary business man sympathizes with Will Rogers who cried out, when Mr. Hoover's last speech on prosperity was followed by a first-class smash, "the whole thing shows there is none of them knows any more about it than Texas Guinan. If we could just persuade our prominent men to stop predicting! If they must predict, let 'em predict on the weather." On May 8th the last touch was given to what would be roaring farce if it were not stark tragedy, when Governor Young of the Federal Reserve Bank declared that there was "food for serious thought" in the fact that even with our excellent banking system we had come to "the brink of collapse" and were now in "what appears to be a business depression." If we were not also in a Republican administration there would be less doubt among our present leaders as to whether we were in "what appears to be a business depression"!

IV

I do not pretend that without exception every time the market has given a

shiver to the bulls the White House or the Treasury has immediately come to the rescue. The synchronism, however, is clearly too marked to be accidental, although I am not here making a mere attack upon any men or any party. I agree with Mr. Hoover that such crises are "periodic" not political. Nor do I blame, as false prophets, any one of the three men with whom I have been chiefly concerned. In that I agree with Will Rogers. None of them knows any more about it than does Texas Guinan. The professors of economics in the colleges, such as Irving Fisher, and the business prognosticators, such as Babson, were all as wrong as our political leaders. Coolidge certainly knew nothing whatever about it all. His autobiography has given us the stature of his mind. In financial matters he could not fail to be deeply influenced by Mr. Mellon. Under the circumstances for him to have opposed his own mind to Mellon's would have been to take a colossal responsibility. As for Mellon, I believe him absolutely honest, even if his own profits were as colossal as Mr. Coolidge's responsibility would have been. He told the people when to get into the stock market and, somewhat cryptically, when to get out. It was the novelty of having a Secretary of the Treasury encourage the market for our benefit that probably lost so many people their money. The trouble with Mr. Mellon has been that he was a stock-market-minded financier, and not a statesman. As for Hoover, he inherited a mess left him by Mellon and Coolidge and had had to make rash promises, giving blank checks for prosperity drawn only on the bank of Republican tradition, when his predecessor had largely, though innocently, gutted the institution. The problems raised by the experiment of presidential prosperity are larger than any personalities. We can only glance at them here.

One is, what is to become of the stability of government in its time-honored functions if it is to become a business-efficiency or a tipster's bureau? In the

winning of men's respect, the maintenance of civil order, the dispensing of justice, the waging of war, the handling of foreign relations and other problems of the older statesmanship is it likely to be helped by undertaking to create prosperity and guide people in their stock speculations? That "big business" has raised big questions must be allowed. That *all* questions are now tinged with economics must also be allowed. That some experiments in stabilizing business may be needful and eventually useful may also be allowed. But in the present state of our abysmal ignorance about economics is there not danger in handing over the economic lives and welfare of our people to the government, already tottering under the load of the older functions which it is performing none too well, such as maintaining order and dispensing justice? Is there not danger in a government to which we are taught to look for stock-market tips and which is expected to make rightly the hardest of all predictions?

Moreover, it may well be asked, how many different sorts of loads can a president carry? In addition to the burden already on his shoulders, can we expect him to be the super-business man who will manage all our prosperity for us? I doubt if we could have a better man than Hoover as a business engineer; but is he proving a great success? Already prosperity overshadows all other questions in an election; but if the government is made constitutionally, so to say, responsible for prosperity and stock booms, will any other question stand a show at elections? And will not the already natural desire to bend every other activity of government to creating prosperity or the appearance of it warp every other thought in the minds of those anxious for re-election? Is not the comment of the Guaranty Trust Company on the unreliability of the government's pronouncements indicative of what we might expect? Are they likely to give us the facts in the cold light of truth, or

will every government department be bent solely on creating a favorable atmosphere?

Again, to what sort of men are we to commit our prosperity? Has our experience with boards in America been so reassuring that we wish to build up new ones, in the government service, to run our business? Is there not danger that if business becomes political it will be run too much as most of our political life is already run? It is true that our best brains have long been drawn away from politics into business, because the real power now lies there, and that if the running of our entire business machinery should come to be controlled by government, the new access of power to politics might make that profession again attractive. That, however, is problematic, and so far our experience has been against such a fond hope. Can we unite, as yet at least, the tremendous power of running business with our present methods of electing public officials? Are we not likely, in the long run, to find we have committed the power either to politicians or to a bureaucracy?

We may look at the question from another angle. Part of the possibility of the government's maintaining order is the willingness of the individual to forego private revenge and to seek justice for himself and to acquiesce in the acts of the government through the police and courts. And so to a greater or lesser extent is it with other governmental functions. If government becomes responsible for prosperity, for stabilizing business or what you will, will it not become increasingly necessary to forego private judgment and initiative in deference to the policy of a Coolidge, a Mellon, or a Hoover? If a Mr. Mellon, as a government official charged with the creation of a bull market, insists that stocks are going up, would we become bad citizens, "conscientious objectors," if we chose to sell out on him?

If the maintenance of prosperity becomes a governmental function and duty it will inevitably overshadow all others.

The maintenance of peace and order, the administering of justice, the following of a wise foreign policy, the dozen other things government does or should do, would count for far less in the mind of the average voter than its ability to guess right on the stock market or so manipulate it and business as to bring him ever increasing "prosperity." The pressure on officials, who may know no more than Texas Guinan, or who may be faced by an inevitably bad business situation, may become impossible.

Moreover, would not the chief desideratum in a president at an election become—as it already has to a great extent, thanks to the fetish of Republican prosperity—the mere ability to bring good business? What of the type of leader that such a situation would be likely to create in our public life? As I have pointed out elsewhere, the business mind has its excellent qualities. It also has its very marked limitations. Would not making the government responsible for prosperity reduce our choice of leaders to the ranks of super-business men, captains of industry, stock-market manipulators; and is that the type which the great American people desire for their future Chief Executives? Is statesmanship to become wholly subordinate

to big business, and government merely a branch of economics?

These, among other questions, suggest themselves to the lover of his country as he watches the "really novel social experiment" now being tried. Might it not be better for a while to work through outside organizations in the effort—a noble one—to try to find some method of stabilizing modern industry and employment? Let the government give every help in a crisis. Let it look benevolently on every effort of the people to grow in economic wisdom and self-control; but is it wise to make our Chief Executive solely responsible in the eyes of the governed for maintenance of our business welfare at all times? I realize the problems inherent in modern economic development and also that the government must exercise more and more a regulating function, but I see grave danger in a "Coolidge market" and a Secretary of the Treasury guiding the destinies of a frenzied speculation to the very last point before he tells the people to "buy bonds." We have tried the experiment. We are at the parting of the ways. Is there not as much chance of the new theory leading to an abuse of the functions of government and a decline in our national character as to renewed and continuous "presidential prosperity"?



THE ELECTRIC KING

A STORY

BY LORD DUNSANY

THIS is a story Jorkens told me one day. It goes to prove that he does not talk always of himself, as some of the members of our club have chosen to assert and, since there is no personal motive to be served by any inaccuracy, I see no reason for doubting it. And if this story of his be true, why not his other ones? That is the way I look at it, without any wish whatever to interfere with the judgment of others.

He had fallen asleep after a somewhat heavy meal, and all the other members but I had left: some had business to attend to, while others were irritated by Jorkens' snoring, though I couldn't see what harm his snores were doing, or what good their business did, if you come to that. And presently one of Jorkens' snores turned to a gurgle, which seemed for a moment to be going to choke him, and that woke him up; and, being all alone with him, I made the remark, "I suppose you have seen some pretty queer things in your time."

"And people," said Jorkens. And very soon he was well started, wonderfully refreshed by his sleep and by whatever he may have had with his lunch. And this is the tale. He was in America, knocking about in New England, and chancing to be somewhat out of funds. And he had taken up reporting for a paper and interviewing, whenever he could get a scrap of work to do, in order to get onto what he called a financial footing; which I expect meant money enough to go back to England third class. And one day they had sent

him to see Makins, the millionaire, who had been having a good deal of publicity lately, and to get an interview from him. In case the name of Makins conveys little, he was better known as the Electric King; and his publicity had come from the interest that had been taken in the case to prove that he was capable of administering his own affairs. That he was so capable had been triumphantly proved by his lawyer, chiefly by full details of the organizing, the working, the tending, even the very oiling of the giant dynamos that were watched and directed personally by Makins himself for fourteen hours out of every twenty-four, the whole year round, year after year. What the dynamos were used for was a point that was brushed aside with such consummate brilliance that unless my reader be thoroughly trained in the law he would never be able to appreciate it. These were the dynamos that Jorkens saw when he went to interview Makins.

Jorkens would never have had the job if it had been an easy one, and yet he got the man's whole story. There was something about him that Makins had liked, even if it was only that "he took his wine like a man," to use Makins' own words, and so he had got his story. Jorkens had congratulated him on the news with which the world was ringing, that he had just been proved capable of controlling his own affairs, and Makins had said, "Isn't it just marvellous?" And then he had been silent for a quarter of an hour, sitting, sometimes shaking

his head, in a large carved chair, till he suddenly muttered, and soon his voice gained strength, and he told Jorkens this story.

"I had the idea of busting the whole electric light of America and then gathering it all up again into my own hands: one company to illuminate every city of the United States. We should have been a power, at the lowest computation, equal to the full moon. I had it all clear in my head, and I could have done it—I can't give you the details. It isn't clear now, but it was in those days—clear to the last cent. You might have asked me any question about the minutest part of the scheme, and I could have answered at once in those days.

"I should have controlled all that light; think of it—as much as the full moon sheds on the North American continent. Then my leisure went. I suddenly lost my leisure. A slight attack, the doctor called it. But it wasn't an attack: I was perfectly well in body. And it certainly wasn't my mind: that was clearer than ever, too clear in fact; my thoughts were crystal-clear, but too many of them. I simply lost my leisure. It takes a good deal of work, a good deal of thought, for one man to control big business; and when I stopped to breathe at the summit of my career, on a pinnacle higher than I had ever dreamed of, my thoughts ran on. They would not stop, and so I lost my leisure. Well, I didn't mind at first: they all went into the business. But when I found that the most trivial thoughts began to run through my head, like a mob of dirty children in a great ballroom, thoughts too trivial and silly and irrelevant even to mention, and no keeping them out, why then I began to panic, and went to a doctor and said to him, 'What about it?' And he said, 'Sea voyage.' And I sailed from New York for Bombay.

"Well, I found the sea voyage was not doing me any good, and I did some thinking then. I was always thinking; and I figured it out then that what I

wanted was not a doctor, but one who dealt with the terrors of the soul. Yes, I don't exaggerate: I was pretty well frightened by then. I began to see that those thoughts were hunting my reason. Noses down, tails up, ears flapping, that's what they were after, as surely as hounds a long way behind a fox. Well, there were one or two priests on board, of various denominations, and I talked to them a good deal, walking round the decks in the evening with one or other of them, and putting my case to him as soon as he began to listen. But they mostly talked to me about going to Heaven, and I figured that their advice was too like my doctor's, who had sent me to Bombay; not that Bombay's like Heaven, in the hot weather not at all. And besides, I knew their talk pretty well already; and my thoughts went racing on.

"And then I remembered that I had heard that there were a good many religions in India, some with idols and some without; it was all one to me; I was being hunted over a precipice and was anxious to clutch at anything. I mean any prejudice I may have had against idols seemed now merely absurd: you mayn't like brambles, but you'd grab them going over an edge and to such a drop as I saw. Yes, sir, my wits were tottering. And that thought went on hunting them.

"It had come down chiefly to one thought now. It was something about a rat that I had once thrown a stone at. That was the nearest one, the leading one of the pack: night and day you know, and of course no sleep to speak of.

"I got to know a man on board who had been in India a good deal. I guessed it by his face and began to talk to him. And in a day or two I had put my whole case before him, as near as I dared, for I daren't speak of the rat in those days. Ebblit his name was, and he told me about the Ganges. Our acquaintance began in the Mediterranean; we used to play chess at first and sit and talk when the game was over. But he never

really spoke out, never told me all he felt, or half he knew, till we turned that corner where de Lesseps stands, with one bronze hand held out to the eastern gate of the world; and the corrupt city of Port Said drops astern, a cluster of white domes in the evening, the sort of thing an angel might dream on waking, just leaving it behind him, you know, as we were. And Ebblit soon after that began to talk of the East, as though it were really there, and there were nothing odd about it; while the West and its ways seemed to drop farther and farther away from him, till he seemed no longer intimidated by its prejudices and customs. And then he spoke of the beauty of that river. He did not seem to know whether the calm of its beauty molded the thoughts of those people, soothing and lulling them to an undreamed content, or whether it was the thoughts of generations of people that had given the river that surpassing sanctity. But I began to see there was ease to be found on the Ganges, and rest, as I dared to hope, for my hunted wits. And I asked him what part of the river was best to go to; and he thought for a little while and answered, 'Benares.'

"I had a long way yet to go, and that rat with its wounded tail was terribly close. I forgot to tell you that its tail was broken. Gosh, I'm a tough man. I've known hundreds of men right through, their little minds clear as glass to me, and I don't know one of them, not one, that would have held out against that rat through the Red Sea.

"They had a large tank on board rigged up as a swimming bath, and I used to get some coolness there after sunset, floating on the water and looking up at the stars and thinking of the rat.

"And then I used to go and talk to Ebblit. Every bit of information I could get from him I used to collect like a stamp collector—the name of the best hotel, the best part of the river to sit at, the priests, the temples, the legends—everything I could get from him while we walked up and down in the heat.

And one day I very nearly mentioned the rat to him. Not quite, but I think he saw it coming. After that I found it more difficult to get him to have a talk with me, especially when alone.

"I was practically all alone with the rat after that.

"And at last we reached Bombay.

"Of course there are things to see in India between Bombay and Benares, quite a lot in fact. The eighth wonder of the world is at Agra, and the earthly paradise in the old palace at Delhi, not to mention the marvels of history which are the equal of legends in other lands. There's a lot to look at beyond the pinnacles of the Western Ghats. But by now I could see nothing but the slow blood oozing from the battered bruise in the tail. So I hurried on to Benares.

"There was a man outside the Cow Temple who would help me, Ebblit had told me, at the right-hand side of the door. He was there three years ago, Ebblit had said, and would probably still be there. And I mustn't mind him being rather dirty, very dirty in fact. I would have laughed at the idea if I'd been able to laugh in those days. Dirty, indeed! What was dirt to that rat?

"I went to that temple in terror. What if the man had gone? Three years seemed a long time to me. But it wasn't long to him, just as Ebblit had said. He was there right enough, at the right-hand side of the door that leads to the Cow Temple, loin-cloth, bare skin, and dirt, sitting upon the ground with a bowl beside him. So I found an interpreter and went back to the dirty man and put my case to him at once, before I had ever gone to my hotel. Of course I didn't tell him about the rat. Perhaps I might have done so had he been cleaner; but I said that I was a business man much troubled by business worries, and that other thoughts intruded themselves on me too. He seemed to pay little attention, and when my interpreter and I had done, he replied, 'Speak openly.'

"You may guess that I didn't like

being spoken to in such a way by a man like that, and I was silent a moment. And then in my utter despair I mentioned the rat. And the instant I mentioned it the whole thing poured out; I had never spoken of it before. Its eyes, its whiskers, its fur, I described it all to him from its eager nose to the mangled bend in its tail.

"And he said to me, if the interpreter got it right, 'The River Ganges is beautiful beyond the conception of man, and beyond the capacity of any mind to estimate. In the contemplation of this beauty is complete fulfilment of all desire. No ambition transcends it. Nothing even hoped for can surpass it. It is the fitting occupation of any lifetime. Go, and sit by it until the picture of the river dwells in your innermost mind, as it does with me, more near than the hands and feet. Sit by it, if needs be, all your days. The reward hereafter is infinite; and for the seekers like yourself, for immediate gain, even for these it is adequate.'

"It's odd, but it seemed to me that the man was talking sense. The rat was still there, but a ray of faint hope had shone from beyond the sound of his voice. I felt like some wayfarer lost and terribly hunted who suddenly hears in the darkness a music of bells, and beyond the bells at last some cottager's light. That was no mad fancy, but only came from the stress of weeks without sleep.

"Well, I went to the Ganges. Boys, it's a jewel! I went down to it about sunset, and it lay there like a vast piece of a semiprecious stone, one of those very pale beryls or aquamarines. I realized at once it was no use just looking at it; I wasn't a sightseer now, but a fugitive from a terror greater than any of those that ever hunt the body: I would cheerfully have sat and played with a tiger, to get away from that rat.

"Suicide may be suggesting itself to you as an obvious remedy. But I wouldn't do that, because I felt that the rat was after my reason, and I wanted to

save it from him with all its power, not to throw it away. So I had gone to the Ganges, not to gaze at it, but to let it sink into my soul, to contemplate its beauty as I had been told, till it became more to me than my hands and feet, and nothing else should matter, not even the rat.

"It seemed the world's end, that river; so many steps led down to it. It was not like tracks that run down to a ford and go onward the other side, or paths that lead to a ferry, to wait a while; these steps thronged down to the water's edge and ceased, the end of the journeys of pilgrims living or dead. I sat down on one of the steps near a tiny temple and watched the day fading, and the more it faded the more easy I found it to take my first lesson in the lore that should save me from the rat. And the beauty of the river began sinking into me, as easily as if I'd been there for years and years. Pilgrims came down the steps by twos and threes; pigeons came to the little temple beside me, dropping down to their rest among the tiny domes, and the color went out of things with the loss of the sun, all but the river, which seemed to keep a light of its own. Now for the first time I noticed the fires of death, flickering up from the burning ghats. Sometimes a ship with great sails stole down the river, with never a ripple upon that wondrous calm, so that it seemed that the ship was a ship of ghosts or the river something from dreamland, something far out among dreams, a long, long way from waking. Now I saw vividly a slanting moon, young in the west like a horn, over the little temple. And, as the moon brightened and the fires of death grew stronger, the color that had faded out of the sky with sunset began to return with the afterglow, coming back more gorgeous than it had been before, like a traveler returning to some rural home clad in the silks and splendors of wonderful lands. It increased and increased, till the luminous river seemed dark beside the astonishing glow of it."

As Makins spoke of the Ganges he talked very fast, gazing straight in front of him over Jorkens' head, without a thought of his scurrying pencil. Jorkens was writing shorthand and even then scarcely kept up. It wasn't so much the beauty of the Ganges that was entrancing him, Jorkens thinks, as the first escape, of a kind, that he had ever had from the rat; though he hadn't really got away from it. As he put it himself, "Masses of twilight seemed to be descending rapidly, draping the holy city with all their glory; you know how pieces of evening, slabs of light, seem to fall between you and buildings at this enchanted hour, buildings on solid earth, and sky between you and them. It was like that with me and the rat. There was something at last, at last, between me and him. The beauty of the Ganges. It could not overcome him, the thing was too strong for that. But the rat was now on the far side of the river.

"A most intense beauty filled the sky with the deep colors of India, a hush hung heavily at the brink of the river, a hush as though the world had ceased its spinning to watch for the first star: the door of the little temple opened noiselessly, showing all dark within, and the hush deepened over all the river. And suddenly bells at the very water's edge sent up a melody clanging across the hush; wide windows opened in the dark far up above me, from which poured sudden music of instruments utterly strange to us; drums beat unseen from the little temple near; the rapidly darkening air throbbed to a strange rhythm that boomed and resounded among the walls of Benares—that was their way of worship; they were giving praise to the river. You'll excuse me a moment, won't you?" And Makins rose and went to a little shutter, a sliding panel in the library where they were sitting, and moved the panel aside. And at once a great purr filled the room, the voice of a hundred dynamos. Jorkens had heard the murmur of them before, all the time that Makins was talking

about the Ganges, but now the roar of their purring filled all the room, and he could see the rows of them, like a vast stable of elephants. What stupendous energies that iron multitude was unloosing Jorkens did not then know, only that a vast power was going invisibly forth. They were looking down on the hall of the dynamos from the height of one story, and men were going about amongst the dark rounded shapes, oiling machinery. "My dynamos are being fed," said Makins. Jorkens said nothing; the hugeness of the power so near to him, the humble service these monsters were giving to man, and the incompatibility between the organized might of science and the devoted worship of an Indian river seem to have taken his breath away. And Makins continued:

"I stayed there for three days. The rat was now, as I said, on the far side of the river; but it went no farther away. In the gloom of thought I could see its whiskers twitching whenever it sniffed, and I knew whom it was sniffing for. So I went back to the dirty man and told him all about it. And he said, 'The Ganges flows from a hill too high for our feet. And on that hill is a city of pure gold. Everything there is gold, pavement and houses: even the shops are gold. And all the people that dwell in it are Hindus.' When he spoke of the beauty of the river he had me beat; that was a thing he understood; but when it came to a definite fact of geography that set me arguing. 'How did he know,' I asked, 'that the golden city was there?' 'I have seen it,' he said. 'I walked for months up the river, walking in my youth great distances every day; and I came to the hill, and it was all white, and there was no city there. I was young and had not the faith. And I stayed there looking at it for seven days, fasting and sometimes praying to those to whom prayer is due. And at the end of the seventh day I thought I noticed a change. And the sun set, and there was no change. And all the hill grew dull.

And I was faint with fasting. And all of a sudden the golden city came, street upon street of it straggling along the hill; and domes and walls and towers all twinkling and shining—a city of purest gold, as the Brahmins teach.’

“Should I see it?” I asked.

“Not yet,” he said.

“When should I see it?” I asked him.

“‘Stay for three months upon the bank in Benares,’ he told me. Well, it seemed a long time, but I did as the dirty man said. And the rat stayed all that time on the far side of the river, and I got some sleep at nights, yet things got no better than that; I could still see the country of madness too near to my borders, the edges of my imagination almost touched it.

“One day at the very end of the three months, as I sat watching the pilgrims, it suddenly occurred to me that it was not my river; that I should never believe the story of the golden city, and its gods could never be my gods. I made up my mind suddenly. I never even told the dirty man. I suppose he is sitting there now by the door of the Cow Temple, with the cows and the peacocks strolling about inside, and the worshippers tolling a bell whenever they pray so that their god shall hear them. I left at once. I suppose I valued too lightly the rest I had had from the rat, or thought that the respite would last. The moment I left the Ganges he crossed the river and was back again as close as ever he was. He might have driven me back to Benares, but I knew by now that the Ganges could never get rid of him: the holy river was only a palliation, and I had a hope of shaking him off altogether. You see from the first I thought religion could do it. I am pretty shrewd as men go and make up my mind quickly, and from the very first I had spotted that that rat was one of the terrors of the soul. So that spiritual help was what I needed, if I could only find a religion that had a priest that was ready to fight the rat. And I had not given up hope. The greatest religions, I said, have al-

ways come out of deserts. And it must be so; for before a man can even look at the verities, let alone ponder and value them, he must clear off the dust of all the things that don’t matter, like to-day’s news, to-day’s opinions, to-day’s fashions, yesterday’s customs, and to-morrow’s fears. So I left the opalescent city of Benares, traveling in search of a desert. And the rat traveled with me.

“I took a train for Delhi to begin with. There I intended to inquire my way to a desert, and in the desert I hoped to find some holy man who might have found enough wisdom, out of the way of cities, to be able to solve the terrific problem I brought him. Well, I was sitting in my railway carriage towards evening, thinking of the rat, when all of a sudden, pale and clear on my right, I saw a range of mountains that I did not know was there.

“While we waited at the next station I asked the station-master about them, and he told me they were the Himalayas. The Himalayas! Imagine seeing a waterfall and asking its name, and being told that it was Niagara; or entering a church by chance, and finding it was Westminster Abbey. So I came to the Himalayas.

“The station-master told me the names of the peaks, pale mauve a long way off. I’ve always found you English very obliging. And then I asked him the name of a white one, all alone over the rest, and he answered as though it were not there at all, or at any rate need not be bothered about. ‘Oh, that’s in Thibet,’ he said. Isn’t that like you? You’re nearly all like that. It was outside the British empire, and so it didn’t count.”

Of course Jorkens said that that wasn’t so at all. That we thought rather more of a foreign country if anything than of our own, and would do anything rather than show we thought it was foreign. So a few moments passed over international courtesies, meaningless and polite, while the dynamos purred on faintly the other side of the

shutter. And then Makins continued, "I hadn't been looking at them for long when I said to myself, 'Mountains. Mountains,' I said; 'they're every bit as good as deserts; and I've heard strange tales of Thibet. On a mountain a man may do as much thinking as he could down on the sand, provided he goes high enough; all the silly little phrases that buzz round thought and obscure it wouldn't get far up a mountain. I'll go there,' I said, and I decided at once. At the next stop from that I got out. And the rat hopped out with me.

"I hired a motor in course of time—you can do anything in time in the East—and we started straight for those mountains. I was getting no sleep now at all and I made the chauffeur do sixty. We startled the little tree-rats as we shot past. Wonderful little animals. How I wished it were one of them that was after my reason, instead of the foul brute that I knew. Or even a monkey. But I suppose a man can't choose what terror will hunt his soul. And looking at it reasonably, as one always should at anything, I suppose one curse is as bad as another; only I couldn't think so then.

"Well, we motored on towards the mountains in the afternoon, the afternoon of the day following my talk with the station-master, until what had been patches of blue laid upon lilac began to be great ravines rent in the slope of the mountain. Thibet by now no longer peered down on one, but was hidden by this huge wall, shutting it off from the world.

"We did a lot of mileage that day, till we came to a place where the chauffeur said that the car could go no farther. Not that I bothered about that, for I had had from him the rumor of a monastery fifty miles or so farther on, the very thing I was looking for; and I would gladly have walked without food or rest with that ahead of me and the rat behind.

"As it turned out I didn't have to walk, and as it turned out it was a lot

more than fifty miles; but we got hold of a bullock cart at a village, a thing they call a tonga: two bullocks drag it, and they can go anywhere. I don't say it was comfortable, but comfort had gone from me since the coming of the rat, and I found bodily discomfort rather pleasant than otherwise. I had come to that pass long ago. We were traveling in the bed of a great river, the man that was driving the oxen, and I, and of course the rat. Our wheels were going over white sand and boulders, everything perfectly dry except for long narrow pools of shallow water lying like shreds torn out from a mountain-oread's dress. The sambhur came out of the forest to gaze at us, not the least afraid of the bullock-cart. So thick was the forest all along the dry river that we seldom saw the mountains; when we did see them their imminence was tremendous; we were all among them now, as though we had strayed unannounced into the assembly of giants, ancient ones of the earth, deputed by Nature to deliberate on her plans. Now night began to fall, and the man halted his oxen and built a little circle of fires for the night, to keep away tigers. I kicked one of his little fires all golden into the darkness. 'Will that keep it off do you think?' I blurted out at him. But he was thinking only of tigers.

"I regretted my violence almost immediately. 'You must forgive me,' I said, 'I can't sleep.' But he understood never a word, and it mattered not what I said to him.

"One tiger came very near; I heard his whispering footfall above the thought of the rat. The night passed, like all sleepless nights, in about a year; and dawn came suddenly. We made some tea, and the man ate some food he had brought, and we pushed on for Thibet. We went on all that day, our wheels climbing over the boulders and dropping down with a crash on the other side. But none of these jolts could shake the rat away.

"We made our little bivouac that

night far up the slope in the cold with only one fire, above the fear of tigers. Not that I feared tigers. I had only one fear now, and my reason was tottering before it. Another sleepless night dragged by like a long chapter of history; and in the golden morning my driver pointed, and there, far enough off, but shining bright as the morning, there on a mountain was the monastery I sought. By noon we were as far as the bullocks could go; the rest of the way was sheer mountain. We had already changed bullocks twice, and done over sixty of the fifty miles that they had said it was to the monastery. I found that distances in India were often like that. But here was the monastery at last in sight. I was able to get more men to carry my kit from the tonga, and I pushed on ahead of them up the mountain. A tiny little path went winding away over what was otherwise nearly precipice: by the look of it they didn't often go from that monastery, whoever they were, and few seemed to go to them. A bell sounded as I climbed up to them, but there was hardly a welcome in the sound as you might expect in this voice from the lonely mountain; it was too unearthly for that, too little concerned, so it seemed, with any cares we know. The way to the door seemed almost quite untrodden. By the door a bell-handle in bronze, shaped like a dragon, hung from a light chain. I went up and pulled the handle, and an astonishing din reverberated through the monastery. By some system of pulleys the chain that I pulled so easily must have swung a bell weighing little under a ton. And out came a wizened man in a monkish robe, and to him I tried to explain what I wanted without an interpreter, and without knowing a word of his language, or he knowing any of mine. But I think he must have guessed from some look of fear in my eyes, for he led me in; and presently the men came up with my baggage, and it was easier to explain more about myself by pointing to that. Had I come with

less kit, and perhaps barefooted, they might have sent me on sooner. As it was, I sent one of the men who brought my baggage to go and get an interpreter, and it took him a week to find one. And all that time they housed me and gave me their queer food and a small stone cell to sleep in. And when the interpreter came I had a talk with a younger monk, telling him all my case; and he told me to ask the interpreter to come back in a year; and that at the end of that time I should have prepared myself by suitable meditation to have speech with their Lama.

"That was an unthinkable year. The rat gnawing through my thoughts and working into my reason, and they would not even let me ask for the cure. A year of horror. A year of the pit. I will not speak of it. They kept the rat from doing its worst, I will say that for them; they knew of exercises, exorcisms and spells, fastings and meditations that kept up the walls of the soul and kept the powers of night from actually taking the citadel; but I was beleaguered by terrors all that year, and they would not even let me ask for help. A ghastly, unspeakable year, and the rat so close that were it not for their bell, were it not for their bell, I don't know what would have happened.

"It came to an end at last. At last they sent for me and said that their Lama would see me; and they had the interpreter all ready.

"I was shown into his cell—a man in a yellow robe, with a flat-topped head, sitting calmly at a table, and eyes like the scrutiny of the entire night, like the whole night solving a riddle, unraveling the mystery of courses of worlds that were older than ours. I spoke to him through my interpreter, but he did not speak to me. When I had spoken he merely pointed upwards, not to the sky but up the slope of the mountain, then he sat motionless with his gaze before him and his hands stretched out on the table. I saw that it was time to go, and I bowed to him and left the room, and

soon afterwards left the monastery, and started, where he had pointed, up the mountain, where as I was told by one of the younger monks I should find another monastery before nightfall. Something in the reverence with which he spoke of it, something in the awe with which they watched me set forth, gave a fresh hope to my hard-hunted soul. It was in the early morning, and I climbed all day. No track whatever led up from the monastery I left; late in the afternoon I met a track arising out of nowhere and winding upwards. They didn't seem to call on each other much. I could not see the monastery to which I was going, but they had pointed out the direction, and I had no doubt that this insufficient track was the road of the people I looked for. The heat and fatigue were nothing to me, for without the protection, such as it was, that I had had from the monks of the lower monastery, the rat was hunting me sorely. And before the sun set I heard a bell above me; but so faint it sounded, lonely and lost on the mountain, and so very strange were its notes, so aloof from our joys or troubles, that it hardly seemed to ring from a habitation of men.

"I had brought my interpreter with me, a Hindu from near Naini Tal; that is to say he had left the lower monastery with me; but I had let him follow at leisure, not being driven, as I was, over the rocks by the pursuit of the rat. But besides the interpreter I brought nobody; nobody to carry my kit, and no kit to carry. I had an idea that it might be better to arrive like that this time. They don't set store by the things that we set store by.

"Over a rise the track I was following rambled, leading down to a little valley, and on the far side of the valley the upper monastery stood, with the little rocky valley to look out on, and the mountain going up like a sheer wall behind it. The sun set then, and a queer glow over everything added a mystery to the house I approached. By the door hung a bell-handle of silver, obviously

shaped as a symbol, but a symbol of something of which I was utterly ignorant. I pulled the bell-handle, and a gentle note turned all the air of the monastery to music. And presently I heard monkish feet coming slowly down a passage, and the door opened. I had picked up some words of their language in the year at the other monastery, but not enough in which to speak of the terrors of the soul, the soul's affairs being so far more intricate than are those of the body. So I asked him for lodging, trusting to these people's hospitality, and told him that I had come from the lower monastery, and that my interpreter would soon arrive. When I spoke of the lower monastery, looking in his face, I might have been speaking of another world, so little it seemed to mean to him. I hoped from that. I hoped that they had some wisdom here of which they knew nothing below.

"To their hospitality I had not trusted in vain; he took me in at once; and as soon as the interpreter arrived I went with him to the cell of one of the monks and told over in all its terror my old story. Well, they certainly had spells: they used to chant them round my bed at evening, spells in no language I knew, not even the language that they usually spoke on this mountain and of which I had picked up scraps. They were only like reinforcements on tottering ramparts: they kept the rat away while I got some sleep; but I was nearing my end now, and palliatives like this could not postpone it much longer—the end was near, and the rat would get my reason. They occupied my day by reading runes to me that were all of them greater than curses if you could get the right rune against the right curse. But I had a feeling that the rat was winning. And you'd think that when he was winning he'd be all the neater and sleeker; you'd think that his fur would be smooth and shiny, and the rat in fine condition. It was just the other way about. His fur was like dead fur; his lower jaw was drooping, his lips were shrunken, his

sides were sinking in, and the wound in his tail was rawer and more revolting. Everything was shabby and mildewed about him except his eyes, and they were as keen and penetrating as ever.

"About a month went by. And then one day their Lama sent for me. I went in terror, for it seemed like my last chance. But all the monks smiled at me, and seemed to be telling me that all would be well. We were shown in, the interpreter and I, to the dim room in which the Lama was sitting, in a yellow robe, at a table of red lacquer. Nothing spoke but his eyes when we came in. And then I told my story. The interpreter knew the grim details of that tale of mine now, and told every terrible sentence after me rapidly. At the end, in the silence, the Lama spoke one word. I could not believe it. One word to my interpreter, and then that empty look upon his face that shows one that the interview is over.

"I looked at the interpreter, but he rose to go. And so I left in despair, having only got one word.

"What did he say?' I asked, as much out of curiosity as anything.

"Prayer,' said the interpreter.

"But prayer? What prayer? Did he think I hadn't prayed? As well advise a hunted fox to run. What did it mean, this one word that he spoke to me, I asked monk after monk. And they all of them said the same, they did not know; I must go farther up the mountain.

"Another monastery?' I asked.

"Yes, one more, they said; a monastery at the top of the mountain. I calculated that that was another two thousand feet, and pretty steep; but I could not miss my way, it was right at the top of the peak. And so I started, though it was late in the afternoon, and soon night fell on my climbing. But I didn't mind that; it was better than lying awake on sleepless beds, with the sly rat in the dark, gnawing and gnawing its way through thought to my reason. I climbed all night, letting the interpreter

come on when he would, and in the heat of the day I dropped at their door and rested. Here at least they could send me no higher. And after a while I got up and pulled a plain iron bell-handle, and a bell like a cow-bell clanged in the monastery, and a smiling Buddhist with a friendly face opened the door for me, and I staggered in. And for a while I said nothing. And then I said, 'Prayer. Prayer,' using the word that the Lama had said to me, and stumbled through some words of their language, trying to tell of my stress and the near approach of the rat; but I did not know enough of the language for that, yet he seemed to understand, and took me in and fed me. Then he took me to a cool room, where there was a bed, and gave me a pitcher of water, and there I slept for some hours. When I awoke the interpreter had arrived, and I wanted to tell my terrible story at once; but some of the monks quieted me, and I rested for some while longer. And when I woke again in the cool evening they seemed to know my story already; I suppose the interpreter had told them.

"And an older monk came in, and gave me a small square of paper with red writing upon it; and smiled, and said, 'The prayer.'

"I grasped it, and he went out of the room. But it was all in Tibetan. What was I to do?

"They did not leave me in perplexity long. The monk who had taken me in at the door came back with a tiny wheel, which he gave to me. Then he slipped the prayer into a catch in the wheel and showed me how to turn it. One did not pray orally, but turned the wheel.

"He went away and left me with my prayer, and I began to turn it. Oh, man, it was the right prayer!

"It was the right prayer at last. Imagine a man cold, weary, bitterly cold, taken instantly from the uphill road he is trudging to a soft chair by a fire in a warm room, instantly, without troubling to walk to it; or a man lost in a desert without water suddenly finding

it is not true, suddenly finding himself safe at home; even so the rat faded.

"Well, I needn't tell you that I turned that wheel all day and far into the night. It was the first real rest I'd had for what seemed ages and ages. The only trouble was that the moment I tried to get to sleep, and stopped turning the wheel, the rat came back. Not that I minded that much at the time: it was such a relief to be able to keep that rat away that I turned the wheel till morning and troubled no more about sleep.

"Bright morning poured into my room, and I rose and looked from the window on a land more full of mountain-tops than any field is of ant heaps, always turning my wheel. A bell tolled, I did not know whether for breakfast or prayer, but it showed that the monks were about, so I went down and met them walking in one of the wide corridors. They greeted me and asked me if I had slept well, and then I explained my difficulty.

"A cheery laugh went up when I came to the difficulty about sleeping, as soon as I made myself clear. There was no difficulty in that, they said; and they sent for the interpreter, and when he had come they explained that they had little water-wheels all along a mountain-stream for several yards that turned prayers night and day, and they said they would put one of these at my disposal. A kinder act I never knew; it meant rest by day, sleep by night; it meant at last a safe retreat from the rat.

"So two or three of them came down to the stream with me, and it was my turn to laugh when I saw their little wheels. Very crude compared to anything we can do over here. And one thing I didn't quite like about them was that they went slower than the one that you turned by hand. Too slow won't do, you know. It gives the rat time to slip in between thoughts. However, I said nothing of that at the time. I was too grateful to them to risk hurting their feelings. And they showed me the wheel I might use, and I slid my prayer

into it. And though thoughts of the rat slipped in at the far end of the revolutions, just before the prayer got round to its starting point, they were gone too soon to be able to keep me from sleep.

"A few days in that bright crystalline air, with regular sleep every night, and my prayer-wheel turning, and the company of these men, keen as pioneers, giving all their days to extend the limits of human thought, did wonders for me. I put on weight rapidly, and my face began to get some likeness again to the face that my friends would have recognized. And as my health came back my keenness came with it, my old capacity began to return, my grip of business and industry. And one day I went to one of those monks and said to him, 'See here. You want to let me move those prayer-wheels fifty yards lower down. It will give you a fall of another fifty feet. Or let me move them a hundred yards, and you'll have another twenty feet onto that, seventy feet in all, which will about double your power. And what's more, you've another stream, just as good, quite close, and a hundred men could dig a connecting trench in a day, or say ten days, working as the people you're likely to get will work; and that will double your power again. See?'

"I was speaking as much by signs as by the interpreter. The thing was such obvious sense there was nothing to argue about. But would they do it? They wouldn't even think about it. They wouldn't turn it over in their minds. Instead of thinking, they said it had always been like that. Instead of improving it, they said it was good enough for their fathers.

"I grant you the wisdom of the East: it had saved my reason. But when it comes to organization, you have to go a long way west for it. God's own country every time. And back to it I returned very soon after that. It wasn't that I was ungrateful, I owed them more than ever I can repay, but I couldn't stand their lack of horse sense.

You know, a man may have the wisdom of the ages and yet be unable to put gasoline into his car if his chauffeur isn't with him. It was the same with these people. I did all I could to teach them, but in the end I had to leave them alone to go their own way. It wasn't that I was ungrateful, and it wasn't that I was not happy there, but those absurd little prayer-wheels were more than I could stand. Why, they had the water-power for ten times the speed they were doing, and I could have quadrupled it in a day or two. But I told you that. And, mind you, all the time the rat was gaining on the wheel. Very slowly, but gaining. And they stood helpless, and letting nobody help them, because it had been good enough for their fathers. So that, even if I had been able to stand their obsolete way of doing things, the rat would have got me in the end, slipping in between thoughts a little bit quicker than the wheel, just before it completed its lazy revolution. So I came home to these dynamos. I took the little prayer-wheel with me and left them. I tried to get the monk that gave it me to come out here, to see what these dynamos could do. I wanted to pay his way across the world. But he wouldn't come, and so we parted forever; some slight regret on his part, as I always like to think; and I in tears.

"In three days I was out of the mountains, and in a few more down to the coast, twiddling my prayer-wheel day and night all the way. You'll wonder how I slept all the way from Bombay to London. That was a very small piece of inventiveness for a man who has controlled the businesses I have controlled. I fixed my prayer to the electric fan in my stateroom.

"And now you see these dynamos. All of them work to turn one wheel. And it's doing nine thousand revolutions a minute. My prayer is on that wheel.

"Not much chance for the rat. Not much chance for him to slip in a thought between one turn and the next. My prayer is down on him before he can dodge it.

"He may try to slip in sometimes. If I have been talking too much of him, as I have to-night, or remembering my time in India; then when my thoughts are all leaning his way he may make a grab at one of them before the wheel comes round, but he has to be mighty quick. And on just such a night as this, with all that talk about him, and calling to mind those days on the jewel-like Ganges and with the monks in the mountains, he might well be likely to try. But I take no chances. Smedgers," he called through the shutter. "Is Mr. Smedgers there?" And the man answered from the far end of the stable of those mighty dynamos.

"Accelerate," said Makins.

At once the drone of the dynamos rose to a wail, nearly drowning Makins' voice when he spoke again. "Get them up to twelve thousand," he shouted. Smedgers nodded. "For half an hour," Makins called down to him.

"Right, sir," shouted Smedgers.

"That will stop him," said the Electric King.

This is the story as Jorkens took it down, word for word, in shorthand, and it would have been printed years ago but for some doubt there chanced to be raised at the time as to whether or not the interview was authentic.



VERGIL, THE MODERN POET

BY JOHN ERSKINE

WHEN Vergil set himself to compose the "Æneid," his intention was to praise Rome at the moment when neither he nor any other sensible man could doubt that Rome was the most successful empire the world had yet seen. Most of the international accord we dream of to-day, Rome had achieved at least temporarily and, so far as Vergil knew, permanently. The known world was obedient to central control. The League of Nations was working. All roads quite literally led to the Forum. Over them daily, from the last horizon, came reports and tributes to the government supreme on the seven hills, and over them in return Rome spread to the four quarters the arts, the sciences, the religions of mankind. Through Rome had arisen order, communication, peace. What more could one ask?

Well, Vergil asked what it cost. The question has made him famous for nearly two thousand years. It makes him seem to-day the most representative of modern poets.

Had he been less than a great spirit he might have been content to praise such a climax in civilization as we have not yet been able to reach again. He knew that his city had given to the western world its missionary impulse, the urge to carry to other people whatever good it possessed. In this respect, he knew, Rome was superior even to Athens at its best. Athens built walls, Athens shut out the barbarian. Rome built roads Rome overcame the barbarian by making him Roman. During Vergil's lifetime Rome had become

aware of her mission and had given herself consciously to that vision of progress which still fascinates modern peoples—progress through expanding culture, expanding influence, broadening exchange.

But we shall be celebrating his anniversary this autumn precisely because he preferred to take for granted Rome's greatness and to consider rather the sacrifice and the sorrow by which it had been purchased.

In the cost of founding Rome Vergil included the sacrifices of those who had spread the Empire, and equally, the wounds of those barbarous people who had opposed its march and who had been conquered. He had in mind the devotion of soldiers and administrators, spending their lives in distant provinces, holding bleak frontiers, building their camps in dangerous forests, stretching the famous Roman roads into Gaul or northward toward the Germans. He counted precious the loyalty of those armies whose only reward would be the call to further service, of those non-commissioned officers, the centurions, whose loyalty has become a legend. He knew what we sometimes forget, that the Roman did not love fighting for its own sake, and perhaps for that very reason was a more terrible fighter.

At the other extreme of the imperial administration Vergil was near enough to Augustus and his counsellors to know what burden rested on the Emperor himself—what a mass of detail must be disposed of daily, how economically all waking moments must be used, how little opportunity there was for a private

life, how little chance of respite or reprieve. When Vergil wrote his poem he had learned with his own eyes that the Emperor was condemned by destiny to as little freedom as a prisoner in a jail. This aspect of the cost of building Rome, the sacrifice of the founders, he dramatized in the character of *Æneas*.

But it is remarkable that he dramatized also the suffering of those peoples whom Rome had conquered, that he did not blink the destruction which hitherto has been inevitable to progress. He had in mind particularly Rome's great rival, Carthage, the empire across the Mediterranean which Rome could not tolerate. He thought also of the native tribes in Gaul and Germany who would have preferred their own culture, their own freedom, their primitive simplicity to any benefits which a more highly organized civilization could confer. Rome gave them no choice.

And in Vergil's opinion, Rome had no choice. Civilization carries within itself the urge to expand, whether or not the method of the expansion is tragic. To build a city we must cut down the trees, ruin the landscape, bring noise and irritation where there was peace. This maladroitness and injustice in progress he dramatized in the character of Dido, Queen of Carthage; in Lavinia, the heiress to the Italian countryside; in Camilla, the lover of nature still unspoiled.

In raising the question of progress Vergil made himself the poet of times later than his own. So convincingly did he indicate the unanswerable tragedy of civilization that the early Church could point to him as a witness when it invited men to fix their hopes on another kingdom in another life. His glorification of the citizen's duty, of the Roman discipline, provided Dante, for example, with an image of the Christian service in the empire of the soul.

But those of us in these late times who are not content with the answer which St. Augustine and Dante gave to Ver-

gil's problem, who are not willing to admit that civilization may not some day be achieved here on earth without incidental grief and wreckage, are lured back to the "*Æneid*" by the fact that we have not yet a better account to give of ourselves than Vergil gave of Rome. If ever human society learns to be civilized without being cruel, Vergil's poem will be out of date. Meanwhile it will remain the most magnificent statement of our plight.

He, like us, assumed that what we call progress is desirable. He would have said in our terms that we must either go on or go back—there is no standing still, and that once we have taken the first steps we must persist to the end. To him, as to us, it seemed obviously better to organize the world than to leave it in primitive chaos. But he saw that once the attempt is made, we shall soon be asking alternate questions of hope or discouragement. If we believe in our civilization ought we not to spread it? If sanitation and hygiene are desirable should we not build water works and hospitals, and whatever goes with them? If we are comforted by our religion should we not carry it to the heathen? Yet the city which displaces the simple and primitive life will be less beautiful than the country. The soul of the heathen may be saved, but incidentally his character will frequently be ruined. He may accept our civilization, but he will probably lose his own; and sometimes the loss is more than he can survive. Is our progress then genuine? Is machinery an aid to us or a menace? Is a missionary imperialism justified, whether in the realm of economics or of the mind? Is the spread of civilization after all a good thing?

However sad these thoughts may be in themselves, and however melancholy Vergil may have been—a solitary dreamer, tradition says, even in the midst of society—yet he enjoyed what to poets must always seem a unique fortune. He arrived at the climax of

Roman greatness, not too soon to be conscious of the quality of that greatness, and not too late to be aware of the steps by which that greatness had been attained. He was a son of the people, born on a farm, but he became the friend of the rulers of the empire, of the Emperor himself. He had absorbed whatever was possible of that culture, Greek and Oriental, upon which Rome had laid hands, but he was alert to the horizons of his day, to the symptoms of a new world, to the consequences of the life he and his countrymen were leading.

It would have been privilege enough to sum up such a portion of human culture as included Greece and Rome; but this poet, precisely because he was sensitive to the weakness in the ancient world, became integrated in the new Christian tradition which tried to mend that weakness. Now that we realize that the weakness belongs to our civilization also, that our imperialism is only a development of the Roman and carries with it the same or greater cruelties, Vergil lives afresh as our poet.

II

Though his modernness is in the "Æneid," yet we can enjoy in the beautiful earlier poems two strains of his thought which recur to most of us in our youth, and which are brought together in the tragic dilemma which the "Æneid" presents. The "Eclogues" and the "Georgics" indicate Vergil's passion for the country life, for quiet, for landscape beauty, for contact with nature in its humblest form. They show also his preoccupation with science, whether purely speculative, as in the philosophy of Lucretius, or whether applied to the constructive administration of life. From these early poems we are prepared for the sort of hero Æneas is to be. Homer had little interest in the commissary of the Grecian fleet; Vergil will make Æneas a true Roman, concerned, like other actual commanders, more often about his supplies than about the fighting.

In these early poems we can guess at the inevitable conflict which will result from these two strains of thought—on one side the passion for nature and the poetic aspects of life, on the other side the passion for science and administration. In the "Eclogues," to be sure, he shows himself still too young to be disillusioned. He can still believe that a love of nature is not incompatible with the dream of modern civilization. He brings the interests of science into his most poetical mythology, with slight intimation of the discord. In the Sixth Eclogue, for example, we are told that one day when Silenus was sleeping in the woods the nymphs teased him by binding his hands and his feet, refusing to let him go until he should sing to them. He sang, says Vergil, how through the great void were gathered together seeds of earth and air, water and fire; how from these came all beginnings, and the world globed into a mass; how then the ground hardened and the waters came together; how each thing took its form, and the astonished earth first saw the sun shining, and rain dropping from the clouds; how then woods and plants began to rise, and living creatures moved upon the mountains.

In the Fourth Eclogue also Vergil has still the enthusiasm of youth. Few poems are so rich in magnificent lines or in stirring hopes. We are told that Vergil wrote it for his friend, C. Asinius Pollio, who was expecting the birth of a child. Vergil assumed that the infant would be a boy, and prophesied that during his lifetime the world would revert from the iron age back to the silver, and at last to the golden. Here is such a dream of human perfection as Shelley gave us in "Prometheus Unbound." Here also, as in Shelley, there is an implied criticism of modern society with its selfish wars and its still more selfish commerce. Yet there is a naïve hope that we can learn to use the good of modern science and discard the worst aspects of it. As Pollio's son grows to manhood, says the poet, the merchant

will no longer cross the waters to sell his goods. Every land will produce all it needs. Mankind will live happy in the spot where each was born, contemplating beauty and meditating wisdom.

The cheerfulness of such a poem as this is largely on the surface. Other poets besides Vergil had observed that commerce is only another form of war, sometimes not easily distinguished from it. Even in these early verses he assumes this ugly fact. Perhaps under the eloquence of his lines we are correct in discerning also the beginning of the melancholy which is to distinguish the "Æneid." His hope is for a golden age in which there shall be no toil, no commerce, no sorrow, yet he still wants a high development of the intellectual life, the speculations of science, the practical application of knowledge. But when, except in a poet's dream of a golden age, did the fruits of science result from anything but labor and patience and sorrow? Were we to live close to nature, we might have peace, but little opportunity to satisfy intellectual hunger.

This fact is clearly stated in the "Georgics," the great eulogy of the farmer's life, published when Vergil was forty-one, and written, we are told, to dissuade country youth from migrating to the city. The first two books deal with the cultivation of the soil and the raising of the crops; the third discusses the breeding of horses and cattle; the wonderful fourth book describes the habits of the bees—as wise and as spiritual an account as Maeterlinck's, and just as true, the bees not having changed their nature in two thousand years. For us the significant passage in the poem occurs at the end of the second book where Vergil in a famous burst of eloquence tells the farmers how happy they are if only they knew it. They are undisturbed, he says, by the evils of city life, by ambition, by envy of wealth, by the perils and annoyances of law suits, of travel, of commerce; poverty protects them against the murderer and

the thief. Logically, Vergil ought to say at this point that he himself desires to live in the country; but like many another man who has said kind words about the farm, he has no intention of returning to it. Between the love of the country and the desire for knowledge he has at last chosen what comes only through complex civilization. "As for me, my first wish is that the beloved muses may take me under their care and teach me the orbits of heaven, the stars, the eclipses of the sun, the wanderings of the moon, the causes of earthquakes, the shortening of winter days. But if my heart is too slow to master this science, let my delight (this is my second choice) be the country, the brooks, the woods, though I miss fame. Happy is the man who can understand the causes of things, who can rise above superstition and dread of destiny and fear of death. But happy too is he who knows the woodland gods, Pan and old Sylvanus and the nymphs."

When Vergil began the "Æneid" he had fully meditated the problem of civilization, and had realized that the kind of progress which he had expected to praise had been paid for with innumerable tears. There is a legend that he composed only a few verses every morning and polished them carefully through the day. From the poem one would think that he brooded even more on the subject matter than on the style. The much-quoted line with which the poem traditionally begins, though it was not the first in Vergil's own text, announces the subject of the poem as war, yet the "Æneid" is the least martial of poems. The words which the poet uses most frequently are "quiet" and "rest." His hero, much to the disappointment of school boys, has no enthusiasm for his part, no joy in his task, no gift for the heroic. It is easy for inexperience to prefer Achilles, who had the joy of life, to Æneas, who was ready to groan, to shed tears upon all occasions, to utter desperate, even frantic prayers.

Yet Æneas is a picture of modern

man. In Vergil's account he had no call to be a hero. What he was looking for when his career began was a strictly private life. Through no fault of his, Troy had been destroyed, and he had no ambition to build another city. His wife was dead; he had no wish to marry again. He was occupied with the natural duty of rescuing his father and his small son. Vergil shows us the three together fleeing from the burning walls, the extreme generations helpless, the middle generation sustaining a double burden. But when he reached the waterside with his two charges, Æneas found himself surrounded by people more helpless than himself who looked to him for guidance. Against his wish, and only for the moment, he became their leader. He planned no more than to aid them toward some island where the furious Greeks could not pursue. But having taken this humane and inevitable step, he was lost. The logic of that first gesture would at last involve him in the destruction of Dido, in the tragic marriage with Lavinia, in the splendid but sad founding of Rome.

Few of us know our destiny until it is practically achieved. We may make our choice in youth, but the world in which we are caught demands unexpected things of us; and in the end we respond. Æneas is more than half way through his adventures before he sees clearly what it is he has been doing and how far he must go. Vergil emphasizes this progress in three particular episodes, two of which, since they occur in the first half of the story, we may have read. Latin education in the United States usually takes leave of Æneas at the end of the sixth book, leaving him astonished and melancholy in Hades. In that visit to the lower world he first learned the meaning and the irony of his career, but the irony is even more strongly expressed in the earlier episode with Dido and in the later one with Lavinia—episodes which we, like the Roman reader, know have little to do with love.

When Æneas and his people land on

Dido's shores the poet wishes us to remember the tragic fate of Carthage. Had the poet been the shallow kind of patriot, he would have boasted of this terrific victory. He prefers rather to ask why the two empires might not have been friends, and whether Rome, which wiped out its rival, was necessarily a better empire. The question takes many forms. Why should the greatness of England have cost so much to Spain? Why should the coming of the white man to our land have meant the destruction of the Indian? Why should American civilization already seem ominous to other nations? The poet has no answer more than we, but he expounds the question with unique generosity. He concedes the injustice which accompanies modern progress; he represents Carthage in the person of Dido so that our sympathies are not with Æneas or Rome, and he lays the blame somewhat precariously upon the will of the gods, which is dangerously close to blind fate. What could be more natural for the Roman leader than to accept Dido's suggestion that he found his destined city on her shores? She is a lonely woman, a widow, with a responsibility too great for her. He is a lonely man, uncertain as to where his city should be located.

In describing the natural instinct which one would think would draw peoples together, peoples even of a different stock but caught in the same predicament, Vergil enriches his poem with the sort of psychology which is the fabric of much modern literature. He tells us that Dido, though faithful to the memory of her dead husband, had reached that time of early middle age when she was particularly lonely. As she listened to Æneas, telling the story of his adventures, she held on her lap his small son. The god of love took the place of the child and inflamed Dido's heart—or, as we should say, the lonely woman was touched by this sight of childhood, and wished for children of her own. She told her state of mind to her

sister Anna, in a passage the subtlety of which Dante imitated in his *Vita Nuova*. She had thought, she said, to have loved once only, as a noble person should, but now, having met Æneas, she recognizes the ancient symptoms repeating themselves. Her sister's advice is excellent but, as it appears later, tragic. She tells Dido that perhaps she ought to marry this man, even at some sacrifice of her most intimate feelings. It is her duty to protect the people, to give them a capable leader, to bear children who may continue the dynasty.

So she determines to marry Æneas, in a quite modern fashion, before he is aware of her intention. She permits him to think that he did the proposing when they were caught in the convenient cavern during the thunder storm. In this episode too Æneas is Roman rather than heroic or romantic. He marries her in the hope of bringing peace to his people. But the two races, in spite of good will, cannot mix. They remain distinct, with different traditions. The poet says a messenger from Heaven asked Æneas why he wasted his time founding a city for the Carthaginians. We understand this illumination as a quite natural discovery on Æneas's part, that certain racial elements cannot mix. As a private individual, he owes something to Dido; but as private individuals we always acknowledge a human relation with other races; as private individuals we should never go to war. But as the leader of his people, driven by their destiny, he deserts Dido and sets sail for Italy. She kills herself. In the lower world he meets her ghost, and Vergil puts into his mouth words singularly human and unheroic, such a mixture of truth and self-excuse as nationalistic historians usually achieve. "Unhappy Dido," he says, "was the rumor true then that you are dead? That you killed yourself? I heard of it. Was it on account of me? I swear by all that's sacred, I hated to leave you, but the will of the gods which compels me now to pass through this shadowy

land, through darkness and death, compelled me then. I had no idea you would take it so hard. Do not go! Whom are you fleeing? We shall never have another chance to talk." Reduced to plain terms, this is what Æneas says to the unhappy ghost—in the circumstances a rather shabby speech, but there are tears in his eyes; and we feel that he as well as Dido is the victim of fate.

The episode of Lavinia, which occupies the second half of the epic, is meant to balance ironically this story of Dido. Having deserted the woman who loved him, Æneas in the end accomplishes the founding of Rome by uniting himself with the woman who did not. King Latinus, with his wife Amata, rules a happy people on the Italian shore. Their destiny seems complete without Æneas. The Princess Lavinia is betrothed to Turnus, and her parents approve the union. Deep in the forests lives Camilla, the huntress, the embodiment of the beauty and innocence of the wilderness before civilization has spoiled it. When Æneas arrives the old king recognizes in him a blood relative; however remote, they have the same ancestry. Once more the wandering leader is invited to build his city and settle his people, but now the very kinship which removes the difficulty he found in alien Carthage, suggests—even forces—a partnership which neither side really wishes. The betrothal to Turnus is broken, and the tearful Lavinia is promised to the Trojan prince. Naturally Turnus fights for his love; Camilla aids him for the sake of the landscape which must be destroyed to make way for this approaching empire, and naturally they both lose. After they are dead the gloomy wedding takes place, and Æneas presents his sorrowful bride, among other gifts, with a scarf which Dido once gave him. He probably has forgotten where it came from.

When I was a student some of my teachers tried to show me that Turnus was the villain of the poem; since he opposed the will of the gods, they said, he

deserved defeat and death at the hands of Æneas. I am quite sure now that Vergil meant nothing of the kind. Turnus loses not because he is less of a man than Æneas, but because he is on the losing side. In the death struggle of modern empires the virtues of the individuals have less to do with the outcome than the strange aggregate of forces which, looking back, we call fate. Robert Lee lost not because he was inferior to Grant, but because he was on the side which could not win. Washington won not because he had the better army, but because he was on the side which could not lose.

III

To state the matter so is to challenge all the comfort in the theory of progress, but that is precisely the challenge which Vergil's poem makes. If the challenge were not clear in these two great episodes of Dido and Lavinia, ironically opposed, it would be unescapable in the vision of Rome's future which Æneas enjoys in the sixth book. There in the lower world his father is busy contemplating his yet unborn descendants. Step by step he sees the empire rise to material and spiritual achievements, and the end of the immense toil will be to produce a great race—as the Roman would say with us, to produce the highest type of human character. In the vision this type is produced at last in the person of Marcellus, the nephew of Augustus, who was to have been his heir and successor. Marcellus, by general consent, was the ideal Roman. But he died young. At the close of the vision the famous lines in his memory, one of the most inspired of elegies, sum up ironically the hopes of human greatness.

Two episodes of this vision emphasize still further the message of the poem. For a nation or civilization devoted to imperialism there is only one absorbing task—call it government or organization, or efficiency—it all comes to the same thing. When Vergil wrote he was

aware of the place which Rome would hold in history, he knew what traits Roman civilization had developed at the expense of what others. He lets old Anchises say, "Other peoples shall excel in sculpture, in oratory, in science. Remember, O Roman, your peculiar art, the art to rule, to found peace upon law, to be merciful to weaker peoples, to overthrow in war, if need be, the arrogant." Here is such an apology as we should make for ourselves to-day in America. Others excel us in art, but our business is to do the work of the world and make it safe for democracy. The defense is as well meaning now as it was two thousand years ago.

The other episode in the vision of the sixth book is so ironical as to seem bitter. Æneas sees the souls who have resided in the other world for a thousand years now crowding to the river to be born again and to revisit the world. He asks his father to explain this mad desire for life. His father tells him the cycle through which the soul passes, with this biting remark at the end, that they must drink of the river Lethe and forget before they can desire to return to the body.

When Vergil died suddenly, at the age of fifty, he left directions that the manuscript of the "Æneid" should be destroyed. Perhaps he was aware of imperfections in it which escape our notice. Perhaps he felt that his praise of Rome had ended in a conclusion more gloomy than he wished. The Emperor Augustus caused the poem to be given to the world. One admires the magnanimity of an Emperor and the intelligence of a public that could recognize justice in such a portrait of their civilization. We wonder whether they recognized also the love as well as the pity for man, the yearning for beatitude rather than for success, the spiritual majesty, which we find in the poem. Or is it only after two thousand years of history that these splendid verses have learned to reflect the image of our modern soul?



VIOLETTE

A STORY

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

THE passage of Violette Maucourt through the world of political journalism created not a little stir in its time. For three years she was everywhere—at international conferences, at the League meetings in Geneva, at the centers of postwar trouble here, there, and the next place—and then she was seen no more. The last I heard of her, a year or two ago, she was teaching school in her native Rouen. Our confrères never did understand exactly why she appeared and vanished with such definite completeness. To this day in the bar of the Victoria at Geneva or of the Adlon in Berlin you will hear the correspondents of English, French, American, German, South American newspapers saying, “I wonder what ever happened to that pretty little French girl who used to work for the *Réveil Parisien*? Best woman correspondent I’ve ever seen”—and other compliments of a doubtful nature.

It scarcely matters how I came to know the story of Violette, by what chance encounters in Constantinople and elsewhere, by what bits from Picard and bits from Eversleigh I formed such a coherent idea of what happened to her. The fact is that now I think I understand the motive and manner of her departure: every step of the thing is as clear to me as if I had assisted at it all. I can see her, a slim red-haired young thing in a pale green dress, standing on the glassed-in terrace of the Palace Hotel at Lausanne, staring out at that hillside of gardens and moonlight with

the most scentless and moonless thoughts imaginable. No great issues were determined by her decision, but I am sure that when she made up her mind it was the result of a genuine, if unexpressed, communication with a larger reality of existence. I think what happened was that she saw her own life and its governing impulses very clearly from the outside for a few moments—long enough, that is, to spurn it forever.

She began by being a poet. That was before any of us knew her. She was a French girl of good Norman family who inexplicably produced a volume of delicate and rather beautiful verse at the age of twenty. Her poetry was successful enough to bring her up to Paris for a prolonged visit, on which she met and married, under circumstances of the most unimpeachable respectability, Armand Maucourt of the *Réveil Parisien*. He was one of those sharp, hard, bright phrase-makers whose columns of political comment are so often the terror of French politicians; more than once he and Picard between them had produced a government crisis. Maucourt survived the marriage only a year, and when he expired in the midst of a Venizelist *coup d’état* in Athens, his widow promptly continued his work where he had left off. Her dispatches to the *Réveil Parisien* were not even interrupted by the funeral, and she was the first person in the whole international press to obtain a comprehensive interview with the Cretan on his return.

It was considered very callous of

Violette to throw herself so suddenly into her husband's work; but the charitable were inclined to believe that she did it under the nervous compulsion to do something. In any case her work was first-rate (better, many people thought, than Maucourt's own), and when she at last returned to Paris she found that his job was hers. One of her first achievements thereafter was the overthrow of the Briand government after the Conference at Cannes. She was at Cannes (she, too, could play golf) and was one of the group of three or four French political correspondents whose bitter dispatches caused such excitement in Paris. The Premier returned to Paris suddenly, walked into the Chamber, made a speech, and resigned without even asking for a vote of confidence. It was a matter of public knowledge that this result had been brought about by the terrific sarcasm which animated the daily articles of Violette and Picard and that other writer who uses a Roman word for signature.

This was a great triumph for Violette. After Cannes she went everywhere. She was very pretty, very chic, very clever, and the only woman political correspondent at that time in Europe. Naturally she became a celebrity in her own world. Conferences happened with bewildering frequency in those days; there was current some sort of Gallic superstition about a thing called "reparations"; and at close intervals the statesmen of all the Western Powers would abandon the affairs of their governments in order to huddle together and discuss the Great Unknown. At a time when magic formulas about "gold marks" and "paper marks" empoisoned the air, and the lowest term in diplomatic arithmetic was a thousand millions, Violette kept her head. With brilliance, precision, and pertinacity she continued to disbelieve in it all. There was something uncanny in her instinct for sham; she seemed almost to possess an intuition, a power independent of the reasoning faculty, which warned

her of the presence of anything bogus. And since practically everything is bogus at an international conference, this came to be recognized as her characteristic attitude. It wasn't cynicism; it happened quite apart from her conscious opinions or wishes; and certainly—clever as she was—she had no staggering powers of mind. An easy way to label the quality would be to call it "woman's intuition," which it may possibly have been.

At any rate, when she came to the Lausanne Peace Conference at the end of three years of this sort of thing, she was one of the most remarkable young women in Europe. She had been everywhere and knew everybody she needed to know. Her faculty for acquiring information was fabulous; often we had to wait until the *Réveil Parisien* arrived to learn something of importance we ought to have known the day before. Violette would always give the rest of us whatever she had, however—if she happened to see us and happened to think of it.

"By the way," she would say, tapping her cigarette holder on the side of her pert little nose, "I dare say you know that Curzon's going home to-morrow? He's fed up, I expect. Needs a change of air. There's too much oil in Lausanne."

That was the sort of English she spoke, easy and casual, not as if it hurt. Her French was very pure and precise, but equally effortless. And her clothes—well, after Violette appeared at the first important party at the Beau Rivage half of the women there sent to Paris for more dresses. She used to be asked out to dinner with such regularity that in my opinion she never paid for more than one meal a week, exclusive of breakfasts. I hope she made due allowance for this on her expense account.

She wasn't much of a barfly. Occasionally she would go into the bar of the Palace Hotel for a cocktail or a glass of sherry with a fellow-journalist, but generally she stayed away from such

professional places of assembly. After the warm weather began (and you may remember that the Lausanne Conference lasted a long time) she used to be seen at tea under the trees in the garden of the Beau Rivage, sitting with one or two of the younger members of the delegations. She appeared for several months to be remarkably impartial as to nationality; she would have tea with the Turks and dinner with the British and luncheon the next day with the Italians; and they all caused her equal amusement. With the Americans she played tennis, and used to beat them at it, too. The one delegation with which she did not seem to be on the easiest terms was the French; but this was obviously because they were afraid of her, and it detracted nothing from her general popularity. The most extraordinary thing was that in spite of her youth and good looks there was no scandal about Violette in all this time. How strange and rare this is can be appreciated by anybody who has lived for weeks or months on end in the atmosphere of an international conference in a place like Lausanne. Those calm and beautiful surroundings, leafy gardens above a flat blue lake, called for some sort of romanticism. And since most people in the diplomatic world were too elderly or too careful to enjoy less devious expressions of the romantic impulse, they took it out in gossip.

It was in late May or early June that Violette Maucourt and young Eversleigh suddenly became the main subject of Lausanne's lighter conversation. Eversleigh was a secretary of low rank in the British delegation, and couldn't possibly have been in the Foreign Office for more than a year. He was one of those tall, bleak, blue-eyed, blond young Englishmen who look so much alike that they ought to be distinguished by numbers rather than names. Every conference has a certain number of these, and Violette must have known dozens of them in the preceding three or four years. Yet in that utterly unac-

countable way women have she fell in love with this particular one. I say fell in love, and I feel sure the statement is sound; she made no very public pronouncement on the subject, and was always (or almost always) correctness itself under observation, but just the same she was in love. It showed itself at first only by a certain added brilliance and intensity when Eversleigh was around. Later they took to dancing together a great deal, and having occasional meals; and presently they both began refusing invitations in order to go off to Pouilly and places like that together to dine alone. Sometimes they could be seen tramping along the road by the lake, miles from anywhere, simply drifting through the heavenly weather of a warm spring at Lausanne. On such occasions they appeared not even to recognize the interested observers who passed them so often in motor cars.

Naturally this aroused excitement in the small world of the conference hotels and gardens. At the Palace, where the French and Turkish delegations and most of the journalists lived; at the Beau Rivage, which rejoiced in the patronage of the British, Americans, Italians, and Rumanians; and even at the Royal, which housed only the Greeks, there was the liveliest interest in Violette Maucourt and her blossoming romance. The altogether exceptional character of Violette was not alone responsible for this; Eversleigh was, in spite of looking exactly like all the other young men from the Foreign Office, rather a personage in his own way. For one thing, his father was a peer of very high rank, which gave him one of those elegant and improbable courtesy titles (his name was actually Lord George Eversleigh). For another thing, he was engaged to be married to the daughter of a still more important personage, and everybody knew the wedding was supposed to take place as soon as the conference ended.

Under these circumstances the social life of Lausanne became almost pleasur-

able. Bored ladies of the European delegations, who had scarcely enjoyed anything since the assassination of the Bolshevik delegate, were now to be seen putting their heads together with the utmost maliciousness and *engouement* every time Violette and Eversleigh appeared. It was said that things had gone very far indeed. It was said that the head of the British delegation (not—fortunately for young Eversleigh—not the terrifying Curzon, who had departed long ago) had reprimanded the boy for making a show of himself. It was further said that the boy had made a very unbecoming reply to the head of his delegation, and that if matters did not improve before long somebody would have to write to His Nibs, the boy's father, and see what could be done. The delighted ladies of the European delegations were of the opinion that the projected marriage would have to be postponed or even broken off; and they were grateful to Providence for having given them the privilege of witnessing what London and Paris could hear about only from them.

The situation was in this stage when I dined one evening with Violette and her young man. It happened quite by accident, and I can assure you I did not enjoy it; I was as superfluous as any elderly bore is likely to be on such occasions. But I couldn't help myself. There I was sitting by the lake on the terrace of that tiny restaurant at Pouilly, when in came Violette and Eversleigh. The place is minute—there are only four or five tables—and it was impossible for us not to dine together. If they had taken a table by themselves I couldn't have avoided hearing every word they said.

Violette realized this at once.

"Oh, hello, Mr. Turner," she said in the most natural way in the world. "Are you dining alone? Do you mind if we join you? Isn't this a divine little place? We've walked all the way from Lausanne through the most interminable sunset. I'm famished."

"The food's marvelous here," said Eversleigh gloomily.

I was sorry for him but there was nothing I could do. The waiter brought another chair and more hors d'œuvres (I had just begun to eat when they came in). The table was bang-up against the wall of the little garden, and on the other side of the wall Lake Geneva was looking, for once, absolutely enchanting. The sun was not quite all gone, and what was left of it turned the quiet sea into shimmers of opal and pearl. That night there was something very dreamy, almost Italian, about it, although I must say I think it generally a most uninteresting body of water. Under the circumstances I was terribly sorry for Violette and Eversleigh, who certainly ought to have been dining alone. To make matters worse, some fool in a boat out on the lake began to sing in a liquid, heart-breaking voice which was carried to us faintly and beautifully through the watery sunset light. It was all too unbearably romantic, and I had no business being there at all.

"How did you happen to come out here alone?" Violette asked, beginning on her radishes. "Are you being melancholy about something?"

"No," I said, "only bored and old. I've had enough of Lausanne. It seems to me I've been here forever. Do you think these infernal treaties will be made by Christmas?"

"I don't know," she said. "Picard thinks we shall still be here in August."

"I certainly hope so," said Eversleigh. After he had spoken he seemed to perceive that his speech revealed a state of mind; he blushed and attacked the hors d'œuvres with vigor.

Well, of course it was all right for them, staying in Lausanne. I tried to imagine—and couldn't—what love in such an ultra-appropriate setting would be like. I had to cast my mind back a good many years to think of anything I could relate to these two. They were so young that obviously the water and sky and the leaves of the trees must

merge for them into a general promise of happiness. Things which I observed, they felt; the difference is incalculable. They hardly appeared to notice the exquisite light on sea and opposite mountain; and yet this light, all these tremulous intensities, were certainly component parts of their June enchantment. I wondered if their fates would have been the same if they had met in Paris or Rome or in my native Iowa. It is always so difficult to tell just how and why anything happens; any event is mysterious enough, God knows, but none so mysterious as the event called falling in love.

"I really do like Swiss butter," said Eversleigh, "more than almost anything."

Violette suddenly began to do her celebrated imitation of Poincaré. She made a long speech about Swiss butter, talking through her pretty little nose in the style of the French statesman. "*Au fur et à mesure des paiements de l'Allemagne . . .*" It was really very funny and we all laughed a good deal. Then Eversleigh told us the latest stories of the British delegation, and we discussed the deafness of Ismet Pasha and the decorations of the Beau Rivage ballroom, and presently the sun went away and left us there in the soft, luminous dark of the stars. I was consumed with pity for Violette in particular. Eversleigh would probably get over it in time, I thought—no British diplomatist can afford to cherish a despair—but what of poor Violette? She had been conspicuously free from sentimental entanglements ever since I had known her. Now she had got herself into a perfectly appalling mess, and I failed to see how she was going to get out of it without suffering severe damage. If Eversleigh had not been so publicly and solemnly betrothed to a lady of high degree there would have been no very important reason why he shouldn't marry Violette: she was far nicer than most of the wives one saw about. But for Eversleigh to marry her now would be a

scandal of ruinous proportions. And in any case Violette was too French, too bourgeoisie, to permit him such a sacrifice. I felt perfectly sure that there was no idea of marriage in her head. Whatever the issue might be, she could not take a course which involved the rearrangement of other people's lives, the disturbance of hopes and plans in which she had no share.

They were not monotonously blissful. No, indeed; it was something much more revelatory than that. They alternated all through dinner between states of bliss and states of obvious despair. For example, when Violette reached for another radish and found them all gone, Eversleigh, having consumed the last one, looked suicidally unhappy. A nothing could give them these exquisite variations from one intensity to its opposite: so subtle, strong, and strange is the hyperæsthesia caused by romantic absorption in another human being. At times during the dinner I simply ceased to exist for them, and I must say that these were the only times when I felt really comfortable.

At last the meal was over. It was a soft and starry night and they were going to walk all the way back to Lausanne. As we rose from the table Violette and I were left alone a moment by Eversleigh. She stood quiet, looking at the lake. She had on an uncolored linen dress and a flopping wide hat; she was all simplicity, uncertainty, and I could not help touching her hand in a fatherly way. When she spoke there was a little catch in her voice. I am still very susceptible to catches in the voice.

"Oh, Turner dear," she said swiftly, "tell me, when you were younger, on a night like this, did you ever want time to stop dead still forever . . . nothing to happen any more at all?"

"I can scarcely remember," I said, "but I know what you mean."

"*Ça serait si beau!*" she said vaguely to the silent water. "*Si beau!*"

I got into my car and went chugging back to Lausanne, leaving them far be-

hind. They walked home, no doubt, through the lush springing stars, unaware of their divine ridiculousness. They had put me into such a mood of melancholy sentiment that when I got back to the Palace Hotel I had several whiskies and argued politics until far into the night with some truculent Turks. This was a great waste of time (Who can argue with a Turk?) but it was better than remaining hypnotized by the spectacle of Violette and her young man. The next day I saw them at tea at the Beau Rivage and ran away from them. At my age such emotions are too exhausting to be endured more than about once a month.

It was perhaps a week later—some time early in July—that matters came to a climax in the affairs of Violette. It happened on the night of a large party at the Beau Rivage, one of those hotel dances which the conference attended *en masse*. The Americans, the British, the Italians, and the Rumanians all had large dinner parties that night, and afterwards they took their guests into the ballroom to dance. I am not quite sure now which dinner party Violette went to, but it seems to me it was the Rumanian one: the Rumanians always had the best luck in the way of guests, and the least formality with them. Eversleigh was, of course, with the British, and I happened to be with the Americans. When we came into the ballroom the British were already there, and I could see that young Eversleigh was as nervous as a cat. He kept watching all the doors, which was rather hard on the ladies he was supposed to be talking to. There were so many doors. Finally Violette came in with her party—a dozen people of all nationalities, among whom she moved with her customary grace. It was probably imagination, but I thought there was just a touch of lassitude, of melancholy, which made this familiar manner of hers even more attractive to-night. She wore a pale-green dress with white roses on the shoulder in the American fashion; she had

picked up a good many Americanisms, Anglicanisms, Italianisms in the past few years. Her hair—that marvelous red hair of hers, so smooth and glowing—was worn very tight to her head; skin and eyes had a curiously living texture to them. It was almost as if she knew something important, something definite, was going to happen. I am sure there wasn't a prettier woman in the room, or a more interesting one. Everybody looked at Violette these days. Not even the most exalted personages could pretend unawareness of her. This wasn't altogether because of the growing scandal about Eversleigh; it was also because Violette's beauty had become something really thin, rare, and lyric of late. The whole thing was too outrageously romantic, too perfectly composed, set, and illustrated, not to be a source of envious delight to all who witnessed its development.

Eversleigh made a bee line for Violette as soon as he could, which was in about ten minutes. They danced together once and then vanished in the direction of the garden. For what happened afterwards I must ask you to take my word without inquiring too closely into my sources of information. As I have already told you, the thing took shape in my mind bit by bit, fragment by fragment, and at that time I saw and understood nothing. I did get to know Eversleigh pretty well afterwards in Constantinople, if that's any help to you; and old Picard told me a few things, and by and large I feel that my version of the affair must be the correct one.

When they walked out into the garden they were at the apex, at the crazy very summit, of the painful ascent called love. Eversleigh could scarcely speak at all. Violette tried to talk in the usual way about what had taken place at her dinner party, repeated some of the witticisms of the witty Rumanian minister, told a story about the one impassive Turk, very *ancien régime*, who had been there at the enemy's board. But such conversation was no good to them.

They walked about among the trees from dark to light and back again. There were a fair number of other people wandering in that garden, since it was a warm night; but at a given moment they came to a place which seemed impenetrably hidden. Here Eversleigh broke down.

"Darling, darling," he said.

He swept her off her feet and they were entangled in one of those furious embraces which a man of my age can scarcely remember, much less describe. How long this continued I am unable to say, but when he could speak again Eversleigh began to plead wildly with her, *à la cantonade*, and she to resist.

"I can't stand it," he said, among other things. "I love you too much. I don't care what we do but we must get away from all this and live our lives in our own way, dearest. I don't care about my silly career. I want to chuck it and be happy. Darling, darling, I *can't* marry that silver statue I'm engaged to. I *can't* go on like this. The only thing I want in the world is you. You can't be happy otherwise, either. There's plenty of money. We can go to Italy or Greece. We can get married and forget that there was ever anything but ourselves in the world. . . ."

And so on.

To me the most astonishing thing in the whole business has always been the behavior of Eversleigh. You know the sort of man he is: infinitely noble, with an eyeglass and a Curzonian voice. I never can quite bring myself to believe that these handsome imperial instruments share in the ordinary human passions, but the evidence in this particular case is overwhelming. Eversleigh was prepared to do all the things his own people considered intolerable: he wanted to break the most solemn and public sort of engagement (thereby probably ruining the life of the distinguished young lady in London), "chuck" his career and run off to some vague Arcadian pasture with Violette. Neither of them was what you would call an eloping kind of person.

Violette had the tyrannical sense of propriety which afflicts everybody born into the old bourgeoisie of France; a hundred grandmothers revolted in her at the least mention of anything unsuitable to her standards or condition. Besides, she loved the boy, and from her point of view she could only ruin him by the course he begged her to take. And as for Eversleigh, if anybody else had done what he now wished to do, he would have said "Damned cad" several times in extreme contempt and cut the blighter off his list of acquaintance. They were both behaving in the highly uncharacteristic manner produced by such abnormal psychological states. I tremble to think of what the results might have been for them if Eversleigh had won. Trailing in Byronic decadence from town to town in Italy and Greece, growing steadily more fed up with each other, Violette longing for her own work and he for his . . . ugh! No; you can never make a pattern out of an accident.

She won, of course. With great tenderness, but very firmly, she talked to him about responsibility. She pointed out how impossible it would be for either of them to be happy upon the basis of other people's unhappiness. She even went so far as to mention the transitory nature of desire and the extreme insecurity of relationships established by it. This superinduced another outburst from Eversleigh. But when it was over she had not altered her intentions, although she was willing to grant, to save argument, that he might conceivably love her forever. She held to the opinion that the best thing they could do would be to see each other no more.

It took every ounce of energy she possessed to accomplish this. Of course she wanted to do what he asked; her desperate, reeling senses were his allies. But her conduct of life (like her work) obeyed some sort of exterior rule. What she wanted to do had simply no relation to what she ultimately and permanently did. Perhaps it was those

hundred grandmothers; but at any rate she held firm.

Along towards the end of this very fatiguing scene Violette mentioned that she had a career, too.

"Your career . . . !" said Eversleigh, savage and white-faced. "Your career! It's the only kind of career in the world that's sillier than my own. We at least try to get something done: all you do is talk about it."

She was silent; she really did not care much about her career at that moment or what he said about it. But he was swift to beg her pardon, and every change of this sort was the pretext for more embraces. She did not resist them; she was very tired.

But what was this? What was he telling her?

He was telling her something designed to make up for what he had said about her career. He was giving her information—very important information.

Perhaps you remember that in the last phase of the Peace Conference at Lausanne one of the chief questions in dispute was that of the Ottoman Debt. The old Ottoman Empire owed a great deal of money borrowed before the War, and the new Turkey was very reluctant to pay any more than was absolutely necessary. Most of the debt was owed to the French, who always have had a strange propensity for making bad loans. The French said that this old debt ought to be paid in gold francs, since it had been contracted in prewar francs. The Turks said that it should be paid in paper francs, since the depreciation of the franc was not Turkey's affair. If you asked me now I should be quite unable to tell you how the thing was finally decided; but in those days it preoccupied us all a good deal, and many a weary week was spent in arguing the point. The difference to the French bondholders ran into many millions, and whatever decision was made would inevitably have a great effect on the Paris stock exchange and probably on the fortunes of the French government of the

day. It really was the most troublesome question the French had to work on during those endless last weeks of the conference. The attitude of the British was likely to be, of course, a determining factor in the affair. The British had avoided taking position hitherto; they were anxious to conciliate the angry Turks and afraid of irritating a fretful ally.

What Eversleigh was telling Violette in the garden of the Beau Rivage under such highly improper conditions was that the British delegation had decided to throw the full weight of their influence on the side of the Turks on this question of the Ottoman Debt, in exchange for some concession they wanted in another field of debate.

The thing shook Violette out of her trance.

"But dearest," she said, "what on earth are you telling me? Do you realize what you're saying? It's sure to be the end of Poincaré if he has to give in. Are you telling me a secret? How secret is it?"

"Oh, nobody outside our delegation knows it yet," Eversleigh said. "Neither the Turks nor the French know it. It won't be communicated to them until to-morrow morning. Then in the afternoon it will be announced in plenary session. The thing's a deadlock, you see, and we've got to do something one way or the other. The Turks have made an interesting proposal, and we're going to accept it and back them."

"Well, what do you expect me to do about it?" she asked.

"Write it," he said. "It's my contribution to your career. I give it to you gladly. You'll be the only journalist in the world who knows it tonight. To-morrow they'll all get it in the *communiqué*."

"But I don't understand," she said slowly. "Why are you telling me this? Are you authorized to tell me? If I write about it in the *Réveil Parisien* everybody in all the delegations will know I learned it from you. The effect in Paris would be serious."

"I know," he said. "I understand all that. But don't you realize that I love you? I adore you. If your career is important to you it's important to me too. I'd do anything for you, dearest, anything."

This went on for a while longer, but at last they came to their senses and realized that they could not stay out in the garden all night. When they returned to the ballroom about a third of the crowd had gone home. Violette was pale, exhausted; Eversleigh looked rather grim and heroic. Everybody in the place stared at them as they came in. It was the most shocking thing they had done yet, going out in the garden and spending hours there when they weren't even members of the same party. Eversleigh was greeted with a distinct chill when he returned to the British table. Violette had better luck: the kind and clever Rumanian minister (unless it was the clever and kind Italian delegate) instantly asked her to dance with him, thus showing that in his opinion she had a perfect right to spend the whole evening in the garden if she pleased.

She was too tired to stay long, however, and very soon she pulled her shawl about her and went home. Her host sent her up the hill in his Rolls-Royce, although some more important guests had to walk; that was the sort of thing people were always doing for Violette. On the way up to the Palace her journalistic instincts were reviving confusedly, but with increasing strength. Presently she began to make little phrases. "*Cette intelligence britannique, qui a toujours su qu'on paie mieux avec l'argent des autres . . .*" What an article she could make of it! The thing marshalled itself in her mind: a cruel, biting article it would be, bladeliike. Just one column long. She would tell them to throw away the one she had telegraphed in the afternoon; this should be dictated by telephone. It was not yet one o'clock and there was plenty of time. She would begin by stating the fact (this was one of the practices which

made Violette unique in French political journalism: she always began by stating the fact). Then she would lash out against the selfishness and perfidy of the British, the rapacity of the Turks, and the stupid weakness of the French. She would show that the French taxpayer, the French citizen, who had ultimately to pay for all this folly and crime, had been deceived in the quality of his leaders and allies. This was just the sort of article she did best: sarcastic, bitter, incisive. She took an extraordinary delight in it; it made her relive all the moments of her keenest critical assurance. After all, she had done a great deal at Cannes to bring down the Briand government; could she not now bring down the Poincaré government from Lausanne? It was not impossible. Certainly the government ought to have had sense enough to realize that they could never count on the British, and arrange to meet some such crisis as this. Now they would be caught napping; they would lose hundreds of millions of the savings of the French people in a perfectly indefensible piece of diplomatic chicanery. Her indignation mounted as she reached the top of the hill. She got out of the minister's car and ran upstairs to her room on the first floor of the Palace, intent on the article which had already taken form in her mind.

The Palace Hotel had arranged a special room for the journalists during the conference. Two girls from the post office were on duty in this room until half past one in the morning, putting calls through to Paris. Practically all the French, Americans, and British sent their material out in this way; it was swifter and cheaper than the telegraph. The correspondents' telephone room was on the ground floor in a sort of glassed-in terrace, not far from the bar.

Violette telephoned down from her room to ask one of the girls at the desk to stay overtime for her. She would have an article to telephone to Paris,

she said, before two o'clock. Meanwhile she asked them to put a call through, warning her office that it was coming and that it would be important enough to hold the paper for.

Then she went to work with rapid pen on hospitable foolscap paper. The phrases came surging out on the paper with breathless ease; the article wrote itself. Nobody escaped: the British, the French, the Turks, even those who had had little to do with the affair, such as the Americans and the Italians, received their deserts. (I saw the article the next day and can testify that it was the most brilliant and devastating column Violette ever wrote.) When she had finished she went downstairs without rereading the piece and made her way to the telephone room. As soon as she appeared, the girl at the desk put in a call for the *Réveil Parisien* in Paris.

Communication was very swift at that hour of the morning. In two minutes the call would come through. There was nobody else in the room, and Violette stood by the opened casement looking down the hill towards the shining moon upon the lake.

It was then that everything happened to her. She thought of Eversleigh. She had completely forgotten Eversleigh while she was writing the article—but completely, completely, even though he was the most important object in the perceptible world. Now, as she stood looking out at moon and lake, he came back to her with all the importunate anguish of reality. Why did such things happen? She wanted to go to Italy with him, to Greece or wherever he pleased, to escape from the encompassing contrariety of circumstance. The trees of the garden all moved and whispered in the warm night.

Why had Eversleigh told her about his delegation's decision on the Ottoman Debt? Why? Was it not clear . . . too clear?

The perception of what it would mean to him reached her very suddenly. He would be disgraced, dismissed. Every-

body would know he had told her. It would be the end of his career, or at least would make it far easier for him to end his career himself. Thus everything he wanted—everything she wanted too, yearning as she did now over the tops of the trees to the silver shadows on the lake below—everything would be within their grasp. She leaned weakly against the casement. Oh, God, she thought, why do such things happen?

"Your Paris call, madame," said the girl at the telephone.

Violette hesitated only a moment. Convulsively, with unneeded energy, she took the pages of foolscap she had written on and tore them down the middle and threw them on the floor, where they lay derelict, so many silly scraps of paper. All those phrases. She passed her hand over her hair and turned to the telephone.

"I called to tell you that I am ill and can't go on working," she said to the man who came to take dictation at the Paris end. "I must leave Lausanne to-morrow. That's all. Don't argue. Good-by."

She came back from the booth slowly. The girl at the telephone was jamming on her hat, ready to depart.

"You look ill, madame," she said sympathetically.

"Do I?" said Violette.

She stood by the casement window again. Picard—good old Picard, one of the keenest of French journalists and a fanatical admirer of Violette's—came in and watched her.

"You don't look well, Violette," he said.

She turned around, startled.

"No," she said. "I don't see how I could."

She was pale under her smooth red hair and her eyes were very tired.

"I've had enough, Picard," she said listlessly. "I'm going home."

"What's the matter?" said Picard.

"You need a little rest, of course. I suppose you wrote a scathing attack on everybody to-night. I'm sure I did."

She looked at him, puzzled.

"Why?" she asked very softly, her eyes growing wider.

"I mean, of course, about the Ottoman Debt," he said. "You got that, certainly? The English have decided to support the Turks against us, and we're sure to lose now. The Turks learned the news to-night and communicated it to the whole press."

She was looking very odd, he thought. She even staggered a little and leaned more heavily against the casement.

"So you all knew that," she said. Then she laughed. Picard says it was a woeful little laugh. "I didn't send anything about it," she said. "Poor *Réveil Parisien*! That's what they get for having a woman as correspondent."

"It's not too late," said Picard, picking up the sheets of foolscap from the floor. "This is your article, isn't it? I'll go down to the post office and telephone it for you."

"No," she said, frowning intently. "Don't do that. I've just done a rather decent thing and I'm not going to spoil it now. I don't care what happens to the *Réveil Parisien*. Or to me. I'm done with all that." Picard didn't know in the least (and doesn't know to this day) what she was talking about, but he listened with all his ears. "There's a certain validity," she said, "a certain integrity, a certain honesty in a clean decision. And I've made mine."

"You're talking at random," said Picard. He was genuinely worried about her by this time.

"All right, *mon vieux*," she said with a sort of weary affection. "I suppose I am. But it doesn't seem very important to me whether those particular phrases get into print or not." She glanced at the torn papers in his hand and smiled. "All those words," she

said. "What good are they? I'm going to bed. Good-by, *mon vieux*."

He stood looking after her as she walked wearily, graceful in her pale-green dress, to the dark, waiting door. The roses on her shoulder had wilted. He did not telephone her article to the *Réveil Parisien*, but kept it and showed it to me the next day.

Well, of course none of us saw Violette again, and the peace conference came to an end, and Lord George Eversleigh married his silver statue. What else could have happened? I really do not remember what became of the Ottoman Debt; but Lord George Eversleigh is now a Counsellor of Legation exactly like all other Counsellors of Legation, and Violette teaches school in Rouen, and Picard and I go on from conference to conference, year after year, wondering what is to be the outcome of them all. Very probably Lord George Eversleigh sometimes thinks, when he gets overtaken by moonlight on the Acropolis, or looks suddenly out a window at a garden with trees, of those impulses which moved him to strange speech and action on a night in Lausanne seven years ago. A good many things—radishes, green dresses, Swiss butter, the moon on quiet waters—make me think of Violette from time to time. At my age one no longer resents a criticism if it quickens any part of the perishing sense of life; and although Violette's departure was certainly a sharp and profound criticism of the existence of all the rest of us, I do not mind the sense of her disdain. I shall go on without change, of course; so will everybody else; but I like to think of the torn papers lying on the floor at Violette's feet that night, of her red smooth hair against the casement window, of the silver rustle of the garden's trees.



THE DAVIS CUP RUNS OVER

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

WE SEE it all about us, in all walks of American life—the disease of size.

The biggest ship in the world is the best ship; the tallest building in Manhattan is the best building; the largest movie theater is the greatest, and so forth. A friend of mine employed by a large metropolitan bank recently stated that when his institution merged with another bank the cost of changing the name plates in their branches alone was more than two hundred thousand dollars. Inasmuch, however, as their deposits have doubled, their bank to-day is twice as good a bank as it was formerly.

Nowhere is this disease of size more apparent than in the sports and athletics of the American nation, because the sports of a land reflect the character of a people even more clearly than does its business. Despite the reams of statistics issued annually, we are becoming less and less a race of practicing sportsmen because most of our sports have got completely out of hand. They have succumbed, just as business and education and nearly everything else in this country has succumbed to the disease of size, that malady which ravages like a very plague.

Thus football, which used to be a game, has of late become nothing but a spectacle. It is now the bullfight of the American nation. Baseball is about the same, to a less extent only because football in recent years has crowded it from the limelight. Even polo, that most delightful of sports for players and spectators alike, has begun to show signs of catching the germ. To-day

the best polo teams composed of the best players have become what the French term "*exhibitionistes*," or as we should say, "crowd-pleasers." The disease of size, alas, is no respecter of sports.

In other words, a thing may be excellent and of good report; it may fulfil a worthy function when it remains within certain bounds, whereas when it swells to huge proportions it may become unwieldy and do more harm than good. An instance of this is the annual competition for the Davis Cup. This trophy is one of the oldest, certainly the most celebrated, and perhaps the most interesting and valuable contested for in the world of games. Over a long period of years it has greatly benefited lawn tennis, and indirectly other games. So widespread have been its achievements that it is fair to say they were undreamed of when the cup was originally presented, over a quarter of a century ago, to the United States Lawn Tennis Association by its donor, Dwight Filley Davis of St. Louis.

II

During the summer of 1899 four undergraduates from Harvard set out upon a transcontinental journey in behalf of a sport to which they were all attached. They were adepts at this sport, for one, Malcolm D. Whitman, was the American singles champion that year; two others, Beals C. Wright and Holcombe Ward, were destined to hold the title later, while the fourth, Dwight F. Davis, was while still in college the doubles champion with Ward. So successful was their

trip and so keen the interest aroused throughout the West by their exhibitions, that the idea occurred to one of them to give a trophy to be competed for by the United States and England, with the purpose of attracting attention to the game and at the same time creating an interesting sporting competition. Plans were immediately started to present a cup to the United States Lawn Tennis Association, and at a meeting of their Executive Committee held in New York on the 21st of February, 1900 it was "Voted to accept the International Cup offered to the Association" and it was also voted that "the appreciation of the Association be expressed to the donor."

This was the origin of the Davis Cup.

Reading the history of the times, it is evident that the young Harvard undergraduate whose generosity made possible this world-wide competition did not even realize that it might eventually spread beyond the two tennis-playing nations of prominence at the moment: England and the United States. He said as much several years later, explaining that he "expected that it would result merely in one or two competitions between this country and England."

In 1900, 1902, and 1903 only these two nations competed in matches played with all the informality of a game of clock golf on your own front lawn. When the initial British Davis Cup team arrived on the *Campania*, on August 4, 1900, there were no newspaper men, no photographers, not even a representative from the U. S. L. T. A. to greet them. Not knowing what to do and having no place to practice, the first Davis Cup team to visit foreign shores decided to see Niagara Falls. This they did while the officials of the Longwood Cricket Club, where the matches were to be held, speculated as to whether the visitors had actually landed.

No contest was held in 1901; but in 1902 the matches were played on the lush turf of the Crescent Athletic Club at Bay Ridge, and more than five thousand

people made the tiresome journey down from Brooklyn by trolley car. This was important as indicating the hold these international meetings were even then beginning to have upon the sporting public of the country. The next season the British again challenged; and I remember watching my first Davis Cup match at the old Longwood Cricket Club grounds on Brookline Avenue in Boston. One paid a quarter, took a camp chair, and sat so close to the actual play that it would have been possible to touch Bill Larned and Laurie Doherty as they changed courts in that memorable match. Late-comers stood up behind our chairs, while later-comers mounted benches, boxes, or any wobbly support that enabled them to peer over the rows of standees. In the middle of the match a disputed service revealed the fact that no linesman was present on this particular line. He had, it appeared, taken the job only with the understanding that he would be relieved at a fixed hour when he was obliged to catch the last boat for his summer home at Nantasket Beach. Not being relieved, he had departed!

That afternoon two matches, upon which the fate of the cup depended, were played simultaneously on adjoining courts. Nor did the standard of play suffer, although one wonders how some of our modern temperamentalists would react under such a strain. They were men in those days. In 1904 there were Frenchmen; during that season both France and Belgium sent their best players to enter the contests. The influence of the Cup and the fame of the contest were spreading, and the sport of lawn tennis was receiving a valuable aid in its development. Within a few years seven nations had taken up the challenge; in 1913 Germany, France, the United States, Canada, South Africa, and Belgium all competed for the privilege of meeting the holder—the British Isles—in a match honored by being played upon the center court at Wimbledon.

The War temporarily interrupted the

progress of the competition; but by 1922 there were fifteen entries and the next year eighteen, with lands as far apart as Australia and Holland, as India and the Argentine represented. In 1924 the number jumped to twenty-four, with Hungary, Cuba, China, New Zealand, and Mexico among the newcomers. Lawn tennis was now a universal game, probably the only universal game on earth. For this the credit must be given largely to the Davis Cup. Admitting that tennis is a superb game, that it would eventually have become known, yet the fact remains that its enthusiastic adoption throughout the distant countries, and especially the smaller nations of Europe, has been due to the interest aroused by these world-wide competitions. One must journey abroad to appreciate how the trophy is regarded and how much good it has done for sport in other lands.

To the Davis Cup also is due the surprising advance in tennis of the Latin nations. In 1927, when twenty-six countries entered, France won the Davis Cup; for the first time a people not educated in the traditions of games were defeating the Anglo Saxons in their own field. England, Australia, and the United States had until that period held a monopoly in the sport, as well as the possession of the trophy. Now their reign was broken. To the generosity of an undergraduate in college is largely due not only the genius of Lacoste, Cochet, and Borotra; but more important still, the fact that the countryside of France to-day is dotted with small tennis clubs whose bare-legged members aspire to win some day their place upon the team that fights for "*La Coupe Davis*."

III

When the teams of the British Isles competed for the Davis Cup in 1900 three days sufficed for the matches themselves, and less than a month was necessary for the invaders to make the trip. One of them, Mr. Herbert Roper

Barrett, a lawyer from London, arrived in New York on August 4th and sailed on August 11th, reaching home well within thirty days after his sailing date. In other words, the average business or professional man at that time could take a vacation and play Davis Cup tennis; owing to the traveling which is involved and the time consumed in competition, such a thing is impossible to-day. With thirty nations entering, the matches start in mid-April and continue at intervals of a fortnight or ten days until the end of July, when the challenge round is held at the Stade Roland Garros outside Paris. Let us see how this works out in individual cases.

Last January a handsome and husky youth in an ancient flivver banged and bumped his way east from California to try for the American Davis Cup team. He had left his university in the middle of the year, as indeed he was obliged to do if he wished to become famous in the world of sport. His athletic odyssey began at San Antonio, Texas, on February 4th, and a week-by-week account of his peregrinations in search of this grail of amateur sport appears below. After each date I have indicated the places and events that claimed this young man's company.

February 4-10:

Invitation Tournament, San Antonio, Texas

February 10-19:

Traveling north to take boat

February 20-March 6:

Bermuda Championships, Hamilton, Bermuda

March 6-10:

Traveling south from New York to Florida

March 10-17:

Florida East Coast Championships, Ormond Beach

March 17-April 1:

Traveling from Florida to New Orleans

April 5-12:

Invitation Tournament, New Orleans C. C.

April 14-21:

Davis Cup tryouts, Pinehurst Tournament, Pinehurst, N. C.

April 21-29:

Davis Cup tryouts, White Sulphur Springs, West Virginia

April 30-May 15:

Davis Cup tryouts, Philadelphia, Pa.

May 15-17:

U. S. *vs.* Canada, Davis Cup Match, Philadelphia, Pa.

May 22-24:

U. S. *vs.* Mexico, Davis Cup match, Chevy Chase, Md.

May 26-June 6:

Davis Cup tryouts, Philadelphia, Pa.

June 7-14:

En route to England

June 16-21:

Tournament, Queens Club, London

June 23-July 6:

Tournament, Wimbledon, London

July 6-16:

Davis Cup tryouts and practice matches, Paris

July 17-19:

Davis Cup Interzone Final Round, Paris

July 24-26:

Davis Cup Challenge Round, Paris

July 30-August 6:

Sail for U. S.

As can be seen from this brief but documented statement, our hero before he sets foot upon his native shores will have deposited seven months of the year upon the altar of amateur sport. Whose fault is this? Certainly not his. Obviously when the boy sees a chance to represent his nation in the greatest of all international sporting contests, he cannot be blamed if at an immature age he grasps the opportunity without considering the ultimate costs. Neither is it the fault of Mr. Davis. When he presented the Cup thirty years ago he foresaw no such ridiculous and cumbersome organization, no such business as seven months devoted to playing the game of lawn tennis. Nor yet can one censure the President of the U. S. L. T. A. or the Chairman of the Davis Cup Committee, or the other gentlemen in charge of the situation; because what we face to-day is not the fault of any one person, it is the fault of the disease of size.

The average college football season begins on the 15th of September and

lasts until the 20th or the 25th of November, a little over two months. If seven months of continuous and concentrated play were devoted to the game what cries and lamentations about "over-emphasis" should we not hear on all sides? What volumes would not the Carnegie Foundation shower upon us? To-day professional baseball hardly requires more time of its players than international lawn tennis; the ball clubs visit the training camps in early March and are mostly through with their season by the end of October. This, in a sport avowedly professional, whereas Davis Cup tennis is supposed to be an amateur game!

Let us not for a moment forget what the Davis Cup has accomplished in the short space of thirty years. It has made lawn tennis probably the most popular game in the world; it has brought the sport to far, forgotten corners of the earth where it was a thing unknown; it has made it a game—perhaps the only game—which can be played under uniform conditions the world over; it has bred champions and encouraged and stimulated athletics of all kinds in lands that are by nature and tradition anything but sporting. But with these many tangible benefits it has also spread in its train the virus of the disease of size. Properly to run the competition to-day committees must be formed, plans laid, reservations on steamers and trains and in hotels made, letters exchanged, and young men must take themselves out of college about Christmas, seven months before a ball is struck in the ultimate act of the drama. The plain fact is that amateur tennis is now a business which is ashamed of itself. That is the fault of no one—or rather of us all, for we are all infected with the germs of the disease of size.

IV

Mr. Dwight Davis, whose generosity, sportsmanship, and intellectual integrity are beyond question, has for some years

been very busy in public life and may not be aware of conditions existing at the present time in the contest for the cup which bears his name. Knowing his attitude toward sport, one wonders what he would think of some of the curious anomalies that have followed in the train of his gift of thirty years ago.

Such prestige has the Davis Cup attained that a horde of imitators have followed in Mr. Davis's path. This is not, be it noted, a fault of the competition itself, but simply one of the effects of its success, one of the symptoms of our old friend the disease of size. In this connection it is interesting to observe that the first sporting cups, given some fifty years or more ago, were seldom named after the donor; thus they were not the Jones Cup or the Smith Cup or the F. Gray Griswold Cup or the Sir Thomas Lipton Cup; but the America's Cup and the International Challenge Cup. Of late years, however, we have been undergoing a bull market in the cup-presenting business, and we now have Walker Cups and Ryder Cups and Childs Cups and Curtis Cups and Blackwell Cups and heaven knows how many other cups, some given for reasons vastly different from those behind the gift of Mr. Davis at the beginning of the present century. Is it not significant that at the moment of writing one of the latest cups to be proffered has not been officially accepted by the Association to which it was tendered? Perhaps those in charge begin to perceive that some of these cups wear a slightly tarnished aspect.

In modern times it is even fashionable for cups to bear not only a title but an entire name. Thus the United States Army authorities, believing that it would be a good idea to encourage polo in the colleges, presented the General Robert Lee Bullard Trophy. When this was won outright a year ago, a new cup was promptly put into competition by Mr. Gouverneur M. Carnochan, then vice-president and now president of the Inter-collegiate Polo Association, and was called the Gouverneur M. Carnochan

Trophy. Even the hotels and resorts have seen the point and thus we have the King Cole Hotel offering the King Cole Cups for polo matches in Florida. Truly, a magnificent idea.

The motives of Mr. Davis were of course above reproach; can the same be said, I wonder, for all his successors? Observing the success of his trophy, they perceive a short-cut to fame and importance, a method of perpetuating the name of Muggins down the ages. To the best of my knowledge none of these cups has ever been presented with the stipulation that the donor's name shall remain concealed forever. And anyone acquainted with the cup-giving racket must be continually amazed at the calousness of rich men who offer these mugs; at their calm insistence on getting their own ends at any cost, even if the cost happens to be, as it sometimes is, the demoralization of the sport to which they have attached themselves.

Not infrequently cup-donating goes to a man's head. I know one gentleman, the donor of an international sporting trophy, who has become a petty tyrant, a bully dominating the sport in his section of the world. Another gives vast goblets for a contest for which he and his wife exist during twelve months of the year; it is his life. Long before the event takes place he is planning broadcasting of his pictures presenting the X Y Cup. And there is another sportsman who invited two young players to cross an ocean to play for his trophy, all expenses paid. Because they took part in a nearby event before his competition he withdrew his support and invited them to return home on their own.

Not all trophies are given from selfish motives: there are, for instance, some given as memorials, and there is also the sort of trophy represented by the Wightman Cup. This trophy for women's tennis between American and English teams was given by Mrs. George W. Wightman of Boston, a lady who has been one of the greatest players of the game and has made many more sacri-

fices for the sport in time, funds, and energy than are entailed by the presentation of a silver mug. But the truth is that the majority of the donors of these trophies are not, to put it mildly, displeased at the attention they receive. There are all sorts of cups offered by various gentlemen for various sports, and most of these gentlemen keep the press well informed of their doings and the progress they are making toward Putting The Cup Over Big.

V

It was the famous Bulletin No. 23 of the Carnegie Foundation which pointed out that the more money was taken in by intercollegiate football the more money the colleges would spend on expensive coaches and the other appendages of a winning eleven. The same is true in other sports. On the eve of the Davis Cup Challenge Round in 1929 the United States Lawn Tennis Association spent \$1,950 in telephone calls from New York to Paris in a frantic effort to determine whether Mr. W. T. Tilden was an amateur or a professional!

Last season the Association received over \$30,000 as its share of the various Davis Cup matches played in by the American team. Thirty years ago the British, playing on their first journey in quest of the cup, went into action within four days after landing, whereas to-day the American squad must be in Europe over a month before its opening match. Although its members are young, supposedly healthy, and certainly strong, unless all appearances are deceiving, they cannot travel on a cabin boat or tourist third class; they must have the bridal suite first class on a crack liner. I remember the Davis Cup player who told me he and his pal were treated "like cattle" because at the height of the season they were obliged to cross in an inside stateroom!

The disease of size carries in its wake the desire of the ultimate in physical comforts. Not merely good accommo-

dations, but the best: the best cabins on the biggest ships and the best places in the fastest and most luxurious trains. Players who can attract huge crowds at international matches do not consider traveling simply, quietly, economically. Why should they? The Association pays the bills. The attitude which such a method of living can create in young and impressionable boys is easy to imagine. Several years ago I came out of the Stade Roland Garros after a match with a young Davis Cup player. We had a suitcase apiece and he also carried two tennis racquets. The taxi drivers, because the stadium was beyond the city limits, demanded two hundred francs to carry us to the center of town. Five hundred yards away, within the gates, were plenty of taxis which would carry us there at the regular meter rate, six francs. We started to walk. Before we had gone ten yards my athletic companion turned back for the gyp taxi.

"Hell, I can't walk that far with this suitcase," he said.

Unless the players are exceptionally strong-minded young men, or unless they are mature enough to stand off and laugh at the whole situation, Davis Cup tripping is demoralizing to them. It is demoralizing because they are pampered and indulged and taken *de luxe* about the world in a way which they will be totally unable to live up to when they begin earning their own living. Luxurious and expensive tastes are formed; once formed, they are by no means easily changed or curtailed. At a time when other young men of their age are starting in business life, the Davis Cup players are asked to give up the best part of the year and concentrate upon sport. The whole atmosphere of the competition creates false values. A half dozen young men are practically supported by the Association in an amateur game. Presumably they are playing for the fun of the thing, as you and I play when we go out to our club some afternoon late after work, but actually they are paid just as truly as the members of the New

York Giants are paid by the owners of that baseball club, although the payment takes a different form. Certainly no one will deny that as the players upon the diamonds fill the coffers of the baseball clubs, so the tennis players attract the crowds who pay the money that fills the war chest of the Davis Cup Committee.

VI

There is one nation that is in unqualified favor of continuing the Davis Cup matches without changes of any sort. That nation is France.

The French are sitting on the top of the tennis world. Their team has won the Davis Cup and seems likely to hold it for several years. The matches take place in Paris, and the French team need not travel and requires hardly more than a fortnight's practice to be ready for the Challenge Round. In 1928 the French erected the Stade Roland Garros, the most beautiful and most perfectly equipped arena of its kind in the world. In debt some hundreds of thousands of francs for this structure, the French authorities would naturally enjoy seeing the American team in the challenge round for many years to come. Certainly they would not like to see the event played in Berlin or Belgrade for the next few summers.

There are other nations who favor a continuation of the Davis Cup contests along the present lines, nations that have short journeys to make and a generous recompense waiting them at the end thereof. But with some exceptions it is fair to say that the majority of the countries competing in the Davis Cup matches feel that the time for changes is at hand.

Radical changes have been made in the competition before this. In 1923 the entries were divided into two zones, European and American, each country being permitted to enter in the zone which seemed more convenient for it. Another recent change divided the former zone into northern and southern

sections "to obviate the long and expensive journeys that have hitherto been necessary." And as the disease of size gets a firmer and a firmer hold, it will probably be necessary to divide the sections into subsections, and the subsections into sub-subsections. Other nations have made other changes. In 1921 the foundation of the Mitre Cup matches for the nations of South America practically amounted to their withdrawal from the older contest. On but three occasions since that year has a South American nation competed for the Davis Cup. From time to time suggestions have been made that the matches be held every other year, or every four years. Some nations in the antipodes actually enter every other year, the cost being a determining factor. Recently the Australian Association reduced team expenses from two pounds a day, plus first-class travel and hotel accommodations, to one pound a day on land and fifteen shillings a day at sea with "reasonable" and traveling expenses. An important step as showing the dissatisfaction of the Australian authorities with the competition as it exists to-day; while even the sum to be spent this season is, as a writer in a Sydney newspaper shows, a matter for query.

"If three thousand pounds were to be spent without recovering the cup, without appreciably advancing the standard of the game in Australia, and without bringing some new players into being, then, when thousands of men are being put out of employment because sovereigns are as scarce as icebergs on the equator, there surely could be no excuse for frittering away three thousand pounds of athletic trust funds."

Meanwhile *Lawn Tennis and Badminton*, which is the official organ of the English Lawn Tennis Association, recently advocated the abandonment of the Davis Cup and suggested an Inter-Empire competition as a desirable alternative.

"The plain fact is that the Davis Cup is rapidly assuming the character of a duty rather than a pleasure, something

irksome which has to be put up with, rather like the man who suffers from gout and knows that port is bad for him, but won't give it up because he likes it, and anyway he has drunk it for years."

Mr. A. Wallis Myers, a writer on lawn tennis in the *London Field*, remarks: "This is a sample of views which, reading between the lines, would seem to be held by many members of the present governing body in England."

Even the players themselves are beginning to rebel, are finding the long and arduous campaign too much like a minor war. One prominent American who has won his share of honors upon the courts of the world told me this past spring that he would not make the trip even if chosen for the Davis Cup team because he was unable to take the time away from his business. Mr. Henry W. Austin, ranking English player, himself requested that he be removed from the team after the first round tie with Germany in late April, explaining that he was stale and that he simply could not continue playing the game without a respite.

When the players feel unhappy about the situation, when cups like the Mitre Cup are springing up in other parts of the world, when the nations distant from Europe are anxious to see competition on a biennial basis, when one trip alone costs an Australian team \$15,000 with an American team the same year spending nearer \$20,000, when those in authority are wondering privately whether we are really getting what we pay for—and unofficial conversations reveal a large number among the high officials of the U. S. L. T. A. so minded—is it not time to ask ourselves whether the disease of size has not gone far enough? Most diseases can be cured if taken in time. But time does not wait forever in a situation of this sort.

VII

Several years ago Mr. Vincent Richards, the professional tennis champion, happened to be in Paris during the

Challenge Round. The Davis Cup team of a foreign nation had played in Berlin a short time previously, and the president of a large German club came down to persuade Mr. Richards to play an exhibition match there against a leading European professional. The matter was amicably arranged until the question of terms arose, when the gentleman from Berlin, hearing the sum needed to secure Mr. Richards' services for a short visit, threw up his hands.

"Ah, you cost more than that entire Davis Cup team," he said.

Statements made privately by Mr. Louis B. Dailey, the President of the U. S. L. T. A., are interesting as showing that the authorities here are giving serious attention to the evils of this disease of size. "There are many objections to the way in which some amateurs are conducting themselves to-day," remarked Mr. Dailey recently, "and that is a matter which is going to receive careful consideration from this administration. Let's get out of the twilight zone and have real amateurs and real professionals. Let's make it impossible to make a living out of the game of tennis and still call yourself an amateur."

Those words ought to be cheerfully received by all men with any feeling for amateur sport. Real amateurs and real professionals! Can a player who is openly subsidized for seven months of the year, no matter how worthy the cause, be a real amateur? The question is hardly open to argument.

Aside from those who in one manner or another make a good thing out of the Davis Cup matches—a number that is large and increasing rapidly—the people who will most sternly oppose any vital modifications in the contest are likely to be the sentimentalists. They will tell us that we are destructive, that we have no heart, no feeling for the traditions of the game. But on the contrary, because we do care for the traditions of the game, we should like to see the matches for the Davis Cup either given up or vitally altered. We do not believe

that the spectacle of young men being paid to devote six or seven months to a few matches of lawn tennis is a diverting spectacle, that it is worth the price paid, or that it is in keeping with those traditions. Anyone who travels and keeps his eyes open must be aware that in many lands the Davis Cup matches have degenerated into a question of making money, and that all sporting considerations are secondary. And we do not believe this to be in accord with the traditions bequeathed to us by Mr. Whitman, Mr. Davis, Mr. Ward, and Mr. Wright. We know that in some countries of Europe the question of amateurism is not a factor when players are chosen, and that many of those competing are no more amateurs than Babe Ruth or Jack Sharkey.

Would it then be best to do away with the Davis Cup matches altogether? I do not pretend to say, I do not know, perhaps no one person knows, although a study of the situation by a group of impartial sportsmen (not interested in the Davis Cup as a first class gate-puller) would quickly tell the story. It may well be that the time has come for Mr. Davis, sitting in the ducal palace in Manila, seriously to consider whether there is not some way of withdrawing the Challenge Bowl and its Tray from further competition. Or whether it would be preferable to make radical changes in the present organization of the matches.

First of all, it must be considered whether an international contest of this kind is desirable and advisable. If so, it remains to devise some plan to conduct it under more reasonable conditions, to hold the matches in a matter of days rather than months as at present. Objections would be raised to any scheme suggested, drawbacks would arise to any method adopted. But it is hard to believe that if the competition were regarded as worth continuing, there could be found no way of holding it in a sensible manner. Thus it might take place at Wimbledon just before or just after the All England Championships. Sup-

pose each nation sent a team of four players, two singles and a doubles side to play three matches every day for six days. The nations would compete in a regular tournament, the holding country to play throughout the week instead of standing aloof as at present. Continuous daily five-set matches would be a strain upon the players, but such a strain is inevitable in any big tournament where five-set matches are the rule every day. Under such a plan a business man could take a vacation of a month and play Davis Cup tennis. If the venue were shifted from year to year it might do far more to stimulate interest in the game and attract young players than it does now.

I am not rash enough to suggest such an idea as a panacea, I suggest it merely to show the possibilities. Only a proper and competent committee from the various nations can determine the exact remedy for the disease which has so affected this greatest of all international sporting trophies. Thirty years ago the Davis Cup had a specific job to do. That task was to spread the doctrine of good sportsmanship, to cultivate friendly relations among different nations, to promote the game of lawn tennis, to introduce it into the many parts of the globe where a tennis racquet had never been seen. This it did. The task laid down has been well and nobly accomplished; to-day the Davis Cup is better known the world over than any other memorial to sport, and the game for which it stands is played as is no other game on earth. Did you ever hear of the Gezira Sporting Club in Cairo, or the Selanger Club at Kuala Lumpur in the Federated Malay States, or the Togashi Lawn Tennis Club at Tokyo, or the Blau Weiss Club in Berlin, or the Davos Lawn Tennis Club in the Grisons, or the Leopold Club in Brussels, or the Brasilio Machado Neto, in São Paulo, Brazil? Probably not, for they are not in Anglo-Saxon lands. Yet without the help and assistance which has arisen from the interest taken in the

Davis Cup, many of these clubs would not exist. This to its everlasting renown.

But to-day the matches for the Davis Cup have outlived their usefulness. No more are they a spreader of the gospel, because the gospel has been well and fully spread; no more are they the necessity they were thirty years ago; no more

are they a help in teaching the game of lawn tennis. Instead they are a breeder of trouble, a topheavy, inflated, commercial enterprise, sick unto death with the disease of size. May it not be that the time has come to ring down the curtain upon the last act of this international farce?

PRELUDE

BY CONRAD AIKEN

*AND thus Narcissus, cunning with a hand-glass,
Preening a curl, and smirking, had his say.
God's pity on us all! he cried (half laughing)
That we must die; that Lesbia's curl be lost,
And Shakespeare's wit forgotten, and the potter—
Who saw, one instant, all humanity,
And phrased its passion in a single figure—
That he be sunk in clay, and dumb as clay.*

*God's pity on us all! he cried and turned
The guileful mirror in a guileful light;
Smiled at the fair-curved cheek, the golden hair,
The lip, the nostril, the broad brow, the hand;
Smiled at the young bright smile. . . . Alas, alas,
To think that so great beauty should be lost!
This gold, and scarlet, and flushed ivory,
Be made a sport for worms!*

*But then a wonder
Deepened his gazing eyes, darkened the pupils,
Shaded his face, as if a cloud had passed.
The mirror spoke the truth. A shape he saw
Unknown before—immense, disastrous, huge—
Huge as the world, and formless. . . . Was this he?
This dumb, tumultuous, all-including horror?
This Caliban of rocks? this steaming pit
Of foisting hells—circle on darker circle—
With worlds in rings to right and left, and other
Star-bearing hells within them, other heavens
Arched over chaos?*

*He pondered the vast vision:
Saw the mad order, the inhuman god;
And his poor pity, with the mirror dropped,
Wore a new face: such brightness and such darkness,
Unhuman, as a moon-blanch'd desert wears.*



MOUNTAIN MEADOWS

A STORY

BY ESSE HAMOT

I DON'T know just when the idea of visiting Mary Sheldon first came to me. It was not when my house burned down. It was later, when sharp sense impressions—the acrid smell of water on flaming wood, the howl of icy wind, the sight of the charred remains of a family home, old and mellow, filled a short time before with choice things: heirlooms, new beauty brought back that autumn from a visit to Europe, now all reduced to ashes—when these had dulled a little. When my own self-pity had dulled a little, too, and I had begun to plan for the rest of the winter. When I think of Mary Sheldon's shining life and remember my first feeling of soreness and abuse at my material losses I am shamed to the core.

I had that spring taken a year's leave of absence from my college in the Middle West and gone abroad for six months. I had returned the month before, joyfully settled my house with my acquisitions and begun some statistical writing that would take the rest of the school year. With house and writing notes completely destroyed and my position temporarily filled, I decided to accept the invitation of a friend to spend the remainder of the winter in California. It was then that I realized I could see Mary Sheldon on my way West.

I hadn't seen her since she was nineteen, a lovely, eager slip of a girl in one of the classes at the normal school where I was then teaching. You who have taught know how certain pupils stand

out in a roomful of boys and girls. Even on the first cluttered day some are more colorful, more alive than others. One part of you may see the vivid scarlet sweater of the girl in the back row, but another part of you sees the vivid, seeking mind of the girl in gray next to her.

Mary Sheldon was one of the girls in gray. (She did wear gray much of the time.) Her face was lighted by unusual eyes, she had a cleft in her square chin, a clear complexion without color, a straight nose, a straight look under the heavy yellow hair that was braided round her head. She was a beautiful girl who did not know her beauty any more than she knew how to dress or dance or win the attentions of boys. She was a country girl with a keen, untrained mind and the rarest powers of concentration I have ever known. She had already had two years of normal training and taught in a country school when I met her; she was planning to fit herself for a better teaching position.

I have never had a pupil with a finer combination of gifts, a soul more evenly developed than Mary Sheldon's. Every study was a joyous experience to her. When we had grown to know each other and I had learned something about her home life I understood her love of natural science—that was fostered by her farmer father—her love of methods, psychology, of literature, languages, poetry. The days were not long enough for her. While other girls were having buggy rides, playing tennis, getting up spreads, she was adventuring in the world of

books. She wasn't aloof in the least; she hadn't a shade of queerness about her. She simply knew what she wanted. At first I thought that because she did not play basket-ball or tennis she might be having insufficient exercise. But when I found that, besides the required gymnasium work she took long walks before breakfast, I knew things were well with her. Indeed, her perfect health was part of her exquisite balance.

I had high hopes of her, for her. She was of the stuff of great educators, had gifts of the spirit as well as of the mind. But in the spring of her senior year she left, went home. Her father had died, leaving her the farm to run, and her frail mother. And I had not seen her again. We had never lost touch; there were cards or letters at Christmas each year; but all I really knew of her was that she had married, instead of going on with her preparation to teach, that she had three children, a boy and two girls, and that she lived on a farm in Colorado. I hoped it was near the mountains. I wanted Mary Sheldon—now Mary Foster—to have mountains near her, for they were like, she and they, in many ways.

I wrote her, asking her if a few days' visit would be inconvenient for any reason. A reply came at once:

I can't tell you how glad I am. I tingle all over at the thought, Miss McAtee. Joyce and Jean can talk of nothing else. What a treat it will be. Please come as soon as you can get here!

And bring warm underclothing. Farm-houses don't have furnaces, you know, at least ours doesn't; and this is a very cold winter.

If Clarence can't come to meet you, one of the neighbors will. Let me know the train.

Yours expectantly,

MARY FOSTER

So I planned for a few days' stop-over at Denver, with a run out from there to the little town which was Mary's post office.

When I climbed the incline into the big Denver station friends were on hand

to take me home with them for the two hours until I was to continue my journey at nine. But soon I was in the dusty day-coach of the branch line, bumping along toward Mary Foster's. The country was flat as a plate, and I saw with disappointment that the railroad folder marked no mountains anywhere near Mary's town. I closed my eyes to shut out the sight of the cold, wind-swept fields, the shivering farmhouses, and huddled villages. I found myself wondering about life in those lonely places; it could be stark, stripped of every vestige of beauty, I felt.

"The next stop is yours. About fifteen minutes."

I had slept.

I got off at the little red-painted house which bore the name of the station. This house, a water-tank, a few trees, a worn hitching-post—these made up the town. An enclosed car stood by the track, and a man in the doorway of the house. He was a pleasant-looking, smiling man of fifty, and he came to meet me.

"Miss McAtee? I've got my auto here." He took my bag and helped me into the car. The back seat was piled high with supplies. I noticed groceries, a gunny-sack full of something, a child's broom. Probably there was something for the other little girl, too. Mr. Foster looked like a fine man. I was glad for Mary.

"How are Mary and the children?"

"All as usual. Mary's always well."

That was good. She had kept that wonderful health of hers.

We jolted along silently. Mr. Foster was not much of a talker, it seemed.

"Can you get the groceries and other supplies you need there at the station, or do you have to order things?" I asked.

The man's eyes twinkled. "Jake Murphey eats up any groceries around there. He's the agent. Nothin' much to do *but* eat. I get my stuff over at Nicholson, the other way. I stocked up there before I drove over to meet you."

"Oh, I'm sorry you had to make an extra trip. Is Nicholson far?"

"Twenty miles. No trip at all. Besides, I'd do anything I could for Mary."

Of course. But . . .

"Clarence couldn't get away to-day. He went to an auction."

Clarence? Oh . . . then this pleasant-faced man wasn't Mary's husband.

"You are one of the neighbors? Mary said someone would meet me if Mr. Foster couldn't. I do appreciate it. It is so cold, and the roads are bad."

At length we came to rolling country. "Gettin' toward our places now. See those trees over there?"—The man pointed to a clump of trees to the west—"That's my farm. The Foster place is on beyond."

His farm had good buildings, looked prosperous and well-kept even in its winter brownness. The Foster place was on higher ground and had a wind-bitten look.

But down the frozen road that led to the Foster house were running two little girls in blue, about six and eight years old, I judged. And behind them, hurrying with the vital step I had not seen for so many years, was Mary. I should have known her walk anywhere.

The man beside me stopped the car to take in the children. "Hop in, Blue-jays," he said. The two little girls shook hands with me, one smilingly, one gravely. Then they climbed in over the supplies in the back. There was a squeal over the broom, over a ten-cent rolling-pin the man unearthed. Then quiet for a moment as I watched them—small, fair children with thick, golden hair, braided in two braids for the older, tied back in short curls for the younger. I had brought them some little gifts, among them bob-combs, but these had evidently been ill-chosen.

"How're the Blue-jays this fine day?" the man was asking, just as we reached Mary—Mary, with the same cleft in her square chin, the same light in her eyes, but with lines in her face and all the

brightness gone from her beautiful hair. Even with her arms around me, I had a sick feeling at thought of her hair. It was white, completely white, and she was only thirty-eight. But it was foolish to expect time to be toll-less. I thought how I must look to her after nearly twenty years.

"Come in and have a cup of coffee, Mr. Smith," Mary urged her neighbor, "and I've fresh coffee-cake for you, your kind!"

But he would not. "Chore-time," he said. Mary thanked him for meeting me, for supplies he had brought her, then we hurried into the house, the children dancing ahead of us, Mary's arm pressed close to me and holding my hand.

"I put my plant in your room, Miss McAtee," the older child called back to me. "It's a pink geranium and it's got two buds on it!"

"If you drop crumbs on the floor, I'll sweep them up for you," sang the other.

They opened the door, and we went through a small, cold hall into the comfort of a big dining room with a stove in it, plants in the windows, rocking-chairs with afghan pads, worn books on shelves. An open, homemade cupboard held the children's toys. Warm and homey and plain the room was, with an atmosphere of peace. I felt suddenly relaxed, relieved, too, in some strange way.

I put my wraps in the bedroom, admired the geranium, and came out to have some of the fresh coffee cake with Mary.

"Oh, it's so good to see you!" she cried. "I've thought of nothing else since your first letter came. Please begin right away to tell me things, things about yourself first, then about the normal school—I hope it's still there, used, and growing!—and then about the world, how it is changing. I'm hungry to know. I've missed so much for so long." Her voice was not envious, only eager.

"I'd rather talk about you first, my dear. What beautiful children you

have!"—I could hear them in what was probably the kitchen, on the other side of the partly open door behind me, talking to someone, their father, perhaps—"and what a homey-looking house!"

"The girls *are* dears, aren't they? And I'm glad you like this room. We live in it most of the time, all the time in winter. Excuse me just a moment. I hear mother calling."

She hurried through a door on the opposite side of the room. In a few minutes she called me. "Mother wants you to come in, Miss McAtee. She can't wait any longer," and Mary laughed her rich laugh.

I went in to find a pale woman in a bed beside a narrow window, a woman who did not look at all like Mary in either features or expression. She smiled a drawn, one-sided smile, and reached across to offer me her left hand.

"Mother is paralyzed," Mary explained, "so your visit means almost as much to her as it does to me. She sees so few people."

I noticed the little stove, with wood in a box and coal in a hod behind it, the order and cleanliness and bareness of the room, the colored print and calendar on the wall. The sun was setting, peeping through a slit in the gray clouds. I was glad Mrs. Sheldon had that to see. I wondered how long . . .

"The Smiths are good to run in, but seven years is a long time, and it's nice to see someone else. Mebbe you can read to me," the woman on the bed was saying. "Mary ain't much time, with all she has to do."

"I will indeed. I have some new magazines and books with me." Seven years in bed! On a bleak farm! But my thoughts went to Mary. Mary, with her children, husband, house, outside farm-work, had her mother to care for besides.

One of the little girls came running in. "Victor's cutting the *surprise*, mother! He won't stop!"

"All right, Jeany. I'll attend to him." Mary went out.

Jeany came and stood beside me. I felt the warmth of her little body against my knee. "I like you, Miss McAtee. You don't look like a nole-maid." She inspected me closely.

Her grandmother spoke quickly. "What you say, Jeany? Shame on you. Who . . ."

"Father said he hadn't time to go to meet a nole-maid, somebody else'd have to do it. I heard him tell the postman when he came yesterday. I asked him what a nole-maid was, and he wouldn't tell me."

Mary came back into the room. I hoped she had not heard. Could she have a husband who . . . Of course not.

Mary was speaking to her mother. "Isn't it going to be fun to have someone with us for a while? We can't have a picnic outdoors, but we'll have a picnic every single day in the house!"

"O-oh! With ice-cream?" This was Jeany.

"Well, perhaps not that kind of a picnic. It's a little cool for ice-cream," Mary laughed. Her cheeks were flushed. I knew she had heard what Jeany said.

Just then the older little girl, Joyce, came to the door. "Mother," she said in a low voice, "you'd better look after Victor. He's . . ." She beckoned with a small forefinger, and Mary went out again.

We talked until Mary came back with a lighted lamp. She said to get my coat if I wished to go with her while she fed the chickens.

While I was putting it on I heard the same voice I had heard before when the dining room door was partly open. On account of the cold—and the house seemed very chilly to me, even the central room—doors were usually closed immediately, I noticed. But now both mine and the one leading to the kitchen were open a little, and the other voice could be heard as an undercurrent to the clear voices of the little girls. It was an odd voice, not distinct.

"Come out through the kitchen, Miss McAtee," I heard Mary call.

I went through the dining room into the same hall I had entered when I came (How fearfully and wonderfully made most farmhouses are!) and into the kitchen. In a low chair beside the kitchen range, a big white cat curled at his feet as he bent over the last of a piece of chocolate cake, was a boy with a great round head that nodded and slipped, pale, vacant eyes, an open, drooling mouth. Cake crumbs and icing were over his face, hands, and clothing.

Mary came from the sink with a towel wet in water. "That's all now, Victor. Let mother wipe your hands." She deftly removed the stickiness from the plump, inert fingers, from the loose mouth. "Victor, this is Miss McAtee, an old friend and teacher of mother's. Can you shake hands?" She helped him rise, helped him offer me one hand, a hand I took with pity in my heart. This hulking mass of flesh—could this be Mary Sheldon's child, her only son? Perhaps not; perhaps it was her husband's child. There was no look of Mary about him, although he had golden hair, thick and beautiful like that of the two little girls.

Joyce spoke. She was the serious one of the two little girls. The only time I had seen her face light up was when she told me of her pink geranium. Her voice now was scarcely regretful; she seemed merely to be stating a fact. "Victor's not like other boys on the outside," she said softly. "But he's just like them on the inside, deep, where it doesn't show."

We went to the barn, my mind a maze of painful thoughts. We fed the chickens, gathered eggs, saw the work-horses, the corn-crib, the cows, a little Jersey calf. "She's mine!" Joyce cried, her face suddenly shining. "The little calf is mine, and the big prize rooster is Jean's, and Methuselah is Victor's! We all have things alive!"

Methuselah was the big white she-cat I had seen in the kitchen. Mary

laughed at Joyce's equal rating of the pets. "Victor is completely satisfied though. He loves the cat more than anything on the farm!"

"Except you, mother," Joyce put in, earnestly. "He loves you more than the whole world."

"Yes, dear, I know he does," Mary answered smiling.

I heard this with outer ears; with inner ones I still heard the mumbling of the boy in the kitchen. He was nearly six feet tall; he must be sixteen or seventeen years old. Mary Sheldon with a child like that! A paralyzed mother and a defective son!

"Father's gone to a nauction," Jean said to me. "He'll have to hurry to get the chores done."

He came just after we got back—a tall man about forty, with a heavy pompadour of iron-gray hair, brilliant dark eyes. We were all hugging the kitchen stove when he came in.

"Clarence, this is my dear Miss McAtee," Mary said. Mr. Foster looked at me, bowed across the overalls he was taking down from a nail on the door. "How d' do?" he said. The little girls did not run to him, I noticed, although Jeany babbled happily about me, a double-yolked egg she had found, her new broom. She ran to get the broom to show her father. He made no comment upon it. Joyce said nothing about her rolling-pin. And although I felt I must be mistaken, I thought for an instant that the boy Victor had expression in his vacant face—not fear exactly, but perhaps dislike; something more than blankness, at least.

And I could not blame him. Even if Jeany had not innocently divulged her father's decision to let someone else meet the "old maid," I knew I should still not have liked this man—this handsome, hard, dark man who was Mary Foster's husband.

Supper was not until late because of the chores. Mary mended shirts and overalls from a great, freshly ironed pile

while we waited. The children, as a treat, were to stay up and eat with us. Usually, Mary said, they had their supper at six and went to bed at seven. I was glad of that; I knew it meant many things, among them, that the children did not have fried potatoes, pork, and pie every day, as so many farm children do.

I brought out my little gifts. For Victor, not knowing, I had bought a Boy Scout knife. I showed it to Mary regretfully. "I had better not give it to him, I suppose."

Mary tried the blades, the tools. The springs were stiff. "He will love to play with it, Miss McAtee. He can't open it. Yes, indeed; give it to him."

My throat was tight. "To *play* with it!" A sixteen-year-old boy! I gave it to him, and he held it in one lax hand, dropping it many times. Then he began thudding it against his knee.

For the girls I had some rather nice strings of beads, aluminum doll-dishes, a book apiece, and the colored bob-combs, both blue but of different shades. They were so happy over things that I felt a thrill myself at their joy. Strangely enough, they both liked the cheap little combs as well as their beads; they tried them first on their own hair and each other's, then on their dolls'. They had never seen any bob-combs before and thought they were "little combs" especially made for small girls.

"We're so glad they're blue, Miss McAtee. Did you know before you came that we were Blue-jays?"

"I heard Mr. Smith call you that. What did he mean?"

"Why, our names both begin with J, and we always wear blue! He always calls us that. He made it up. And then mother made a little story about us," Joyce said. "We sing it." And they both sang, in their clear trebles:

"Two little Blue-jays are always on the go,
They chirp and they chatter and they skip
to and fro;
They sing and they shout and they work
and they play,

But they never cry a single tear the live-long day!"

I saw the most beautiful look in Mary Foster's face as they sang. She was turning the chicken frying on the stove and preparing her mother's supper-tray. But she was thinking about her girls, I knew.

I had waited to see her before deciding upon any gift more substantial than the scarf I had brought. I wanted to give her subscriptions to some magazines she did not take or get her books she wanted. We talked it over. She wanted books; her eyes lighted up at mention of them. But she decided upon two magazines, both of them of the household type. "The children love them. Victor likes the fashion section and the big colored ads. And the girls spend whole days reading and cutting out things. I haven't put the girls in school yet. We are clear at the edge of this district, and the closer school, in the other district, is a poor one. I teach them myself." (This, besides all the rest!)

She took her mother's supper in to her. Then I heard her attending to the dining room fire, talking to Methuselah as she pulled up chairs to the table. I went in with some mending. I confess it was hard for me to sit where I could see Victor.

Mr. Foster came in with the milk. I could hear the rumble of his voice in the kitchen, the happy tones of the girls as they showed him their gifts. Soon Joyce came in to me, carrying her book. I asked her if she wanted me to read to her.

"I can read it myself. But I'd like to have you."

We read, Jeany joining us, until supper was on the table. It was a delicious supper, and we had a happy time. But it was not as happy a time as it had been before Mr. Foster came. It wasn't that Mary's husband had nothing to say, that he answered her questions about the auction in monosyllables. I had sat with silent farmers before and felt no slightest criticism of them or their

brusqueness. But Clarence Foster gave me a strange feeling. Behind his good looks I sensed a hardness. It might be only a crust, and yet . . .

After supper when he stepped on Jeany's comb, which had fallen against the metal stove-mat when she went to the kitchen for something, I felt sure I was not mistaken.

"Oh, mother, mother! He's broken it, he's broken it all to pieces!" the child wailed, picking up the bits and running to her mother.

"Keep your things off the floor. You've too much stuff around," Mr. Foster said sharply as he went out.

Mary was holding Jean's hands in hers. "Remember our little song, dear? Help us sing it, Joyce." Joyce's face had puckered over her sister's loss, but she joined in with her mother.

" . . . and they work and they play,

But they never cry a single tear the livelong day!"

By the time the last line came, Jeany was adding her voice, faint and tearful, to the two others. I explained that I would send her another comb from Denver.

I washed the dishes while Mary attended to Victor's bedtime wants, took him to his room, saw the girls to bed. Victor had a small table and ate in the kitchen. "It is the only way I can manage," Mary said. "So many things are spilled and so many dishes broken, besides, of course, the looks. It bothers Clarence, too."

I followed her lead, spoke in a matter-of-fact voice. "Are you going to keep him here much longer? Have you thought of schools?"

"Clarence persuaded me to send him to one of the state schools, but he was so unhappy there I can't bear to take him again. He doesn't get over grieving. Some afflicted children have no personal affection, I mean no *special* affection, for their mothers. But Victor has; he's so gentle and loving. (I had noticed how demonstrative he was to

Mary.) Of course if he were like some of them, I couldn't keep him at home. But I can't see that it is bad for the girls. Indeed, I think it teaches them kindness and understanding. What do you think?"

We talked at length while Mary set bread sponge and knit on a sweater she was making for her mother. I felt she was wrong to keep Victor at home, not because it deprived him of anything (he could never be taught a craft, find happiness through the use of his hands) but because it added an almost intolerable burden to her already burdened shoulders. But I was not willing to give definite advice. For a few years more it might be all right. And I was not a mother.

The next day was Saturday. Mary was up at dawn. I heard her long before the children were up, before their father had gone to the barns. I had heard her in the night, too—up with either her mother or Victor.

She was doing a washing before breakfast—she said there must be washing every day—kneading her bread, baking another cake. I smelled pumpkin when I came out, saw the shells for three pies waiting on the table.

I read to Mrs. Sheldon, tried various methods to interest Victor, told stories to the girls. The morning flew. After Mary's baking was done she went to the smokehouse for ham, brought in a lame chicken and doctored it, ironed the clothes she had washed.

After dinner, when the dishes were washed and Mr. Foster, silent to taciturnity, had gone out, Mary said to me, "Now, we'll separate for an hour, Miss McAtee . . . rest, sleep, do whatever we like. Victor will sleep in the kitchen on his couch, Jeany in her own room. Joyce will sew on her quilt in the dining room where she can be near mother. I'll see you about three. Stay here by the fire if you like."

I decided to rest in my own room. It was cold, but I should lie under the

coverings. As I left the dining room I saw Joyce getting out her patchwork. I thought I had seldom seen so lovely a child as this fair, grave little girl with the two golden braids.

"I'm glad your mother is going to have some rest," I said. I felt that Joyce would be glad, too, for I had noticed how unusually thoughtful she was.

Joyce looked at me with that light I had twice seen in her gray eyes. "She's going to the mountain meadows."

I had closed the door before what she said really entered my consciousness. I decided I must have misunderstood her. There were no mountains within two hundred miles.

I slept after my recent busy days. It was after four when I woke and came out to the dining room. Victor was mumbling happily as he petted the cat with one wide, soft hand. In the other he held his new knife, and Mary, busy at sewing, was saying, "Victor's knife, Victor's knife," trying to teach him the words. The girls were having a party with their new dishes, the door open to their grandmother's room and her bed pulled close so that she could see.

Mary had changed her dress to a becoming jersey suit, ordered, I knew, from a catalogue for eight dollars or so. I could see the faint crease where the hem had been let down to meet her heavy, high shoes. How little she had changed in figure, I thought. Still slight in build, strong, vital. There in her cheap dress, her ill-fitting shoes, with her white hair wound round her head in the old way, she sat as at the center of things, powerfully still.

"Blue-jays, would you like to put on your coats and take mother's letter down to the box?" The girls were on their way to the kitchen door, where their coats hung, before the words were finished. Mary explained to me. "I put my mail out Saturday, and when the Smiths pass on their way to town Sunday to have dinner with their daughter, they take it. We have no daily rural service here."

I looked closely at Mary when the girls had gone. "You look rested. Did you sleep?"

"No; I never sleep in the daytime. I went to my mountain meadows."

Again those words.

Mary Foster smiled. "Of course you wonder. Plains, range country, rolling brown stretches. But mountain meadows are anywhere."

"But I don't understand," said I. "Won't you tell me about them?"

Mrs. Sheldon was snoring now, gone into sleep in the quick way of the old. Victor was drooling and plucking at Mary's skirts. Mary began cutting out paper dolls for the boy.

"Miss McAtee, you see some of my cares. I could not go on without help . . . strength, something to quicken me. The great ones of earth—Jesus, Laotse, the Buddha, the saints—always 'went apart.' There's some principle there, something basic. I believe for many people prayer is the rebuilding agency, especially when it is not petition but praise. For others, like Tagore, it's meditation. For me, it's beauty. Under a walnut tree down the draw I have a folding-chair, and I go there every day."

"But there is so little beauty now," I put in stupidly, my eyes on the frozen fields.

"It needn't be outer beauty, Miss McAtee. Let me tell you. . . . You know what the constant seeing of ugliness does, how it acts as a speck of rot, spreading so that the fruit of the soul is spoiled? With me, the ugliness was . . . Victor."

Before this fearful honesty of Mary Foster's the room was still; for a moment there was no sound in the chimney, no sound from the boy, the cat.

"It came to me in those first years of my marriage, when mother was with her people in Iowa, and I was a stranger, without a friend or even a neighbor near, only Victor all day, that ugliness is *dangerous*. Outer ugliness is bad, but it is nothing to seeing with your inner

eyes, your mind, what is ugly. That's the way crime is made. Not that I ever meditated any crimes," Mary smiled, "but I'm trying to show you how I got my start at thinking.

"I saw one day that ugliness is unnatural, and that thinking it, picturing it, creates more of it. And then I began to see the opposite. Doctors, teachers, psychologists, advertisers all see it a little—the power of definite suggestion upon the child, the sick person, the public. But most of us ordinary people don't see it at all! At least, we don't use what we see."

With her eyes glowing she hurried on, "If one can meditate upon evil and 'grow' evil, can't one meditate upon good and 'grow' good?"

What she meant began to dawn upon me. "So you . . ."

"Yes. *I will to see beauty*, the flowers of a mountain meadow. Any kind of beauty will do if one sees it often enough, clearly enough. It seems to me that beauty is the mind of God expressing perfectly. When we see it, touch it in our minds, we see and touch God for that moment, and power comes to us."

I pondered this. "You chose flowers because . . ."

"Because they are beautiful in so many different ways. They challenge the imagination, make one use it. That is necessary, I think . . . not the same pictures every day, but new ones all the time."

"Will you tell me, concretely, what you . . . do?"

"I'll try to, Miss McAtee. . . . Always I have thrilled at the thought of mountains. When I was a little girl, instead of mud pies, I made ranges of mountains, with pebbles stuck in for the boulders. This was in Kansas. Later, in Iowa, I read about them, saw pictures of them. It was at a lecture by Frank Roberson that I first saw stereopticon views, in color, of mountains and mountain flowers. When I was married and knew I was to live in Colorado I tingled all over at the idea of seeing mountains

at last. But we didn't come by way of Denver; there wasn't even a glimpse of them. And after Victor came I could never leave. . . . Don't look so hurt, Miss McAtee. At first I did resent it. I thought I just must get to them . . . see the sweep of them, climb them, hear their healing stillness.

"But there was another way. I learned to see them in imagination . . . to climb the rocky trail, to hear the wind in the lodgepole pines, to go on and on, resting and climbing and breathing deep breaths of the clean, high air. And at last to come upon a wide, green mountain-slope covered with tall grass and bright flowers, waiting there in the sun for me! Or the mist. Or the moonlight. I can choose, you see. But I keep one mood at a time, so that my picture is still. It is the stillness as much as the beauty that gives me strength. Since I have read a little of what mystics call The Silence, I can understand that, but I discovered it for myself.

"Gradually I bring the view close, so that I can see the separate blossoms, watch them open, touch them. Oh, Miss McAtee, imagination can do *anything* if we just give it patient training! It's a power a thousand times more marvelous than electricity! I come back with new courage each day . . . no, not courage, just the power to go on; I find my body renewed, actual aches and pains gone. My hair is white, but I'm younger than I was ten years ago."

She was glowing, magnetic as beauty itself, I thought as I watched her.

After a moment she went on, "The girls understand. They help me take the time, each day after dinner. They look after mother and Victor."

Victor was hungry. There was time for only one more question.

"I've tried to have flowers in the yard, but the wind blows so and the soil on the house-slope is so poor they will not grow. My mind is my garden. I get books from the state university, and gradually I'm learning the flowers of the world. I know over two thousand kinds

now, and the girls several hundred." She smiled at me, then down at the boy mumbling beside her. "Yes, dear, I'll fix your supper right away." She rose and carried her lighted face to the kitchen. I heard the sound of dishes, and soon after Mr. Foster coming in after the milking-pails. The wind sang in the chimney, Methuselah stretched luxuriously. I experienced powerfully that feeling of home, of something centering, firm.

We were all watching the sunset from the back porch when Joyce's scream pierced us—a shrill, high, child-scream of terror that twisted the heart in an icy grip. I stood rooted immovably, my feet grown to the floor, my hand to the pillar beside me. Mary sprang over the side of the porch, ran like a deer down the frozen path.

"Victor! Victor!"

One moment before I had seen a picture of pastoral simplicity and beauty: against the bare dun ground and the blue winter sky Mary's husband, moving toward us in a shaft of amber light from the setting sun, his milkpails flashing, and Methuselah gleaming white as she ran ahead at his feet.

Now all the sunlight was focused upon two things—the golden hair of the great boy lunging down the wind-swept slope, and the open blade of the knife he held gripped in his right hand. Muttering sounds pushed up from the boy's throat, sounds without words, yet clear as the stream of sunlight, evident as the sudden control of the flabby muscles, the fearful strength in the body that had been until now like a sick child's.

"Victor! Victor!"

Mary was almost there. I shut my eyes. When I opened them I had a confused sense impression of the three people massed, Mary in her green dress the middle one. Then the mass separated, and I saw them all distinctly—Mary, with a great gash down cheek and neck and blood pouring over her dress,

Clarence Foster with his arm around her and his face even at that distance a strange, grayish color, and Victor, his hands across his face and his head shuttling back and forth, back and forth, as he knelt moaning between the overturned milkpails.

I ran to pump cold water, get towels, pull the teakettle to the front of the stove. Joyce lay in a little heap on the couch below the window, her screams now a convulsive sobbing awful in its restraint. I had just time to lay my hand on her shaking little shoulder before Mr. Foster brought Mary in.

Mary would not be carried. Through the blood I saw the smile on her lips, and her voice was like a chord of quiet in a great din.

"I'm all right, Clarence. Go on with your chores. Please, dear. And don't say a word to Victor; he's so frightened. Joyce, will you run and tell Victor that mother's all right . . . to come and see?"

Mary took the wet cloth from me and began wiping away the blood. The cut on her cheek at the jawbone was deep, but the knife had glanced off, and the rest of the long red line was really only a line.

Mary showed it to Jeany. "See, dear, it's just a little scratch!" Then she gave all her mind to the white boy in the doorway, retching with sobs and still moaning, "Mother, mother, mother, mother!" She held the towel to her cheek to cut off the flow of blood while she tried to get Victor to look at the scratch below.

"See, darling! Mother's all right. We'll wash off the blood and put on some medicine, and to-morrow the cut will be healing fast!"

The boy moaned on, "Mother, mother, mother, mother," his lips only half open, his eyes closed, his body limp. From the couch where he huddled he clung weakly to the back of Mary's skirt, his breath coming in choking gasps.

Clarence Foster had not said a word. He had got the antiseptic for me, a roll of gauze; he tried awkwardly to help as

I bathed and cared for the wound. But as soon as the bandages were on he lighted a lantern. "I don't want any supper; don't wait for me," he said. Mary did not hear. Victor's sobs had changed to nausea, and she was busy with him.

I was standing near the kitchen window when Mr. Foster went out. I saw him stoop and pick up the Boy Scout knife, close it, and fling it far into the winter dusk, then hurry down the slope to the barns.

Mary cared for Victor and got him to bed while I prepared supper and took in Mrs. Sheldon's tray. She sent the girls after their father when I told her what he had said, then sat a moment on the kitchen couch, very white and strange-looking in her swathing bandages—nunlike, I remember thinking.

"I know you are feeling conscience-stricken because the knife was your gift, Miss McAttee. But don't feel so. To-night has taught us a lot of things. Clarence kicked Methuselah, you see. She was around his feet and she made him stumble and spill the milk. Victor saw it all: you know how he loves the cat. How he got the knife open is a mystery, but I am glad of it all—everything. Victor and his father . . . Well, I've been afraid sometimes. There is a feeling between them, not a happy feeling. But now, you see, because when he tried to hurt his father he hurt me instead, it is all over. Victor *does* care more for me than for anything in the world, as Joyce said just to-night. And the bleeding helped so much: he is always sickened at the sight of blood. He'll never be tempted to handle a knife again."

It was the next morning, an hour before Mr. Smith was to call for me and take me to the train, that I had my last glimpse into Mary Foster's soul. It was a relief to me that I did not need to have the long drive with Clarence Foster. Mr. Smith had driven over the evening before to say that he would take

me to the water-tank while his wife prinked up in some new duds for the trip to the daughter's at Nicholson.

Mary and I had finished the most necessary duties of the morning and, wrapped in shawls, were walking down the frozen path toward Mary's tree. I was feeling very humble about this privilege, and thankful, too, for the chance to talk to Mary alone. There was something I had to say to her. I had been thinking about it all night.

Before we reached the folding-chair, I spoke. I couldn't wait. I plunged in, bunglingly.

"Mary, your husband hates Victor: I saw it in his face last night. He doesn't even care for the girls as other fathers care for their children. And you—I don't believe you love him, Mary. Come and live with me and prepare yourself to teach. My new house will be ready by August, big enough for you and your mother and the girls. The state school is only fifteen miles away, and you can put Victor there, see him every day or two."

As I spoke Mary's face flared into life, bloomed into a new kind of beauty—a beauty so eager it was like a rainbow after storm, strong sunlight after hours of silver grayness. I hurried on:

"It's a dream I've had for years—to have a place where some of the students could stay, unusual girls, like you at twenty. I'm glad my house burned down; it took just that to jog me into action. Better than young teachers will be you and your children. You can get your degree, you can teach. I'll make a place for you in my department. And for my reward I can have the selfish satisfaction of my pride in you, and of helping educate those girls of yours."

Mary was silent. She was pale, the strange light gone from her face. Her gaze was on the frozen fields when she spoke. "May I have a little time, here, alone? You have your watch. Come back in ten minutes."

When I came back, Mary was still

pale but she was smiling. I knew her decision before she spoke.

"No, I do not love Clarence in the way wives are expected to love their husbands," she said quietly, with that immense honesty of hers. "But there is another sort of love, larger, perhaps; farther-seeing—and I think it has begun to grow in me. . . . He isn't all hard. He cares for one thing—the earth, the soil. He never saves himself. From the first, when he was visiting our neighbors that spring my father died, he has worked tirelessly. He came over to help me that year, when I was twenty and trying to run the farm alone. I had never known a man, a young, virile man. We fell in love, were married and came to this Colorado farm we bought with mother's money. We've had a hard time. Our soil is poor: there seems to be a line drawn between our land and the Smiths'. But Clarence wouldn't sell, even if there were any market for a poor dry-farm. He is experimenting with fertilizers as fast as he can afford them. And he doesn't hate Victor, Miss McAtee. It is just that he was proud and happy before he was born, and afterward, when . . . I had a fall, down the cellar steps; perhaps it was that; we don't know. . . . He doesn't hate him. He hates his aversion and doesn't know how to meet it. And last night he was afraid Victor had killed me, severed the jugular vein."

Perhaps she was right. She must be. From my window that morning I had seen Clarence Foster stoop and softly call Methuselah until she came, then feel of her carefully as though examining her for possible injury, and at last, re-


lieved, pet her and give her a piece of meat. No, he wasn't all hard, of course. No one is.

Mary was going on:

"What would he do without us? He is so alone; so few people like him. It is his own fault, but that doesn't help, does it? He's the turned-in kind; he always shows his worst side. He has been very self-conscious since you came, too, because he went to school so little. His one chance of changing, growing, is through the girls, I think. They are nice children, aren't they?" she asked me quizzically, hungrily. I nodded, a little grim. "And after last night . . . Don't you see what he has done—to *himself*? He stumbles on, as we all do. He can't say he is sorry he lost his temper—not even to me. But he will be a stronger man because of this. Victor found a bloody rag this morning, one we had not burned, and when he began vomiting again Clarence was so gentle with him. Didn't you notice?"

"I won't try to thank you for your offer. But I can't accept it." She stopped in the path to press my arm, slip her hand into mine. "Come, let's get back in time to crack some black walnuts. I want you to have a box of the meats."

On the train I thought of myself for almost the first time since I had come. How little the losses I had bewailed—*things*, bits of beauty that would have died in a few years anyway. Mary Foster, in an ugly farmhouse on a bleak farm, with an invalid mother, an afflicted son, a husband with little grace, had splendor all about her, eternal wonder and beauty.





THE BUSINESS OF GIVING AWAY MONEY

THE PROBLEM FACING THE AMERICAN FOUNDATIONS

BY EDWIN R. EMBREE

A NEW class, the multi-millionaire, is a small but growing one into which any of us by the accidents of commerce may be flung to-morrow. While romantic imagination has hovered over the rich man from time immemorial, little attention has been given to the real situation of a person possessed of funds immeasurably beyond his capacity to spend and enjoy.

George Bernard Shaw in a Fabian tract entitled "Socialism for Millionaires" is the first of the moderns to discuss this plight. "The unfortunate millionaire," he points out, "has the responsibilities of prodigious wealth without the possibility of enjoying himself any more than any ordinary rich man." "Indeed," he adds, "in many things he cannot enjoy himself more than many poor men do, nor even so much; for a drum-major is better dressed; a trainer's stable-lad often rides a better horse; the first-class carriage is shared by office boys taking their young ladies out for the evening; and of what use is it to be able to pay for a peacock's-brain sandwich when there is nothing to be had but ham or beef?"

The condition of the English man of wealth is exaggerated a hundredfold in the case of Americans, who during the past half-century have been heaping up fortunes hitherto undreamed of. And often the American millionaire has even less desire or capacity to use money for his own pleasure. In Europe habits of lavish spending have been built up over generations. Louis XIV poured a na-

tion's riches into a great playhouse at Versailles. Huge estates, retinues of hundreds of servants and thousands of retainers, gaming at Monte Carlo, decorative and expensive mistresses—in such simple pastimes Europeans have sunk entire fortunes.

American men of great wealth have small tendency to such lavish expenditures. Their wives help a little; but after a few Paris gowns, a couple of town houses or country estates and the grand tour of the world even a wife gives up the unequal struggle of keeping pace with a husband's constantly swelling income. As American fortunes have grown by geometrical progression there has been literally nothing that could be done but either supinely to let them grow and so pass on the problem to the next generation or else to give them away. And the giving could not be done personally and piecemeal; huge sums had to be turned over *en bloc*.

Now the giving away of large amounts of money is no easy matter. The average person who contemplates longingly a large fortune thinks only of the joys of spending and the delights of giving to friends and pet charities. It seems pleasant and simple enough, but it isn't. Appeals pour in; insistent and ingenious beggars persistently hound any man suspected of charitable inclinations. It is difficult after the first flush of generosity for a rich man to take any joy in giving. Where gratitude is expected there appears only bitterness because the gifts were not larger.

Secretaries and assistants have to be employed simply to read mail and answer calls, to say nothing of looking into the merits of the thousands and tens of thousands of supplications.

One of the commonest criticisms of philanthropy is that it does not give freely to poor and unfortunate individuals. But the futility of alms is quickly recognized by any who try it. To give to a man to-day is simply to have that same man back to-morrow asking for twice as much. The answer at once is, "Do not give to the shiftless and unworthy; give only to the deserving." This is sound reasoning, but it implies some system of selection between the worthy and the unworthy. It is this process of investigating individual appeals that is most frequently objected to by many critics of organized charity. And it is the shiftless man who really needs the money—and who is most certain to keep on needing it. Beggars are real people. They are not simply industrious persons temporarily out of funds. They are usually life members of a large and very ancient profession which exists by living off others. These people can always make out cases for themselves, and as new sources of supply appear sycophants multiply egregiously.

If, on the other hand, a philanthropist tries to help only the deserving, he will find that he has to take infinite pains to sort them out from the thousands of clever beggars who beset him. Except for education or for some other very special purpose, giving even to worthy persons is dangerous. It is sinful to do for any individual what that individual can do for himself. This deprives a man of one of his greatest privileges, that of making his own place in the world in his own way.

Almost every rich man who is charitably inclined starts out with the idea of helping the poor and needy. Without exception he finds that he cannot do it directly. He can help to prevent the causes of misfortune such as disease and commercial exploitation. He can offer

opportunities for education, for medical treatment, for self-respecting employment. He can better the general conditions of sanitation and social environment. But protection and opportunity having been provided, the individual must be left to take advantage of these for himself. That is the individual's obligation not only; it is one of his most precious prerogatives.

It is not easy to act wisely even in providing better general conditions. It is possible to do actual harm by indiscriminate giving. It takes brains as well as money to do any kind of good in the world.

For centuries the care of the sick poor was thought to be one of the highest forms of charity. Now we have found that it is possible to prevent a great many diseases as well as to cure them. The significant reduction of sickness and death came not from the centuries of charity but from the statesmanship that has wiped out smallpox and typhoid fever, that has greatly reduced malaria and diphtheria and tuberculosis, that has saved mothers at childbirth and nourished infants into robust health.

Even to-day the endowment of free hospitals is a favorite form of charity. Yet modern experience tends to prove that if medical services were organized half as effectively as the merchandising of other necessities the average man could pay for his medical care as well as for his food and shoes. And the average man would prefer to pay as he goes for what he gets in medicine as in other things. Wise philanthropists, therefore, are now giving attention to pay clinics, hourly nursing service, and health insurance.

Examples of generous but unwise giving are all about us. A few years ago a Pennsylvania millionaire made a sensation by leaving forty million dollars to build and support orphan asylums. His was a charitable aim at aiding innocent and unfortunate children, but there is doubt as to its wisdom. Orphan asylums do not offer the best environment. Modern thought and experience

favor the placement of dependent children in foster homes. There is little difference of opinion on this matter among people who have devoted themselves to child care. Yet the very magnificence of this Pennsylvania gift will probably retard for decades the growth of home placement of children in that section of the country. By an irony which does not respect mere good intentions, this millionaire's generous impulse will very likely mean that the children of his State will be cared for under worse conditions than those in other parts of America.

A temptation to public-spirited men of wealth is to set up private agencies to perform public services. It is true that both stimulus and high standards often result from private efforts in such matters as schools, colleges, visiting-nurse agencies, and child-welfare clinics. But all these in a well-organized society are proper obligations of the State. If the private institutions are maintained only as a means of demonstrating to public authorities the value of these services or of keeping standards at a high level they are well justified. But too often the managers and patrons of private organizations become vain and desire to prolong their pet societies long after their usefulness is ended. Sometimes private groups actually enter into rivalry with public agencies and obstruct or postpone the proper development of important State services.

It requires painstaking thought and study to make sure that money is used not merely to perpetuate outworn forms of service. It takes courage to choose the slow road of prevention rather than the sentimentally pleasant path of present relief. Tact and imagination are necessary if one is to give in such a way as to strengthen rather than weaken the individual or group that receives help.

II

It was the sudden acquisition of huge fortunes in this country, together with

the recognition that large-scale giving requires careful planning, which led to the creation of a great new force in society—the American foundations. At the turn of the century Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller almost simultaneously hit upon this instrument for divesting themselves of huge blocks of their fortunes and of putting these funds to work constructively.

A few smaller foundations had been set up before the close of the nineteenth century. Mr. George Peabody had established a fund for Southern education and teacher training; Mr. John F. Slater had set up a trust for the aid of negro schools; and of course hospital and college endowments had received gifts for many centuries in both America and Europe. But the large general foundations of Rockefeller and Carnegie established new precedents, and started on a magnificent scale the American foundations as we know them to-day.

There are now some two hundred general foundations in America; their capital assets run to well over two billion dollars. And the newspapers report every few weeks the creation of another new fund by another new millionaire who either despairs of disposing of his money himself or desires to see it accomplish most for the benefit of society.

The distinctive features of these foundations are that large endowments are turned over with practically no restrictions to boards of trustees, and the administration and expenditure of the funds are in the hands of officers who devote their whole time to this work and are paid for their services. These officers often act also as advisers to the donor in his personal giving.

Since the giver himself is termed a philanthropist, and the recipient a philanthropee, some wag has suggested that these professional intermediaries between the donor and the recipient be called philanthropoids. The success of the given foundation is often found in the capacity of the philanthropoid—in

the wisdom and resourcefulness of the directing head.

Foundations have usually chosen some special, limited field of activity and have cultivated that field intensively. A characteristic of the successful funds is that they are not charitable organizations in the regularly accepted sense; they are constructive forces, initiating or stimulating activity in a definite province. Some confusion has arisen in the public mind on this point. Many people, knowing of the large resources and broad powers of these trusts, have supposed they were ready and, in fact, morally obligated to give to any worthy cause which was properly presented. Disappointment and even resentment follow when foundations decline to consider projects which are of unquestioned merit in themselves. Yet a moment's reflection will convince anyone that only by aiming at definite goals can results be attained worthy of the potential power of these funds. To run deep it is necessary to keep the channel narrow; to exert power there must be concentration. To scatter attention and resources is simply to dissipate the great power for social good which is in the hands of modern foundations.

Hundreds of letters and personal calls come to each of the larger foundations every week. There are great numbers of appeals from individuals in distress. These must be referred to local relief agencies. Other calls come for the most bizarre causes. One man wants to establish a negro navy; another, who has operated for the correction of cross-eyes, suggests in all seriousness the establishment of a Cross-Eyed Foundation; another suggests the vast potentialities for social welfare in the manufacture of "gum garages"—small squares of paper provided in public places for the convenient parking of chewing gum. Endless varieties of quack medicines and sure cures for all diseases abound. One does not realize until he has been with a foundation how many ingenious devices there are for the salvation of the world.

Many requests of course are for significant enterprises. But even among these it is impossible to weigh the relative merits of each. Who can say whether the Shady Hill School in Cambridge is more meritorious than a tuberculosis sanatorium in Arizona; a concert singer more valuable to society than an anthropological explorer? Should one support educational broadcasting by radio and decline the appeal of the local relief society? Is chemistry at Harvard or history at Stanford the better subject for subsidy?

Confronted by diverse appeals pouring in by the scores and hundreds, and often sponsored by competent and influential persons, the individual rich man might answer according to his special interest, his changing whim, or his friendship for the particular applicant. But the president of a foundation, who must make out a case for each proposal he recommends to his trustees, must establish some basis of selection, some close limitation upon the kinds of appeals he will consider. And he must do so promptly if he is not to be submerged by appeals or torn asunder by enthusiastic and fanatical applicants.

Most of the foundations, therefore, however general their chartered purposes, have elected to pursue one or at most a very few types of work. Several of the funds already have made notable records in their special fields. Instances in point are the Rockefeller activities in medicine and health, the support of the social sciences by the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial, the researches in natural science by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and the negro school program of the Julius Rosenwald Fund.

III

The story of foundation achievements may properly start with the Rockefeller activities in medicine and health. There are a number of Rockefeller boards; their relationships are as difficult to untangle as those of the British Empire or

the University of London, and the picture is constantly being confused by new large gifts from members of the Rockefeller family. Mr. George E. Vincent, for many years President of the Rockefeller Foundation, is probably the only man living who understands all these inter-relationships. So we shall do well to consider, not the intricacies of the corporate organization, but rather the general movements and certain of the dominant personalities.

The history of the interest of the Rockefeller fortune in medicine starts with the Reverend Frederick T. Gates, the most picturesque figure ever associated with any of the foundations, the greatest of the philanthropoids. For this brilliant clergyman Mr. Rockefeller had formed a warm friendship; in him he found a congenial associate and adviser in the task of turning his huge fortune to the well-being of mankind.

There are a number of stories of Mr. Gates' first interest in medicine. One of them, often quoted about the lobbies of the Rockefeller offices, is that one evening on a ferry boat bound from his Manhattan office to his New Jersey home, Mr. Gates noticed a fellow-passenger absorbed in a bulky volume. His curiosity was stirred. He ventured a question. The book was *The Principles and Practice of Medicine* by William Osler, a professor at the new Johns Hopkins Medical School. The unknown man on the ferry fired the Gates imagination by a few sketchy sentences suggestive of the ideas that were at work in Osler's mind, and Mr. Gates stayed on the ferry for the return trip, bought a copy of the volume, and returned thirty-six hours later drawn and disheveled to the Rockefeller office after continuous study for two nights and a day of this treatise on modern medicine. A less picturesque report is that one of his younger friends introduced Mr. Gates to Osler's great work, which he read and contemplated during a summer at Lake Liberty.

It is certain that Osler's book was a

deciding factor, and it is characteristic of the former Baptist preacher that he should arrive at "conviction" and should throw himself zealously into this new cause. He was convinced—and before long Mr. Rockefeller was convinced—that medicine was the thing. Here at last was a field in which millions could be spent for the betterment of mankind.

In consultation with Professor Osler and Dr. William H. Welch and others of their kind, Mr. Rockefeller and his aggressive associate formed a plan for a research institution which should be devoted exclusively to advancing the borders of medical knowledge. The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research it was called when it opened its laboratories at the beginning of the century in rented quarters on Lexington Avenue. To-day it has its own hospital and laboratories overlooking the East River, and an endowment of \$40,000,000. When the Institute was established Simon Flexner, a young professor who had worked with Doctor Welch at Baltimore, was chosen as its director, and he has remained in charge of this great house of research from that day to this.

The Lexington Avenue Laboratory was the start of the Rockefeller interest in medicine. Another step on the same road was taken when Abraham Flexner, brother of the Institute's director, was called to a post with the Rockefeller General Education Board, for the purpose of improving medical education in the United States.

In this effort is illustrated the necessity of adding wisdom to money if constructive results are to follow. When this program was started twenty years ago there were more than one hundred medical schools in the United States, all of them needing money. The easiest thing would have been to give a hundred thousand dollars or so to each of these schools or to the twenty or thirty which were recognized to be the best. This would have aroused the gratitude of all these schools and of thousands of doctors who were attached to the teaching

hospitals—and it would have resulted in exactly nothing in improvement of methods and scientific standards. In fact, it would have done great harm, for it would have endowed and perpetuated poor practice.

Instead, Mr. Flexner devoted years to a careful study and interpretation of medical education in America and Europe. He published his findings and submitted them to discussion and criticism by educators, physicians, and interested laymen. Finally, in consultation with leaders in this country and abroad, he recommended that his Board support with millions a few medical schools that were willing to try out more scientific methods of teaching and research. These studies and the resulting demonstrations at Johns Hopkins and Yale and at St. Louis, Nashville, Rochester, and Chicago are among the forces that have transformed medical education in this country.

The first direct attack on sickness by the Rockefeller boards came on the heels of the discovery of the cause of the great anemia which was debilitating whole sections of our Southern states. These were stirring times in medicine. Almost all of the basic work which de Kruif dramatized a few years ago in his *Microbe Hunters* had been done or was under way. Volunteers from the American army were proving for Walter Reed in Havana that the mosquito carried the yellow fever contagion. Other American army doctors in Porto Rico, led by Bailey K. Ashford, were at work on a strange anemia found to be prevalent in that island when America took it over from Spain.

Suddenly it was discovered that the same hookworm which infested the populace of Porto Rico was an unwelcome denizen of the Southern states and of almost all warm countries around the globe. Scientists began to declare that if the hookworm could be controlled the South would be freed of an enervating disease which had sapped the vitality of large sections of its population for

generations. Mr. Rockefeller, who had the courage to pioneer, saw an opportunity here for his fortune to make use of medical knowledge for the well-being of mankind.

Here again a choice was presented between easy giving and constructive help. The natural suggestion was to rush a corps of doctors to the South and cure the sufferers. This would have resulted simply in a new crop of hookworm-infested patients within a few months. The means of preventing the disease was known. Therefore, emphasis was shifted to prevention; the cure of the present sick was followed only as one means of controlling the spread of the disease. Even in a preventive program it would have been easy to assemble doctors and sanitarians and carry on the campaign under direct control. This would have aroused resentment and obstruction on the part of officials and doctors in the Southern states. It was decided, therefore, to work only in co-operation with local health authorities even though this might make the program slower of accomplishment and not immediately so effective.

The Rockefeller Sanitary Commission, which was thus created in 1910 to fight hookworm in the South, has grown into the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation, with millions at its disposal and with a field of activity as wide as the earth. Its policies from the beginning have been to work only with government agencies and furnish only what funds were needed to start the campaigns, and to use the convincing results from the control of one disease as a means of persuading state and county authorities to enlarge their general health programs. Public health activities have been carried on in all of our Southern states and in over two score foreign countries. The Board has lately set itself the picturesque task of eradicating yellow fever everywhere. This fight is on to-day in the last strongholds of the disease—West Africa and the Amazon country.

A total of more than two hundred million dollars has been spent by the Rockefeller boards in medicine and health. This is magnificent spending and it has produced magnificent results. When one includes the fundamental studies in medical science, the promotion of medical education and the world-wide stimulus to public health, it is safe to say that no influence in world history has been greater in advancing medicine and in reducing preventable sickness than that of the boards set up by Mr. Rockefeller.

IV

The foundations established by Mr. Carnegie have been more diffused in their activities. No one of them has made so distinctive a contribution as that of the Rockefeller group in medical science or public health. Probably the most significant of the activities of this group is the least generally known, the research in the natural sciences of the Carnegie Institution of Washington.

One of the ways of creating social energy that has been recognized by modern philanthropy is to produce new knowledge through research. The scientists who found a way to prevent typhoid and yellow fever furnished the means and created an urge in society to rid itself of these scourges. The researches of Faraday and the inventions of Edison aroused new demands in a thousand directions for the application of electricity to the service of men. Pure research of the most recondite sort must precede any progress in the application of science. Acting upon this principle, the Carnegie Institution for a quarter of a century has been supporting basic studies in many fields.

At Cold Spring Harbor on Long Island biologists have watched the fascinating vagaries of growth and evolution in such primitive forms of life as the jimson weed and the fruit fly, and have built up huge files of records of human families with a view to their possible bearing on eugenics—the purposeful control of

human evolution. Stations in Carmel, California, in the Island of Tortugas, and in Baltimore and Boston are investigating plant and ocean life, the development of the human embryo, and the influence of various types of nutrition. In Guatemala and Yucatan spectacularly beautiful temples of the ancient Mayas have been unearthed. The researches of the Institution have been significant in themselves and have exerted throughout the country wide influence upon scientific standards and methods.

Another fundamental contribution to scientific research in a different group of subjects—the social sciences—has been made by the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial under the leadership of Beardsley Ruml, one of the youngest of the philanthropoids and one who compares in his imagination and daring with Frederick T. Gates, the elder statesman. When Doctor Ruml began the direction of this newest of the Rockefeller boards he insisted that the same kind of sincere and realistic study which had brought striking results in medicine and machinery might if applied to economics, psychology, social problems, and political science bring findings of even greater benefit to mankind. This stand required courage, not alone because medicine at that time engaged the loyalty of the influential Rockefeller officers, but also because it was thought impolitic for any of the great foundations to take active part in social and economic questions.

Those whose memories go back to 1910 will recall that when the Rockefeller Foundation was attempting to obtain a federal charter from Congress the gravest fears were expressed as to the possible subversive influence upon the nation of these great agglutinations of wealth. Critics reported themselves as fearful that a private corporation with one hundred millions dollars at its disposal might become even more powerful than the Government itself and might use this great influence to destroy or

pervert democratic institutions and the free play of liberal forces.

In view of the actual work of foundations and of the insignificance of their funds as compared with the expenditures which arose during the war period, these fears ceased to trouble and even began to appear absurd; nevertheless, there was natural hesitation on the part of responsible officers to see any organization bearing the Rockefeller name undertake activities in economics and politics. Ruml's reply to this was that his board would follow the usual foundation custom of not carrying on work directly but by supporting studies and demonstrations by other responsible bodies—universities, research institutes, and social agencies—and that the aim would be not to propagate any special theories but to bring about objective study of fundamental problems.

The program was started eight years ago. Contributions have been made to the social-science departments of a dozen leading American universities and to a number of institutions abroad. A national board of strategy has been set up—the Social Science Research Council—largely with support from this Fund. Opportunities have been provided at a number of University centers for realistic study of local problems. Stimulus has been given to efforts to apply the objective findings of research to improvement of government services and other types of social organization. In all, over twenty-five million dollars has been put into the social sciences and their application.

The Julius Rosenwald Fund, the largest of the foundations west of New York, has made its distinctive contribution in the building of negro schools. It is now beginning to promote pay clinics and organized medical services for the average man and is giving some consideration to the mental sciences and child development. But it will doubtless always retain a major interest in the negro, and its historic record is in the rural school program.

Mr. Rosenwald's interest in negro schools began fifteen or twenty years ago, when, as a trustee of Tuskegee Institute, he saw the great benefits that came to that race from the instruction which was being given under Booker Washington's direction in elementary subjects and farming and simple trades. He wanted to enlarge the influence of Tuskegee and to multiply these practical training courses throughout the South. He could have done this by building a number of private institutes. But Mr. Rosenwald knew something about the difficulties of making money really useful. He realized that the provision of schools for all groups of the population was a duty of the State. He saw that real progress could be made only as the local communities recognized this responsibility and acted upon it. Therefore, he offered not to build schools himself, but to co-operate with counties and states which wished to build their own public schools for negroes. The result has been five thousand new schools, trade shops, and teachers' homes in eight hundred and twenty-five counties of fifteen Southern States built with help from Mr. Rosenwald and from the Fund that he created. Of even greater significance than the schools themselves is the fact that the South has recognized its obligation for public schools for all groups. Momentum has been given to negro education and good race relations. The method of the giving has been worth many times the amount of money contributed.

The cost of the five thousand "Rosenwald Schools" is well above twenty-four million dollars, in addition to millions each year for maintenance and teachers' salaries. Of these sums the Fund and Mr. Rosenwald personally have given in all less than four million dollars. More than that has been contributed by the negroes themselves in collections of dimes and quarters and dollars from thousands of villages and farms—a striking evidence of the negro's eagerness for schooling for his children.

White citizens have provided by personal gifts more than another million. The great bulk of the money has come from the regular taxes. The task of the Julius Rosenwald Fund has been simply to prime the pump, to start a stream which has continued to flow in an ever-increasing volume. Yet the influence and stimulus of this Fund has transformed school conditions in the rural South for one great group of the population.

Other foundations have made distinctive contributions in their chosen fields. The activities that have been discussed are simply illustrative of the general principles and procedures common to many of these new trusts.

V

The subjects most popular with foundations are education, health, and scientific research. Two fields seem to have received less attention than they deserve: the mental sciences and the fine arts.

In mental hygiene, it is true, the Commonwealth Fund has made important contributions, and other foundations have flirted with the subject. But when one realizes that as many patients are in mental hospitals in this country as in hospitals for all other diseases put together, that in so progressive a country as Canada more persons in 1926 entered insane institutions than were graduated from all the colleges of the Dominion; when the individual suffering and the social havoc that follow mental disease and deficiency are kept in mind, one would suppose that the great forces of the foundations would turn to these problems however difficult and complex they may be.

The omission of the fine arts is more in keeping with the times and the American spirit. We worship just now social betterment as represented in public health, literacy, and prosperity; we revel in active combat whether in commercial business or in a struggle to search out the secrets of nature.

The arts still seem a bit ladylike to the robust American. The Juilliard Foundation in music is the only large fund devoted exclusively to any of the arts. The General Education Board has made one or two studies in industrial art, and the Carnegie Corporation is fingering somewhat gingerly a program in the fine arts; but no board has actually dirtied its hands with paint or clay or fabrics, or risked its morals with the drama or with the popular embodiment of the fine arts to-day—the talking movies.

This aloofness to art is not the historic attitude of wealth. Of old the monarchs and nobles and rich men of Europe and the East lavished their patronage upon religious temples and creations of art. Pericles is remembered not so much for his wealth or his civil administration as for the public buildings and statues and frescoes which flowered in Athens under his nourishing care. The Medicis have been exonerated for much of their cruelty because of their sympathetic support of artistic expression. Elizabeth's reign is memorable for its writers and dramatists. The pride of former European men of wealth was their patronage of arts and of artists.

As America absorbs her frontiers, and as wealth mellows in the possession of the third and fourth generations, doubtless there will be a revival of interest in creative expression. Meanwhile philanthropy probably does well to concentrate upon those things which are in accordance with America's present peculiar genius: intensive accumulation of knowledge (as well as of wealth) and the active application of scientific findings to organized social welfare.

If one were making general criticisms he might say that aside from a few notable instances, foundations have not found sufficiently capable men for their directors and that there is still some tendency on the part of founders to dictate or exert pressure as to the ex-

penditure of funds which legally they have turned over completely to trustees and their elected officers.

The potential power of these concentrations of wealth can be realized only if there is freedom of action, coupled with imagination and resourcefulness in their direction.

If millionaires in their own giving are often actuated by whim and vanity, it is equally true that foundation officers and trustees may be a prey to timidity and lack of vision. To suppose that any social worker or former college professor will work miracles simply because he is in the presence of wealth is nonsense. Mediocrity, which is the curse of democracies, cannot be transformed merely by millions.

The fear that foundations will subvert democracy is pretty well answered. They have neither money enough nor brains enough to do it if they wished. The real danger is that they will have no influence of any consequence in any direction; that they will fritter away their potential power in small and insignificant enterprises.

There is danger also that as time goes on the officers and trustees of foundations will become perfunctory and routinized; that they will grow fat in posts which may easily become sinecures; that the whole organization will sink into commonplace bureaucracy. There is already some evidence of this in certain of the foundations. To guard against it several recent founders have stipulated that their funds, both capital and income, must be expended within a generation. There is much to be said for using resources while enthusiasm is fresh and while the group is fired by almost religious fervor for some cause. Succeeding generations may be counted upon to provide new resources, through new foundations or otherwise, for the recurring needs and the fresh opportunities.

VI

Underlying the various activities of practically all of the foundations is a common philosophy which is the essence of modern philanthropy and the antithesis of traditional almsgiving. The aim is to give as little as possible for as short a time as possible. Should any of their projects become permanently dependent upon their help, foundations would feel that they had failed. To anyone imbued with the ancient ideal this will seem strange philanthropy. But a moment's reflection will reveal the soundness of the principle.

It is a safe rule never to do anything for the public, any more than for an individual, that the public will do for itself. Private funds should be used not to satisfy existing "social appetites" but to stimulate new appetites. Thus benefactors can create energy in the only fundamentally possible way—by creating fresh needs and by getting these new needs recognized by the public.

Inertia and human contentment with things as they are often prevent or postpone new movements, though these movements may promise much for the welfare and happiness of men. The chief contributions of foundations are in the creation of new knowledge through scientific research and in getting new enterprises started and proving to society that these proposals are desirable and feasible.

The new philanthropy does not want or need endowments in perpetuity. If a cause is good it can count upon current support, once its usefulness is made evident. We may be confident that if a public need is clearly demonstrated and a practicable way of meeting that need is shown society will take care of it in the future. Thus one of the purposes of foundations is to make themselves unnecessary.



THE BUSTLE

AN EPISODE OF THE EIGHTIES

BY CHARLES MACOMB FLANDRAU

"**I**T MIGHT be in the attic," I suggested, "although I don't know exactly where."

No one has ever returned from our attic empty-handed, but it is almost equally true that no one ever brings back what he originally went up to find, and Clark that afternoon proved no exception.

"I didn't seem to come across it," he explained when he reappeared at the end of half an hour, "but I did bring down this thing because I can't make out what it could have been used for," he added as he deposited on my lap an oddly shaped construction of steel wire. "It looks something like a baseball mask, but of course it isn't. At first I thought it might be part of a bird cage, but the wires are too far apart; the birds would get out. What is it?"

Tenderly, affectionately, sentimentally, I held the strange object in my hands and audibly sighed.

"Yes," I answered, "I do know what it is. It's a bustle."

"A bustle?" Clark repeated on a puzzled, a mystified note. "What on earth is a bustle? I never heard of one." With a sudden overpowering sense of time's onward rush, I realized that although he was more than thirty years old, bustles had come and bustles had gone even before he had been born.

"A bustle," I began—but even as I did so I felt that to one of Clark's generation, whose brief and infrequent excursions into literature concern themselves strictly with the contemporaneous,

my attempt to define a bustle would be scarcely more intelligible than a learned antiquarian's discourse on a suit of medieval armor.

"But I can't see why they did it," he protested when I had finished. "Take my wife, for instance—she's actually been starving herself for months and tiring herself out with long walks nearly every day because she's so afraid of, well, you know, sticking out behind," he reticently explained. "The one thing she dreads more than sticking out in front is sticking out behind. But those people" (and "those people" as he said it sounded like something overheard in a museum of Etruscan or Egyptian remains) "those people must have wanted to. Why?"

"Yes, incredible as it may seem to you, they distinctly wanted to," I agreed; "but I can't undertake to make it clear to you (not to-day anyhow) why the ideal has so entirely changed—gone to the other extreme. That's a job for a historian—a historian with a talent for the philosophy of æsthetics."

"But didn't they look terribly funny with that great, bulbous wire basket hanging on to them under their skirts? Didn't you nearly die laughing?" Clark persisted.

"No—not in the least," I somewhat snappishly told him. "There didn't seem to be anything funny about it. The only women who looked funny in those days were the very few women in town who didn't wear them"; and I recalled the several well-known ladies

who simply never indulged in bustles and were always explained and condoned by the fact that they were profoundly intellectual. One, I remember, was a school-teacher who read Sanskrit and Greek for relaxation, and another was a Unitarian who corresponded with Ralph Waldo Emerson. Among their high thoughts the bustle did not mingle.

Clark at length left me with the platitudinous declaration that he had long considered it a waste of time to try to understand women anyhow, and for an hour I reverted to matters in which he had not and never could have a share, but which to me were as vivid and as recent as if they had happened during the past week instead of rather unbelievably far back in the past century.

"Queer, queer," I mused, "this wire contraption on my lap has become nothing but a ridiculous—a grotesque—relic; yet it was once (and not really so long ago) of supreme importance. It was, all in all, the most ubiquitous feature of the landscape. In my childhood it had the universality that nowadays is exemplified only by the automobile. In a city of three hundred thousand inhabitants, it may be that to-day this is actually the only bustle left. One's ideal of female loveliness was unquestionably akin to that of the Hottentot; but in the eighteen eighties it was a fact that without a bustle female loveliness simply did not—could not—exist. It was preëminently an era of gelatinous convexities and women, unfortunate in having been by the Creator scantily upholstered half way down behind and rather high up in front, resorted without scruple to the medium of art. The bustle and the "form improver" molded not only anatomies but entire lives; they determined female fates—changed destinies. In my hearing at an early age a young man passionately declared that he had decided never to propose to a certain girl because, as he delicately expressed it, "I think, by God, that there's deception in that bust." More often than not the size and set of a bustle was

an index of character—a barometer of morals. Mrs. Bates, the wife of a major stationed at the Fort, always wore a conspicuously, an astoundingly, large one. It shot out abruptly, even violently, from the base of her spine like a shelf (without the slightest danger one could have stood a glass of water or a plate of soup on it) and then, in a long, dashing, thrilling curve, swooped all the way down to the ground and about two feet beyond. Hers was a challenging, a defiant, a brazen bustle.

"I like Mrs. Bates," I once announced when at the end of an afternoon call she had rattled away to the Fort in the shabby old leather ambulance drawn by four fiends in the guise of mules.

"She may be a kind-hearted woman," my maiden aunt grudgingly conceded with sudden thin, straight lips, "but she's fast. Look at her bustle." The bustle, too, served on occasions as a kind of ambulatory showcase, or exhibition grounds. At the annual charity ball, for instance, for women of a certain age, a projecting, overhanging, black-velvet backside draped like a mantelpiece or a bureau with little lambrequins of one's most expensive lace, was almost obligatory—a kind of dress uniform. And, as they were the fashion, enormously fat women as a matter of course wore them quite as universally as did the thin ones.

"When a woman built like Mrs. Gilman ties a bustle to herself," my father once declared at the dinner table, "it's like piling Pelion on—on . . ."

"On Assa," my half-brother brilliantly interposed. At which my mother, with wholly unconvincing severity, ordered him to leave the table and the room and not come back.

I hadn't forgotten these far off things, but for years I hadn't thought of them, and as I sat there I went on to remember the hectic, the historical and hysterical autumn evening while my father was reading the *Dispatch* in the library after dinner, he suddenly looked up and demanded that morning's *Pioneer Press*.

In the *Dispatch* he had come across a somewhat vague and sketchy reference to something (a lawsuit, no doubt) that in the morning paper had been treated of at length but which, in the hurry of getting to the courthouse in time, had escaped his eye. As usual, he was in his big chair at one side of the library table, I was at its farther end, sitting on the ledge of the bookcase, trying to "do" my arithmetic for the following day. Mother was leaning back in a rocking-chair near the fire. In the dining room across the hall Aunt Dottie and my half-brother John were playing backgammon while grandmother, under the cast-iron dining-room chandelier that held six kerosene lamps (there were in the house thirty-six kerosene lamps, every one of which had to be cleaned and refilled every day) was crocheting purple scallops on a fluffy, white, knitted thing, known in those days as "a cloud."

"The *Pioneer Press*?" echoed my mother. "I'll get it for you. It's probably in the kitchen." But, most tediously the *Pioneer Press* wasn't in the kitchen and it wasn't in any of the three kitchen pantries. Furthermore, it couldn't be found in the dining room or the parlor, or any of the family's five bedrooms.

"Are Mary Egan and Jane Munson at home?" roared my father at the foot of the stairs. "They've probably burned it," he added with bitterness. He was not a patient person and, like almost everyone else in the world, his patience was peculiarly, acutely tried—stretched to the breaking point—when he had made up his mind instantly to read something—anything—that turned out to be mislaid, or burned, or purloined.

"Ask those girls what they did with it," he shouted.

Miraculously, Mary Egan, who originally had been my nurse, and who now was the waitress, and Jane Munson, who had long been our cook, were at home. As a rule they went to a dance every night except Sunday, swathed respectively in uncountable yards of blue and

pink tarlatan and asphyxiatingly cal-cimined with a delirious mauve liquid that came in a bottle labelled "Laird's Bloom of Youth." But of the *Pioneer Press* Mary and Jane, who were in their room, repairing the havoc wrought by the feet of firemen at the dance of the night before, knew nothing. They couldn't have burned it, they pointed out, as the kitchen stove had been functioning for hours before my father came downstairs and as usual read the thing at breakfast, and the library fire had been laid for several days without being lighted.

"But I *want* it," my father insisted. "I want to *read* something in it—something of importance. If it hasn't been destroyed it *must* be in the house. I don't suppose it just jumped off the dining-room table where I left it and strolled out of the front door."

"I can't imagine," began my mother. "I can't imagine," she repeated in a moment, but in a tone of noticeably less conviction. And then she very suddenly sat down in the rocking chair and by turning her back and frantically poking the fire which didn't need poking, tried to conceal the fact that she had become feeble with laughter. But naturally my father caught her at it and, with the elaborate and glacial politeness that is ever the signal of suppressed rage, he said, "Really, my dear, I can't quite see what is so excruciating in the fact that I am being extremely annoyed."

"It's because—it's because it has all at once come over me that I know where it is," mother finally managed to gasp. She had given up and broken down completely.

"You know where it is?" father thundered. "Then why don't you get it for me—or at least tell me where it is and let me get it."

"Oh, no—no," mother protested with something that was a cross between a sob and a moan. "You couldn't possibly get it. You couldn't."

"If it wouldn't be too much trouble,

will you kindly explain why not?" father then acidly inquired.

"You couldn't get it—you couldn't get it, because—mother—is wearing—it," she then heroically brought out.

"Your mother, Mrs. McClure, is wearing a newspaper? How on earth can a woman wear a newspaper? Where is she wearing it?" father, in angry amazement, demanded.

"Oh, don't—don't," mother pleaded. "I can't in so many words tell you where she wears them, but with your legal brain," she wildly added, "I think you ought to be able to make a more or less accurate deduction. She wears them for bustles."

"Mrs. McClure uses the *Pioneer Press* for a bustle?" father hissed. "Oh, my God," he muttered as he clutched the arms of his chair and rolled his eyes. "Why, why, with the whole world filled to overflowing—teeming—positively bursting with potential bustle material, does she deliberately, wilfully, perversely choose the *Pioneer Press*—my *Pioneer Press*?"

"It's more economical," mother, having partly got control of herself, tried to explain. "And then, too, she's afraid of the wire ones—she doesn't trust them. After they've been worn a long time they have been known to collapse and run into people's—and run into people. A *Pioneer Press* folded over a piece of tape and tied around the waist is perfectly safe. Sometimes, of course, it does get loose and fall off in the street, but she just kicks it aside and walks on pretending it wasn't hers."

"But I want it—I want it right away," father wailed. "I realize, naturally, that I can't get it myself," he admitted with an attempt at sweet reasonableness, "but *you* can."

"But I won't," replied mother with spirit and decision. "I absolutely refuse to ask her to undress at eight o'clock in the evening merely because you have an uncontrollable desire—an uncontrollable desire to read her bustle. I think it's indecent."

More nearly like what is known as a "scene" than anything my parents had—before me at least—ever indulged in, the atmosphere of the library for the next few moments was nervous, disconcerting, slightly poisonous. Father spasmodically drummed on the arms of his chair with his fingers, and in a kind of atavistic French fashion nervously shrugged and made faces. Mother violently rocked and, from time to time, once more overcome, leaned far forward and poked the fire.

"Well, anyhow, she does go to bed at ten o'clock," he at last hopefully reflected.

"Yes—usually," mother agreed, but with considerably less optimism.

"You can get it then, can't you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I can get it then. I'll slip into her room, but after she's asleep of course. It would upset her dreadfully if she knew."

That evening, however, "then," for some unaccountable reason appeared to have determined never to arrive. It tarried, lingered, hesitated, changed its mind, got its second wind, and took a fresh hold. Nine o'clock struck, half past nine, and finally ten, at which father, bounding from his chair as if propelled by some hidden mechanism, began both ostentatiously and deafeningly, to lock up. He pulled down heavy windows with a perilous bang, smashed the inside shutters together till everyone jumped, opened the front door, slammed it shut again, and then went back and did it a second time. He then blew out the lamps in the parlor and the hall and, standing in the dining-room doorway, exclaimed to grandmother, with a kind of hollow heartiness (she was now alone there), "Well—I don't know what you're going to do, but I'm going to bed."

"Are you?" murmured grandmother with no interest whatever—not even glancing up from her purple scallops. "I should if I were you. You can put out these lights—I can't reach them—

and I'll go into the library. Finishing a piece of work like this always seems to excite me a little."

The hours from eight to ten had been merely so much time—a long time to be sure, but after all, just time. From ten to one A.M. however was pure, abstract, metaphysical, Einsteinian eternity with a kind of beginning perhaps, but with no predictable end. Father, after prolonged, undertoned, sepulchral urging, consented to undress but refused to lie down or, for more than a minute or two, to sit down. In that most humorous of all human coverings, a nightshirt, he drifted interminably back and forth in the upper hall, scared me almost into screams by now and then suddenly sitting on the edge of my bed just as I was falling asleep, and creaked up and down the front stairs and past the library door four different times. The first three of these expeditions were productive of a single, reiterated, cryptic, intensely bitter phrase. Thrusting his head into the twilight of mother's room he would mutter, "Still sitting on it," and then resume his restless promenade. Before his fourth descent, however, grandmother herself creaked up the stairs, went to her room, apparently found something she wanted and, just as we had begun to feel that she had come up for the night, creaked out and down again. This time when father returned from below he no longer reported "Still sitting on it," but, "She's begun on solitaire."

I seem to have fallen asleep about then, and sometime between one in the morning and breakfast mother of course rescued what remained of the *Pioneer Press* and provided a perfectly good substitute, but all the next day was a most dreadful day, for when cheerful, energetic, sparkling grandmother appeared at breakfast, she was another creature—a changed woman. She scarcely spoke, sighed a great deal and, listlessly protesting that she was perfectly well, left the table after having sipped a quarter of a cup of tea. From the garden, where she went to do a little

weeding among the asters and dahlias, she, who had never in her life been tired, returned in less than half an hour in a state of complete exhaustion, and by noon she had thrown the household into an almost tearful panic by going upstairs and actually lying down. My mother and my aunt had whispered consultations behind locked doors. Two earnest, apprehensive communications were written to the family doctor, almost sent and then torn up, and from noon till eve our world was enveloped in a kind of solemn, melancholy hush. Throughout the afternoon mother was tenderly solicitous (no one could have been more so) but, as I hovered in the background of grandmother's bedroom, I seemed, from time to time, to detect in her voice a note of something almost like impatience—even of exasperation. For grandmother refused to admit a pain, an ache, a chill or a temperature of any kind and looked, as she always did, rosy, pretty, and extremely solid.

And then, at last, I heard her say rather tremulously, "Yes, something did happen—a dreadful thing. It was bound to come sooner or later—I've always known that of course—but I didn't think it could come overnight. It has, though. Rebecca, I'm an old, old woman."

"But what utter nonsense," mother protested. "People in perfect health simply don't get old right off like that. What in the world makes you imagine you have?"

"I don't exactly like to tell you," grandmother hesitated, "because you're far too young really to understand; but this morning while I was dressing I remembered that when I was making my bustle yesterday I had noticed under 'Household Hints' a recipe for getting rid of mice in a pleasant, friendly way that they enjoy. Of course there aren't any mice, but you never can tell, and I meant to cut it out, and then, when I unfolded my bustle and began to look, it wasn't the *Pioneer Press* at all. It was last night's *Dispatch*."

"Yes, yes, but what of it?" mother urged her on.

"I knew you couldn't understand," grandmother sighed. "What happened was that I must have got up during the night, gone all the way downstairs, found the *Dispatch* and made a new bustle; but the awful part of it is that I have no recollection of doing anything of the kind. From the time I went to bed my mind was a perfect blank. I must have put the first bustle—the *Pioneer Press*—away somewhere because I haven't been able to find it, but I can't

remember even that. Rebecca, I am breaking up."

It was gay, I remembered, to see grandmother a moment or two later suddenly snap back from a self-imposed senility to a youthful middle-age—not unlike being present when a locust leaves its shell on a fence, or a butterfly pops out of a cocoon. And I remembered, too, that the next day mother subscribed to the *Butler Pennsylvania Clarion Herald*, which nobody in the family ever by any chance wanted to read, and which grandmother wore undisturbed to the last.

BEAUTY SHOP

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

IT STANDS upon a strident thoroughfare,
 Yet—once inside, I knew my feet had come
 Down a bewildered path that ended where
 The haunted trees might once have snared the hair
 By which, one perilous day, hung Absalom.
 And there was water, blind with rainbow scum,
 That might have seen the mad Ophelia drown,
 Where pads of heavy lilies held her down—
 Reluctant hyacinths that crowd and float
 In color like a bluebird's throat—
 While her wild hair swirled outward, wet and brown.

The woman seated in the nearest chair,
 Seems all a piece of artificial gold.
 Such eyes once laid the soul of Samson bare
 And drowned it in a pool of severed hair,
 Mysteriously impotent and cold.
 Upon the shelves, alluring phials hold
 Secrets of henna or some mystic urn
 Where dangerous and paler fires burn.
 And one day shall a strand, dyed deep of these,
 Suspend the sword of Damocles.
 "I think you fell asleep! Madame, your turn!"



THE LUXURY OF INTEGRITY

BY STUART CHASE

ONCE upon a time I worked for the United States Government. In the course of my official duties I was directed to make a rather particular and painstaking analysis of the profits of certain mammoth corporations. The welcome of the mammoth corporations, needless to say, was not warm.

One of my subordinates in the investigation was continually getting into trouble. He was a likable fellow, a good routine worker, always ready to do odd jobs after hours. I took a personal interest in his troubles; I loaned him money, patched up a quarrel between himself and his wife, gave him books to read, tried to help him slide a little more easily along his white-collar groove. That he was grateful, that he really respected and liked me, I do not doubt to this day. Yet here is what he did after two years of friendly association:

He ransacked my private files and turned over any evidence showing liberal political tendencies on my part to the aforesaid mammoth corporations. He came into my office late one evening—fortified by a drink or two—and said, “Chase, I’m a Bolshevik. I’m fed up with the whole damned capitalist system. I’d like to help kick it over. I’d like to join something. You know about these socialists and I. W. W.’s. I see you reading pieces about them. Tell me all about it, shoot the works, tell me what I ought to join. I’ll pay the dues.”

At first I thought the poor boy had really come to the end of his rope; that this was a last desperate gesture before the white-collar routine doomed him altogether. Then I began to realize that

he was lying; that he was hoping to pick up some information from me which could be twisted in such a way as to discredit my work in the investigation. (Not that I had much to offer.) I went on with my columns of figures, and gradually his receptive attitude waned. “Aren’t you going to tell me anything?” he whined. “No,” I said. “And I guess you had better go.”

He took his hat and went and, as the door closed behind him, I knew that the man I had befriended could not afford the luxury of integrity. Someone was paying him to act as a spy. His government salary was little enough, while his wife had definite ideas about her proper position in the world. He had been bought. (I doubt if the vendee got his money’s worth.) I was bitter at the time, but to-day that bitterness is tinged with pity. He is only one among many Americans who increasingly cannot afford the luxury of integrity. His case is more dramatic perhaps, but essentially on all fours with the plight of nearly every man you meet upon the street. They, like him, have betrayed their personal sense of decency and honor because forces are loose too powerful for ordinary clay to oppose.

In the custody and handling of transferable property Americans grow ever more dependable; but in that more subtle definition of integrity which bids a man play fair with his own soul, never, it seems to me, has the Republic sunk to lower levels. As the machine breeds increased specialization, increased technological unemployment, as mergers spread their threat to white-collar jobs,

the case grows worse. The greater one's economic insecurity the greater the tendency to sacrifice spiritual independence and to chant in dreary unison the simple credo of the yes man. It is my contention that for uncounted millions of Americans the price of integrity is more than they can afford. Nor should I be surprised if the ratio of growth in the process bore more than a casual relationship to the growth in urban as against rural population.

Even as the interlocking technical structure of industry makes for an increasing tenuousness in the condition of the live nerves of transport, power, and communication which provide city dwellers with physical necessities, so the psychological condition of the inhabitants of Megalopolis grows more precarious. Living in a crowd, it has become highly important to *fit in*. There are fewer square holes for square pegs; to make the close-locked wheels of industry turn, an employee must be as round as a ball-bearing. This smooth and oily quality that eases the friction of the highly organized machine is in a way more vital than professional training, ability, or energy. One man may be genial and tactful by nature, while nine have to achieve tact and geniality by effort. For the milk of human kindness the most obvious substitute is soft soap.

II

The yes man had no place in the pioneer tradition. The pioneer had his faults and virtues. The faults included a prodigal wastefulness, a disposition to befoul one nest and move on to the next, a certain laxity in respect to the social amenities. The virtues included a sturdy independence, and the compulsion, if need arose, to look every man level in the eye and tell him to go to hell. Reasonably secure in the fruits of his own labor and thus economically independent, he could express in any company his honest opinions as forcibly as he pleased, and, subject to the local *mores*—

the base line from which all human behavior must stem—he could translate his beliefs into tangible performance. He could vote for candidates he respected, agitate for reforms he believed in, refuse to do jobs which galled his sense of decency or craftsmanship, come and go as the seasons dictated, but not at the bidding of any over-lord. His opinions may have been frequently deplorable, his acts often crude and peremptory, but he was free to be true to the best that he knew—and so, by the Eternal! a man, and not a rubber stamp.

His was not the gentleman's code of honor, but one less punctilious, more democratic, more human, and probably in the long run superior. The gentleman has a divided responsibility; he must not only seek to be true to himself, but he must maintain a wide margin between himself and the herd. The pioneer was of the herd and proud of it, and could thus devote himself single-mindedly to the one responsibility. Compare, let us say, a thousand assorted pioneers of the Berkshire Hills in Massachusetts in 1800, with a thousand assorted New York bank clerks in 1930, and, unless the monumental history of the Berkshires which I have lately ingested is a tissue of falsehoods, you will find about as many no men in the former area, as you will find yes men in the latter. The ratios, I should guess, have reversed themselves in one hundred and thirty years. With the no men will lie character, courage, individuality, saltiness. With the yes men will lie radios, automobiles, bathtubs, and a complete paralysis of the will to act in accordance with their fundamental inclinations. That Berkshire babies were compounded of better stuff than bank-clerk babies, I absolutely deny. Opinion for opinion and belief for belief, it is probable that the New York thousand have a more civilized outlook, a better stock of human values in their heads, than had the Pittsfield thousand. But for the latter integrity was cheap and abundant, while for the former it is very dear. Like all luxuries,

it can be bought, but few dare to pay the price. For the price may be the job, and the job means life or death.

If you object that most men and women are without a sense of honor, then call it early conditioning. From the cultural mulch in which we are reared—compounded of the influences of parents, school, church, folkways, literature—our personalities are formed. We take and we reject; we give lip service to much that our hearts do not subscribe to. But certain principles we make our own. Integrity consists in living up to them. I am not here concerned with those broad principles of morality which now as in the days of David and Solomon move more or less *in vacuo*, but rather with a far more concrete and personal standard. I ask only if your behavior squares with your conception of what honest behavior should be, and care not twopence how lofty or low the original conception. A stream can rise no higher than its source.

The point is not that we traduce our honor to climb up—such behavior has affected a fixed fraction of the race since the Cro-Magnon man—but that most of us to-day are forced to traduce our honor to cling to what we've got; aye, to exist at all. It would be easier if life were simpler, but the perspiring supersalesmen take excellent care that life shall never simplify. No more have we won to a standard of living held respectable by our fellows, than presto! a new and higher standard confronts us—two-cars-per-family, college-for-all-the-children, annual models in furniture, country club memberships—and this we must attain on pain of social disapprobation. There is no level, but a steadily ascending curve which tolerates little margin of saving, no dependable economic security. While jobs grow more uncertain, desires, built in by the high-pressure fraternity, grow more clamorous. In this compound-pressure pump, the wayfaring man finds it almost impossible to be true to his innermost nature.

III

Consider initially the simple and widespread practice of yesing the boss—to use the current phrase. The man with the strong jaw sits at the head of the conference table, his confreres gathered around him, each with pad and sharpened pencil. From the strong jaw comes the announcement of a certain policy—perhaps a wage reduction, perhaps a wage increase, perhaps a universal system of time clocks. He looks about him. The policy may be utterly repugnant to his staff, but, "I check with you, chief," "check," "check," "check"—the little threadbare word runs round the table. Not always, to be sure, but frequently enough to make our case. On any given business day, the number of such checks and yeses must be astronomical in magnitude. It would be interesting to chart their yearly curve superimposed upon a curve exhibiting the growth of mergers.

The psychological effect of continually pretending to agree with that with which one does not agree is disastrous. An internal conflict is set up which tends to polarize work into neutrality. Initiative, concentration, straight thinking evaporate, leaving only purposeless activity. Probably less damage is suffered by the individual who knows in advance the fire he must pass through and deliberately makes up his mind to prostitute his talents. He is tragic enough, but a less unhappy exhibit on the whole than the hordes who fool themselves into thinking that they are doing honest work, unaware of the conflict beneath the surface. In business offices there is usually one of the former to ten of the latter.

Next let us consider that very considerable fraction of the population engaged in making commodities which the maker knows to be evil, shoddy, adulterated, and a rank imposition upon the public. He may whistle cheerfully enough, say "What the hell?" and believe that the plight of the public troubles

him hardly at all. But deep down inside the continued outrage to his instinct of workmanship troubles him considerably. It is contrary to the whole history of mankind to waste good hours of labor on worthless or evil products.

Not long ago I delivered an address on the Russian economic experiment. I told of the method whereby an oil pool was developed as a single geological unit without competitive drilling and its appalling waste. After the lecture an engineer came up to me. He seemed deeply stirred. "My God," he said, "do you suppose I could get a job in Russia? I'm sick of drilling wells in competitive fields, watching most of my work run to waste. I know how a pool ought to be organized, but with all this offset drilling we aren't allowed to organize it." In his excitement, it was only too plain that there was a tragic breach between his standard of workmanship and the work that he had to do.

Of the ten million factory employees in America to-day, the two million in the building trades, and the two hundred thousand engineers, how many can hold up their hands and say that they take pride in what they make? Many of them, of course, are operating processes so specialized that they have no idea of what they are helping to produce, but the majority are probably still aware of it. The show of hands is not impressive. When one considers the weighted silks, the bulk of the patent-medicine traffic, jerry-built bungalows on Garden Crest developments (I have talked to the carpenters working on them), shoes that dissolve into their essential paper, rickety furniture brave in varnish—commodity after commodity, process after process, the reason is sufficiently clear.

Leaving the factory, we come out upon the market-place. Here we find a group almost as numerous as the producers, pushing goods which they know to be inferior or useless. A salesman has no canons of workmanship to be outraged, but if he has to sell an inferior product, and knows it, his case is not

much happier than that of his fellow in the shop. He has to lie blatantly, loudly and continually. He has to tell the world that bad products are good. He becomes used to it, of course; he may even take a little pride in his sales charts. But that does not mean that somewhere behind the table-pounding, door-bell ringing, and copy-writing there is not a *man*, who, in the darkness of the night after an ill-advised dinner, does not sometimes wish to God he could earn his living doing something he believed in.

We now come to one of the saddest exhibits on the list. There may be more deplorable human behavior than the violation of hospitality practiced daily by uncounted thousands of house-to-house canvassers, but I am at a loss to know what it is. Since time out of mind it has been the kindly human custom to welcome the stranger at the gate. The reaction is doubtless tied up with a dim fear that, some day, you too may be a-wandering and need rest and welcome. On this ancient custom the up-and-coming canvasser is forced to trade. In company schools he is deliberately coached in ways and means for capitalizing the instinct of hospitality, for gaining admission, a chair, a respectful audience—only to outrage it in the end.

Here, to quote an actual case, is a woman canvasser who announces herself as a member of the local school committee—only she is not a member of the school committee but recites a name which induces the lady of the house to think that she is. The "committee," it appears, recommends a certain book to aid the children's education. The visitor mentions the children by name, their ages, their bright looks. The lady of the house is pleased. The cost of the book is five dollars. Her face falls. She cannot afford five dollars. Haltingly, ashamedly, she confesses it. The canvasser turns on her with the sure-fire line, "Mrs. Green, don't you care enough about the future of your children to pay five dollars?" What mother can resist such an accusation? Company

statistics coldly demonstrate that seven times out of ten it consummates a sale. Yet what troubles me is not the plight of Mrs. Green with a worthless volume on the parlor table, but the utter abandonment of self-respect on the part of the lady canvasser. Had she hit Mrs. Green with a blackjack as she stood defenseless and welcoming on her own doorstep, the loss of personal integrity could hardly have been greater. Hospitality is a particularly precious custom in a civilization which drifts so rapidly to cities and apartment houses. By ruthless violation the canvassers have all but killed it.

Not content with the assault in person, enterprising vendors of commodities, particularly of certain types of securities, are lately using the telephone to effect a sale. In one day at my office I was called to the telephone five times by total strangers giving a Wall Street address, succulently outlining the profit to be made by an immediate purchase of American Consolidated International Class B. To the first man I tried to be polite, to the second I was curt, for the other three I simply hung up the receiver. But the day was ruined by a feeling of baffled rage, partly at my assailants, and partly at myself for having to crush the habit of years of being courteous to those who had taken the trouble to call me on the telephone.

Yet canvassers, like the rest of us, must eat. I remember when I lived in Chicago a neighbor in the woolen business dropped in upon us one evening. We welcomed him into the living room and were somewhat surprised to find that he had a large box under his arm. His face was set. He opened the box and disclosed some excellent woolen sweaters and hose, male and female. We admired everything—the admiration of friends. Would we buy some? We were thunderstruck, but kept our faces straight, and bought. Obviously, our guest had struck a vein of bad luck and been reduced to capitalizing his acquaintanceships. Always afterwards he

avoided us. Our friendship had come to an end. How many friends did that hard winter cost him?

IV

This brings us to that growing army of "publicity men" and women who sometimes do not—but frequently do—give the best of their years and their vitality to pushing causes in which they have no faith, and to booming personalities whom privately they designate as stuffed shirts. There are people among them whose shingle is out for any propaganda however worthless, and for any publicity seeker however shameless. As in the textile industry, there is overproduction in the publicity game, and a client is a client. How many nationalists at heart are writing purple copy for peace societies; how many socialists at heart lauding the benign activities of the power companies; how many intelligent judges of human character stirring the tom-toms for men they despise?

In this connection, the testimonial writer demands a note. If he—or she—really likes the product, well and good. In many cases he or she has never tried it. A thumping lie is exchanged for a bag of gold. The flight of Lindbergh from America to France was a fine and stirring achievement. But even finer to my mind is the fact that he has never sold his honor to a manufacturer.

Consider the activities of the ghost writer. According to the rules of this flourishing new profession, he writes the speech for somebody else to deliver or the article or book for somebody else to sign. In certain cases he endeavors to put into words the somebody else's general thoughts, but in other cases the somebody else has no general thoughts, and it is his function to supply them. Thus he foists on the public an entirely false picture of his client; he puts brains—his brains—into a man of straw; and far worse, he abuses the craft of letters which the Lord has given him by writing

words in which he places no credence while neatly dodging responsibility by placing his client's name above them. As a writer I have frequently been invited to "ghost" under such circumstances and once or twice have been sorely tempted by the size of the fee. Fortunately my economic circumstances at the time were such that I could afford to refuse. Heaven knows when, unfortunately, they will be such that I cannot afford to refuse. But when I fall, I shall know that my position as a responsible professional man—voicing his own thoughts and signing his own stuff—has come to an end.

I know a writer of newspaper editorials. Himself a liberal, he has to grind out a thousand words daily which reflect the ultra conservative policy of the paper for which he works. He keeps a record like a batting average chart, noting the editorials to which he can subscribe against those to which he cannot. When he last showed it to me he was scoring about .150—say one out of seven.

Pot boiling is no new phenomenon. Many of the Humanists' greatest heroes were known to stoop to the practice from time to time. It may be defined as doing, for a cash consideration, work markedly below the level of the artist's best. In the past, stark necessity was its chief inspiration. To-day as I go about among novelists, poets, playwrights, painters, I find a new motive widely voiced. We will, they say, "ghost," write success stories, produce canned editorials and advertising copy, concoct synthetic drama (a new type of laboratory research), illustrate magnificent brochures, or what you will, in order that we may lay aside a cash reserve, and *then* watch us burn up Olympus. I am still watching. The formula in most cases is spurious. A continued and calculated flow of second-rate work is more than liable to poison the original spring. One can cite names—a number of very promising names—but it would be too painful. Enough

that American art and literature has lost some distinguished ornaments because integrity comes too high.

Lastly we shall consider a usage almost as widespread as yesing the boss, one indeed that may be said to be an integral part of the folkways of a pecuniary civilization. I refer to the art of backslapping in the interest of a profitable sale. Under the canons of this culture complex it is incumbent upon the vendor to welcome the prospective vendee with all the warmth and sympathy hitherto reserved for dear and chosen friends. He must be dined and wined (Mr. Jesse R. Sprague has admirably described the latter ceremony in a recent article in *HARPERS*), his most infantile pronouncements must be received with the highest respect, one's home must be thrown open to him, his lightest fancy instantly satisfied. The fact that the company pays the bills is entirely beside the point. The point is that the whole procedure, like the canvasser's behavior, makes a mockery of natural human intercourse. Friendship is one of the few compensations for a complex life. To shower upon strangers and upon people who never could be one's friends, all the earnestness of comradeship is to debase rare metal. The dismal panorama passes before us: Manufacturers' agents departing with suit cases of gin to dentists' conventions. . . . Rotary club luncheons with members roaring songs, embracing one another, "Jim" calling to "Joe" (and Jim hates Joe)—all in the hope of more business. . . . The hearty dinner at home to the chief buyer for the National Widget Corporation with one's wife in a new and alluring frock, and carefully coached in the art of drawing out Mr. Blatterfein on his favorite topic—the postage stamps of the Hawaiian Islands. . . . The high and costly strategy employed by publisher B in weaning an author away from publisher A—the agent preferably to be an old college friend. . . . "Contact men" in dinner coats at week-end parties.

Backslapping may not always be for business reasons, but it is usually for pecuniary reasons. I recall participating in a dinner to a man who was as stupid as he was rich. The basic idea of the dinner was to obtain money from him in order that a certain charity might make up its deficit. At the close of the banquet our guest arose and delivered himself of as monumental a series of banalities as it has ever been my ill fortune to hear. When he seated himself, amid vast applause, we, the hosts, arose one by one, and respectfully asked questions and were grateful for answers that we knew to be absurd. Finally we gave our guest a rousing vote of thanks for a most instructive evening. Later, because his publicity man had used my name, I wrote him a letter—a slimy, unctuous letter—recalling his brilliant address and the needs of the charity in question. I was never so pleased in my life as when he kicked us all downstairs, and never gave a penny. In some dim way it restored my self-respect. Charities are worthy—some of them—but are they worth such abasement?

V

We have but touched the surface of the phenomenon, and already most of us are in it up to the waist, if not indeed completely mired. Certain groups are less involved than others, and a rough appraisal of relative saturation might prove instructive.

The independent farmer, standing closest to the pioneer tradition, leads the list. Despite the steady encroachments of business motives upon his way of life—for agriculture is far more a way of life than a pecuniary pursuit—he still has the best chance among all classes of Americans to call his soul his own. Perhaps the independent storekeeper, surviving in those few remote neighborhoods where chain stores and full-line forcing have not rendered his life a burden, takes second place. I know a few still functioning in the White Moun-

tains of New Hampshire. They are the sort of men who will not send a bill when the neighbor who owes it is ill or out of luck.

Next in line we might place the housewife. More remote from the commercial front than her spouse, she still frequently reserves the right to speak her mind freely, "to stand right up in meeting," as we New Englanders say. I recall the case of a brilliant young accountant who, shortly after winning his C.P.A., was given an opportunity to make a million dollars, more or less, in a few months' time. All he had to do was to approach certain corporations with an offer to split whatever rebates he might earn for them in their filed income tax returns. His share in turn was to be split with a government examiner who supplied the names of such corporations as had legitimate claims for rebates in past tax payments. He told his mother of the glittering opportunity. "Jim," she said, "you know when I come to wake you in the morning I shake you hard, and you don't stir?" "Yes," he said. "And then I shake you even harder, and you give a little moan?" "Yes." "And finally I shake as hard as I can, and you open one sleepy eye?" "Yes." "I'd hate to come in morning after morning and find you awake." He turned down the job and has been sleeping soundly ever since.

Reasonably high in the comparative scale would come the skilled manual worker affiliated with a strong trade union. One does not find an unduly grave percentage of yes men among locomotive engineers, machinists, or building trades workers. In the main they are utterly dependent on their jobs, but their jobs are objective and technical, while the backing of the union—sometimes with its benefit clause—stiffens their independence and self-respect.

Next we might place independent manufacturers and entrepreneurs. The great corporations are fast undermining them, financially and spiritually; but many sturdily maintain the Forsythe

tradition, refuse to grow maudlin about Service, honestly admit they are in business for profit and not for public welfare, and take pride in producing a sound article, honestly sold. Below them would stand professional men and women, with physicians at the head of the group and lawyers at the bottom. There was a time when this class topped the whole list, but that was before competition became so keen; before the days of split fees, ambulance chasing, and yessing the president of the University. Professors, like canvassers, must eat. If the gentle reader is of a professional persuasion, he is doubtless an exception, but as a journeyman member of his class, I know that all too frequently I am not an exception.

On a level with professional people would come the unskilled manual workers, with farm laborers at their head. They are largely a beaten lot, but many of them lose their jobs so often they get used to it, and accumulate, if not independence, at least a certain stoicism, a bitter crust against a bitter world. Not far below them we find the servant class—some two millions of them in America. Here we note a peculiar phenomenon. Servants are protected to a degree by their time-honored professional status. Nobody expects their work-a-day manners to reflect their real personalities, and thus they are enabled to preserve some semblance of integrity behind and remote from the frozen smiles and conventional obsequiousness of their trade.

From servants it is a long drop downward to the salesman, though here again we note, or are beginning to note, a loss of human dignity which is freezing into a convention. It is the salesman's business to be hypocritical if necessary, just as it is the servant's business to be servile. We do not expect much from a salesman or a blurb-writer save words, and presently he may be able to save his soul by taking, in his business hours, some such conventionalized and definite status as the butler or the waiter takes.

Salesmen are low in the scale of

integrity, but at least they are alive. They have even been known to tell the boss what they thought of him and throw the job in his face. Clerks and office workers, being all but dead, must stand still lower. They are the saddest group of yes men on the whole list.

As we feel for the bottom, we encounter in the murky gloom a large round object. Dragging it with some reluctance toward the light, we discover it to be a politician. To expect integrity from an elected public servant is almost to expect a miracle. When Mr. Dwight Morrow, running for senator in New Jersey, actually and honestly spoke his mind about prohibition the shock was almost too great for the country to bear. Editorial writers lost their heads completely at the wonder of it. The politician leads a harrowing economic life, granted; there are often sound reasons for his debasement, but this incident would seem to make it plain that it is not always good business, or good publicity, to flounder so persistently in the lower depths. Once and again the poor fellow might come up for air.

We would seem to have touched the bottom. Not quite. We have yet to deal with certain types of corporation executives. As a class executives may be arranged up and down the scale, but enough of them at least to be identified as a sub-species are the least enviable exhibit in the whole national category, firmly anchored to the ocean floor. Their case is the more deplorable in that they have less excuse than most of us for being untrue to themselves. They have more economic security than all the rest of us combined. Instead of quaking for their jobs, they need quake only for their balance sheets. They have sold themselves, not to inexorable terms of livelihood, but to a legal abstraction, an almost mythical monster, in whose bowels is nothing more than a certificate of incorporation. (Some anthropologist should do a sound monograph on the totem worship and animism involved in the modern conception of a

corporation.) They dare not open their mouths in public, put pen to paper, pronounce judgment on any social question, attend a banquet—almost take a bath—without first securing the received policy of the company for which they work. They move in a world of juggernauts and spooks which pass under the name of unfavorable publicity. They cower before the dire warnings of counsels on public relations. Instead of honestly admitting they are in business for profit, they squirt atomizers filled with the rank perfumes of "service," "good will," "public duty" in all directions, until the atmosphere of the nation bids fair to be choked with alien gases. They wriggle, this sub-species, into schools, universities, women's clubs, churches. They teach the teacher to teach the little children to wash their little hands with their little cakes of Banana Oil Soap. It is difficult to walk a block in Washington without bumping into one of their legislative agents. Even as the Russians substitute Communism for God, these gentlemen substitute their Corporation. It can do no wrong. Once I was walking the streets of Boston with the vice-president of a great financial institution. We came to a little decayed brick building near the docks. He stopped, with reverence in his every gesture, and all but took off his hat. "This," he said, "is where our Company first began to do business." We might have been visiting the birthplace of a saint.

I should like to see old Jolyon Forsyte at a few American directors' tables; I should like to hear him express his mind freely at a conference of Junior Executives. Here was a man who ransacked the world for tea, sold you only the finest, and took a good round profit on the transaction. He did not cower before sticks of type, cared not a damn about "unfavorable publicity," had no animistic corporate god to serve, and could call his soul his own.

I have been perhaps unduly harsh

with that fraction of corporation executives who have forsworn all canons of personal integrity to serve a paper monster. But I should like them to know how their activities impress the outside public; and I would point out, furthermore, that the lesson taught the politicians by Mr. Morrow is equally applicable in their case. They could afford to substitute facts for propaganda far more frequently than they do. The type of publicity put out by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad may serve as an example of winning real good will by honest methods as against the tricky and spurious variety.

If you think that I have been passing moral judgments, I have completely failed in writing this article. Questionable morals as reflected in graft, speculation, and legal crime lie quite outside the discussion. Such behavior is to be found in every civilization since Mesopotamia; whether the ratio is worse in modern America I do not know, and for the moment do not care. Owing to the colossal temptations for graft inspired by prohibition, it may well be worse at the present writing; but this, we trust, is a temporary phenomenon. All I have tried to say is that you and I, and Americans generally, have each a personal standard of honorable conduct. Under prevailing conditions, largely economic, it is frequently impossible to live within striking distance of that standard. Dr. Paul S. Achilles of Columbia, professor of vocational psychology, estimates that over fifty per cent of Americans are not happy in their work. (The suicide rate per thousand has jumped fivefold in seventy years.) I am but pointing out a major reason for that unhappiness. There is better stuff in us than we are permitted to express, and callous as routine may have made us, the failure of self expression still hurts. In the end nothing but a greater margin of economic security—the rock which stiffened the backbone of the pioneer—can bring release.



A RESIDENT OF PURGATORY

A STORY

BY THOMAS BOYD

IN all Reno there was no more popular haven for discontented wives than Mrs. Green's furnished apartment building—and no more discontented wife than young Mrs. Green herself.

Lilia Green's bedroom-kitchenette-and-bath cubicles were neither more convenient nor less expensive than those at the Golden View or at the Brookside. Their exceptional popularity was mainly due to her sympathetic interest in other people's troubles. With glistening brown hair, a spot of rouge on each cheek, and dark eyes full of solicitude, Lilia sat on the arm of the chintz-covered sofa in apartment number one and listened to large Mrs. Ledyard's woeful account of the married life from which she was escaping by way of Nevada's peculiarly liberal divorce laws.

"It's such a comfort to talk to you—you're so understanding. But you simply can't imagine what I've put up with for years!" Mrs. Ledyard tragically concluded.

"I know." Lilia nodded compassionately. Mrs. Ledyard's story was without novelty to her. During her many months as mistress of the Green Apartments she had heard more than a hundred variations on it, each from a different tenant—young, old, and middle-aged, homely and pretty, pitiful and defiant. Added to that was her own recent and bitter appraisal of Bert and the possibility of a happier life which Kirk was offering her. She had been married to Bert for twelve years. Even

now she was only thirty. For the last five of them Bert had been about the apartment morning and night, a grumbling supernumerary. Previous to that he had owned a drug store—Bert Green's Second Street Pharmacy—which had gone bankrupt. But that was before the Reno lawyers, politicians, and business men had lobbied the three months' residence law through the state legislature, opening the town to many hundreds of domestically burdened Eastern women with money to spend while waiting for their divorces. If he could have held off his creditors a few years longer, Bert often complained, looking aggrievedly at Lilia, he would now be proprietor of a prosperous store.

"But," said Lilia as her preoccupied mind as well as her skillfully sympathetic eyes swung back to Mrs. Ledyard and her worries, "it's only three months, Mrs. Ledyard. Then you'll have your decree."

Mrs. Ledyard's deep tones came sorrowfully forth again. "My dear, but you don't know my husband. He'll never consent to sign!"

"Well," said Lilia, who knew the simple court proceedings as intimately as most of the two hundred-odd Reno lawyers, "then he'll have forty days to file a counter complaint. If he doesn't you'll get it by default. Cheer up, Mrs. Ledyard."

Her thoughts shifted back to her own concern. She had one more day to decide definitely what she would do—for Kirk had waited three weeks already

since his decree and swore he would wait no longer. With Bert there would be no trouble like that Mrs. Ledyard feared from her husband. There was nothing Bert could do to stop her once she started. She was already a resident of Nevada, and Attorney Will Sibley could get her a divorce on the grounds of non-support without the slightest trouble. Within ten days after filing her complaint, which she meant to see about at once, Judge Tanner or Judge Lacey would hand her the decree, and on that same day she and Kirk could be married and on their way to his tobacco farm in North Carolina.

"Cheer up, Mrs. Ledyard," she repeated, adding, "like Clyde, the entertainer out at the Buckaroo, sings of Judge Lacey and the girls:

'He thinks he's giving them e-man-ci-pa-tion.

But all he does is to put 'em back in cir-cu-la-tion.'"

Lilia laughed and looked expectantly at Mrs. Ledyard. It was a line that seldom failed to divert her distracted tenants, but Mrs. Ledyard pronounced a solemn "very amusing" and leaned over to turn on her rented radio. As the sound came forth from the San Francisco broadcasting station she picked up an empty highball glass and walked heavily toward the kitchenette. "You'll see about getting more heat in the apartment, won't you, Mrs. Green?"

Lilia had stopped in that morning because Mrs. Ledyard had been cold and had complained of it. At the remembrance her disgust with Bert was increased. Though his chief job in winter was to keep the furnace stoked from six at night till nine in the morning, he had, as usual, banked it up when he went to bed and had not been down to touch it since.

Promising Mrs. Ledyard more warmth for her apartment, Lilia went out in the hall where Katie, the swarthy, flat-faced Indian girl, was lazily polishing the banister. Katie looked at her with

brown, completely uninterested eyes and said, "Mist' Green he say tell you he gone downtown."

Lilia muttered angrily to herself, "If that's not just like him! And on Monday morning, too!" Bert knew she had two cases coming up in court at ten o'clock and had to be there punctually. Yet he had gone out, leaving the building to her care entirely. It was now after nine and she hadn't finished dressing; she had promised to run up and see Kirk, but she no longer had time for anything except to get ready for court.

In spite of her hurry she dressed with leisure and care. She had intended to see Kirk, but he would be there after lunch, too. He was always sitting in his room, writing letters or saddle-soaping his boots while he waited for her to come. Poor Kirk, she thought; he had had a lonely time of it since September when he had arrived to start legal proceedings against a wife who had deserted but would not divorce him. He had looked so restless and unhappy in Reno that she had felt pity for him from the beginning. But their intimacy had begun on the day Bert stopped mowing the lawn because of a crick in his back. For Kirk, to have something to do, had taken up the machine where her husband had left it and had laboriously continued until all the yard was neatly clipped. She had gone out to thank him, had stayed to talk. Some people, they had decided, were energetic—like themselves. Others were shiftless, they had agreed—it was implied but obvious on whom each based the conclusion. They parted with mutual esteem. She admired his strength and his dependability and was sorry for his loneliness in Reno. He grew emotionally absorbed in the pluckiness she had shown by setting up an apartment house after her husband had failed in business and successfully carrying it on without his assistance. Each time they met it was with keener feelings for each other until now it seemed as if the only possible life for either of them was with each other.

Lilia finished dressing for court. When she reappeared in the hall it was as if she had clothed herself for a holiday. Her nails were glistening with liquid polish, her lips were red and smiling. She wore a smart black hat and a black coat with a large fur collar. It was a costume as carefully considered as that of the leading woman in a Broadway play. Lilia smiled at herself with approval. Though she was only to appear as witness that two of her tenants had lived in Reno for fully three months—which entitled them to the benefit of Nevada's favorable divorce laws—and though it was a regular weekly occurrence, Mondays in court to her were more important than a holiday.

From the Green Apartments it was a short walk to the Washoe County Court House on South Virginia Street, but Lilia, as usual, traveled the distance in her sedan. Parking before the square, white, pseudo-classic building, she got out and cheerily climbed to the second floor. Entering the bated, tensely expectant atmosphere of the court chambers, she received familiar but respectful nods and whispers from half a dozen lawyers, several divorce plaintiffs, the court reporter, and also the clerk. As she walked down between the front bench and the railed enclosure she had an agreeable suspicion that most of the strangers to the court were noticing her as a person of consequence.

It was ten o'clock, but the first case had not yet been called because Judge Lacey was in his private room finishing his cigar as Lilia, who knew his habits, could see through an opening in the doorway to the left of the judicial bench. Everyone else, however, was there. The lawyers were waiting casually with their brief cases, Attorney Will Sibley among them—but it was no time to speak to him now about making her complaint. The plaintiffs sat in positions too studiously careless, the onlookers exchanged hushed gossip among themselves. Joining one of her divorcée tenants, Lilia sat down and began to

look around. Down at the farther end of the front bench beside one of the women for whom she had come to testify, she noticed old Mrs. Gowdy, who owned the Riverview Apartments, and behind her Tish Nagel of the Summit Ridge Apartments. Presently Judge Lacey, completely bald, with a narrow jaw and empty, round blue eyes, came in. The gavel rapped, the people stood, there was a shuffling of feet, the court sat, then silence.

Lilia watched attentively, but her interest in the scene was really centered on the part which she herself was to play. As Judge Lacey opened the heavy book on his desk and read, "Case number H-994632a! Are you ready?" Lilia observed old Mrs. Gowdy, with corseted hips, waddle forth beside a girl in a cheap red hat and rabbit-fur collar. Lilia surveyed them critically. Why didn't old Mrs. Gowdy take more pride in her appearance on a day like this? And why did she always fumble and mumble over taking the oath? Sitting awkwardly in her chair beneath the judge's desk, her knees apart, and the toes of her unpolished shoes turned out, she replied to the lawyer's questions as if she had never been to court before in her life. A disgrace to Reno, Lilia thought impatiently.

Case number H-994632a was begun at 10:10. At exactly 10:18 the attorney for the girl in the cheap red hat and rabbit-fur collar was mechanically congratulating her at the doorway while Judge Lacey arose and called out, "Case number H-994633a!"

That was Lilia's cue. And when Attorney Will Sibley nodded to her she turned to the pale, rather nervous looking woman beside her and whispered reassuringly, "You'll be all right, dearie; all you have to do is to keep saying 'Yes.'"

With the assurance of the expert Lilia stepped briskly through the railed enclosure, took the oath from the bored looking clerk at the desk, and crossed over to the chair beneath the judge's

bench, where she sat with one knee over the other and small head alertly tilted forward.

Attorney Will Sibley, with a sheaf of papers in his hand, looked at her and, after establishing the fact of her own residence before the court, asked in a businesslike tone, "Are you acquainted with the plaintiff, Mrs. Green?"

Lilia answered promptly, "I am."

"How long have you known her?"

"Since September first," replied Lilia briefly.

"You have seen the plaintiff every day since September first?"

"Every day," affirmed Lilia.

Judge Lacey nodded from the bench, Will Sibley bowed and smiled. "Thank you, Mrs. Green. That is all."

Satisfied that she had made her usual good impression, Lilia went through the court and down the hall into Judge Tanner's chambers where she repeated the same formality for Mrs. Bingham, her other tenant who was being divorced that day. She always enjoyed the informal solemnity of a private hearing, an extra attention for which her more affluent clients were glad to pay. And this morning in particular, after Judge Tanner had said, "Well, you're looking pretty smart to-day, aren't you, Mrs. Green?" she felt as if her place in Reno, even with Bert as a husband, was a distinguished and satisfactory one.

But when she returned home that morning and, going through the hall in which the noise of the incessant radio from number three could be heard, found Bert comfortably smoking a cigar in the sunlight of the big bay window of the apartment, her discontent flared again into lively activity. She said accusingly, as she stood in the doorway, the big fur collar of her coat thrown back, "Well, Bert Green! Where have you been?"

Bert was sleek and nearly forty, with eyes drawn in from life, and a jaw that slid back and forth when he talked. "I've been downtown. Where do you think I've been?" He looked at her

with sleepy insolence over the end of his cigar.

"Yes," said Lilia tapping her foot, "and what about the furnace this morning? What about the garbage that's still in the hall upstairs?"

Bert tilted his head on one side and delicately crooked the little finger of the hand in which he held his cigar. "Well, what about the garbage? It's been emptied, ain't it?" He had collected it after he had come back from the hotel. "I guess you better take another look."

"A fine time to take care of it," said Lilia sarcastically. The glowing self-appreciation she had felt in the court room had been thoroughly dissipated by the inadequacy of Bert, and in its place lay her usual dull resentment. Hanging her new coat in the closet she went out to the kitchenette and set the kettle on the electric range. But as she slowly slipped her rubber apron over her foulard dress her dark eyes grew stubborn and angry. Why should she cook for a man who sat about the house all day and did nothing? Why should she continue to live with a husband like that when, up on the third floor, Kirk was waiting, offering the love, the sympathy and admiration which she needed and which she had only to lift her hand to possess? With a sudden spurt of fury she banged the saucepan against the sink, jerked off her apron, and marched into the living room where she turned on the radio.

Bert asked casually over his cigar, "Havin' a tantrum, Lil?"

She was furious, but the thought of the escape Kirk offered made her smile at him with scorn.

Bert turned again toward the sunlight, the unclouded blue sky, and the tawny, irregular ridge of the ribbed Sierras. Half an hour passed in silence, save for the incongruous sound of jazz from the radio. Finally Bert looked around. "Lil," he said, "ain't it pretty near time for dinner?"

She waited till he had repeated his

question. Then, with her eyes on the Sunday feature section of the newspaper, she answered disinterestedly, "If you want lunch you can get it yourself."

"All right, by God," he announced decisively, "I will!" Jerking his feet down from the radiator, he stalked into the kitchen and began rattling pots and pans.

Bitterly amused, Lilia waited. Even before the apartment was filled with the smell of burning rice she knew what the outcome of Bert's activity would be. "Just what I thought would happen," she taunted as he came angrily into the room.

Bert glared at her and went to the closet for his hat. "You know a hell of a lot," he said sarcastically.

She knew where he was going: down to the hotel for lunch—which he would pay for with her money. "I wish I did know a *hell* of a lot," she mimicked him furiously, "because then maybe I'd know why in heaven's name I ever married you!"

"Yeh?" He swung round toward her. "Lemme tell you something, Lil. You didn't do any wonderin' when you were back of the hardware counter in Woolworth's, and I was dickerin' to set up in business for myself! You made so big a grab for me that everybody in town could see it!"

"You!" she advanced upon him with hot scorn in her voice. "You! Well, thank heavens I don't have to *stay* married to you!"

He was close and menacing. "Is that a fact? Well, now just lemme tell you something else. You watch your step—see!"

She stood her ground, demanding fiercely, "What do you mean? How dare you threaten me!"

"Listen!"—it was Bert's turn to be scornful—"what's that guy up in number twelve staying on here for when he's had his decree for the last three weeks?"

It was a startling question, but Lilia thought it no more than a lucky guess; Bert had never seen her and Kirk together. With a cold smile that ad-

mitted nothing but her distaste for her husband she answered, "He swore in court he came out here to make Nevada his permanent home, didn't he? Maybe that's the reason he's staying."

"Don't hand me none of that old stuff. Everybody has to swear to that because it's the law and they wouldn't get their divorces if they didn't." Bert put on his hat and went to the door. With his hand on the knob he said again, "You watch your step, Lil. If I catch you and that big hulk together I'll go after you. I'll go after you so hard you'll both wish you were never born." He went out, jerking the door shut behind him.

Lilia's expression of defiance needed no strengthening by words. Bert's threat, she knew, was meant to warn her no less than to frighten her. He had a dog-in-the-corner streak in his character which might easily provoke him to insane violence if it were aroused. But she was not afraid. Standing there after he had gone out, feeling the pulse of anger throbbing in her temples, she thought of Kirk and would have rushed to his room at once, except for the trivial fact that he had probably not returned from lunch.

Above the music from the still insistent radio the buzzer whirled. Probably, Lilia thought, it was one of her tenants wanting something done that Bert had left undone. Assuming her customary solicitous smile, she went to answer it.

"Oh, Mrs. Green!" It was young Mrs. Jaffrey, the pale, nervous looking woman for whom Lilia had testified in court that morning. But Mrs. Jaffrey was not pale and nervous looking now, for she had received her decree of absolute divorce, also several hundred dollars a month alimony, and she had already begun to celebrate with highballs before lunch. "Oh, Mrs. Green, you've been so sweet to me—couldn't you just step up and have a cocktail with us to-night? It's my graduating party, you know."

Lilia was pleased but hesitant. "Why I'd love to—" She was thinking of Kirk, for she had intended to be with him that evening.

Mrs. Jaffrey noticed her uncertainty, but ascribed a different cause to it. "And Mr. Green too, of course—if he wants to come." It was plain she hoped he wouldn't.

"Oh, no, no," said Lilia hastily. "It's his lodge night. He never misses Monday."

Mrs. Jaffrey was relieved. Impulsively she enlarged her invitation. "I'm having just a few friends in, but later we might all go out to the Buckaroo. And perhaps I could ask Mr. Howland, that man on the third floor, to go along."

Lilia's eyes shone at this lucky shaping of events. "I'm sure he'd—I mean, I think it would be wonderful," she said excitedly; and when Mrs. Jaffrey turned to go a moment later, Lilia followed her down to the end of the hall and went upstairs to see if Kirk had come back from lunch.

At his door she tapped lightly and, still smiling, stood leaning forward eagerly as she heard his heavy, awkward steps come toward her. Kirk was rawboned and over six feet tall. Holding a sponge and a brown leather boot in his hand, he opened the door. His light, quizzical eyes regarded her with frowning intentness and he asked abruptly, dropping the boot and taking hold of her arms, "Lilia, darling, did you see that lawyer this morning?"

"No," in her exuberance over Mrs. Jaffrey's unexpected invitation she answered and hastily plunged ahead with what she had come to tell him, "but I've got the most marvelous news! I've just been talking to Mrs. Jaffrey, you know that girl in number seven. She's giving a graduating party and she's asking us—cocktails in her apartment and probably dinner out at the Buckaroo! Isn't that great?"

Kirk looked at her dubiously. "I don't like that Buckaroo, Lilia. They put glycerin in the corn whisky, and

I'll swear they've got their gin scented just like perfume. It's all right for these high-steppin' divorcees with lots of money to throw away on that roulette wheel of theirs, but I don't favor it myself." He stopped and looked at her earnestly. "Can't we just go somewhere by ourselves?"

Lilia frowned disappointedly and answered with native pride, "It's as good a night club as there is in North Carolina, isn't it?"

Kirk laughed. "Honey, it's got to be. Because I've never seen a night club from one end of the state to the other. But if you want to go out there, we'll go."

She looked up at him. "Kirk, you're a darling, you know it?"

His cheek against hers, Kirk grinned joyously. "I must be if you say so. And when I get you back to North Carolina, Lilia—"

She stiffened a little. "Kirk, I've got to tell you something. Bert knows about us and he's threatened I don't know what if he finds us together!"

Kirk instead of showing consternation looked toward the hall door with an expression of steadfast pleasure. "That's all right, Lilia. If a woman's not worth fightin' for she's not worth havin'. I'll just go down and hold a little talk with him." He moved as if to go at once.

Lilia stood in front of him. "No, I won't let you do that. I can take care of myself and I don't want to be fought over."

Kirk stopped, puzzled. "You sure that's the reason you won't let me go down?"

"Why, of course it is," said Lilia decidedly.

But Kirk was not yet reassured. "Maybe you've got a hankerin' after that husband of yours and don't know it?" He looked worriedly at her.

"Bert?" Lilia laughed—it was so ridiculous—"Kirk, that's the craziest thing you ever said."

"All right." Kirk stopped obediently.

"But once you've got your decree I won't stand for threats from anybody. And look here," he broke off suddenly and grasped her shoulders, "we're not going to stay here any longer, either. I've already been in this town nearly four whole months and I want to get back to God's own country with you. I've had enough of purgatory."

Lilia demanded, "What do you mean, 'purgatory'?" It was not a question, but a defensive challenge.

"That's what it is," said Kirk. "Plain purgatory. And we can't wait around any longer. I'm tired of sitting here with nothing to do but saddle-soap my boots or going for a walk out in the sagebrush with the rattlesnakes."

Lilia met his earnestly demanding eyes. Kirk was hurt because she had not yet had Will Sibley file her complaint. But whenever she had seen the attorney he had been in court, and then both their minds had been concentrated on their jobs in Reno's leading industry. "I'll do it, Kirk. Honest, I will."

"When?" he insisted. On his tobacco farm in the Piedmont there were drying sheds and cabins that needed repairs, markets to be looked after, and old ground to be fertilized.

"Soon," she promised. "The first thing to-morrow morning."

Kirk's lengthened face widened beatifically. "Gosh, Lilia! I hope that makes you as happy as it does me!"

He caught her up exultantly, and for a moment the world Kirk offered her became so real in her mind that she could almost smell the pine trees and see the broad, white-columned house about which he was always telling her. Then the thought of the party at the Buckaroo and of all she had to do before evening made her pull away. With a hurried "Got to run now—see you to-night" she was gone.

Past the rows of apartments with their rented radios turned on and their glass doors which only half concealed the movements of their restless, disillusioned tenants, Lilia went hurriedly.

Kirk loved her, adored her, and she knew it. Not even the burnt rice in the saucepan which Bert had left and which Katie, the lazy Indian girl, had failed to empty, could disturb her light-heartedness. Bert was nothing, no more in her life than a chance puddle on a sidewalk which might deflect her course by a few steps only. But Kirk was everything; Kirk was love and admiration and dependability.

Early that evening she began to dress. Bert came in as she was finishing. He looked moodily at her from beneath his eyebrows. "What's the idea of getting all dolled up like that?"

Lilia, smoothing her red-satin dress over her hips before the long mirror in the closet door, slowly turned her head, and answered imperturbably, "What business is that of yours?"

Bert glared at her. "If you're steppin' out with that big hulk in number twelve—" he began.

Ignoring him, Lilia patted a wave in the side of her hair. "I'm going out with Mrs. Jaffrey," she said; "please get out of my way."

Bert stepped aside, and she went through the hall to Mrs. Jaffrey's apartment.

It was still early, but everybody who had been asked was there when she arrived. Usually the women outnumbered the men by a ratio of three to one, but to-night there were enough of the less represented sex to go around. Otherwise it was a typical Reno gathering. On the linen-covered sofa sat Jed Grey, a fifty-year-old lawyer whose interest in divorcées was not restricted to their legal troubles; Gigolo Johnston, dark, slick, and pale, who had never disproved the charge of having "borrowed" five thousand dollars from a middle-aged, gullible woman who had come to Reno for a divorce; Ethel Powers, a shrewd looking thirty-year-old blonde, and a younger, softer-faced girl who had recently arrived from Long Island. Kirk, bored and lonely, was standing in a corner, talking to Mr. Disney, who

worked for a local borax mine. And Mrs. Jaffrey, in high-heeled slippers and a flimsy chiffon dress, was at the telephone calling her bootlegger for more corn whisky and gin. Meanwhile the radio was going in the living room, a portable phonograph was playing in the kitchenette, and everybody was holding a cocktail glass and talking between drinks.

Lilia slipped into the slightly hysterical gaiety as if she had been born to that hectic atmosphere. She smiled, gave her hand, accepted a cocktail, took a lighted cigarette and a caviar biscuit with the ease of a practiced debutante. Over the rim of the frosted green glass her eyes encountered Kirk and she went toward him quickly, but Jed Grey, the lawyer, called from the sofa, "I expect you've got a couple of vacancies now, Mrs. Green. I saw two or three of your girls in court this morning."

Lilia laughed. "Only one just now. Mrs. Bingham got Judge Tanner to hurry her case through so she could take the Overland Limited."

Mrs. Jaffrey came up. "You'll have another one to-morrow, because I'm taking the same train in the morning."

Jed Grey boomed, "Well, good luck to you and don't forget you had a grand time out here, little lady!" He got up heavily and, smiling at his own obesity, walked toward Lilia. "I've got a couple of clients coming in on the eleven o'clock from the East. They're highly recommended. I'll send them up to you."

"Thanks," Lilia said gratefully. Kirk, she was aware, had become acutely interested in her answer, and she looked at him, imploringly apologetic, as if to say that her reply to Jed Grey meant nothing.

Mrs. Jaffrey took Kirk's arm. "Come and help me mix up another shaker of cocktails; we've got time for just one more round before we go out to the Buckaroo."

Kirk nodded politely and, with an anxious, regretful look at Lilia, gloomily followed his hostess into the kitchenette.

"Well," breathed Mrs. Jaffrey as Kirk hurriedly cracked a chunk of ice, "one more night and then thank heavens!" Her eyes were bright and her face seemed set with determined excitement.

Kirk grinned a little. He too, he thought, could give the same pious thanks very soon. Speaking as though he had gravely pondered his opinion he said, "The mountains are all right, the sunshine's fine, and you couldn't ask for better air; but they ought to replant the sagebrush and give the whole damned town back to the Indians!" He dried the beaded cocktail shaker and carried it after Mrs. Jaffrey into the hilarious-sounding living room.

Lilia was standing with Gigolo Johnston. Kirk interrupted them and urgently drew her aside. "Let's stick together, we're leaving as soon as this shaker's emptied."

Her eyes glistening, Lilia laid her hand caressingly on the lapel of his coat. "I wouldn't ride out there with anybody but you, not if they dragged me!"

Mrs. Jaffrey was putting on her evening wrap. Jed Grey was buttoning his light checked overcoat. Outside, the cars stood waiting at the curb, the hostess' long, curtained roadster which, according to Reno custom, she had bought on the installment plan and was now unable to dispose of except at the loss of her equity; Gigolo Johnston's dented, dusty touring car, and the lawyer's shining sedan.

With his arm around Lilia in the rumble seat of Mrs. Jaffrey's roadster, Kirk crowded his long legs into a space meant for a much shorter man and pulled the robe up around Lilia's chin. It was what he had been waiting for all evening; at last he felt comfortable and secure. Soon, Lilia and he would be like that forever, facing life with the same inner warmth and coziness which now made them defy the icy wind from the mountains as the car sped over the prairie road. "Happy, Lilia?" he asked, his lips against her ear. She gave a contented wriggle and drew closer.

At the end of twelve miles over the rolling sagebrush country, with the pale moon round and high above the mountains, the swift procession of cars turned in at the Buckaroo and stopped in the gravel parking space. Mr. Disney, the first to the door, pushed the electric button and stood waiting for the tight-mouthed proprietor to scrutinize the party through the peephole before letting them in. Jed Grey bustled up and nodded familiarly at the eye. "It's all right," he said and the door swung open.

Over soft, thick carpets, beneath pastel shaded lights they passed the coat-room, glimpsing the brass-railed mahogany bar on their way through the dance hall to the dining room. As they sat down at the large round table which Mrs. Jaffrey had reserved, the orchestra began an amorous braying of the "Spanish Love Song," while a dark young man with curly hair and romantic eyes moaned the accompanying words through a megaphone.

Lilia beamed ecstatically. She was not often invited to the Buckaroo, and the place was as delightful to her as fairyland to a child. At a table in the corner which she faced, Attorney Will Sibley, his law partner, and their wives were sitting at dinner, while the waiter bobbed over their shoulders with a bottle of iced champagne. Sipping a dry Martini which had just been brought, she pressed her knee against Kirk's and murmured, "Isn't it grand? Don't you just love it?"

"They've got a good cook," admitted Kirk in an undertone, "but it'd be hell if you weren't here." He looked about the room. There were three parties of celebrating divorcees, a few others whose cases had not yet come up, and a number of townspeople with their wives. The orchestra, the fashionable evening wraps, the wine, the cocktails, and the bizarre furnishings in the midst of the sagebrush desert gave the place a macabre gaiety that made him sad and restless. He wanted to get out and hurry Lilia to North Carolina.

Between the soup and the rainbow trout they danced. Reassembling at the table, Lilia turned excitedly to Mrs. Jaffrey. "And to think Kirk called Reno purgatory!" she exclaimed.

Across the table Mrs. Jaffrey smiled understandingly at Kirk. "Why, that's a marvelous description," she said. "Getting out of hell and looking for heaven—is that what you mean?"

Kirk nodded. "It's exactly what I mean." To Lilia he added in an undertone, "But I've got my heaven; right here."

"But you found it in Reno, didn't you?" Lilia parried gaily.

The next foxtrot started, and Attorney Will Sibley came over to Mrs. Jaffrey's table. Jingling a pocketful of silver dollars, he said, "Well, Mrs. Green, I'm delighted to see you out here. Like to try a little dance?"

Lilia stood up elatedly and with a smile at Kirk went off with him. The floor was already crowded. Most of the women were in evening dress, but there were half a dozen men in sack suits and a lone aviator in a blue jacket, whipcord breeches, and polished boots with spurs. With the orchestra playing, the colored lights flashing, the waiters passing silently over the soft carpet in the next room, it was like a motion picture scene with hastily assembled supers, but to Lilia it was the gay and infrequently glimpsed sequels to her Monday mornings in the divorce court.

Jogging her about among the crowd, Will Sibley asked with friendly interest, "Well, what are you doing out here to-night?"

"Oh," Lilia answered brightly, "I came with one of my girls. It's marvelous, isn't it?"

"Can't beat it even in San Francisco," agreed Will Sibley with profound conviction. "You ought to come out here oftener."

"Gosh, I wish I could," Lilia said eagerly.

They danced on. Shuffling through the dancers for the third time around

the floor, Will Sibley spoke to her again. "That's a fine place you keep there at the Green Apartments. When I recommend it to a client of mine I'm always sure she'll be satisfied."

Lilia looked up at him with pride. "It's awfully nice of you to say that."

The foxtrot ended, but the orchestra played an encore which they were dancing when Kirk cut in and with long legs shambling rhythmically whirled Lilia around the floor.

Lilia looked up at him, her face flushed with excitement. "You didn't mind because I danced with Will Sibley, did you, Kirk?"

Kirk smiled admiringly. "You looked mighty pretty—what I could see of you. But I'd have cut in long ago, only I thought maybe you'd have a chance to talk to him." His voice was questioning.

Lilia was startled. "Heavens! I forgot all about it, Kirk. Anyway," she explained, "it's better to see him in his office."

Kirk moodily agreed, "I suppose so—" A bony hand tapped his shoulder and Mr. Disney cut in sprily. There was no chance for talking, no time for anything but enjoyment of the Buckaroo's diversions. With Jed Grey, Mr. Disney, Gigolo Johnston, and several other men who intruded into Mrs. Jaffrey's party, all eager to dance, Lilia was in a continuous whirl.

Not till after midnight was she in Kirk's arms again. He was wearily suggesting that they take a taxi and go home when unexpectedly the trap drum and saxophone, the piano and violin woke to a new and lively vigor. The engrossed dancers started, looked suddenly around and there, up in the middle of the waxed floor, Colonel Bowes, a leading banker of Nevada, came skipping with his arm around the waist of a pretty, dark divorcée. His black toupee gleaming, his old cheeks flushed, and the coat tails flapping from his ancient full-dress suit, he cleaved a path among the people who stood delightedly aside to watch Financial Dignity at play.

Lilia applauded loudly. Perhaps, she thought, Colonel Bowes would notice her in the crowd and speak. But he was too intent upon his fancy steps and the exhilarating closeness of the young divorcée. And when Kirk, a moment later, led Lilia through the carpeted hall past the bar to the gambling room, she went with a backward turning of regretful eyes, like a child being taken from a circus.

But almost immediately she brightened. In the gaudily colored gambling room Mrs. H. J. Bowes, the Colonel's sister-in-law, was leaning over the roulette table, scattering red chips on the numbers as the sharp-eyed croupier spun the wheel and sped the little ball against it. Mrs. Bowes was over fifty but had rouged cheeks like Lilia's. In a high, urgent voice she called, "Come on, girls, it's our lucky night," and drew bored and distracted women to buy chips and play beside her.

Kirk had hoped that if he found Mrs. Jaffrey the party might break up. She was there, but already trying her luck at the table. Ethel Powers, the shrewd-faced blonde, sat in the group before the Blackjack dealer, betting with the money which Mr. Disney was plentifully supplying. Over at the crap table Attorney Will Sibley was throwing dice for a roll of bills against a stack of silver dollars. As Lilia and the reluctant Kirk came up beside him he said, "Here you are, Mrs. Green," and handed her the dice. "Throw 'em out for me and give me luck."

Lilia played and won, lost, won again. Raking in a pile of silver dollars, Will Sibley called over his shoulder to Mrs. Bowes, "If you're having a bad run to-night, Opal, I'll lend you my little mascot. She's a wonder."

Mrs. Bowes looked over at Lilia with a preoccupied smile, but said enthusiastically, "I certainly will take you up on that. You come right over here and stand beside me, Lilia Green!"

Pulling Kirk with her, Lilia went exultantly. At last she had got to the

Buckaroo; Attorney Will Sibley had asked her to dance, and now she was actually going to play beside Mrs. H. J. Bowes—sister-in-law of the Colonel himself! Lilia giddily enumerated her triumphs.

To Kirk it seemed as if the game continued for hours. Twice the croupier struck a gong and ordered free drinks for the gamblers. Finally Mrs. Jaffrey lost her last chip. As she turned from the table Mrs. Bowes asked regretfully, "You're not going, dearie?"

Mrs. Jaffrey inspected her beaded evening bag. "Just enough for a last drink," she explained. "Come on, Mrs. Green, I want another look at the Red Room before we leave."

The Red Room was across the hall. It had crimson hangings, but they appeared nearly black as there was only one light. Suspended above the piano, it illuminated the broad face of Clyde, the entertainer, who sat improvising nonsense about local people as his fat fingers struck the same chords over and over again.

"Lady, I kiss your little shoulder,
But when I grow a little bolder—"

Through the darkened room ran a ring of hysterical giggles and a few men guffawed. Everybody was waiting for Clyde to attach a name to the verse. Gigolo Johnston preened self-consciously. "Look out I don't sue you for libel, Clyde!" he called.

Kirk bought a round of drinks and sat with his hands thrust deep in his pockets. From somewhere a whisper started. It was carried along toward the piano. "Mrs. Green?" Clyde nodded. "Sure, I'll make a song about her."

Lilia grasped Kirk's rigid arm and waited eagerly.

"I kiss your little hand, Mrs. Green,
Reno's apartment house queen—"

On it went for several couplets which were neither better nor worse than the first. Kirk muttered resentfully, "Damned impertinence. Let's get out of here."

Lilia flushed and hoped nobody had heard Kirk's incomprehensible opinion. From the corner the black toupee of Colonel Bowes gleamed suddenly as he stood up and with his glass aloft announced, "To Lady Lilia Green, the best little testifier in the biggest little city in the world!"

Laughter and half-tipsy applause greeted the judicial toast. Only Kirk remained sullen and unmoved. But not even his disapproving attitude could check the high, bright flame of Lilia's triumph.

Mrs. Jaffrey took Lilia's arm. "We couldn't have had a better exit if we'd planned it." Drawing her wrap about her shoulders, she arose.

Outside the sun's bright rays were tilted up from the Sierras east of town. Drowsy even in the chill atmosphere, they drove silently back to the Green Apartments and left the car at the curb for the garage man to pick up.

"Six o'clock," yawned Mrs. Jaffrey as they went inside, "and the Overland Limited goes through at eleven."

Lilia's eyes were wide and bright. "I'll wake you up," she offered.

"Thank you, my dear, but if you'd just lend me your alarm clock—"

Lilia turned to get it. "Well," Kirk began awkwardly. He had hoped for a chance to say good-night to Lilia alone, but he couldn't outstay Mrs. Jaffrey in the hall. "Good-night, Mrs. Jaffrey. Good-night, Lilia." He went slowly upstairs.

It was eleven o'clock, and Bert had gone downtown when Lilia awoke to another day. She had just finished dressing as the door buzzer sounded and hurrying out she saw two women waiting in the hall with a pile of suitcases. They were the Mrs. Clement and her daughter from New York who had been sent to her by Jed Grey. Entering automatically into her efficient and sympathetic role, she soon had them installed in Mrs. Bingham's apartment. Standing in the open doorway, Lilia

was saying encouragingly, "Sure, Mrs. Clement. Of course. There's no need to worry. And when your three months are up I'll be right there in court to testify for you—"

There were steps on the stairs. Lilia paused to look around. It was Kirk. He must have heard what she said, for there was a hurt and bitter expression in his eyes and he turned hurriedly back.

As soon as she could escape from the Clements' questioning Lilia ran up to his room. He was already packing when she opened the door. "Kirk," she asked breathlessly, "you're not mad, are you?"

He looked up from his open traveling

bag. "No, I'm not mad, Lilia. But I know now what I should have known a long time ago." He went on packing.

Lilia stepped toward him anxiously. "What do you mean, Kirk?"

His light, quizzical eyes regarded her steadily. "Why, just that you never had any idea of getting a divorce. I guess you kind of played around with the notion for a while because you were sick of Bert; but all divorce really means to you is business."

She started to protest, but Kirk continued in a tone of dull finality, "I began to open my eyes last night at the Buckaroo. You're a resident of purgatory, that's what you are. And God knows why, but you seem to like it."

HALF-WISDOM

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

*NEVER again shall I cry to the clear white stars,
Never again sing my sorrows; suddenly
I have grown wise, suddenly I have learned
Only the sea*

*Must weep always, always, only the hills
Must hide their aches through all eternity,
Only the stars must watch and wait forever
Relentlessly.*

*What are my sorrows next to these great sorrows?
I have buried them deep, I have grown brave and strong.
Only how long will my great joys now last me,
How long?*



SENATE INQUISITORS AND PRIVATE RIGHTS

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

ONCE upon a time there was a gentleman named Hallet Kilbourn, and one day he was handed a bit of paper by the sergeant-at-arms of Congress commanding him to appear before a committee of that august body, with all his books and papers, and answer certain questions which the members would propound to him. The great banking firm of Jay Cooke & Co. had failed, and Congress, a by no means virtuous body at the time, was profoundly exercised over this national scandal and all the innocent patriots carried down in the failure. Mr. Kilbourn was supposed to know a good deal about a certain mysterious "real estate pool" in Washington in which Jay Cooke was supposed to be interested. And the committee wanted to know what Mr. Kilbourn knew.

Mr. Kilbourn buttoned up his Prince Albert coat, put on his shining topper, and went to the committee room in the Capitol. But he failed to bring his books and papers. And when the committee proceeded to ask him some questions about the mystery he refused to answer. Whereupon the members went into a tremendous lather, shook their fingers in his face, and threatened him with the jail house. But all this budged Mr. Kilbourn not a whit, he being a man of large kidney and very pronounced opinions about his constitutional rights. So the Committee cited him for contempt of the House of Representatives and, to make the story short, sent him to jail for forty-five days.

But there is another and an interesting paragraph to the tale. When Mr. Kil-

bourn came out he filed suit for damages against the members of the committee and the sergeant-at-arms who had arrested him. As it turned out, the court held the Congressmen to be immune though wrong; but a jury of Mr. Kilbourn's peers heard the whole story and awarded a verdict of damages for sixty thousand dollars against the sergeant-at-arms. That amazed gentleman got a new trial on some legal ground. And a second jury increased the verdict to seventy thousand dollars. After which the Supreme Court affirmed the verdict.

In a later case Justice Field referred to this celebrated decision and said:

It is well to remember that few if any of the rights of the people guarded by fundamental law are of greater importance to their happiness and safety than their right to be exempt from all unauthorized, arbitrary and unreasonable inquiries and disclosures in respect to their personal and private affairs.

And to this the justice added the following comment on the Kilbourn case:

This case will stand for all time as a bulwark against the invasion of the right of the citizen to protection in his private affairs against the unlimited scrutiny of investigations by a congressional committee.

Apparently something has happened to the bulwark. For we have been witnessing a committee of the Senate for nearly a year haling citizens before it by the score, entering their offices, seizing their papers—the most private, rooting through the documents with glee, putting the witnesses on the rack, exploring by means of unrestrained and merciless cross-examination their personal opin-

ions and their confidential affairs, harrying them, insulting them, degrading them, violating not only all the sacred guarantees laid down in the Constitution but trampling under foot every principle of good manners which ought to control civilized gentlemen in their dealings with one another.

The episode, I hope, has made sufficient impression on the reader to enable him to recognize, as the subject of these sentences, our famous Senate lobby committee, on which Senator Caraway of Arkansas has been the Lord High Executioner.

I cannot be accused of bias when I criticize this committee. In the first place, I was in wholehearted sympathy with its original aims—the investigation of the lobby. In the next place I have the highest regard for two of its distinguished members, Senator Thomas Walsh of Montana and Senator William Borah of Idaho. To this must be added the fact that it has been harrying some of my pet aversions in public life, the Cannons and Grundys and a whole array of pestiferous Capitol parasites. I freely confess that I have witnessed the discomfiture of some of the victims of this inquisition—Bishop Cannon, for instance—with a kind of unholy glee, an utterly unconstitutional joy, such delight as a fifteenth century recalcitrant might have felt at the spectacle of Torquemada on the rack. But I hold that this is a form of amusement to which I am not entitled under the law and to which, by the same token, I think the distinguished tormentors have no title either.

It happens that I do not like the good Bishop, but I am free to admit that he has revealed himself in the catastrophe as a useful public servant, after all. Upon the principle that the best foe of one poison is another, it has been an excellent thing to see the folly and arrogance of the lobby committee drenched in the sterilizing impudence of the great Methodist churchman. In the end their victim proved too tough for the wheel. He has

wrecked the rack that sought to rend him.

II

There are two tendencies at work in our public life which I cannot contemplate without grave misgivings. One of these is the tendency of every man invested with a uniform or clothed with any sort of authority to enlarge his powers without any reference to the law. The other is the growing tendency to hide from view great sections of our life which may be properly considered as public, at the same time that we keep the spotlights playing on the most personal and intimate affairs of anybody whose private life contains any elements of entertainment.

I have been watching with a good deal of amusement the development of a doorman outside a large apartment hotel near my office. The man went to work just two months ago without a solitary asset save a very large body housing a very small mind. As soon as the tailor could get done with the job he was arrayed in a uniform of impressive proportions. At first he was just a doorman spinning the revolving door for arriving and departing guests. Soon he added an umbrella to his equipment to shelter guests in the rain. Of course, he had to hail taxis and to do this he added a whistle to his tools. It chanced to be one precisely like those which the traffic police use. The possession of this bauble produced the most extraordinary effect upon the doorman's ego. He started in to keep the space along the curb in front of the hotel clear and ended by ordering automobilists from anywhere in front of the building—a blast of his whistle and an imperious wave of his arm was all that was required. Pretty soon when traffic became a bit thick he assumed command of the situation and now, instead of managing his door, he could be found in the middle of the street, his whistle screeching, his arms waving, in complete command of traffic. From my office I can hear the whistle squealing all through the day, and every

blast, I know, adds another ounce of air to this already over-inflated functionary.

The illustration may be a trivial one. But in essence it includes all the elements of the process by which tyrants grow. The steps by which this humble doorman took over by easy stages dominion over half a city block are the same by which one man sets up his lawless despotism over a city and another over a nation.

We have had a kind of epidemic of it in recent years. Our own Grover Whalen, made police commissioner, set himself up as a rate-making commission for public conveyances and as haberdashery dictator for chauffeurs, and finally proclaimed a code of laws for pedestrians. Our prohibition enforcement agents repeal the fourth and fifth amendments to the Constitution and other fundamental guarantees without so much as notice to the citizens. Our district attorneys calmly issue decrees declaring what laws they will enforce and what laws they will ignore. Our federal courts, by means of the consent decree, set themselves up as trade-regulatory commissions while our judges, by merely pressing a little the process of contempt, silence public discussion of their conduct. Our legislative and congressional committees have long exercised the most extraordinary powers—powers, as Justice Holmes characterized them, “unparalleled in their vague extent”—without the slightest regard to the rights of individuals haled before them.

The body which has attained a kind of dubious fame as the Caraway Committee of the Senate was authorized to investigate the activities of the well-known lobby which is supposed to exercise such a mysterious and pernicious influence over legislation on Capitol Hill. In pursuit of that study the committee investigated Grundy's opinion of Heflin and other Senators from the darkest West and South. It probed the stock-market crash, the American relations of the German I. G., prohibition, the tariff, campaign expenses, gambling, and the Federal Reserve System; even the trip

of Queen Marie of Roumania to this country occupied several hours of the committee's time.

When the stock market broke, all of us had our opinions of the causes which had produced it. Some of them were wise enough and others quite silly. One with which I heartily disagree was expressed by Mr. Fred I. Kent, a vice-president of the Bankers Trust Company, to a gathering of business men. He said the Senate's delay in dealing with the tariff bill had produced the business uncertainty which had resulted in the crash. Whether it was right or wrong, it was nothing more than Mr. Kent's personal opinion. And I should like to know when a man's personal opinion about the causes of a stock-market decline has become a crime. It was certainly no business of the lobby committee. Yet Mr. Kent was haled before these inquisitors and mercilessly grilled for three hours about market gambling, fifteen-day borrowing at the Federal Reserve Bank, Charles E. Mitchell's actions during the crash, the tariff, the capital gain tax, and a host of other extraneous subjects.

Captain William Slayton, an estimable citizen, president of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, was called. When he took the stand he was confronted with a batch of his personal letters. One was to Mr. Charles S. Wood, a personal friend in Philadelphia. In it Mr. Slayton had said he believed President Hoover was getting ready to change his views on prohibition. It was such a letter as any man might have written to a friend. But it had been seized by the committee's unconstitutional raiders, and Captain Slayton was grilled for several hours about it.

No regard whatever was observed for the feelings of witnesses who were shouted at, browbeaten, sneered at, and insulted in the most shameful manner. I do not know that there is anything in the Constitution about good manners or whether our protection must rest wholly

upon the ordinances of Emily Post. But it seems to me that there ought to be some shelter for the citizen, called from his pursuits to give information to a legislature, from the bad manners of over-heated inquisitors. When J. H. Kirby was on the stand Senator Blaine accused him of not being candid. Kirby said he resented that insinuation. And Blaine announced that he didn't care anything about Kirby's resentment.

Old Uncle Joe Grundy had referred to certain Senators as the representatives of "too vocal backward states." Caraway demanded that he produce a list of these Senators. Grundy replied that he had appeared to discuss economic questions and had no desire to be drawn into a controversy involving personalities. Then Caraway began to read the Senate roll-call:

"Alabama," he said, "is represented by Senator Heflin. Do you approve of him as a Senator?"

Grundy didn't want to express an opinion about Heflin or any other Senator. Caraway then accused him of "welching." Grundy objected to the word "welch," whereupon Caraway, after a few more thrusts, gave up the examination and exclaimed:

"I just wanted to see if, at the last moment, when you were brought to the test, *you would prove to be yellow.*" Grundy also objected to the word "yellow," upon which the amiable Senator from Arkansas graciously permitted the word to be expunged.

On another occasion J. E. Pierce, a newspaper editor, objected to an insinuation in the testimony of Senator Black that he had changed his position on the Muscle Shoals question after he had received a check from a Colonel Worthington of the Tennessee River Improvement Association. Pierce characterized that as a contemptible lie. Senator Black answered: "We can settle that outside. Everybody knows you are by nature a liar and a coward."

"If that's the way you feel about it we will go right outside now," cried Pierce.

"Oh, no!" replied Black. "That question can wait for settlement."

"Then you admit you are a coward," Pierce retorted.

"No," replied Black. "I admit that you are."

A sample of the manner in which the examination was conducted will be seen from the following account of the questioning of Henry H. Curran. Mr. Curran is the director of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. It ought to be explained for the benefit of those who do not know that Mr. Curran is a very highly esteemed citizen of New York City. He is a man of the highest integrity, universally recognized as such. Moreover, he is a gentleman—the kind who inspires good manners in those who address him. He has been a judge of the Special Sessions Court in New York, President of the Borough of Manhattan, and once candidate of the Republican party for Mayor of New York.

Senator Robinson of Indiana was questioning him about including in his pamphlets reports of cases in which dry agents had shown up well.

"Don't you know, as a matter of fact, that you don't report such cases?" asked Robinson.

Curran said he would consult the pamphlet.

Then Caraway put a question before he could reply further.

Curran said: "If I could sit here uninterrupted by questions from the committee I might get somewhere."

"I think it is enlightening for the people to know how little you know about what you do," Caraway remarked sarcastically.

"I know how little the prohibition officers are doing," answered Curran.

"You seem to know as much about that as about what you are doing yourself," Caraway retorted.

Curran replied he knew what he was doing.

"Then answer the question," Caraway shouted and advanced around the

committee table to shake his finger in the witness's face.

"Does that pamphlet contain a statement of the number of prohibition officers killed by bootleggers?" demanded Caraway.

"I was just going to look it up," said Curran.

"If you will explain one fact and answer one question without quibbling, we will get over that," said Caraway. "If you don't know it, say you don't; if you do, answer the question." He turned on his heel and muttered something about "*a man may be a damn' fool in public.*"

It is within the power of examiners thus to insult and harry, upon the witness stand, men whose only offense is that they disagree with the examiners. I have attended many legislative and congressional investigations in my time and I have stood aghast at times at the cruelty with which a committeeman, armed with his brief authority, his immunity, and the safety of his position has violated every consideration of decency in dealing with a helpless witness. One day, some years ago, I watched a distinguished investigator subject the president of a large bank to the most savage and merciless examination I have ever witnessed. The witness was so completely humiliated that he almost wept. Later in the day I commented to the investigator on the savagery of his attack. And I added that I was particularly puzzled at it since the man seemed to have no information whatever about the subject investigated. The great inquisitor smiled sardonically.

"You thought it savage," he said amused. "Well, that man's father once kicked me out of his bank twenty-five years ago."

This weakness for insulting a witness seems to run through our whole system. The freedom with which lawyers are permitted to insult witnesses—utterly disinterested persons, drawn against their will to testify about other people's troubles—is nothing short of a disgrace

to our courts. I have seen murder trials in which the lawyers have cast sneering aspersions upon the honesty and decency of everybody in the court room except the gentleman on trial.

There was one witness on the stand at the lobby hearing who proved a little trying for the inquisitors. She was Mrs. Gladys Moore Jones, a publicity agent of the American Sugar Association. I may have my own opinion about the publicity agents for such associations, but they are citizens and they have constitutional rights. Mrs. Jones complained bitterly that her private file had been rifled by agents of the committee. While she was on the stand Senator Caraway loomed up before her with a batch of her personal letters in his hand. He produced one of them and asked her if she had written it.

"Yes, I wrote it," answered Mrs. Jones, "but I want to ask you what right you have to have it?"

"Well," smiled the Senator, "we seem to have it."

"How did you get it?" demanded Mrs. Jones. "By what right have you my personal letter in your hands?"

"We will argue that some other time," said Senator Caraway.

The files of Mr. Curran, of Mrs. Jones, and of others were taken in the most high-handed manner and, to conclude the comedy, the committee commandeered the files of a New York bucket shop to get at the private operations of Bishop Cannon. All of his letters tracing his dealings with the bucket shop, his hectic transactions prior to the stock-market break, revealing losses by the pious Methodist Shepherd of nearly eighty thousand dollars, were raked through. We may all have our views about the fitness of the representative of that same Jesus who whipped the money changers from the Temple playing the stock market on margin in a bucket shop, but what has this to do with the lobby investigation? And what right have the members of this committee to investigate it? In the end

the committee had to confess itself helpless to deal with its latest witness. The Cannon it got hold of went off in its hands and wrecked the committee.

III

Apparently the curtain has been rung down on the many-act comedy of the lobby committee. And now we see that, while the committee did achieve some important results, it proceeded in many of its activities as a furious and lawless bluff. I do not want to decry the practice of Congressional investigations. Many important and far-reaching reforms have been achieved through them. Congress could hardly function intelligently without the use of the inquiry. But after all Congress is a creature of the law. And this is an organized society in which we live. Organized society means proceeding under the sanction of the law. Its servants, unlike the hirelings of a dictator, owe their powers to definite statutes, and they have no right to exceed them however laudable their aim may be.

The constitutional guarantees which provide that the citizen shall be secure from unreasonable search and seizure are a fundamental part of our law. There are indeed times when they get in the way of the prosecutor and investigator. But they are there and he ought to be compelled to respect them. One of the dangers of disregarding these guarantees is that we can feel no assurance that the machine we erect to attack our enemies will not fall into other hands to-morrow and be turned against ourselves. The most extensive defiance of the guarantees in the Constitution practiced by any large body of officers in recent years has proceeded from the prohibition enforcement service and its Anti-Saloon League supporters who have stood by and applauded its high-handed and lawless methods even when it went so far as shooting down innocent persons. And now Bishop Cannon, one of the leaders of that organization, finds him-

self in the clutches of men who are willing to be as lawless as his organization. It is indeed interesting to hear a leader of the Anti-Saloon League making the discovery that there are other sections of the Constitution besides the Eighteenth Amendment.

There is no doubt about the right of Congress to make inquiries in aid of legislation. It would be impossible for Congress to legislate intelligently unless it possessed the power to secure the information necessary for informed action. Moreover, there are abuses which creep into government and into society which no other instrument of government is able to reach. Special investigating committees of Congress have on innumerable occasions brought to light important facts which could have been secured in no other way.

But the power to halt the citizen at his business, to hale him from his affairs and oblige him to repair to Washington, however distant, to compel him to produce his papers and effects and answer questions which may subject him to loss, to embarrassment, and perhaps to public contempt, is a power which the Supreme Court itself has warned "should be watched with vigilance." Congress possesses the power to summon and question witnesses and, on their refusal to answer, to punish them for contempt. But it is by no means an unlimited power.

In the opening paragraph of this article I referred to the famous Kilbourn case. Justice Miller, in deciding that case, said: "There is no express power in that instrument (the Constitution) conferred upon either House of Congress to punish for contempts." After explaining that the power, if it existed in Congress at all, arose by implication, the learned justice added:

We are sure that no person can be punished for contumacy as a witness before either House, unless his testimony is required in the matter into which that House has jurisdiction to inquire, and we feel equally sure that neither of these bodies possesses the *general*

power to make inquiry into the private affairs of citizens.

It ought not to be necessary for a court to pronounce such a judgment, for the Fourth Amendment to the Constitution declares that "the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated." This means secure against Congress as well as against every other force. Mr. Justice Field said in a case involving these issues (*In re Pacific Railway Commission*, 32 Federal Reporter, page 241):

Congress may inquire into the extent of the productions of the country, etc. But in its inquiries it is controlled by the same guards against the invasion of private rights which limit the investigation of private parties into similar matters. In the pursuit of knowledge it cannot compel the production of private books and papers of the citizens for its inspection, except in the progress of judicial proceedings, or in suits instituted for that purpose, and in both cases only upon averments that its rights are in some way dependent for enforcement upon the evidence those books and papers contain. Of all the rights of the citizen few are of greater importance or more essential to his peace and happiness than the right of personal security, and that involves not merely the protection of his person from assault, but exemption of his private affairs, books and papers from the inspection and scrutiny of others. Without the enjoyment of this right all others would lose half their value.

In one form or another this fundamental limitation upon Congress has been expressed over and over by the courts.

Yet we behold a witness facing the lobby inquisitors and perceiving with amazement that Senator Caraway has in his hands a batch of her private letters. We see Mr. Curran of New York in the witness chair and before him the committee members thumbing through his private files, running over his personal letters and actually questioning him about mere private opinions expressed in them, even nosing into miscellaneous

memoranda about what was served at dinner. We see the Committee with the personal correspondence of Bishop Cannon to his brokers and actually handing these letters out to the newspapers after it had closed its sittings.

If all this is lawful, one wonders what has become of the legal opinions of the highest Federal Courts, which I have quoted, and of the following clear statement from no less a jurist than Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes:

Anyone who respects the spirit as well as the letter of the Fourth Amendment would be loath to believe that Congress intended to authorize one of its subordinate agencies to sweep all our traditions into the fire, and to direct fishing expeditions into private papers on the possibility that they may disclose evidence of crime. . . . It is contrary to all principles of justice to allow a search through all respondent's records, relevant or irrelevant, in the hope that something will turn up.

The committee fished up one document out of Mr. Curran's files—a list of Congressmen who vote dry and drink wet. But it refrained from making that public, as it did Bishop Cannon's letters, because—praised be the god of consistency!—the list would tend to embarrass members of Congress.

There is still another limitation to the authority of a committee of the House or Senate. It must confine its inquiries to the subject which it has been authorized to investigate. The Senate once investigated charges of bribery of its members by the sugar interests to procure a tariff schedule. A witness told the committee that a member of Congress had told him that a wire manufacturer had told him that he had overheard a conversation in the sugar trust headquarters and that from that conversation the wire manufacturer concluded that the Wilson tariff bill would pass the Senate. He was asked the name of the wire manufacturer and the Congressman and he declined to give them, whereupon he was indicted for contempt of the Senate. Mr. Justice Bradley, delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court, said:

It was evidently the purpose of Congress . . . to limit the responsibility of witnesses called to testify in an investigation of charges, to answering such questions only as would elicit facts that would tend to prove or disprove the charges. If a Congressional Committee sees fit to roam in the realm of collateral, irrelevant, immaterial, impertinent matters, *the witnesses who refuse to accompany it will not be amenable to the penalties of the statute.*—U. S. v. Shriver, Wash. Law Reporter, vol. 23, p. 414.

Now I do not pretend to lay down the law here. I am not a lawyer and I have limited myself merely to repeating the words of distinguished justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. The cases are simple enough, may be read by any citizen, and are well within the reach of the layman. The law would seem to be, therefore, that the citizen may refuse to answer a Congressional committee when it seeks to pry into his private affairs or questions him about matters not relevant to the subject of investigation.

This is all very well. But when the witness is on the stand, confronted by an irate and warlike investigator, surrounded by a hostile committee, with all the power of its official position behind it, he is in no very favorable position to assert his rights. Even a forceful man may be overawed under these circumstances. All of us are not endowed with the brass of Bishop Cannon or the formidable tongue of Mrs. Jones.

But to the most powerful witness, the only remedy he possesses is to protest that his rights are being invaded. His inquisitor is the committee. If he asserts a constitutional right the question is then submitted for judgment to that same committee. And when the decision is made against him he must elect there and then whether he will defy the committee or not. He is thus compelled to make a choice which is fraught with the most serious consequences if he makes a mistake. If he is mistaken there looms before him prosecution and the jail. In a court of law when counsel proposes a questionable query there is

the disinterested judge to decide it. The committee is both prosecutor and judge. The result is that the citizen's so-called constitutional right becomes in effect little more than a right to a feeble protest. After this, unless he be an exceptional man, he will yield rather than incur the risk of an error.

What is the remedy for this? There seems to be but one. When a witness asserts that his constitutional rights are invaded and the committee rules against him, the matter ought then to be referred to a court of law for summary decision. If the witness has made a mistake and the court rules against him, he must now answer the questions or produce the papers. If he does not it will then be time to hold him for contempt of the committee.

There is something within the reach of Congress itself which may be done to cure this abuse. A committee, when engaged in a hunt, its temperature up with the fury of the chase, can hardly be expected to furnish a collection of wise and temperate precedents from which rules of procedure can be formed. But Congress itself, when its judgment is calm and not disturbed by some present and irritating inquisition, ought to prepare and enact a collection of rules governing congressional investigations.

The congressional investigation ought to be preserved. It is not merely an important aid to intelligent legislation; it is also an important instrument for the protection of the rights and liberties of the people. Any such investigation will be far more effective when it has behind it the moral support of an aroused public opinion. Its value will always be reduced when the public opinion stimulated by its revelations is diluted by a sense of outrage over its methods. The lobby committee's history is an admirable illustration of this. Now as it dissolves in helplessness its useful achievements are forgotten and from those most pleased with its aims and its more substantial work, comes a storm of criticism.



THE REAL TRAGEDY OF THE FARMER

BY MARK VAN DOREN

THE American farmer is badly off. No one who has looked into the matter seems to doubt that fact, though there are millions of people who have not looked into it, and among those who have there are many who do not care. He is badly off. And the worst of his plights is not the economic one.

That is the one we hear about from Congress and the newspapers, and to be sure it is sorry enough. It is of course a tragedy that so many farms should be worth just half as much as they were worth in 1920—would be sold at half price, that is, if they could be sold at all, which in too many cases they cannot. It is a matter for something deeper than regret that the average American who makes his living off the land now makes about five hundred and forty dollars a year. It is painful to learn that he gets less than he used to get for what he raises and spends more; that his markets both abroad and at home have been altered beyond accommodation by the opening up of new fields in Russia and South America, and by changes in our own notions of what we want to eat and wear; that too many American acres are under cultivation in view of the scope of the American market, the consequence being the larger the crop the lower the price. It is disturbing to hear how many farmers, particularly in the Middle West, the farmer kingdom, are suffering nightmares as an interest date approaches; how they have long ago given up the hope of paying off the principal on their mortgages; and how the agricultural banks break regularly, week by week, throughout the year. All this is sad,

certainly. But there is a failure more fundamental yet.

That is the failure of the American farmer to remain, so to speak, on top of his world, and perhaps of ours; to maintain his peculiar and age-old culture in the face of new conditions; to preserve the virtues for which he used to be respected and envied. Time was when we had a very pretty picture, which did not change from generation to generation, of a man who lived at a pleasurable remoteness from cities and cultivated a life there which, taking everything into consideration, was *the* life. Enumerate as we might the "advantages" which he lacked—bright lights at night, conversation at all times with all kinds of people, the newest books to read and the newest ideas to toy with, vehicles to take him away from his work, instruments of communication to keep him in touch with the world, good clothes, rare foods, and a fashionable hair-cut—there was still the reservation that he was at any rate stalwartly free, and so to be envied. His was the life that had first been lived by men, and it was the life to which men might ultimately return. Meanwhile it would not have changed; the land would be there once more to receive its wandering sons, and of these sons the faithful farmer would be king. It was not merely that he would have possession of the land, and of all the arts whereby it feeds mankind directly, as the grass grows towards the sun. It was not merely that the farmer, by theory at least, was the only member of society who could subsist at home, comfortably and forever, without respect to the

operation of complicated economic laws elsewhere applying. There was also the feeling that he had the best state of mind after all, the solidest ideas, the longest wearing morals. Sophisticated as we might be for the moment, and fascinated by the turns our cleverness was taking, there might well come a time when all that would fall off us like an ill-fitting cloak; and then we should thank the stars that they had kept on shining over this original man of the land, the man to whom we now must go back.

The rustic virtues were laughed at, but the laughter was affectionate, and always there was the implication that they were the real virtues. The rube who tramped on to the stage in a nineteenth-century melodrama was comic enough with his whiskers, his cotton umbrella, his greased boots, and his nasal voice; but he usually triumphed over the city fellow in the end, or if he did not quite do that he at any rate was respectable for his perfect integrity of tone. He had come a long distance to the city. If we should take the train home with him, and then the horse and buggy, and then the final path across the fields, we should find ourselves in a little kingdom quite as romantic as any of those which later on were given such wonderful names as Graustark and Pilsen. Here our host was prophet and monarch combined; he was ignorant of many things, but he was wise about the few things that were important, and we might safely place our future in his rough though kindly hands. Some mysticism concerning Nature was operating here, needless to say; yet many who talked thus spoke quite simply about the blessing of a life lived under the sun and rain, in step with the seasons, and in league with the mother of all life, earth.

II

Unless I am greatly mistaken, this attitude towards the farmer is dead. I do not seem to hear such talk any more. Indeed, I don't even find that the

farmer is a current jest, affectionate or otherwise. He simply isn't mentioned. He does not count in the spiritual economy of the metropolitan and industrial world about us. That world has its own problems to discuss, and its own nervous way of discussing them; it does not dream for a moment that the farmer would have anything to say to it. And indeed he does have nothing to say. For he has abandoned his original character, whatever it was, in an attempt to become a portion of the new world. For the most part he has failed in the attempt; but even where he has succeeded he has enjoyed a relatively feeble success, and so can have nothing to say which would come with the force of a contribution. His only chance of holding his own was to remain what he was. To remain just that would have meant being out of the running. But he could have gone on at his slow pace with honor. Now he has not even honor. He no longer enjoys the distinction of being laughed at for refusing to be what he should not be. He is merely ignored for refusing to be what he should be.

William Allen White says that what the American farmer has refused to be is a peasant; and it is the right word if we make the necessary effort to give it an American meaning, not a European one. It does not need, that is, to be a term of derogation or an occasion for condescension. Its meaning would be substantially the equivalent of what I have been trying to say so far about the early American farmer. An American peasant would be an American farmer who subsisted cheerfully at home, ignored the life of cities, went his remote way at leisure, and was indifferent to the charge of being a rube, a hayseed, or a hick. His first and last quality would be independence—not merely economic independence, but moral independence in an even greater degree. He would have a world, in other words, that was quite his own; and if we did not envy him the world he had we might at least envy him the having one.

The American farmer, however, has tried to be a business man and an industrialist. He has tried to become part of a business and industrial civilization, and he has learned to love the fruits of that civilization. I am not denying that this may have been inevitable, nor am I denying that the act calls for admiration. I am not blaming the farmer for his desire to be like other men. I am only saying that there are obvious penalties, and that he has suffered them. The joke may turn out to be not at all a joke on him, who perhaps could never have avoided making the choice he made; the joke may be on the world which left it impossible for him to survive. I am not concerned with all that. I am concerned with what seems to have happened. And secretly I am very much concerned with the passing of an attractive human figure.

The American peasant would have been armed against financial depression. Whatever happened to the markets, he would have been capable of the equanimity which we attribute to the elements he works with. He would have drawn in and kept his peace, and been none the less happy. The American farmer has not so behaved, nor could he if conditions became even worse than they are. Stuart Chase, realist that he is, believes he could. Glancing at the farmer with his accountant's eye, and finding the balance-sheet a most pitiful page, Mr. Chase still can say of the farmer himself: "He is carrying on a job far older than the money and credit system. He is handicapped seriously by its rules, but in a pinch he can still defy them. No penalty of sudden extermination hangs over him. If his books do not balance, if his debits exceed his credits, he can throw his books out of the window and go out and pick a mess of peas, or milk the cow. He has a roof over his head, food in his fields, fuel in the wood lot. He can stand a financial siege if he must. Farming is a career, not a business. Its roots are very ancient and run profoundly deep. In the face of plowed

earth, flowing stream, hillside, meadow, orchard, woodland, all the figures which I have spread upon the record suddenly grow dim. What are index numbers and profit and loss accounts when the mighty Isak, that barge of a man, heaves his crowbar under a boulder in *Growth of the Soil*?"

But Isak was a Norwegian peasant in a novel. He was not, and is not, John Smith the American farmer. John Smith is in fact very much worried about his debits and his credits. And I cannot believe that he finds any comfort in the thought that his is a career, not a business, or that he lives in the midst of things with such fine pastoral names as plowed earth, flowing stream, meadow, and woodland. Those things have not his love. What he has wanted, and what he still wants, is to live like other men. When he was prosperous a generation ago, a decade ago, he bought a car; he voted for hard roads (very expensive); he ordered a Victrola (it has since become a radio); he began to eat canned fruits and vegetables; he wore a pathway to the movies in the nearest good-sized town, and he sent his sons to the State agricultural college where, ironically enough, they learned how to make their father's land produce more than it was already producing, which now appears to have been too much—so much as almost to bankrupt him. He reached out after all these things, and mortgaged his land, whose value was at the moment inflated, in order to grasp them. Now that the mortgage is about to be foreclosed I cannot see that he is indifferent to the fate that is foreclosing it. I have not heard of his selling his car, his radio, or his tickets to the movies in order to keep himself solvent. Just as he would not have admitted ten years ago that the price of his land was an inflated price, so he will never admit that he has not as much right to mechanical amusements as the city fellow has. He denies this passionately, as Henry Ford, who by indirection put the hard road in front

of his place, and as Theodore Roosevelt, who saw to it that he got his mail every day, with parcels to boot, have taught him to deny it. And he denies it, not laconically, chewing a long straw which thrusts itself out of a lanky, whiskered face, but nervously, climbing as he talks into a car which will take him into town where he can confront the banker once more with a worried eye. He is a small business man, a small manufacturer of edible goods, and his anxieties are of such an order; they issue, as with the other men of his class, out of a consciousness that much of the business he engages in has its foundations in the air, that many of its profits are on paper only. He is part of an intricate structure which is national in its scope, and subject like other men to panic, depression, and reversal. He is no Isak at all. Picture him alone with his peas and his cows! He would be as helpless there as a cigarette salesman in the middle of a tobacco field. The materials of his existence are not raw materials.

The contented farmer is a person of an already remote past. Even his farm does not look the part. Consider the difference between a Currier and Ives print and a modern rural magazine cover. Currier and Ives idealized the rustic scene a century ago, but so do the farm magazines idealize our scene; I am interested mainly in the contrast of ideals. The old print disclosed a graceful dwelling with sloping roofs nestled among great round-topped trees, or trees which drooped negligently over the gables as wisps of hay drooped out of the half-open barn doors, and as nicely dressed children drooped their indolent arms out of the parlor windows. A path wound lazily up to the front porch, where if you stood with the happy farmer and leaned as he did against the weatherboarding, you could see, meandering parallel with the gentle, rather aimless river in the distance, a gentle, rather aimless road down which a buggy came slowly, spoke by spoke. Perhaps the buggy brought a visitor; if so, he

would be welcomed in such a fashion as to make him think—so other old prints imply—that the whole business of the homestead was hospitality. One of the boys would go running after a fowl; his older brothers and sisters would leave their pleasant tasks to greet the newcomer; and pa and ma would place kind armchairs for him to sit in and rest himself. Then the feast, and after that the long talk, then the peaceful sleep under the eaves, and after that the dawn of a new day when everyone strolled forth to the pastures for a casual stint of wholesome labor.

Now the rural magazine cover of today has forgotten all that. We see instead a compact group of barns, rather too straight and high to be picturesque, and much too neat to be homesick for if one has gone away. Each of the barns is crowned with an efficient galvanized iron ventilator, perhaps with a contraption whirling inside of it, and certainly ugly in the hot sun. Somewhere there is a silo with a concrete foundation, and with more galvanized iron—though it may be corrugated iron this time—coming to a peak to make a roof. The fence around the barn lot is an almost mathematically thin line of metal posts strung with woven wire. A similar gate leads into the yard—and there stands the house (not sits, not lies) in perfect bareness, with tight copper screens at all the windows, with concrete foundations inserting a naked strip of white between the green of the empty lawn and the glaring yellow of the stucco walls. There stands the house, and it looks for all the world as if it were the residence of the superintendent of those factory barns out there; as indeed it may be.

Both pictures, as I have said, are ideal. The old farmer was probably not so happy as the artist showed him; he was more pressed for time, he was capable of worry, he knew something of mortgages at first hand, he was hardly one of Homer's men. The new farmer is probably less of a mechanical toy

than he seems here to be; his buildings, though they may start like this, soon take on a considerable degree of tarnish, lean over, rust, and grow into grace with the help of a few tall weeds. Yet the difference between the ideals is significant enough, and the significance is chiefly this: that the new farmer is assumed to be producing an article undistinguishable in most ways from any other article produced by our manufacturing system. Until recently the assumption was otherwise. The farmer was engaged in caressing the earth—an element which only he had any intimacy with—and bringing up out of it a series of lovely if homely growths which just in themselves were valuable, and with respect to man had all the sacredness of symbols. In the older agricultural world the farmer was a kind of king, perpetually uncrowned, but deserving of reverence; he had his peculiar ritual of which the rest of us were ignorant, and in his own good time, schooled in the patience of nature, he surrounded himself each year with magnificent emblems of fruitfulness. Our only part in the play was that we participated in the eating of the fruits. But we were a minority, a town-dwelling race of secondary importance who only begged from time to time that the original man, our neighbor out on the farm, should keep us alive, however little worth keeping alive we might be, however parasitic we might consider ourselves.

Nowadays the farmer is the minority man. Not only have the cities grown; they have spread and touched one another in more subtle ways than those of population and paved streets. Pavements, indeed, do run from town to town; so runs the news with lightning speed, and so runs the organization of a megalopolitan society, an organization which expresses itself by the multiplying and interweaving of industrial processes. There are only six million farmers in the United States, with somewhere between thirty and forty millions of people living in farmhouses—this against a total

population of one hundred and twenty millions. But their situation is worse than it would appear to be numerically. The country has been transformed from the agricultural state which it once was—transformed not over night, either, but slowly and inexorably from a time well before the Civil War. And the farmer, overwhelmed, has been forced, how much against his conscious will it is difficult to say, into the position of being one, a minor one, of many producers whose output is annually juggled in cold-blooded figures by those whose delight it is to describe our life that way. He has been forced, as I have said, to be a business man and an industrialist.

That he has been inadequate in his double role might have been predicted. To be a farmer at all one probably must lack a certain share of the shrewdness which the industrialist possesses. The American farmer, for all of his haste to be something else, is still too much the farmer to bargain well and lay his plans cleverly in advance. Indeed, the conditions of his task—weather, weevil, and worm—prevent foreknowledge somewhat as changes in fashion make it difficult for a clothier to be all-wise. Even there, however, the raiser of corn and wheat is at a disadvantage; the year is slow, the misfortune cannot be remedied, and the product is cumbersome. Add to this that he is no mechanical genius, even though he may like to tinker with an old binder; that he is astonishingly, but it would seem incorrigibly, negligent of his machinery, which he leaves out in the rain and snow for perhaps eleven months of the year; that he has still some of the patience, mingled with some of the carelessness, of the elements in his nature, and you have no picture of the perfect industrialist. Add then the fact that he lacks the first requisite of a successful business man—a certain knowingness with respect to the habits and prospects of his competitors, his colleagues, the controllers of his policy—and you have the best of reasons for doubting that he will thrive in his

new incarnation. Co-operation for control of supply and price is of course the thing he needs to learn; but so far it seems difficult for him to learn it, and perhaps it is impossible. Here again we have the spectacle of a man trying to live a life for which he is not fitted, even by inclination, and finding in consequence that all life is hard.

III

The future of the farmer is the most interesting subject I can think about. There are so many possibilities. Will he continue as he is now, suspended between two worlds, one old and one new? Will he disappear completely, or at any rate become a mere cog in the great food-raising machinery which some day may roll from one end of our great countryside to the other—machinery owned and operated for profit by half a dozen Henry Fords, and using a race of skilled mechanics, along with another race not so skilled, and a locust-cloud of bookkeepers? Will he have gone under to such an extent that he will be no longer Farmer Brown of Libertyville, Ohio, but No. 2,496, Section 3, United States Farms, Inc.? Or will he revive in some fashion which I cannot imagine and restore to our civilization the figure that once was so picturesque to contemplate?

I hope so, though no movement now on foot encourages me to believe it. In one of the Southern States, where the problem of agricultural survival is especially acute to-day, there is a group of intellectuals—poets, professors, philosophers, and journalists—who call upon the world to remember the peace, the dignity, and the order of that agrarian culture which the Civil War, with other things in its train, put quietly to death. I am attentive to the call, but I do not note that the country is, or that it even understands what is being said. Quite likely the whole world, following our lead, is within the next century to tighten itself into the shape of a vast and more or less perfect machine for the production of commodities with which to keep itself going, food being only one of these commodities. While the machine runs, the farmer, it is safe to say, will be somewhere out of sight beneath it. When it ceases to function, as it very well may, he will emerge again. For all I know he may never in the meantime have lost his original character. At any rate I hope not. I hope that our great-great-grandchildren will know what our grandfathers were talking about when they said that of all men the farmer was the luckiest because he lived his own life in his own good and reasonable time.

The Lion's Mouth



THE TWO GHOSTS

BY STELLA BENSON

"THIS is the seventeenth wet day," said Myra, wondering what the rainy window had in common with her husband's face that both were so unendurably tiresome. "How miserable it all is . . ."

"That's the history of our married life, Myra my gal," said William brightly, throwing a golf ball accurately to the ceiling again and again. "Being miserable all over the world. Sometimes it seems to me that I don't know what you'd look like if you smiled. D'you remember the first place we lived in after we were married? Ta-ming, in South China. I remember you cried there for a whole week without stopping. I remember you saying that if you could live somewhere where there was a cool summer, fresh greens, sober friends, electric light, and a hot-water system, you'd have nothing left to wish for. Here in England we have all those things. But are you downhearted? Yes. Up the rebels. Ha-ha!" William was afflicted with irrelevant interjections—really, perhaps, hiccoughs in a semi-articulate form.

Myra had all those things now—green salads, electric light, neighbors who were neither Seventh Day Adventists nor incipient dipsomaniacs; she had the most satisfactory geyser in that suburb; she had a chilly wet English garden with a blackbird shrieking in

idiot panic all over it; she had a trim dripping English view, now blurred by rain but still identifiable as a bald hill like an elephant's back, with a spine of gray-slate-roofed cottages. All this desired England she could see through the window over the tweed shoulder of her William—a William enlarged in girth but shrunken in dignity since his China youth, his brass-yellow hair faded to a lifeless heather-mixture, suggestive of cotton waste, a William changed from the arrogant and active Treaty-port Taipan to the indolent suburban churchwarden, retaining of his China manner only the tireless ejaculatory brightness which once kept the South China bars in a roar. There was no bar in Ta-ming, their first port, though, Myra remembered, no club, no neighbors, only a garden full of syringas and frangipani, and a wide slow river, speckled with gaily painted junks and sampans, a river seen through heat-dazzle, shivering and flecked, like a faulty cinematograph projection. Rice fields in the early spring, she remembered, were of an almost *primrose* green, and kingfishers sat on posts in the rice fields looking like glasses of *crème-de-menthe*, with their sequin-bright reflections flaring below them in the water. Kingfishers, Myra remembered, always wore the self-conscious expression of one cunningly concealed; nobody, it seems, has ever dared to tell them that they can be seen for miles, by friends and enemies alike. But perhaps a kingfisher has no enemies. Perhaps his is the only crowned head that lies easy. Remembering that dry blue-and-golden freedom—South China—from within this cage of rain, was like remembering a feathery sponge cake when your mouth is full of lumpy gruel.

"Oh, *do* put that golf ball away, William," said Myra. "You're quite wrong about Ta-ming, anyway. It was you who used to grumble there because there was no club to get drunk in and tell dirty stories in. I was very happy there, whatever you may say. I remember sitting in that *t'ai* in the garden, looking over the river, at sunset, and the frogs yaw-yaw-yawing from the rice fields. If you don't put that golf ball down I shall scream."

"Yes, I remember that *t'ai* in the garden, too," said William, his glance springing to follow the leaping of the golf ball. "I remember coming in hot and thirsty after a ride and having a cool drink in the *t'ai* with that chap—what was his name?"

"What chap?" asked Myra sharply. "We had no neighbors at Ta-ming except that woman who used to be with us so much—that woman—you know who I mean, William. Who was it, now?"

"It was a man, not a woman," said William. "There was only one European besides ourselves at Ta-ming, and he was a man. Give me time. I'll get the name in half a tick. . . . Time, gentlemen, time, as-Goethe-said-on-his-deathbed. . . . Who *was* that feller?"

"I'm perfectly certain it was a woman," began Myra. "But anyway, it's of no importance. . . . Yes—it is of importance," she interrupted herself abruptly. "We *must* get that name. I shan't be happy till we've remembered it. If you'd only put that golf ball down, I could think so much better. At present my mind's a blank. I can just see a woman-shaped blank, sitting in the *t'ai*. I have the impression that it was a woman I didn't like very much and—oh, yes, William, I'm beginning to remember details—she was a tremendous wag. I seem to remember that you screamed with laughter whenever she opened her mouth. . . . Aha—I've got another clue. Don't you remember that two-day trip from Ta-ming when we put up for the night in that temple in the banyan

grove? The coolies had brought champagne by mistake, instead of cider, and we all got a little merry—don't you remember? Those paintings on the wall—surely you remember those—goddesses sitting on crimped clouds waving something that looked like sausages—and all the rather vulgar jokes this woman who was with us insisted on making—Yearly Outing of the Young Buddhist Goddesses' Association; Hot Dogs made from Prime Gadarene Pork. Oh, William, you *must* remember—you laughed till you cried."

"Of course I remember that night in the temple," said William, "though I can't call to mind all those merry jokes; on the contrary, I remember that evening as a pleasant but rather sober occasion, in spite of the fizz. You're absolutely off the track about the third person. Not only is the blank in my mind a man without a shadow of doubt—no-possible-probable-shadow-of, but also he wasn't at all a Little Sunbeam in our home—on the contrary, I have quite definitely the feeling that he was a highbrow, quoted Tennyson and Omar Whats-is-name and Shakespeare and suchlike bigwigs—all-the-winners, six-o'clock-speshul—and that evening at the temple he went out (surely you haven't forgotten that) and kicked a noisy coolie because he said he was 'outshouting the moon.' Them was *his* sentiments. Call that ladylike? No-no-my-lady-fair. A man it was. Tootle-oo. Pip-pip."

"Oh, William, *don't* be such an ass. Really, you'll make me lose my temper. For the seventeenth time, *do* put that golf ball down. You're simply making up all that about the highbrow man and the moon—just to annoy me. It's inconceivable that you shouldn't really remember a woman who was so constantly with us—a favorite of yours, too. Just the kind of woman you like, a noisy, cheerful, vulgar woman. . . ."

"Rats to your cheerful woman," said William suddenly sitting up and pulling his lazy, creased face straight. The golf

ball rose and fell with a more agitated rhythm. "Your imagination's running away with you, my dear Myra—you and your cheerful woman. Cheerful fiddlesticks. I can remember everything about the feller except his name and what he looked like. You'll be telling me next that it was a Merry Widow, and that you were jealous."

"I *was* jealous," said Myra. "I remember quite well seeing you blatantly showing off before her—that alone proves it was a woman—besides I *know* it was. Oh, *do* be careful with that golf ball. You'll break something. You'll drive me mad if you don't put it down. I remember quite distinctly being jealous of this woman. I shall remember her name in a minute; it's on the tip of my tongue. And what's more, William, I'm jealous of her *now*, since you think it worth while to tell such elaborate lies about her. I presume this idiotic lying must mean that you're deliberately hiding something—trying to put me off the scent for reasons of your own."

William almost burst with outraged righteousness. His shoulders swelled. The golf ball fell like a stone to rise no more. "My good Myra," he spluttered, with the portentous incoherence peculiar to the naturally facetious man overcome by feelings too deep for jokes. "That's right—go on—call me a liar, *do*. Anything else you'd like to. . . . Well, I'm damned. What about yesself and this feller—I've got just as much right to ask what you're concealing about him—pretending you don't even remember his existence."

"Oh, don't be such a fool," cried Myra in a voice of extreme unkindness. "And since we are talking of fools—what an *utter* fool you'll feel in a minute, when I remember the name of this woman you so obviously want me not to remember."

"I'm going out," said William, getting up and dropping the golf ball—an outworn symbol of defiance—into the work-basket, like a cuckoo laying its egg anywhere—anyhow. . . . "I shall go to that vestry meeting after all. I'm not

going to stay here and be called a liar."

The discovery by Myra of an actual unsuspected Merry Widow in his life would not have annoyed him much. On the contrary. The disclosure of a highbrow secret admirer in Myra's past would only have been a little less enlivening. But the senselessness of this determined petticoatization of a memory that seemed to him so indubitably troured, irritated him beyond endurance. He would go out in the rain; he would go to the vestry meeting; the freshness of the rain and the wholesome boomings of the vicar would help to ventilate this accidentally sealed cell in his memory—this vacuum abhorrent to a rightly constituted nature.

As soon as William was gone Myra began to cry. She was forty-one years old, but she cried like a spoilt child; for it was not only her seventeenth day of rain, but also her seventeenth year of William. William appeared now on the surface of her life like a boil that had taken seventeen years to grow and had come to a head within the last seventeen minutes. For seventeen years she had been constantly right and William constantly wrong, she thought, but until to-day skilful dialectics on her part had always obliged him to admit that he was wrong. To-day his character seemed to have suddenly changed—or rather, his tiresomeness had suddenly taken a new and inflexible form. Certainly this extraordinary disingenuous attitude of his must mean that he was concealing something; accidentally, it was clear, she had stumbled upon some old deception that was still living enough in his mind to be worth defending—some sin that did not make him sorry, only obstinate. As a rule, she rather liked William to sin, since sin had always eventually obliged him to be sorry. To wrench reluctant penitence from William had always been for Myra one of the major compensations of marriage. Now, if she was losing control, if William was going to begin sinning without being sorry, if that last luxurious power of hers, the power to

make her husband feel small, was gone—all that made William worth while as a husband was gone too. She would leave him. Let him go back to that Ta-ming woman, whoever she was. He would find that he had lost his Myra by his contumacy. To-morrow, when he had business that would take him into Reading, she would leave him. She would go and live in that little cottage in Chelsea that her godmother left her. He would find a little note from her when he got back from Reading. She might begin writing a draft of the little note now. It would be rather fun, she thought, as tears dripped from her chin. She sat down at her desk. And as she took up her pen, she saw in the shelf above the top pigeonholes a row of refined-looking books bound in rose-pink leather. "My diaries," thought Myra. "Gracious! Why didn't I think of them before? Let me see—our marriage . . . Ta-ming. . . . 1909 or 1910. . . ."

William, home again, wet and serene, two hours later, hissed cheerfully as he peeled off his streaming mackintosh and his muddy shoes on the front door mat.

"William," called Myra, "there was nobody."

"Nobody where—when—why?" asked William, who was now interested in the question of moving the font and putting in a few extra pews.

"There was nobody at Ta-ming except you and me."

At once William knew that he could not dispute this, that it was true, and that it was somehow much more important than the position of the font. The odd numb spot in his past was pricked to life.

"We were alone together in that temple," said Myra. "We were alone all along, at Ta-ming. Nobody ever came, from first to last. It's all down here in my diary—even the jokes I perhaps never made. The joke about Gadarene Pork is down here; nothing about outshouting the moon, though, or kicking the coolie. You must have

thought that up. But William—did we ever do anything more than *think* of those things? I'll tell you what I think; we've been remembering a ghost—two ghosts—the ghosts of the people we tried to be. William, when it still seemed worth while to us to try to please each other."

William, though he wished to be kind, and dimly understood that the raptures of first love were under discussion, could not bring himself to be anything but implacably bright. "Aha, aha, said-the-blind-man, you've had a brain wave and looked at your diary, have you? Couple of idiots we were not to do that before, instead of losing our hair like that over nothing. *Outshouted the moon*—that was mine, you say. Not ser dusty that, for poor old William, eh, Myra? Funny, I had the feeling that it was rather a moldy, trying-to-be-superior sort of feller said that. . . . I must say I don't remember your jokes, Myra old girl. I don't connect you with that Mad Merry stuff, though we've had our good times, haven't we? . . . Let's have a squint at this diary of yours."

William drew up a chair with a bump against Myra's chair. "Now, where are we? What tiddy-iddy little writing! I can hardly . . . don't fidget with that golf ball, Mimms old lady; it distracts my eye. . . . Ah, yes, there's that bit about sitting on the *t'ai* looking across the river at the sunset. . . ."

Together they read, blowing their noses tenderly from time to time, what Myra had written about their life during the first year of their marriage.

"No, half a sec, my dear old horse," murmured William presently with a delicious sigh. "Don't turn over. I haven't finished that bit about the temple. . . . Time, gentlemen, time, as-whats-is-name-said-on-his . . ." His voice died away in another happy sigh as he read on.

The golf ball in Myra's hot hand found itself doubly enclosed, as though in a thermos.



TOO LATE, LADY!

BY ROBERT P. UTTER

ANTHROPOLOGISTS tell us that much of the hocus-pocus of our church weddings is a hangover from the time when man feared woman because of the incomprehensible life-principle which she seemed to him to represent and at the same time needed her in his business, what there was of it. It was a hard choice; she was full of devils, and he couldn't do anything with her, but he couldn't do anything without her.

I find a later parallel to this situation in the dilemma of the smoker in Victorian times. At intervals he just had to have a hairpin to clear his pipe. If he married to ensure a supply for this periodic need, his wife would compel him to stop smoking. If he had no wife from which to pluck hairpins, he would have to stop smoking anyway. Some took to cigars; some got married.

In the course of time the greed of the manufacturers brought them to the rescue of the smokers. They began to make hairpins that fell out as fast as they were put in, and there was a sharp slump in the marriage market. By the time the twentieth century was ten years old sidewalks were ankle deep in hairpins and burnt matches. Why marry when you could pick up a hairpin as easily as—as—anything, any minute you happened to want one? And no woman attached to it either—unless that was what you happened to want.

After considering the problem briefly for five years, woman countered by bobbing her hair with the intention of putting both manufacturers and smokers out of business. It was a hasty and ill-considered move. Man retorted with

the wire paper clip, a move of such subtle and far-reaching effect that, though it has been undermining her position for two decades, woman shows not the slightest apprehension of the stunning fact. She is beaten, and she does not so much as suspect it. She will never grasp it, never, never. I fear not to proclaim the truth. Perhaps it was she who dashed the cup from my lips, but she can never dislodge the pipe from between my teeth because she can never understand the paper clip. To her it must remain incomprehensible to the end of time because though it looks like a safety pin it does not act like one.

The paper clip is to the pipe what the bale wire was to the automobile in the Early Ford Period. I once calculated that the horse would have evolved into the Ford in the second quarter of the Fourteenth Century if only men had learned in the third quarter of the Thirteenth Century to bale hay with wire. If the horse had refused to eat baled hay he might still be holding his job. If woman had stuck to hairpins while the sticking was good her place would still be in the home. I do not go so far as to say that the paper clip saved the pipe from extinction. We must remember that we did smoke pipes, imperfectly, to be sure, and not without the aid of hairpins, before the advent of the paper clip. But really the paper clip was almost inevitable. You never could carry hairpins in your pocket, a fact which made the hairpin about as exasperating to the smoker as it made the husband exasperating to the woman. The invention of a pocket hairpin might have solved the Victorian dilemma by a sort of Victorian compromise. The invention of the paper clip gives all the advantage to the smoker. The paper clip cannot cause damage in the pocket, or take up any appreciable space there. It requires no forethought to have a supply in every pocket; they find their way there as it were by nature from the edges of documents which are uniformly better off without them. Almost a single motion

of thumb and finger will straighten one bend of the wire and make a better pipe cleaner than ever hairpin attained, for the clean cut cross section has a cutting edge that would make a hairpin unendurable for its original use.

A fellow-smoker in whom I detect traits that savor of the puritan takes pains to remind me that women are learning to smoke, and that they are invading offices to learn the use of the paper clip. I retort that they began to learn to smoke at the same time the men did, and if they make no better progress with the pipe in the next three centuries than they have in the last three my generation has nothing to fear. They began on the paper clips in the office when the men did, too, and have never learned to do anything with them but to make them into long, futile chains in the vain hope that they will turn into safety pins, and to put them on the edges of papers where they serve only to work over the edges of other papers in the file, so that you can never find anything on *Political Economy* because it has got hooked up either with *Pneumonia* on the one hand or *Portugal* on the other. There are heights and depths beyond the mind of man in which woman is quite at home, but she will never understand the paper clip.

If she did she would never have one with her, because she has never grasped the psychological and political importance of pockets. No, reducing the number of garments isn't to the same

effect. Not even if she gets down to three will she regain her position unless she has five pockets in each of them. Until she takes up the white man's burden of fifteen pockets she will still be fumbling in vagrant appendices, or groping vaguely towards the nearest male for pencil, carfare, even handkerchief. That applies to pockets of the mind too. Woman's so-called intuition is nothing but a mind without pockets. A fine thing it is, I grant you, within its limits. What's the use of having one pocket with money in it, another with keys, and so on to the fifteenth power, if you can keep a tame man at your elbow to do it all for you? But can you if he doesn't need hairpins? The system has its limits. So have the pockets. A man's mind sometimes spends so much of itself in its filing system that it has none left for business. A woman's does what business it can without a filing system and calls it intuition. Either way has its disadvantages.

Possibly they have just perception enough to see that there is something wrong. I have read in certain gossip columns that they are letting their hair grow again. It is not perceptible at the level of the eye, but it is indubitably the fact that hairpins are reappearing on the sidewalk. I tread on them. I spurn them. I finger the paper clips in the right side pocket of my coat. It is too late, lady, too late. Hairpins, forsooth! How little we knew of hygiene in those days!



Editor's Easy Chair

REGULATION, GOOD AND BAD

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THIS world does move, and even science does not stand still. When science discovers something that is valuable, even though it was well known to lots of people long before, it helps to have its existence acknowledged by science; for when science admits that something important is true, it is because it has scientific reasons for thinking so—reasons which are based on the evidence of the senses in one way or another. It may be in this manner, by scientific certification of familiar facts and stories, that science is going to assist religion.

There are thousands of people, millions maybe, to whom it will not be news that the human mind may possibly act upon matter and that perhaps the thoughts of man are the most important things in the world. Nevertheless, it is important that Prof. Arthur H. Compton, physicist of the University of Chicago and Nobel prize winner of 1927, working in co-operation with Professor Heisenberg, of Leipzig, has got as far as that. He reports signs "of an effective intelligence behind the phenomena of nature." The mechanists have thought that propinquity and necessity and opportunity could account for everything that has happened; but Doctor Compton begins to see design behind occurrences and even to suspect that life on earth is for the training of minds to fit them to go on elsewhere. These suggestions, it seems, have come to him as the result of "fifteen years of studies in X-ray de-

fraction." To the physicist, he says, "it has become clear that the chances are infinitesimal that a universe filled with atoms having random properties would develop into a world with the different variety that we find about us." In this he finds the suggestion "that the evolutionary process is not a chance one but is directed towards some definite end, perhaps to the production of intelligent minds." That leads him to the idea that intelligent minds produced by such long processes and so much pains are too valuable to lose and are able to avoid that waste by continuing to exist and function after their bodies disappear.

On the relation between body and mind he says (we quote from a newspaper report):

In some reflex actions and habitual acts we may behave as automata, but where deliberation occurs we feel that we choose our own course. In fact, a certain freedom of choice may, it seems to me, be considered as an experimental fact with which we must reconcile our theories.

If freedom of choice is admitted, it follows by the same line of reasoning that one's thoughts are not the result of molecular reactions obeying fixed physical laws. For if they were, his thoughts would be fixed by the physical conditions and his choice would be made for him. Thus, if there is freedom, there must be at least some thinking possible quite independently of any corresponding cerebral process.

On such a view it is no longer impossible that consciousness may persist after the brain is destroyed. An examination of the

evidence seems to support the view that there is no very close correspondence between brain activity and consciousness. It seems that our thinking is partially divorced from our brain, a conclusion which suggests, though of course does not prove, the possibility of consciousness after death.

What the biologists will make of this Heisenberg-Compton theory (so Professor Compton calls it) remains to be seen. Probably some of them will develop emotions of dissent; but knowledge is not inseparably joined to the conclusions of biologists, nor will they all think alike even about what we call "immortality."

IF an event is more than a piece of news, then it was an event when Mr. Morrow, running for Senator in New Jersey, came out for repeal of the 18th Amendment. That meant that discussion of contemporary Prohibition had reached a new point, the point, namely, where it was to be openly discussed to discover what can be done about it. Mr. Morrow would take it out of the Constitution, substitute for it a new amendment assisting the States that wish to be Dry to protect their aridity, and for the rest leave it to the States to work out their own liquor problems. It is true that Mr. Wadsworth when running for Senator in New York came out against Prohibition and made that his main issue. He was beaten, and more was the pity; but for several reasons his stand was less epochal than Mr. Morrow's, particularly because he was an outspoken Wet, whereas Mr. Morrow, so far as appears and so far as he has said, is neither Wet nor Dry, but wants to take out of the Constitution a law that has no business there, and wants to provide a better solution of the liquor problem than the attempt now operating.

We have come to the point where discussion has really begun whether Prohibition as we have had it will do, or must be changed. The relation of various forms of stimulant to the inside of men and women, girls and boys, is less discussed than heretofore; and the effect

of the present law on public morals and public order is more discussed. To this condition we have been helped by the *Literary Digest's* poll. It has been followed with lively interest and has made an impression. It indicates a remarkable change of attitude and a change all in the direction which Mr. Morrow has illustrated by his remarks in New Jersey.

All this is good. The idea that the amendment could never be repealed and that there was no use of talking about it, and that all that could be done was to tinker with the Volstead act—that idea is passing. The votes for repeal in the *Literary Digest's* poll were surprising but they were right. The whole problem needs to be thrown open to discussion and experiment. The *Herald Tribune* has published a series of papers from Dry leaders, men and women. To our mind they are the strongest Anti-Dry documents that have appeared, chiefly because of the fanatical state of mind they display. The women contributors in particular, mixing up reminiscences of oldtime saloons with fervent cries for law enforcement, seem really to have no idea what is going on in the public mind, nor what is the reason or the purpose of the change of attitude of hundreds of thousands of former supporters of Prohibition. These people do not want the saloons back; almost nobody wants the saloons back. They want order restored, rum-running and bootlegging stopped, crime diminished, prison populations reduced. They want better laws, not worse ones; and they will get them. How long it will take is uncertain. Change may come much faster than we expect if only out of desire to change the subject; for nowadays all signs betoken a swelling tide of voters who are coming to suspect that, as Bainbridge Colby said of American isolation, Prohibition "is not a Policy! It is a Predicament!"

IT would be grateful indeed to be relieved, or even partly relieved, of one form of regulation, of one set of spies

and snoopers, of one vast basis for graft. We are much encumbered nowadays by regulations and regulators. Besides the Prohibition enforcers, we have the income tax collectors, armies of traffic regulators and officers to regulate our use of vehicles, immigration officers and spies, over-zealous persons who have power to test the patriotism of applicants for citizenship, book censors, play censors, movie censors, radio censors, all manner of boards and commissions with power to call witnesses. Many of these afflictions are inevitable. If we are going to undertake wars, as sometimes we must, we must expect income taxes. If we flood the earth with motor cars traffic must be regulated. In spite of all regulations thirty-three thousand people were killed in the United States last year and about a million injured in traffic accidents! We must have most of these regulations and we cannot reasonably expect to have in all cases competent and courteous officers to enforce them. But all these ordinances are accepted more or less dutifully by the people concerned except Prohibition. These other things are obviously necessary. They can be improved but they can hardly be abolished. Nobody rebels or approves rebellion against them, however much and just complaint there may be about the way they are enforced.

For enforcement of laws calls for intelligence, for consideration, for justice; and too many of these regulations fail much too often to find that sort of enforcement. It is hard to hire considerate and intelligent men for dirty jobs, and some of these enforcement jobs are dirty. One would say too—subject to correction—that enforcement by federal officers is apt to be worse than enforcement by state officers. Probably there is no sure rule about that; but on state-enforcement officers there is a local influence and a local control, whereas federal officers operating all over the country are often in conflict with the sentiments of the localities in which

they work, and are necessarily unrestrained by that sentiment.

In the June number of this magazine there was Mr. Leslie Roberts' article about the treatment of Canadians by the United States. What he talked most about was outrages of American enforcement officers in fighting Canadian bootleggers and English rum-runners and abominable harshness in enforcing the immigration laws against unlucky British subjects, including Canadians. The immigration laws are warrantable, but out of their enforcement often results cruel hardships. The stories Mr. Roberts tells can easily be duplicated by anyone who knows what happens to persons even of excellent character and record who fall into the power of enforcers of our immigration laws.

One person who knows is Miss Jane Addams who, in an address in Boston on June 10th before the National Conference of Social Workers, denounced certain details of operation of the Immigrant Exclusion Act as "a dead hand laid upon the future." Miss Addams told how wives or husbands who come to visit their families and overstay their permits are deported, so that families can never be reunited in this country; how students who change the school they go to for one not on the list of the Department of Labor are rejected and can never come back. "There is anguish in the family groups where such experiences take place," she said, adding that "to make an old mistake indelible, to lay a dead hand upon the future, is always of doubtful value."

Nowadays American law and American justice seem to give little consideration to the minds of foreigners or the impression they make on them. We seem to be somewhat over-supplied with legislative statesmen who think it is not necessary to the United States to have any friends in this world or cultivate any friendships. They seem to think they own the goose which lays the golden eggs and that the really important object in politi-

cal life is to prevent any other country or combination of countries from getting it away from them. So they practice to pile the tariff wall higher; they shy at world courts, dislike naval agreements, and disparage everything that favors the appearance of the United States as a member of the family of nations.

There are of course those in this country—many of them important in power, place, and character—who know better than that and are well aware that prosperity in the United States cannot be sustained by narrow selfishness, but must rest on its importance as a factor in the prosperity of all the world. The tariff fight has developed a new idea about business: that mass production in the United States needs outlets, that the whole condition of the country in that respect has changed in recent years; and so we find powerful and important producers fighting the new tariff with appeals and warnings. This is a new phase in the attitude of American industrialists to the tariff, and an enlightened self-interest may accomplish an urbanity in our relations with the rest of mankind that mere benevolence might easily fail to produce.

Meanwhile take notice, everybody, to avoid by all means getting into the power of the government and its officials. Government, especially the Federal government, goes by rule, has very limited powers of discrimination, and no bowels of compassion. Redress, if obtainable at all from government decisions, usually costs more than would-be plaintiffs

can afford. Let us all take care of ourselves as much as we can and of other people according to our ability, and lean no more on government than we can possibly help. If we get into jail we may burn up, or be shot dead by mistake.

AT HOME and abroad, all over the world, the times continue to be quite remarkably instructive. Indeed it is embarrassing to have so many important lessons running at the same time. The most urgent of them all for us is the lesson of Prohibition, teaching what should and what should not be in the Constitution, what is practicable and what is not practicable to do by legislation with the wills and habits of men. Mr. Wickersham deposes that Prohibition cannot be enforced by increasing penalties and suggests a return to education. But there can be no real education about drinking while the 18th Amendment and the Volstead act continue to operate. Education involves freedom of choice for the person educated. It is a training of the mind and will for the better shaping of conduct, but if you are going to shape conduct beforehand by legislation why play at training and making character.

As for the tariff, was business ever so scared by a threatened tariff before? Stocks at this writing bump along downstairs apparently at the thought of it, while all the trading world remonstrates. Possibly the time has really come for a new point of view about the tariff in the United States.



Personal and Otherwise

SINCE *James Truslow Adams* last appeared in the Magazine (with "Diminishing Returns in Modern Life," in the April issue), he has brought out another historical volume to add to *The Founding of New England* and his other previous works. This new book is *The Adams Family*. (Incidentally, Mr. Adams is not related to the particular family with which it deals.) It may be well to add—in view of the financial observations in his present article—that before he turned historian, he was for some years a member of a New York Stock Exchange firm. Mr. Adams is now in New York, but during the past few years he has spent most of his time in London.

From the imaginative quality of *Lord Dunsany's* plays (and of "The Electric King," for that matter) some readers might be led to imagine him to be a dreamer living remote from the hurly-burly of the world. On the contrary, he is a soldier and a big-game hunter as well as a man of letters. He served in both the South African and European wars; in the latter he was a captain in the Royal Iniskilling Fusiliers. He is the eighteenth holder of an Irish baronetcy created in 1439.

One is less surprised at versatility in an Irishman than in a native of this supposedly standardized country. Nobody, however, has succeeded in standardizing *John Erskine*. He is not only professor of English at Columbia (on leave of absence at this writing) but head of the Juilliard Foundation, an excellent concert pianist, a poet, an opera librettist, and a successful novelist (author of *The Private Life of Helen of Troy*, *Galahad*, *Adam and Eve*, and *Uncle Sam*). His article on the modernity of Vergil—the two thousandth anniversary of whose birth is approaching—brings Professor Erskine into the list of HARPER contributors for the first time in several years.

As a roving correspondent for the North American Newspaper Alliance, *Vincent Sheean* has been present at many an international conference such as he so engagingly describes in "Violette." Mr. Sheean is the author of *The Anatomy of Virtue*, *The New Persia*, and *An American Among the Riffi*. He has had one previous story in HARPER'S—"Florentine Diana" (February, 1929).

We have published a number of articles on sport by *John R. Tunis*, tennis critic of the *New York Evening Post*. Mr. Tunis is now in Europe, having gone there to report the tennis tournaments of the season, including the finals of the competition with whose overgrown condition he deals in this issue.

Esse Hamot is a new contributor; she lives in Pasadena, California.

If anybody knows the technic of giving away money wisely, it should be *Edwin R. Embree*, for he is president of the Julius Rosenwald Fund.

Charles Macomb Flandrau writes all too seldom nowadays. But his *Harvard Episodes* and *The Diary of a Freshman* are recalled with delight by thousands of college graduates, and his *Viva Mexico!* has for over twenty years been acknowledged to be one of the finest books in its field. It is a pleasure to give space to Mr. Flandrau's evocation of the days when he was a boy in St. Paul and newspapers were put to very special uses.

Last month *Stuart Chase*, president of the Labor Bureau, Inc., wrote for us on "The Nemesis of American Business"—the unemployment problem. Now he speaks his mind on a matter not unrelated to that problem: the effect of the job, and of the fear of losing it, on the personal integrity of men and women in this highly organized modern world. Mr. Chase's books include *Your Money's Worth* (written in collaboration with F. J. Schlink), *Men and Machines*, and *Prosperity: Fact or Myth?* Among his recent articles in HARPER'S, aside from "The

Nemesis of American Business," have been "Laid Off at Forty," "Slaves of the Machine?" and "The Mad Hatter's Dirty Teacup" (an arraignment of our national disorderliness).

Although *Thomas Boyd's Through the Wheat* was published in 1923, before the present vogue for war novels, it remains one of the best American portrayals of the War. Mr. Boyd has written several other novels and many short stories, but this is his first appearance in our pages.

Few Americans can have failed to be shocked at the Senate Lobby Committee's treatment of some of the witnesses who appeared before it during the past year. What are the rights of such committees, and how is public opinion to deal with their impertinence? *John T. Flynn*, who answers these questions, used to be managing editor of the *New York Globe* and more recently has been writing on business for the U. P. C. Syndicate. He has contributed several articles to HARPER'S, mostly on business problems.

Mark Van Doren, who sets forth "The Real Tragedy of the Farmer" without discussing the price of wheat or the cost of farm implements, but writes none the less truly for this reason, is literary editor of the *Nation*, assistant professor of English at Columbia, and editor of the recent *Anthology of World Poetry*. Carl Van Doren is his elder brother.

The poets of the month are *Mary Brent Whiteside*, an occasional contributor who is one of the leading members of the Atlanta group of writers; *Frederic Prokosch*, a newcomer to HARPER'S who sends his verse from New Haven; and *Conrad Aiken*, well known to all lovers of poetry.

The pages of the Lion's Mouth are shared by *Stella Benson*, the English novelist, whose most recent story in HARPER'S ("The Desert Island," in the June issue) dealt with the Chinese adventures of an Englishman with an eccentric deserting *légionnaire* named Constantine; and *Robert Palfrey Utter*, another frequent contributor, who is professor of English at the University of California.



Ernest D. Roth's etchings of foreign scenes are well known to lovers of fine prints. Mr. Roth was born in Germany in 1879, but was brought to New York at the age of five and

received his artistic education in this country. His work is represented in many of the best collections of the day. We reproduce as the frontispiece of this issue a characteristic Spanish subject.



Though it is several months since we published "The Barren Twig Protests," we must make space for what is perhaps the most unusual human document brought to us by that article:

One often hears of wives who are unhappy because of husbands' insistence upon marital rights, but seldom of wives whose husbands love them but do not care to live with them as husbands. One does not talk about such a situation to one's friends nor read about it except occasionally where the author provides a happy ending. But neither for Susan's husband nor for me will there be the happy ending. Mine is the case of a wife in name only, a wife whose husband loves her in his way, but who not only does not want children but does not care to have emotional intimacy with her.

Lest you jump at once to false conclusions, let me say that for the fifteen years of our marriage we have lived together on perfectly friendly terms, agreeing pretty much about everything except the one thing which makes marriage different from any ordinary friendly relation between men and women. Dee has apparently all the qualifications to make a good husband—he has good looks, courtesy, thoughtfulness, and he is a good provider. He has several degrees from splendid American universities, is a member of Phi Beta Kappa and a professor at a state university. He has always been interested in athletics, having received medals, college letters, and trophies for football and tennis. He is quiet and unassuming, well-groomed, and easy to live with. He likes women and they like him, though he has never shown other than friendly interest in any woman since our marriage. That would tend to indicate that it is not merely that I alone as a woman do not attract him. He finds in me a good friend and a splendid companion, but not a mate. Our marriage has been a perfect friendship, full of happiness and companionship, but sexually I have had little more from my marriage than if I had remained single.

We bear among our friends the reputation of being devoted to each other, and I know he is happy with me. I feel sure, too, that he does not feel that I am really being deprived of anything. I think he would be ashamed of me if he really knew how I feel. I esteem him highly, value his good qualities, and yet feel more and more dissatisfied. Many times I have tried to tell him about

how I feel, but when I try to talk to him about matters of sex, he immediately turns the subject to a discussion of automobiles, baseball, or what not. After I had tried for years to obtain from him an opinion about such a situation, he dismissed it with the mere comment that very real affection could exist between husbands and wives when no sexual attraction existed, and that since we are both middle-aged, the condition is perfectly normal and that he personally is well satisfied. I am thirty-five and he is nearly forty.

I have been thinking about the matter for a long time. Perhaps I should have been more honest with him and with myself years ago. I realize I am partly to blame. But I was always shy and sixteen years ago no one told me it was a wife's privilege to make overtures of love. Instead they told me that a wife should be modest and submissive. Never in the first ten years of our marriage did I take the initiative in such matters, and when I discovered that it was my privilege, the knowledge came too late. . . .

Perhaps I stress the physical side of marriage too much. I realize that the physical side is only one side. Sometimes when I am down-hearted I think, what am I getting in marriage that I could not get out of it? True, my rent is paid, my clothes are bought, my expenses are all met. All the money I earn (I am a teacher too) is my own. For the first years of our marriage I paid my share of the household expenses, but as soon as we got on our feet my money was not needed nor wanted. I often, however, pay half on rather luxurious purchases such as a new yearly car, a new radio to replace the old, or some Oriental rugs. But in return for what is spent on me, I seem in a financial way to be getting too much and giving too little.

I have told Dee over and over that he is not getting value received. He insists he is satisfied. What can I say? Can I say that I am not, when I know that he does not wish to give me what I want? I should want more than a mere acquiescence on his part, more than the physical contact, for I have known men who have liked me well enough to have given me that and more. I have known men, too, that I could have liked.

Why do I not divorce him? For the same reasons that the author of "The Barren Twig Protests" does not divorce Susan. I do not want a child by him, nor by anyone. Nor is there anyone else whom I want to marry or who wants to marry me. Frankly, even if there were, I should be afraid, for I should fear that I could not now make a satisfactory marriage adjustment, for no one would believe the truth, and I could not be at ease with one so worldly wise as to be amused by my pitiful, though honest, endeavors to achieve my desire.

Often in the silence of the night I lie thinking how wonderful it would be to be awakened by an arm reaching out to draw me into an embrace. So thinking, I lie and listen to the regular breathing which comes as it has come for years through the opened door of the next room.

There is another reason why I do not think of divorce. I believe there is something in marriage besides the physical. I must believe that. I have had many hours of wonderful companionship. We have faced poverty, sickness, and death together. Remembering the richness of what I have had, and comparing it with what others have had, I am thankful. So I try to force myself to look ahead to ten or perhaps fifteen years when the problem will solve itself. By that time I shall have atrophied. I shall have settled down, content with books and music and memories of my journeys. But in the meantime, every so often, I flare into a mad flash of love and for what is denied me. How shall I bear the next decade? My only wish is to be desensitized. The main wish I have is not for happiness but only for peace of mind and contentment. And they, I think, come only through the cessation of desire. Then, and then only, shall I feel quiet in the way one is quiet after intense experience.

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From a sheaf of comments on Mr. Roberts's article ("Step-Uncle Sam") on the relations between the United States and Canada we select an editorial in the *Ottawa Journal*:

Under the above arresting title, Mr. Leslie Roberts, a Montreal newspaperman, contributes an article to the current number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Introducing the article to its readers, HARPER'S expresses the hope that "it might be read by every Senator and Representative in Washington and by every office-holder whose acts might in any way affect the relations between the United States and Canada." We, for our part, would like to have it studied by all those curious people among us who, through some strange species of reasoning, think that the only way to meet the aggressive, bullying tactics of Uncle Sam is by a policy of hush! hush! Mr. Roberts does not write in any spirit of spitefulness, much less of abuse. All that he does, and it is quite enough, is to marshal a long record of incidents illustrative of United States contempt for Canada's feelings, of Canadian acceptance of that contempt. It is an extraordinary story.

We are all of us familiar with the after-dinner orators who love to dwell on the "three thousand miles of undefended border." Pests as these peo-

ple are, they are not nearly as bad as another class, that class which loves to pose as "internationalists," as apostles of good will, who talk with vague, muddled sentimentality about being a "good neighbor to the United States."

Everybody, it may be assumed, wants Canada to be a good neighbor to the United States. But neighborliness, like everything else, must be adjusted to realities, must be shaped accordingly. To put the thing in its clearest possible outline, neighborliness cannot be lopsided, cannot exist unless it is mutual, involving mutual obligations, concessions, fair-play. It is not something that can be achieved by arrogance and aggression on the one side, platitudes of greasy piety on the other. There must be mutual honesty, understanding, self-respect.

That sort of neighborliness has not existed between Canada and the United States. If any of our readers doubt this, if they regard it as an overstatement, then let them read the record that has been put down in this article in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. And if they are not convinced by that, let them go to the Public or Parliamentary Library and study the fiscal relations of the two countries since, say, 1854.

The truth is that it is time for a little more plain speaking on the part of Canadian statesmen upon this problem of our position with the United States. Time for a little more rugged Canadianism; a little more rugged honesty. Real friendship, whether it be friendship between nations or individuals, cannot exist where there is contempt on one side, acceptance of contempt on the other. If Mr. Leslie Roberts's article serves no other purpose than to make at least a few influential Americans and Canadians awaken to the true facts of their respective positions, it will perform a great measure of good.

Miss Mary M. Roberts, Editor of the *American Journal of Nursing* (which is the official organ of the American Nurses' Association, the National League of Nursing Education, and twenty-seven state associations of nurses), writes to us concerning Mrs. Bromley's article in the July issue:

May I tell you that we are delighted to have some of the grave problems in nursing so ably presented in your pages? HARPER's reaches just the type of people we are most eager to interest in the social implications.

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Two or three months ago we printed a letter from a clergyman who called the Magazine "offensive," "socially destructive," and "reeking with paganism, that paganism which will yet pervert American society and prepare us for the judgment of God which is hastening on." The following reply from another clergyman, the rector of an Episcopal church in California, makes a welcome contrast:

I have just come across the letter which the Reverend Earle V. Pierce sent to you.

Please bear in mind that my Reverend brother speaks for himself, not for the clergy of to-day; he should be living in the middle ages, not in the year 1930. . . . As an ordained clergyman of the Episcopal Church, I claim that I get more benefit from your Magazine than from three religious papers which I read monthly. Your Magazine states facts, and leaves the devil to shift for himself.

A. C. SILVERLIGHT.



PAYSAN SAVOYARD

By André Jacques

Courtesy of the Kennedy Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

FOUNDING FATHERS AND STRADDLING SONS

BY ELMER DAVIS

A YOUNG man named Periander had become boss—or tyrant, as they called it in those days—of his home town, Corinth, and was desirous of learning his trade from those who knew it best. So he sent a messenger across the sea to a gentleman named Thrasybulus, who had been in the tyranny business for some time, and with notable success, asking him what a young tyrant ought to know. Thrasybulus took the messenger for a walk through a wheat field and listened to his questions, and answered not a word. Only as they walked along Thrasybulus kept looking at the wheat; and whenever he saw a stalk protruding above the rest he neatly snicked off its head. The messenger went home and reported that Thrasybulus was not only a boor who refused to answer questions, but a fool who destroyed his own property. But Periander understood.

There were men of consequence in Corinth, men who towered above the crowd, men who might furnish leaders

for an opposition if Periander ever became insufferable. Periander rounded up those men and snicked off their heads as Thrasybulus beheaded the stalks of wheat; and thereafter, though he became insufferable enough, he had his own way in Corinth. It paid him, at the moment, to reduce the intelligence and capacity of the citizen body to the dead level of the average; but in the long run it did much harm to the state, and if Periander, who was the state, had lived long enough, he would have realized that he had merely been committing sabotage on his own property.

All of which is ancient history; but the lesson is so plain that it is rather disturbing to see the American people more and more inclining to follow the policy of Periander. Nothing seems to please the voters so much as snicking off the political head of a man who protrudes above the level of the average, who thinks and speaks for himself instead of falling in with the sentiments of the crowd.

This is an old story perhaps; stiff-

necked individualists have never been popular with the American voter. (Grover Cleveland may seem an exception; but he got his first presidential nomination because he looked as if he could carry New York, and his subsequent nominations because it would obviously have been suicidal for the party to nominate anybody else.) But the habit seems to be growing worse; and as the rewards of political cowardice and the penalties of courage and independence become more and more obvious, we increasingly see the effects in the morale of politicians. More and more, our chosen rulers try to turn themselves into rubber stamps for the majority, or for any group of voters that can make enough noise to sound like a majority.

We owe this recent decadence very largely to the tactics of the Anti-Saloon League; and a good many people must have felt that it was only poetic justice when, last spring, some of the most loyal servants of that organization suddenly announced that they would change sides as soon as they could be sure it would pay them. When Senator Wesley Jones, author of that famous five-and-ten law that was to dry-clean these states, announced that if his State went wet by referendum he would bow to the will of the people, and when such other stainless knights of prohibition as T. J. Walsh and Morris Sheppard admitted that they might do the same, the late Wayne B. Wheeler's chickens came home to roost.

Now the point about Jones and Walsh and Sheppard is that they are sincere Drys, dry in their personal habits and convictions as well as in their votes; men who honestly believe (in so far as holders of elective office can be said honestly to believe anything) that a victory for the Wets would be a disaster to the nation. But do they stand firm in the breach against the cohorts of the rum rebellion? Not a bit of it. No nonsense of here-I-stand-God-help-me-I-can-do-nothing-else about these heroes. Their motto is, "Here I stand till I see that it would be safer to step down."

Senator Sheppard comes from Texas. A hundred years ago there were men in Texas who did not find it necessary to bow to the majority. Santa Anna had a majority at the Alamo, but Travis and Bowie and Crockett chose to fight it out anyway. Santa Anna had a majority at San Jacinto too, but Sam Houston beat him, and thereby made possible the election of the Honorable Morris Sheppard to the United States Senate. This is what is known as the ascent of man.

Still, you can hardly blame the politicians, granted their sincere belief that self-preservation is the first law of nature. We had in New York a few years ago the notable case of Senator James W. Wadsworth. He was a man of admitted intelligence, capacity, and force; he was a conservative, but that would not have hurt him if he had paid the lip service to liberalism which has been accepted from other men as sufficient indemnity for conservative behavior. Wadsworth talked the way he thought and acted, and thus made enemies. Also he was wet, and his party was dry; so when he ran for reelection in 1926 a dry Republican candidate was set up against him who diverted just enough votes to elect the Democrat.

Did this help men who believed in prohibition and felt that New York ought to have a Senator who would vote for its enforcement? Not at all; Mr. Wagner, the Democrat candidate, was just as wet as Wadsworth. But in the eyes of the Anti-Saloon League the difference between a wet Democrat and a wet Republican was the difference between a free man of color and a fugitive slave. Wadsworth was punished not for being wet but for being honest. Wagner was a man of merit, as it happened; but it was Wadsworth's merit that elected him, not his own.

Al Smith also was candid about his wetness. It does not seem that he could have been elected President even if he had straddled the fence; but he might

have carried one or two more Southern States. These lessons appear not to have been lost on the Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt. Whether he is wet or dry nobody knows at this writing; and his friends are doing their best to prevent anybody from finding out before the Democratic National Convention of 1932. There may be some few Democrats who will not vote for a straddler; but no politician would make the mistake of supposing that there are enough of them to count.

When Mr. Dwight Morrow, campaigning for the Republican Senatorial nomination in New Jersey, came out for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, his courage and candor were widely acclaimed. Well, Mr. Morrow has a good record for courage and candor, and he stated the case for repeal very ably; but it takes about as much courage to favor repeal in New Jersey as to favor Mussolini in Rome. Also, within a week after Mr. Morrow's bold pronouncement his friends were going about among the Drys, spreading the rumor that though he talked wet he was really dry; just as wet Eastern Republicans in 1928 insisted that though Hoover talked dry he was really wet. Hoover, it turned out, meant what he said, and probably Morrow did too; but the practical men around them both felt that it would be disastrous for a candidate to be suspected of being the sort of man who would stand by his opinions.

I believe that the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment would be a good thing for the country; but I think it would be safer for the country to be governed by honest Drys, men who stand by their convictions even if it seems likely to cost them their jobs, than by men who are willing to be wet or dry, whichever seems likely to be to their advantage. Who are these unbending stalwarts I have in mind? I hesitate to name them, for fear that before this is printed they too will have announced that they are ready to bow to the will of the people.

II

Well, if cowardice seems the first requisite of a successful career in politics, whose fault is it? The stream can rise no higher than its source; though as Mr. Owen Wister remarked in *HARPER'S* for June, it can go considerably lower. Voters who refuse reelection to men who say what they think have only themselves to blame if, in some crisis, we have wobblers in office. Uncle Sam, like Thrasybulus, walks through his wheat field snicking off every head that protrudes above the average level. A statesman who suspects himself of being of more than average stature (and what office holder does not?) very naturally stoops his shoulders, pulls in his neck, and says what he thinks on controversial issues only when he is pretty sure that the majority agrees with him. He may be a coward, but he is at least no fool; he obeys the law of self-preservation. Not even that much can be said for Uncle Sam. Like Thrasybulus, he destroys his own crop, commits sabotage on his own property.

Well, says the patriot, America seems to have got along pretty well, in spite of all this. True; though not quite so true as it was before the 24th of last October. The men who told us in 1928 that it was the virtue of the American people which made us prosperous are telling us now that the virtue of the American people will restore prosperity; but the story is not getting over quite as well as it did two years ago. The American people, on the whole, have displayed immense energy and ingenuity; they have also had the advantage of an unequaled stock of natural wealth; and they have had a great deal of luck—so much luck that earnest citizens are apt to call it not luck but divine favor, and to argue that we are a chosen people.

Another people, once upon a time, regarded itself as chosen; and during one of its political crises a gentleman whose party had fallen from power offered the following parable. "The trees went

forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, Reign thou over us. But the olive tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? And the trees said to the fig tree, Come thou, and reign over us. But the fig tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees? Then the trees said unto the vine, Come thou, and reign over us. And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?

"Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou, and reign over us. And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow."

Those were difficult times, when that parable was spoken; the office sought the man, and it is no wonder that the olive and the fig and the vine preferred the peace and comfort of private life to the hazards of public service. But when the trees, in a critical moment, turned to the bramble, he accepted the nomination. He accepted it, no doubt, with a high sense of his responsibility, a firm resolve to do the best he could. But for all his good intentions, he was only a bramble.

We have no such excuse as the trees could have offered; we refuse to give our olives and figs and vines a chance. Sometimes they get into office (usually by behaving as much like brambles as possible during the campaign); but as soon as we find out what we have got, we are likely to beat them when they come up for reelection. Brambles are what we want and what we usually get; and if things ever get really hot, we may not find much shelter in their shadow.

III

The fall from popular favor of a Cleveland or a John Quincy Adams was

intelligible enough; they stood for what they conceived to be the general welfare, and the average voter is chiefly concerned with his particular interests or his particular prejudices. But it begins to look as if even representatives of particular interests are likely to be retired from public life if they happen to be sufficiently forceful and outspoken to raise up a crowd of enemies. Consider the case of the Honorable Joseph R. Grundy.

A good many people who own no stock in Pennsylvania factories and have no enthusiasm for a protective tariff were disturbed by the refusal of the Republicans of Pennsylvania to renominate Mr. Grundy for the Senate seat which for a few months he filled by appointment. It is not contended that Mr. Grundy is a great man, or even a wise one; but he is a man, who stands up on his hind legs and says what he thinks, whether people like it or not. You may not think he was a good Senator, but most of the Founding Fathers who started this nation going would disagree with you. He was not their ideal of the perfect Senator; but he was about as good a Senator as most of them would have expected to get.

The Founding Fathers, as every historian knows, distrusted the people. (Schoolboys were not permitted to know it when I went to school.) Some of them distrusted the people more, some less; but in some degree the distrust was general, and the Constitution which they wrote, with its checks and balances, its indirect election of Senators and President, was designed to curb what one of the more liberal of the Founding Fathers called "the turbulence and follies of democracy." They decided to let the people have something to say (though not too much) in selecting their rulers; and then those rulers were expected to be governed, during their stated terms, by their own judgment and their own consciences. The men who made the Constitution had had a classical education—some of them directly, in the schools; others indirectly in the atmosphere of the eighteenth century which

constantly looked back to classical models. Most of them had read, and all of them would have approved, that description of the ideal public servant which a classical author has set down:

"The just man, tenacious of his purpose, is not shaken in his firm resolve by the countenance of the menacing tyrant, or by the passion of citizens bidding him do evil." (Or even, Horace might have added if he had seen so far into the future, by a *Literary Digest* poll.) The Founding Fathers had stood up against the menacing tyrant, and had got rid of him, but it had begun to look as if they had jumped out of the frying pan into the fire. *Ardor civium prava jubantium* meant something to men who had lived through the years between Yorktown and the Constitutional Convention, especially men who had something to lose. The turbulence and follies of democracy could not be blamed for all the troubles of those years; weakness and mismanagement and selfishness above played a part, as well as ignorance and selfishness below. But one great source of weakness and mismanagement lay in the fact that delegations in Congress, under the Confederation, acted as ambassadors of the governments of their States. The Founding Fathers had had enough of that. When they wrote into the Constitution the provision that "each Senator shall have one vote" they supposed that he would use that vote according to his own judgment. It never occurred to them that the day would come when the Senator would be only a sort of télévox, operated by remote control from back home.

They hoped that just and tenacious men would be chosen for public office and that they would not be shaken by popular outcries; also, that they would govern solely with an eye to the public interest. That was an ideal, and the Founding Fathers knew it. Men who have conducted a successful revolution have seen a good deal of human nature and are unlikely to expect the impossible. They hoped for men dispassionately devoted

to the public good; but what they expected to get, in the main, was men who represented the interests of their region and their class. And they felt that by getting together able men and letting them argue out the conflict of interests a tolerable and workable compromise might be achieved.

Now Pennsylvania, in Mr. Grundy, got just about such a representative as the Founding Fathers expected. "I feel that my big job here," he said when he took his seat in the Senate, "is to promote the interests and prosperity of the people of Pennsylvania." Here was unexpected candor. Do the Northwestern Senators with whom Mr. Grundy presently became embroiled admit that they represent the interests and prosperity of Idaho, or Washington, or North Dakota? Not a bit. They vote that way; but when they talk they represent the interests of all humanity.

Mr. Grundy's enemies may say that he identifies the interests of Pennsylvania with those of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, which he organized and directed. Well, in so thoroughly industrialized a State there is some color for that identification. He had been promoting the interests of Pennsylvania and its manufacturers long before the general public had ever heard of him; but he had been working behind the scenes. He was renowned as the most diligent and successful of Republican money getters. He sat in the smoke-filled room where Harding was nominated, and gave his assent; he collected from his industrial friends half a million dollars to help elect Coolidge, seven hundred thousand dollars to help elect Hoover; and he never pretended to be altruistic about it, except in so far as he honestly believed that the welfare of the nation was bound up with the welfare of Pennsylvania manufacturers.

"Because you have enjoyed much," he told his Pennsylvania friends in 1924, "you must contribute liberally in substance and energy." They did contribute liberally; and when the time

came to make a new tariff, Mr. Grundy reasonably held that they had a right to some more enjoyment. He was prepared to help make this tariff, as he had helped make others, by coming down and telling Congress what Pennsylvania wanted; but an accident sent him to the Senate to do his tariff making at first hand.

We all know why Senate committees of investigation have taken the bit in their teeth and run wild in the past few years. It was because one Senate committee, in uncovering the oil scandals, performed a great public service that would otherwise have been left undone. That committee, displaying a universal inquisitiveness, asking some rather brutal questions, made the discovery that very respectable persons had been guilty of grave offenses. The prestige which the Walsh committee earned has been extended to all Senate committees; not unnaturally, Senators have got into the habit of believing that every witness is guilty, and that any amount of prying and bullying is justified, whether it brings up any results or not. (Except, of course, as a more recent instance shows, when the witness happens to be a Bishop who shepherds a few million Methodist votes.) A witness can be punished, and witnesses have been punished, for contempt of the Senate; but Senators are not punished for insults to a witness. So every Senate committee had its witnesses thoroughly cowed in advance, till they got hold of Grundy.

The Founding Fathers would not have understood the great sigh of relief that went up all over the country when at last a private citizen dared to talk back to a Senator. Still less would they have understood the Senators, and the Washington correspondents, who took the things he said as no better than treason or blasphemy. Some of the Founding Fathers came near thinking that virtue was a matter of wealth, others that it was a matter of occupation (Jefferson appears to have believed that there was something inherently holy in farming,

and something inherently base in making money by other means); but none of them, so far as I recall, thought it was a matter of geography. Even if they had foreseen the Northwest (Cincinnati was Northwest in their day) they would have failed to understand why all Senators from Northwestern States are supposed to average a higher content of righteousness than Senators from anywhere else.

I do not altogether understand it myself, but I suspect that one reason is that Northwestern Senators take more time off to advertise their righteousness. Also, for years past they have held the balance of power, and used it; the Democrats have been only the tail to the Northwestern kite. They have done some good things, fought well against policies advocated by selfish Eastern interests. But when they dip into the Treasury to help the Northwestern farmer, or vote for a protective tariff on the products of their own States after damning the principle of a protective tariff, they are not governed by selfish interests of their own, but only by the purest considerations of public welfare.

But Grundy, unterrified by all this, told the Northwesterners and their Democratic auxiliaries that some of the States they came from were backward commonwealths, paying so little taxes that they had "no chips in the game." He admitted that Senators from those States might rightfully have their say about such matters as "Junior Red Cross and outdoor relief," but argued that when it came to dealing with the tariff interests of Pennsylvania, "Idaho ought to talk darn small." Now most of us (unless we are Pennsylvania manufacturers) feel that this view is, on the whole, unsound; but it is at least a contestable opinion. Grundy said no more than a good many of the Founding Fathers had said when the Constitution was being framed. He admitted, when pressed, that he thought it had been a mistake to give each State two Senators; he would have had representation in the Senate proportionate to wealth and

population. Well, that doctrine was vigorously advocated in the Constitutional Convention by the larger and wealthier States; the smaller States, very naturally, would not hear of it, so the issue of representation was compromised, like most of the issues that came before the Convention. The compromise worked well—better, in all likelihood, than complete concession to either large States or small would have worked; Mr. Grundy was flogging a dead horse.

But the Founding Fathers would have regarded his opinion as perfectly natural, even if politically unwise. They would not have understood why speaking disrespectfully of Idaho should be regarded, even in Idaho, as the sin against the Holy Ghost.

IV

Mr. Grundy had gallantly stood up for Pennsylvania against the Senate; and the Senate was about to hit back. Mr. Vare, elected Senator from Pennsylvania three years previously, had been kept waiting all this time on the doorstep because he had spent a great deal of money—nearly eight hundred thousand dollars—in getting the Republican nomination. Eight hundred thousand in Pennsylvania is not much more than forty thousand in Idaho, if you count expenditure per head; but that did not matter. The Senate pronounced Mr. Vare unworthy of the high companionship to which he aspired; his seat was declared vacant, the Governor of Pennsylvania had to fill it by appointment, and he appointed Grundy.

Why not? If ever a man had powerfully served the interests of his State, both economic and moral, Grundy was the man. I do not know how far Governor Fisher who appointed him was actuated by this lofty consideration; Grundy had done more than anybody else to get Fisher elected. Still, it was the appointment the situation called for; and it was taken by the whole country as a joke on the Senate. The people laughed, and the Senate sputtered with

apoplectic rage. "The appointment," said Senator Wheeler of Montana, "could not be regarded as otherwise than a challenge to the people of the country who believe in a free government, *as well as to the Senate itself.*" The italics are mine, in print; I do not doubt that they were also Mr. Wheeler's, in his emotional reaction. At any rate, it soon became evident that the people of the country who believe in a free government were throwing no fits over a challenge to the Senate; the Senate had to home-brew its own indignation, and of course it does that sort of thing very well.

"If the Grundy appointment stands," said Mr. Nye of North Dakota, "it will mean that the Senatorship from Pennsylvania has been awarded to the highest bidder." The ground for this doctrine lay in the fact that more than twice as much money as Mr. Vare spent had been raised for the joint interest of the Senatorial candidate whom he defeated, and of Governor Fisher who was elected at the same time. Mr. Grundy personally had tossed three hundred thousand dollars into the pot, besides raising a good deal more among the manufacturers. It was the theory of high-minded Senators that the whole thing was a bargain; if Vare were refused his seat in the Senate, Fisher was to appoint Grundy.

Be it far from me to say that this was not the case; the intricacies of Pennsylvania politics are too devious for the innocent New Yorker. But there was no proof of it; and on mere considerations of chronology it looks rather improbable. At any rate, the only way the Senate could, with any color of reason, refuse a seat to Grundy was by setting up the doctrine that it had a right to pass on gubernatorial elections in any State. That extraordinary theory was actually advanced. Mr. Nye introduced a resolution setting forth that the spending of so much money in a primary was "destructive of the value and merit of an election climaxing [sic] a campaign of such expenditures." Said Mr. Cutting

of New Mexico (normally a man of sense), "No election was held in Pennsylvania in 1926." For a few days it looked as if the Senate might declare itself a sort of Supreme Inspector of elections all over the country, for Senator, Governor, or dog catcher, to see to it that the will of God and the Northwestern Senators was duly enacted, whether the people liked it or not.

But this was a little too much. There was a general public uproar—or at least a general outburst of newspaper editorials, which is the nearest approach to a public uproar that we are apt to get in this extensive country. Just what are the limitations, if any, on the right of the Senate to be judge of the qualifications of its members, had never been settled; but it was evident that a good many people felt that it was going pretty far to hold that Pennsylvania could send up only such Senators as would have been chosen in North Dakota. The *New York Sun* looked forward to the time, not far distant, when the Senate would consist of three members, Borah, Brookhart, and Blease, all other successful candidates in Senatorial elections having been voted unworthy of membership in that august body.

Newspaper disapproval might not have affected the Senate very much; but about this time some few Senators began to realize the implications of this doctrine—especially Southern Senators. If the principle were established that the Senate could hold that the Governor of Pennsylvania was illegally elected, what was to prevent a Republican majority in the Senate from holding that Democratic Governors of Southern States had been illegally elected? The Nye resolution was quietly shelved, and Mr. Grundy took his seat without further opposition. Victory Number Two for Grundy and Pennsylvania; and a victory, incidentally, for the constitutional principle that no State, without its own consent, shall be denied its equal representation in the Senate. The issue should never have been raised, would never have been

raised but by men in whom the hothouse atmosphere of Washington had induced a swollen sense of their own importance. But it was raised, and for the time, at least, it was settled.

If one more reference to the Founding Fathers, who have been dead a long time, may be permitted, it might be observed that they would have been scandalized at the questioning of Mr. Grundy's credentials. Admitting that the sort of Senator Pennsylvania chose might not suit North Dakota, they would have argued that it was none of North Dakota's business. North Dakota could have its remedy by electing, to represent its own interests in the Senate, somebody competent to meet a Grundy on equal terms; somebody more formidable than a Nye.

V

Once in the Senate, Mr. Grundy got to work. A year before he took his seat he had told his friends of the National Association of Woolen Manufacturers that "in Congress, from my experience, the fellow that makes the most noise, and the fellow that makes the most demands, the fellow that keeps his problem in front of him all the time, he gets service." Mr. Grundy's friends had not been getting much service in the Senate till he arrived. The well-organized Republican majority in the House had passed a tariff bill, the highest in history; but in the Senate the Democratic-Northwestern coalition had been chewing it to pieces. The fellow who ought to have made the most noise in support of the Republican program, Senator Smoot, was making only ineffectual noises in his throat; and Jim Watson, titular leader of the administration forces, was displaying a capacity about equal to his enthusiasm. But Grundy went into action and began to get service.

He had never held public office before, except that of Borough Councilman of Bristol, Pennsylvania, but he had dealt with office holders long enough to know what motives actuate them. The ma-

jority of the Senate was opposed to a protective tariff which would fatten producers at the cost of the consumer; but not many Senators would oppose protective duties which might fatten producers in their own States—the people whose votes would reelect them—at the expense of consumers living somewhere else. The tariff, as the unlucky General Hancock saw too soon, is a local issue, or rather a conglomeration of local issues on the good old principle of “I scratch your back and you scratch mine.” Mr. Grundy got together enough Senators who wanted protection for their own constituents to make a majority for protection for everybody.

It was an amazing one-man triumph, even if Grundy was unable to hold all his gains when the tariff was turned over to a conference committee. Tariff bills are known by the names of the chairmen of the committees that put them through; but the measure that began as the Hawley-Smoot tariff is already known as the Grundy tariff, and will probably be the Grundy tariff in the histories of the future. Mr. Grundy deprecates this attachment of his name to an act which he came to consider painfully inadequate; he is an idealist, only a tariff as high as Mount Everest would suit him. But it turned out a good deal higher than it would have been if he had not taken hold when Smoot and Watson were licked. They call Grundy a “fighting Quaker”; and a good many people could not help contrasting him with the non-fighting Quaker at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue, who waited a year and a half for whatever tariff Congress chose to send up to him.

Victory Number Three for Pennsylvania and Grundy. And then Pennsylvania turned him down. When he came up for nomination in the primary he got half a million votes, against three-quarters of a million for Mr. James J. Davis. What are the merits of Mr. Davis, that he triumphed so brilliantly? He has been Secretary of Labor in three cabinets, but he never made much impres-

sion on the public till last winter, when he insisted fervently that there was no unemployment problem; and then that there had been one last month but was none this month; and so on. Grundy may not be a tall cedar of Lebanon, but Davis has shown no evidence that he is anything but a bramble.

What was the matter with Pennsylvania? Well, Mr. Vare and the Philadelphia vote which he controls opposed Grundy; the Pennsylvania Railroad opposed him; labor opposed him. Also certain local politicians on whom he had counted went over to the enemy. When even Pennsylvania political experts called it a confusing primary, it is not for the outsider to attempt to probe these inscrutabilities. But if there had been any gratitude in Pennsylvania, or intelligent understanding of the interest of the State, Grundy would have been nominated without opposition. He has his faults, and he wears them on the outside where everybody can see them; but he is a man, and there are not so many men in the Senate that we can afford to spare him. He has done good service for Pennsylvania; if other States think he has done a disservice to the nation, let them send men to the Senate who are good enough to withstand him.

Mr. Nye of North Dakota, meanwhile, had been appointed chairman of a special committee to investigate campaign expenditures in Senatorial primaries, the Senate having abandoned for the moment the contention that it was the Grand Elector of state officers as well. In his capacity as Eye of the Senate, Mr. Nye watched over this primary, and found nothing in it to which he could object. No wonder, since by its own vote Pennsylvania had deprived itself of its equal representation in the Senate.

VI

Governing the United States is a big job; it needs men of courage and far-sightedness. How can we bring men like that back into public life? Well, we

are so tangled up in the machinery of political organization that we cannot do much all at once. We can only, as each opportunity arises, vote for men of courage and against pushovers, in the hope that eventually the politicians will realize that it is safe to nominate men who are not afraid to stand up.

Ten years ago the President of the United States had been defeated on a highly important issue by a party in the Senate; and on that conflict fought out within the framework of the government, the voters were about to pass judgment in a great and solemn referendum. The result of that referendum was a foregone conclusion, so it is a purely academic criticism that the Democrats ought to have renominated Wilson, whose record was their record; or, if illness disqualified him, ought to have nominated McAdoo who was in the dynastic succession, instead of picking a candidate who had had nothing to do with the Wilson administration.

But the Republicans ought to have nominated Lodge. He was a man of courage, capacity, and shrewdness (whatever else you may think he was); he had to be, to win that fight over the treaty. Also he was the incarnation of the leading issue. In a country governed by the parliamentary system, it would have been a matter of course that Lodge should succeed Wilson. It had been shown that the President could not govern in the face of serious opposition in the Senate; it was then the Senate's turn to govern, to put into force its own policies after it had rejected the President's.

The Senate chose to govern, but from behind the curtains. Its own foreign policy was purely negative so it did not insist, as it might have done, on the appointment of a Secretary of State who would represent its views. To do that would have entailed responsibility, would have required initiative, the difficult mental labor of working out an affirmative policy. The Senate preferred to hold its veto over the Secretary

of State; and for the presidency the dominant Senatorial group chose a man whose sole merit was that there was nothing against him—then.

Mr. Harding did the best he could, tried as well as he knew how to live up to his job; but he was a bramble and there was room for nobody but the Ohio Gang in his shadow. Who was to blame for the corruption of Harding's administration—Harding, or the men of greater capacity who selected him rather than undertake the burdens of the presidency themselves? Or the voters, we the people of the United States, whose behavior for a hundred years had taught the politicians that they could safely nominate an incompetent man?

Well, we survived Harding; why worry? What difference does it make who is President? A good many people asked that question in the days when the only real interest of the American people was the rising stock market. As Mr. Bernard Faÿ put it, if we nominated candidates who meant something and fought elections on real issues, all sorts of bitterness might be stirred up; but when elections were only auctions won by the bidder who promised most prosperity, nobody need take them seriously. That was a plausible doctrine in the Seven Fat Years; I find, on reflection, that I have advocated it myself, in the pages of this magazine. But in the Year Two of the Era of the Abolition of Poverty it begins to seem that we might be a little more careful in choosing our rulers. The time may come when this nation will have to hunt the shade, and will not find much of it under a bramble.

But have we not survived every crisis? Yes, we have, so far. We won our independence and established a nation thanks to a generation of statesmen who were about the ablest lot of men that has ever served any nation in modern times. Some of those men were good politicians, but few of them could be elected to public office to-day. We muddled through to a draw in the War of 1812

because England was busy with Napoleon; we had no other foreign wars with serious adversaries till we got into trouble with the Germans. Then we proved the organizing ability for which America is renowned by being ready to fight a year and a half after war was declared. If we had got into that war single-handed, if we had not had allies to hold the enemy off till we got ready, the loss of a single fleet action would have ruined us.

We have recovered from panic after panic—because of our innate virtue and industry? Perhaps; but our immense natural resources helped; also the fact that any man who was dissatisfied at home could go West and homestead a quarter section. We have about come to the end of that happy time, and perhaps our natural resources will not last forever. We have learned a good deal lately about cushioning the shock of

panics; but the optimists who wrote the obituary of the “business cycle” were a little premature. We may have latent in the citizen body as much governmental ability as the great Revolutionary statesmen displayed; but it rarely tries to run for office, and when it does we enthusiastically reject it, and choose somebody who announces that his private convictions will never be allowed to stand in the way of the people’s will.

Once, in a crisis, we got a Lincoln. Providence? Maybe; it certainly was not popular foresight. Nobody knew that Lincoln was Lincoln when he was elected; and his subsequent conflicts with the leaders of his party suggest that if his quality had been appreciated he could never have got the nomination. We can hardly count on Providence to deal us a Lincoln off the bottom of the deck every time we need one.

A MEXICAN PARTING

BY WITTER BYNNER

THEY were mother and son,
 Their visit done.
*The mother on the curb, as straight as a wooden saint,
 Threw quickly into the air toward the bus a kiss
 That was his.
 There was no word spoken.
 Even when the bus began to stir,
 How could he look at her?
 Only when it rumbled away from the plaza and the hind
 wheels were turning the corner, was the veil of
 constraint
 Broken
 And, like a last faint light in evening heaven,
 His one small look given.*



THE QUEER ISLAND

A STORY

BY LORD DUNSANY

IT WAS the same fog that we'd had for a week. Trees, when seen, were spectral, full of vague omens. Houses were outlines of windows appearing out of one dimness. But one turned away from these things to the warmth and light of a room. We were before the fire again at the Billiards Club, a slightly narrower circle. Not that we were fewer than when Jorkens had told his story about the large diamond three or four days ago; but it was colder, and we moved in nearer the fire. Jorkens was there again, and silent—a little, what shall I say? Well, one must rest a bit after lunch to digest one's food; he was merely resting. And another member had taken the opportunity to tell a tale of his own. It had been a long, long story, obviously an attempt to emulate Jorkens, and at last it drew to its close. "And at those words," the teller of it was saying, "my blood ran cold." This kind of climax coming on top of the dull tale was somehow more than we could stand without some sort of protest.

"Can words ever make one's blood run cold?" asked one.

"Why not?" said the storyteller.

"But not the mere words; not cold," said the other.

"Yes they can," said Jorkens.

I had thought that he was asleep.

We all turned to Jorkens then. But the critic stuck to his point. "Well, what were the actual words?" he asked Jorkens. "Can you remember them?"

"Yes, well enough," said Jorkens.

"Well, what were they?"

"The actual words," said Jorkens, "were: 'Now Arthur Tibbuts, don't think that just because you are English you can pick a quarrel with whom you please.'"

"Doesn't sound very—"

"No," said Jorkens, "but they made my blood go cold, all like slush in a thaw; and the goose-flesh came out, and that made all the little hairs on my hands go up on end. You're wrong about words not being able to do that, because they did it, and on a warm day too, away at the far end of the Mediterranean."

Marden, who doesn't usually listen to Jorkens' tales with much patience, was the first to ask for the story. Probably he thought that Jorkens was bluffing, and may have anticipated that a challenge to prove his words might quieten Jorkens for some days. Anyhow, Jorkens began. And just about then I remember the fog came down in earnest; the white lines of the windowsills opposite disappeared, and only the yellow lights of those that were not curtained shone from across the way; all else was a bank of darkness going dimly into dark sky, which hung on the roofs so heavily that you could scarce tell them apart.

"Yes," said Jorkens, "it was in the Mediterranean. Some while ago now. A little rocky island over at the far end. I'd gone there with a young fellow, Sir Richard Isden; still alive, only grown respectable. Oh, damned respectable. One of the brightest young fellows I ever knew. One of the very brightest."

"What? Isden?" said one of us.

"Isden?" said Jorkens. "No, no, no. Sits on committees. The blood of his aunts came out in him. I don't mean him. I mean the young Dick Isden I knew when he was twenty. A very different thing. Time makes queer changes."

"Really," said someone meditatively, thinking of the Sir Richard Isden he knew.

"Queer changes," said Jorkens. "Well, Dick Isden began as he ended. But he wasn't like that always. I knew him first, meeting him quite by chance while he was out for a short walk. He lived with two aunts in the little village of Bothnor, in a small house called The Lilacs, right on the village green. They had caught him quite young, for his father died when he was five, and he had never known his mother. There was no one else to dispute their claim, so it seemed that there was no escape for him. They never sent him to school; they wanted him where they could always watch over his health. And every morning the two old ladies would open the Bible together, at any page, just by chance, to see what should be done with Dick. They always found something that they could twist, and that decided Dick's amusements for the day. Well, perhaps amusements isn't the right word but, whatever it is, that's how they decided it. And some episode that had occurred between him and their under-housemaid (nipped in the bud, I expect) had given them a horrible hold on him. Well, this had been going on for years when I got into conversation with him on that short walk that they had allowed him for the good of his health, and because it coincided with a walk that Julius Cæsar had taken, which they had just been reading about. Not in the Bible, isn't he? Well, someone who was.

"He interested me as soon as I saw him coming along; there was a sort of look in his eye that you might see in the face of an eagle that had got shut up in a very small, pretty cage and was being fed on bird-seed, if you quite follow me, and

we got into conversation. It seemed that he didn't mind their Bible so much; what he couldn't stand was when it came to their hymns, and it very often did.

"He very soon told me all about his life—if you can call it a life—and his aunts. Was that really the right way to live, he asked me? He knew that his aunts did everything for the best, but was I sure they were always perfectly right? He had sometimes wondered, you see.

"Well, I felt like a swimmer who had chanced to swim right onto a drowning man. Why not save him? So I said he must judge for himself; but, so as to be quite fair to the aunts, he should see a bit of the world first. Do you know, from the way he looked, I really don't think he knew that there was a world. How should he do that, he asked? I suggested Paris. He became thoughtful at that, and in the end said no. 'They'd have spies there,' he said.

"Spies?" said I.

"Not exactly," he said, 'but there's sure to be one person there that they'd know. And they'd hear from that person at once. They've an awful knack of getting information.'

"And I saw that he might be right. Quite a bright young fellow. And then I thought of some islands that I knew, knocking about the world as I have done, so far away from that kind of aunt and all their ways that not a single bony finger, far as they reach, could ever close on his wrist there; where no whisper of minatory advice could blow; not a threat, not a warning. I thought of the journey through France, when winter is with us still, and you come in the morning to the almond and peach blushing into bloom in the south. And then the Mediterranean. Oh, that sea!—Waiter, another whiskey— And these islands at the far end of it, all bathed in summer forever.

"It was autumn when I met Dick and went and called on his aunts. You may think me not quite the kind of caller those aunts would expect. My dear

fellow, I was ideal. Young Dick hadn't unburdened his heart to me for twenty minutes when I knew their patter exactly. I was a good example, a steady-influence, a light where there was darkness. Yes, all that, I assure you, every word of it. But it was autumn in that house, autumn forever. The aunts' hair, their jet brooches, their thoughts, their phrases, the antimacassars on the chairs, the fading photographs, all the ornaments in the room—they were all autumnal things, all waning, weakening forces.

"I hung about the place for a few days, dropping in to tea and talking like a steady influence, and a light where there was darkness; and if I'd done it a few days longer they would have given Dick over to me with their own hands. But I couldn't. That autumnal air that brooded over *The Lilacs* made me too sad. I couldn't stand any more of it. There was a beauty in their old ways and their old outlook. But it was all too sad. And there was Dick like a crocus, being covered up with dead leaves.

"So one day I stole Dick. It was better that way. No breach of trust. Though the metaphors they used about me! I assure you you might search through all the minor prophets and never find anything to equal them. It's no use arguing about it, because I had them all down in writing, in letters they sent to Dick. Magnificent beyond words. They were just born prophets. Wrong time and wrong country of course; but if one of them had gone up and prophesied against a city somewhere in, say, Assyria a few thousand years ago, well that city would simply have wilted. I'm pretty tough, and it takes more than that to ruffle me. And if you'd asked me in those days if any words could affect me at all, I'd have said, as you did just now, that the idea was all nonsense. Then, that was a week or so before I heard the woman on the island say those words that I told you. Well, I'll get on with the story.

"It was autumn, as I said; Kent all golden with it. I'd told Dick about that island, sleeping with summer, out of the way of those aunts. He'd plenty of money; I bought all the tickets; and we slipped away from *The Lilacs* one day immediately after breakfast; and the same morning we were leaving London for Folkestone. Next morning when we woke, Provence was smiling around us, mellowed by a milder autumn than ever comes north of France. White rocks, black cypresses, and all the gold of autumn raced past us through the morning; and so we reached Marseilles. And a lot I could have shown him in Marseilles; but he was too shaken by all those years with his aunts, to have let himself go even there. I could see it by the uneasy way he glanced sideways, without turning his head, at anyone who looked like coming from England. So we just dined at a place I knew of and went on board our boat, and she pushed out of Marseilles harbor from under the protection of *Notre Dame de la Garde* the next morning somewhere about seven. High up in some mountains along the coast winter was lurking in uplifted valleys; southwards the Mediterranean promised us summer again.

"Dick wouldn't say a word to the other passengers. The shadows of those two aunts were over him still. I knew they'd lift, but not yet.

"That night we passed through the straits of Bonifaccio, with their long line of lighthouses. 'What's that street?' said Dick. Lord, but the world was new to him.

"A large lake only ruffled by our screw seemed to lie round us next morning, too serene for any sea. Oh, the beauty of it! And to think that it's shining there now!

"I went to the fore-castle head and looked down into that blue sea, like a sapphire before us, but, level with us on our port side, too dark for a sapphire, where the ghost of the shadow of our ship lay faint on the water. At our prow a white fountain danced over the sea before us;

and with us went the only wave in that part of the Mediterranean, a black wave bursting into light blue as it fell, then leaping up in white foam. The sky one dome of blue but for the frown of Stromboli.

"That night we passed through the golden straits of Messina, all twinkling and flashing. And the night after, a little before morning, we got to Crete and anchored. That was, I think, a Saturday; and as a ship for the islands only left on Fridays, we hung about a bit in Crete. There was quite a pretty girl there; several in fact, but Dick soon spotted the prettiest; and I saw him looking at her in a thoughtful way. You see he was still puzzled what to do about anything without the aunts to look up a text for him. We might have stayed quite a while in Crete, but I was bent on saving this poor lost soul as completely as it could be saved, and I had set my heart on taking him to this island I knew of, where the spring flowers come up in sheets in January, and the girls are lovelier than the flowers. So we went on the Friday, and that brought us into December. The absurd little steamer took us nearly a week to get there, stopping at various islands. I remember she was called *The Queen Regent of Palermo*.

"Why? I don't know. Never was such a person so far as I've heard. As well ask me why we call a ship *The Empress of Ireland*. It's the sort of name some ships get.

"The islands were pinky yellow, when first we saw them, under pinky yellow clouds; far, far off, so that you could not always tell which was a cloud and which was an island, except for the pale blue shadows the island had. It made them strangely mysterious to see them so like the clouds. It made one feel that they might float away. It made one understand how they got all mixed up with legend—the Cyclades and all that. But at evening the clouds seemed to come down closer upon them, and to turn black with the islands. This fellowship

of the fantastic shapes of the air with the queer wild rocks below them really gave me quite an uncanny kind of feeling, and it was this as much as anything that prepared my mind to associate this rugged rocky company with the legends which had haunted them through the ages. That point of view may seem silly, sitting here in the fog, but when one actually saw a ship, with her sails all black with nightfall, slip out of sight into one of those tiny harbors one forgot for the moment that Odysseus was about three thousand years dead.

"Well, night came down on the islands, and some seemed asleep, and some like boxes of jewels, open and all heaped up, handfuls and handfuls of rather yellowy diamonds, and here and there a ruby; and trees invisible to us in the night, but revealed by a trembling of shadows over the lights, as though a ghost were passing. And in the morning we came to the one I was looking for, a little thing you would never have seen on the map; it was called Inos. Girls from a little white village were standing along the wharf to see our ship come in, slender, tall figures very straight and supple, brownish complexion and bright fluttering clothes. I turned to Dick and just said, 'There are no aunts here.'

"Dick was no fool. He was only cowed. A fool would have argued that there must be aunts everywhere. But he understood, and his eye brightened, like the sea when a shadow passes: at last the memory of the aunts was lifting.

"Well, we played about there for some weeks, staying at a little kind of an inn. Oh, dear me, I suppose we've all been young, but often in this fog I forget it, forget it altogether and really don't believe that I was ever young at all. I can't remember, I can't remember at all. It doesn't seem possible that all that sunlight shone, and all that laughter was rippling along little hills in the evening. And I wouldn't tell you anything that I was not sure was true. It's no use; I forget it all.

"Well, it's very good of you. One doesn't really need it. But it's very good of you. And this fog. Thanks, I will. Well, here's luck. What was I saying? Ah, yes, those golden girls; and spring beginning in January. Well, as I was saying, we played about awhile. And young Dick was really wonderful. The very, very brightest lad you could reasonably expect to meet. Of course there were little difficulties now and then, but I'm not going to talk of those: I was older than he, knew more of the world, and I smoothed them over. About that time the first letters arrived. Never mind them, either. They described Hell very graphically. As I said before, those letters were perfectly magnificent. A natural prophetic style. But, good Lord, I'd *saved* him from Hell, as I saw it. No, what I was going to say was that about that time Dick came to my room one morning with a thoughtful look in his eye and said that there was a woman who was perfectly wonderful whom he had come across in the village while she was shopping. There was a rocky hill in the center of the island, and a large white house half way up, with wide courts open to the air, their roofs resting upon white pillars—she lived there. She'd asked Dick and me to stay, and Dick was thinking about going. Well, why not? That was all I had to say. And we went.

"Now this woman, it's no use my trying to describe her. You won't see her for any words of mine. She was dark, she was rather tall, she was rather slender: that's all I can say. You see she had a most astounding beauty, and that isn't a thing there is a recipe for. It can't be acquired by having certain features, and it can't be described in words. She wasn't so very dark either; there was a clear touch of auburn in her hair, and her skin was no darker than the southern sun would make anybody's. Her eyes were dark, but that's saying nothing. There was an enormous power in them, and a flash of them seemed able almost to petrify a man. I've felt it on

myself, and I never quite knew what was going to happen; there have been times when I felt that in another moment . . . but that comes later in my story; as yet she had not even looked at me. But that power was always there, and not over men only. I've seen her frighten a leopard by gazing at him—she kept leopards. And she spoke perfect English. The beauty of her face and the terrible power of that steady, quiet gaze of hers are things I shall remember still when I remember nothing else. And that's what Dick in the very newness of his heart came on one day when she was shopping. Her dog had attacked her, and Dick had driven it off. That was their introduction. I remember picturing her as a poor, weak little thing if she couldn't control her own dog. Good Lord, she had hideous power. Her dog attacking her was of course just a put-up job, to attract Dick. That dog had to do what it was told when those eyes flashed at it. I soon learned that.

"But Dick would never see it. It was just one of those things that his aunts had never taught him. Not that they didn't know. You see women have got a sort of Trades Union that we know nothing of. They meet every seven years or so, though I don't know where, and tell those present all the tricks that are known, and communicate them to the rest by some means we know nothing about. It must be so when you come to think of it, or how could quite young girls know as much as they do? Well, perhaps I'm wrong. I certainly wasn't able to convince Dick.

"I soon saw how it was with Dick: it was a grand passion—if you can quite describe as a grand passion anything that lasts only a few weeks. Anyhow, it was while it lasted. There she was showing him about her lovely southern garden, with the early flowers flaring against the rocks, and her two tame leopards slinking up and down, and Dick going everywhere after her just like a pet lamb.

"I didn't interfere. She and her leopards were a lot better for him, to my

way of thinking, than those aunts and their canaries.

"And so the early spring wore away with her and Dick as the early spring wears away with everybody. Dear me, it was dull for me sometimes, looking on, and remembering my own early spring, which wasn't coming again, even then: it's just all damned fog now. Well, look at it.

"I wasn't jealous of Dick, only regretful; and I'd no cause to be that. It was a lovely house, a beautiful time of year, a perfectly enchanted country. The only thing I didn't care about in all her wonderful hospitality was the way she had of keeping pigs in the house. I didn't mind the dogs, but pigs and leopards were too much. You never knew what you were going to run up against in any room, from goats to, well, anything. Of course it would have been absolutely intolerable but for her wonderful command of them all. As it was, one just stood it.

"Of course I counted for nothing there. She was looking dreamily at Dick all the time. Right past me if I happened to be nearer. I doubt if she could see me at all. And Dick was a good fellow, but he had forgotten me. And that's how it was far on into February.

"And then one day he seems to have begun asking questions. Where did she come from? How did she learn English? Who were her parents? What was her name? For she only gave us a Christian name, if you can call it such a thing; and even that she varied, sometimes as often as two or three times a week, according to what flower might be coming up in her garden. And of course the answers he got were of no use at all. Sometimes she said she came from the air, sometimes from the sea. She said she was blown by the wind from some snow on the mountains of Crete. She said she was thistle-down, massed rose-petals: anything that came into her head. You know, that kind of answer can be very annoying to a young man that really wants to know.

"So one day at the end of February, on a morning bright as a dewdrop, under a hyacinth sky, when such a thought should have been inconceivable, he asked some question about which day ships left the island. As a matter of fact, it was on alternate Thursdays. But she never said so; she just stood and gazed at him. However, he stuck to his point; he couldn't stay there forever; he had a business paper to sign when he came of age, and a horse to buy, and one thing and another; and which day did ships leave the island? Do you know, she never said a word to him. I was the man that got the whole brunt of it. And she hadn't been able to notice me for nearly a month. I got the brunt of it suddenly, all in one moment, when she said those terrible words, that I don't repeat willingly even to-day and after all those years because there seems to be still an echo about them of the icy shudder they brought me when she said them first to her dog. Yes, she was in the large hall in the center of her house, white marble everywhere, and a pig or two lying on it, and one of the leopards that she had brought in from the garden; and her bulldog, who liked the leopard little enough out of doors, furious with it for being in the house, and snarling and wanting to rush at it: she standing there like a witch-queen, and I just coming in at a door behind her, and you have the whole picture. And just as I did come in I heard those words to her bulldog; and I tell you they froze my blood; my heart actually stopped for a beat or two and my blood turned cold, and my pulses seem to remember it to this day. 'Now Arthur Tibbuts,' she said, 'don't think that just because you're English you can pick a quarrel with whom you please.'

"The woman herself, her island, right on the course, so far as we know, that Odysseus must have steered coming home from Troy, would have been enough by itself; but there was more than that to turn my blood to ice. I had known one Arthur Tibbuts, known him in London well, and he had traveled east

one day, and had disappeared as completely as Browning's Waring."

"Good Lord," said someone quietly.

"Well, you can imagine that I went to Dick pretty quickly, and told him that you could not play fast and loose with these island women. I don't know what I told him, anything that came into my head. Told him they all carried knives; told him they had a bad way with absconding lovers, an old island custom. I knew that a woman like that would want change in a year or two, anyhow, from young Dick Isden. But, for the present I told him he must wait, and that it was not safe to be seen even thinking about that ship that was going on Thursday week, not that I told him which day it went. And Dick didn't care a damn. And I saw that I couldn't frighten him.

"What was I to do next? He saw that I was absolutely stricken with horror. And there was he young and smiling, but he hadn't heard what she had said to the dog. And I wasn't going to tell him. Well, I went straight to her and said to her, 'Madame Anemone (that was the name she was going under just then), I heard what you said to that dog.' And she said, 'What's done can't be undone.' And I said, 'Maybe, but don't hurt young Dick.' And she said, 'Then tell Dick not to play fast and loose.'

"Those were the only words that passed between us, with the dog and the leopard looking at her eyes as she spoke, to see if everything was all right, and I dumbly trusting that, if she was what I feared, there was yet a certain rough justice even among cruel gods, as I had learned from legend on legend; and in the hope of which I now sheltered, for I had done her no wrong.

"I went straight back to Dick and denied everything I had said about vengeance, and knives, and island customs, and told him she was just a simple, trusting girl who knew nothing of the big world from which Dick had come. Yes, I said all that to him. And I put it to him as a sort of 'noblesse oblige' between one who knew the big world, like

Dick, and one who only lived like one of the flowers after which she childishly named herself in a dell of this tiny island away at the back of beyond.

"And Dick asked, 'Does she want a ring and all that?'

"And I, who knew she only cared for essentials, said a simple, trustful girl like her would never make a fuss about anything of that sort.

"And in the end he stayed. And I hung about for a while. I believe I was useful to him, doing all sorts of odd jobs, chiefly seeing that the wild sort of men whom she employed about the place to look after her animals, and one thing and another, did their work while she wasn't looking. When she was looking they daredn't do anything else. Worked with the sweat streaming from them for as long as they were under her eye.

"But as soon as the summer began to get too hot I cleared off and came back to these fogs. And glad I was to get safely back to them; for, day or night, I never quite knew."

And Jorkens gazed past us out into the darkness, as though his thoughts had not wholly come home to London yet. It was all he had to say. And whatever doubts we had, no one as yet had intruded them, while we listened to his story rambling on, with the streak of poetry that there was deep down in Jorkens coming almost in sight of the surface or sinking back as the whiskey rose or waned in him. But now that he had ceased and we looked at London again, all robed in that cloak it so often wears in November, and at all the little familiar things in the room, I am not exaggerating if I say that there was not one of us who believed him. For a while we sat perfectly silent. Then someone said, "But do you mean that you really think she was Circe?"

"No," said Jorkens, "I know she wasn't. It turned out, so far as we were able to find, that she was a Mrs. Harbett who had lived a pretty fast life in London."

"Then what are you getting at?" said the other member. "Why did you tell us Tibbuts had disappeared from London? Why did she call her dog by that name? What is the meaning of it?"

"Well," said Jorkens, "you know what women are. I suppose she knew it would get round to Dick through me, and I suppose she counted on me keeping him if I got some sort of queer idea about it

all. And Lord knows I did. Anyway, he stayed. Oh, yes, they married, to some extent, and lived happily, well, not ever after, but till she grew tired of him, and then he came away. But you wouldn't think it to see him at a board meeting, would you?"

He turned his eyes back meditatively to the fog. "You see," he said after a while, "one never knows."

TWO BY A GRAVE

BY ELIZABETH HOLLISTER FROST

*"H*E'S mine!" one said. *"He married me
Ten years ago, fine Miss!
Why there is Betty's grave and Tim's
And Lou's, a-side o' his!"*

*"You lie! the priest will say you lie!
You have a hateful face!
He married me in Chile
At Galapagos' place."*

*"You fool! he never sailed in ship
That went around the Horn!"—
"You may have children underground,
But I have one unborn."*

*"He's mine!" one said. "No, he is mine!"—
From off the graveyard trees
The slow leaves fell till both of them
Were buried to the knees.*



RACKETEERS AND ORGANIZED LABOR

BY LOUIS ADAMIC

WITHIN the last decade gangsterism, or racketeering, has become a powerful factor in America's national life. In our larger cities all sorts of racket "wars" are going on day and night; wars in which dynamite, gunfire, daggers, arson, blackjacks, and fists, or fear of such violence decide economic and other issues.

There are now in the United States hundreds of men whose sole or principal occupation is to dynamite and "touch off" buildings and commit murder and slug people in the interest of others. They charge regular fees for "jobs" according to the importance thereof. They sell their services any time, anywhere, for almost any purpose, to almost anybody who has the need of a good assassin, dynamiter, firebug, or slugger, and the price of the fee.

There are tailor shops in New York City and Chicago, and perhaps elsewhere, which specialize in making clothes for gunmen, with leather-lined holster-pockets to conceal weapons.

All sorts of industries and enterprises are coming under the control of gangsters. But, perhaps, the most egregious development of racketeering is within the organized labor movement. In some of our great industrial centers big labor unions are being dominated by gangsters; others—not all, of course—are in immediate danger of such domination.

The following appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* of April 20, 1930:

Organized labor in Chicago stands in peril of being delivered into the hands of gangsters, according to labor leaders who ex-

pressed their fears to-day. Already several unions, rated as the most powerful and active in the city, have been taken over completely by Alphonse (Scarface Al) Capone and his crew of gangsters, it was pointed out. Other leading unions are being forced to pay monthly tribute to stave off the gangsters.

In the background of the gangsters' aim for union rule lies the equally significant danger to the building trades industry, pointed out by builders and contractors, who have a mental picture of the tribute they would be forced to pay when their chances of completing a job lie in the hands of Capone's gangsters.

Beyond this rich field of plunder lies Capone's new harvest ground, already revealed, the field of political patronage. For with the unions under his domination the gang boss would become a political power, able to swing many thousands of labor votes to servile candidates and officials. . . .

The gang chief's power has had its effect also on leaders of the Building Trades Council, according to reports, which have it that the labor men feel themselves helpless to stem the inroads being made by the racketeers on their organizations. Some of the union heads, in fact, have gone to Capone seeking his help in meeting the demands of other gangsters.

This is not exaggerating the situation in the least; on the contrary, it is putting it mildly. Gangsterism is making great strides in the field of organized labor in America, and I think very little, if anything, can be done about it. Labor racketeering, as it has begun to develop in the United States, is a natural and even inevitable product of powerful and chaotic social and economic forces that have been operating in this country uncontrolled since the beginning of the New Industrialism back in the mid-'60s.

To understand the phenomenon, one must bear in mind that gangsterism had its beginnings and early development as a vital factor in what the radicals call the Class Struggle, and that its history is inextricably tied up with the history of organized labor.

II

Violent labor racketeering existed in America on a large scale even before there was any gangsterism as we have it to-day. Shortly after the Civil War there appeared in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania a secret organization of Irish miners called the Molly Maguires, whose chief method of attaining better working conditions was murder. The tradition of Molly Maguire terrorism reaches back into Ireland of the first half of the 19th century, where there lived then a dynamic dame, Mrs. Molly Maguire, whose great hate of the feudal system in her country found its vent in forming and directing bands of killers calling themselves Molly Maguires who murdered landlords and their agents when they mistreated their tenants. In the '50s the Mollies were suppressed in Ireland, whereupon many of them emigrated to America and went to work in the Pennsylvania coal mines, where economic and social conditions were no better than in the Old Country. Long hours and low wages were the rule, and disasters taking hundreds of miners' lives occurred weekly; the profit-crazy operators had little care for the workers' safety, and there were no effective unions to coerce them into bettering the conditions.

Under the stimulus of evil conditions, the Mollies reorganized in Pennsylvania and in a few years had over six hundred lodges in the State. They were all good Catholics and opened their meetings with prayers, after which they discussed their troubles and grievances, fixed the blame therefor upon this or that mine owner or boss, and matter-of-factly decided to kill the "tyrant." The killers nearly always escaped; if one of them

got caught, brother Mollies were ever on hand, ready to swear that the man had been in their company every minute upon the night of the murder.

In a few years scores of bosses were murdered; only those lived who provided safety and raised the wages in the mines where Irishmen worked. By and by, using the same drastic methods, the Mollies invaded the political field and began installing into office mayors and judges who were members of the order (just as nowadays racketeers put their own men into public offices). Also, by killing off regular labor leaders whose chicken-hearted methods they scorned, they seized control of non-secret labor unions, called strikes and threatened with death any striker who, starving, might have been inclined to return to work before they chose to call off the strike.

By the mid-'70s the Mollies controlled large communities. They assassinated judges and district attorneys who ventured to prosecute Molly murder-suspects. It was suicidal for a mine boss to refuse to employ an Irishman, or to give him a "hard" instead of a "soft" job.

Then, in '75, after a series of especially gruesome killings, an operator hired a Pinkerton detective, an Irishman, who went to work in the mines, joined the Mollies and, by becoming a "Molly of Mollies," *i.e.*, a killer of the first order, gained the confidence of the leaders, whereupon he turned them over to the authorities of the State of Pennsylvania. A score of them were tried, and eleven of these hanged.

Thus ended the first big racket—a labor racket—in America in which violence was employed. But the Molly Maguire spirit, constantly stimulated by the evil working conditions in industry, went marching on through the '70s, the '80s, and the '90s into the current century, and it marches on to-day with a firmer step than ever before. Years ago Eugene Debs celebrated the executed Mollies as the first and foremost martyrs in the American labor movement, and they are considered as heroes to-day by

not a few leaders and members in some of the "conservative" unions.

III

The period marked by the rise and fall of the Mollies witnessed also the beginnings of criminal gangs in the cities, as a phase of the Class Struggle.

In most civilized countries in the last century all powers of repression, coercion, and aggression were in the hands exclusively of the state, with its armies and local police. This was true of the United States until the conflict between the have-nots and haves in industry became a veritable war, as it did in the '70s.

The militia was then still poorly organized, and the local police could not always be relied upon to put down labor uprisings; and so, on becoming rich and powerful, industrialists commenced to hire their own bands of armed men, in the manner of medieval barons. Private detective agencies prospered, organizing thugs and low characters generally in the cities, sending them in companies to scenes of labor disputes, to guard the employers' property and the scabs, shoot down or slug pickets, and incite strikers to riots.

Hitherto criminals had operated singly, or at most in pairs; now criminality was organized for the first time in the cities to racketeer for the industrial barons against the workers, who, unable to buck against the capitalist system alone, had joined themselves in unions. But the employment of gunmen and sluggers in industrial disputes was brief and sporadic; and so, between strikes and lockouts, they ganged together for other purposes and started enterprises which in the course of decades evolved into amazing criminal organizations, such as now flourish in Chicago, New York, and other large centers.

Subsequently labor unions, always ready to take a lesson from the capitalists, began to hire sluggers to slug scabs, gunmen to shoot down company assas-

sins and officials, dynamiters to blow up the bosses' property; or they developed strong-arm talent within their own organizations, until some of them became mafialike outfits with terrorism as the core of their tactics. In many instances it was sheer desperation that drove the unions to dynamite and slugging. Had they not employed strong-arm methods, many labor organizations would have passed out long ago. Several unions would have collapsed or become ineffective during the last decade had they been squeamish about dynamite, arson, and slugging as means to enforce their will. The instinct of self-preservation compels them not to be squeamish.

Dynamite, which now is such a powerful weapon in the hands of racketeers, was first used in the United States, for purposes other than that of blowing up stumps and rocks, in connection with a labor dispute. The Haymarket Bomb in 1886 is the Adam of the "pineapples" that go off nowadays in Chicago, New York, and elsewhere in the cause of all sorts of rackets, as well as those of organized labor. Behind that first bomb—no matter who threw it—was the desperation of a multitude of ill-treated workmen pitted against the greed and heartlessness of the employers.

IV

Prior to the Chicago Anarchist affair, the American labor movement, dominated by the Knights of Labor, was vaguely idealistic, wishing to improve the quality of life in the United States for all classes. The intense public reaction to the Haymarket outrage not only suppressed the Anarchists, one of whom probably had thrown the bomb, but also wrecked the Knights of Labor, clearing the field for the appearance of Samuel Gompers' American Federation of Labor, whose founders determined from the start to be practical, hard-headed, and opportunistic, scorning such idealistic principles as had motivated the Anarchists and the K. of L.

The A. F. of L. unions' attitude toward society in general was in most vital respects not unlike that of the capitalists. The leaders were out to get for themselves and their membership everything that could be had under the circumstances, wherever possible, by almost any means, with no great risk to themselves or the future of their organizations, and regardless of whether those benefits were attained at the expense of the capitalists, the public in general, the unorganized labor, or the unions not affiliated with the A. F. of L. This was "trade-unionism, pure and simple." They subscribed to the prevalent American philosophy of practicality, which urged one to seek only the obvious and reach for the immediate. Life consisted of the situation at hand; the future was in no case to be considered. Expedience was supreme, the expedience of the moment.

Left-wing radicals find no end of faults with the A. F. of L. policy; but, while its shortcomings from the viewpoint of the working class and society as a whole unquestionably are many, it is, I believe, the only kind of labor-unionism that could have become effective to any extent in the extremely chaotic, narrowly pragmatic, and blindly violent and dynamic period of the last forty years in the United States. Indeed, its emergence in the late '80s and its development in the succeeding four decades was inevitable and natural, and its policy and tactics are defensible if considered in relation to the brutal greed and power of the forces opposed to it.

The type of leader that Gompers' "pure and simple" movement called for, however, was the man of little abilities, narrow-minded, without social vision. His mental world consisted of a combination of wage and hour issues, and of the different methods by which labor groups may be influenced. He devoted himself assiduously to the study of such individuals as might threaten his own job. He steered clear of anything in the na-

ture of a general program. He was not ignorant of his own limitations and, therefore, resisted any step that might unduly extend the field of labor activities, for this would have involved the rise of a higher type of leader, of more intelligence and, perhaps, more character. He opposed independent political action by labor, for the simple reason that it implied other leaders, men with greater ambitions for themselves and society. To him immediate gains and advantages only mattered, and violence was a quick and simple way of getting results.

Many of the laborites were Irish, with the Molly Maguire tradition in their make-up; others were Germans—especially in Chicago unions—who adhered to the terrorist teachings of the Anarchists. The A. F. of L. took under its wing all sorts of men. One of its unions, for instance, was the Carpenters' Union, whose chief organizer in Chicago in the mid-'80s had been Louis Lingg, who had preached, "Dynamite! . . . this is the stuff." He was a hero in his union, and to a lesser extent still is.

Gompers, of course, was opposed to violence, but it was not long after the Chicago Bomb that, under the stimulus of the savage attitude of powerful employers toward labor, dynamite became a definite part of the policy and tactics of some trade-unions; only now dynamite was "pure and simple," devoid of any such wide social idealism and aims as had motivated the original Chicago terrorists. Violence often was all that could save the unions in the face of the brutality of many employers, with their gunmen, police, the militia, and anti-labor courts, and their insatiable hunger for bigger and bigger profits.

The A. F. of L. had from its inception more spine and stability and a sounder instinct of self-preservation than any other labor amalgamation before or since. With their hard and practical policy, strictly in tune with the national American psychology, the unions became well off financially. Prior to the emergence

of the A. F. of L., few leaders received any salaries from their unions; they were for the most part lopsided idealists, third-rate political schemers and windbags, who used labor groups as objects on which to exercise their oratorical talents. Now the leaders drew regular salaries, and there were, in addition, all kinds of opportunities for graft, "legitimate" and otherwise; and some of them began to sport diamonds, silk shirts, and cars, and die of overeating. The unions were their bread and butter, and so, when the capitalists threatened, by various means, to wreck their unions, they naturally stopped at nothing to save them, not even dynamite.

And this is as true to-day as it was twenty or twenty-five years ago, when the McNamaras were still at large.

V

But, of course, the personal selfishness of the leaders, while an important factor in labor-slugging and dynamiting operations, was never the principal or basic reason for the development of strong-arm tactics in the American labor movement. The main reason, as I have hinted, is the desperation which seizes the membership when their unions, no matter how well organized and how well off financially, are ineffective in the face of the organized efforts of union-hating capitalists, or when the organizations' very existence is threatened by those efforts.

I beg the reader of this article who may not be a workingman himself to bear in mind that even at best the industrial worker's life in the United States is no picnic; that, while he has certain political rights and may quit his job and starve whenever he has the inclination, his environment does not very much outshine the old environment of the chattel slave. The so-called free worker of to-day is free to go anywhere he likes at his own expense, if he has the means, but his movement from place to place can, as a practical matter,

have but one aim: the finding of a job. He must work to exist, and work hard. And his wages seldom exceed his needs. He can become a property owner only by extreme abstinence; when he does acquire property it is a bond to keep him tied down wherever he may be. An industrial crisis often deprives him of it. His political rights he cannot exercise intelligently; after working long hours he has neither the time nor the energy to decide on men and issues in a way to benefit himself. He is the object of endless propaganda, good and bad, and he is unable to distinguish one from the other.

In self-defense he joins other men in a labor union, to coerce collectively the capitalists into giving him more pay, reduce the number of hours, and generally improve his condition. He and his fellow-workers strike, and sometimes they gain their demands, but very often they lose. During strikes they are slugged or shot at by company guards, intimidated and starved back to the job on the old terms. Then there comes a business depression—unemployment, wage-cuts, lockouts . . . *desperation*. The union is their only hope, and they are willing to go to almost any length to preserve it. They elect leaders willing to use dynamite in emergency.

Thus, in the 1900s, large unions were driven to violence by the employers' campaigns against them. Among the leading terrorists were the Ironworkers, an international union of bridge and skyscraper men with headquarters at Indianapolis and locals in all the big cities of the United States and Canada. As a union, they had to contend with the National Erectors' Association, at that time the most aggressive and ruthless body of open-shop employers in the country, backed by powerful steel interests which already had beaten down all other collective efforts on the part of workers in the steel industry to better their lot.

Builders and contractors employed scabs, refusing to give jobs to union

men; and since a union can exist only when its members work and pay their fees, the executive council of the Ironworkers, supported by the desperate membership almost to a man, adopted—in 1905—dynamite as the means to save the organization. All other means had failed. The employers refused to recognize the union.

For several years the union officially appropriated one thousand dollars a month for "organization purposes," and John J. McNamara, secretary-treasurer, used the money at his own discretion for dynamite and to pay the wages and traveling expenses of his bombers who were not members of the union but specially hired racketeers, the chief of whom was his brother, James B. McNamara. The dynamiters went from city to city, carrying the "stuff" with them in suitcases on passenger trains, blowing up bridges and buildings erected by non-union labor.

As was revealed in the McNamara case at Los Angeles in 1911 and in the "Dynamite Conspiracy" trials at Indianapolis in 1912, the McNamaras dynamited, between 1905 and 1910, more than one hundred buildings and bridges, one of their last "jobs" being the Los Angeles *Times* explosion in 1910, in which twenty non-union workers lost their lives. And supplementing these dynamite operations conducted by officials from the international headquarters, the local Ironworkers' unions employed professional sluggers and gunmen to terrorize the scabs.

The union was in a life-and-death struggle with the Erectors' Association; in *desperation*, it resorted to dynamite and saved itself.

But perhaps even more interesting than the method is the philosophy behind it. Union men, in their thinking as such, are unable to divorce themselves from their jobs. It must be borne in mind that they have fought for years to raise the wages—in the case of the Ironworkers twenty-five years ago from \$2.30 for ten hours' work to \$4.30 for

eight hours—to shorten the hours and generally to improve conditions for themselves. They have been paying union fees for years, attended meetings, gone through dozens of strikes and lockouts, and been blacklisted, clubbed and fired upon by the police and the employers' gunmen. They have worked and suffered to make the job what it is; therefore, the job *belongs* to them—and there is no room for argument. The job is *their* job! So the scab, who not only had contributed nothing toward the improvement of the job but had been one of their worst enemies while they were improving it, has his face smashed and the builder, who employs him, has his structure dynamited. They are unwilling to listen when one tries to remind them that the scab often is a scab because he cannot help it; because he hasn't the price of the union's initiation fee and now takes a job at low pay in preference to starving to death. To hell with the scab! The union is their union; the job is their job—their racket—and that is all there is to it! They raise the initiation fee till the workman outside cannot join the union and must remain a scab—but "that's his hard luck." He is sluggish if he gets work on a job that union men consider their job.

VI

The intense unfavorable public reaction to the McNamara case in 1911 and the subsequent revelations of the nation-wide dynamite conspiracy on the part of organized labor, which sent thirty-six labor leaders to the penitentiary for long terms, caused the trade unions to abandon their strong-arm methods for a few years. Then, too, the War came along and, with the rising wage scale, labor had little cause to complain.

Immediately after the War, however, the unions once more found themselves in a desperate struggle for existence.

The employers, with the power of their war-enhanced wealth, taking advantage of the widespread unemploy-

ment and the chaotic post-war social conditions, along with the anti-Red hysteria which they helped to foment, began, early in 1920, a powerful nationwide drive to "Americanize" the American worker—i.e., break up the trade unions' control of the labor market in certain industries and cities; discredit the theory and practice of unionism; institute open shop everywhere; if necessary, organize the workers in harmless company unions controlled from the main office and keep them satisfied with "company welfare," "personnel activities," "group insurance," "employee stock-ownership" and other such inventions. To accomplish this, they resorted to all sorts of methods. They called their idea the "American Plan," implying that anyone not in favor of open shop stood for something un-American. The word "American," as Robert W. Dunn, a radical writer, explains, "had reached its heyday. Even the Europeans still worshipped at the throne. . . . It was the correct psychological moment for the enemies of trade unions to label their crusade 'American.'"

Throughout the country, industrialists refused to recognize and deal with the unions any longer. Many of them refused to employ union men altogether; and workers, to get jobs, were obliged to sign the so-called "yellow dog" contracts.

And the employers spoke of "Industrial Freedom"—a lovely phrase. Some of them refused to sell their products to, or buy raw materials from, other employers of labor who would not adopt the open-shop policy. They lowered the wages to almost the pre-war scale, while the cost of living stayed up. They were openly militant. Many of them honestly believed that Bolshevism was just around the corner and that trade-unionism was merely its forerunner. The thing to do was to take a "firm stand" in dealing with the "menace."

The existence of their organizations being threatened once more, the "gorillas" in certain unions, with the desperate

unemployed membership behind them, were again driven to dynamiting and slugging. Only strong-arm methods could save their organizations from extinction. They must keep up the wage scale which had taken them so long to establish. They must save *their* jobs.

But now the laborites were more cautious. There must be no more McNamara cases and revelations of dynamite conspiracies. The actual dynamiters and sluggers must have no official connection with the unions, nor any close relations with the leaders. They began to hire, sometimes through several intermediaries, professional gangsters and criminals who, to a great extent, were beyond the reach of the law.

By the end of 1920 bombs popped once more, especially in Chicago. Indeed, labor racketeering in Chicago preceded, on a big scale, even the sensational wars between the bootleggers in the mid-'20s.

There were fifty bombings in Chicago in 1920; sixty-odd in 1921; about the same number in 1922, and over fifty in 1923—more than half of which, it is estimated, had some connection with the labor unions; for most of them—especially in 1920 and 1921—damaged buildings under construction and homes of builders and contractors unfriendly to organized labor.

There is no record of slugging incidents, but I know personally a "Chicagorilla" who is chief of strong-arm operations of a big building-trades union in which the Molly Maguire and the Louis Lingg traditions are very much alive. Last summer he quite freely discussed with me the nature of his job, and stated that slugging is even more effective than dynamite.

He is a typical "gorilla," past middle age, who has been active in the labor movement the last thirty years. He is a friend of John J. and James M. McNamara. He had a hand in the blowing up of the Los Angeles *Times* Building in 1910, and is proud of it. He has great contempt for the "stiffs," and admires only the "fighters"—men like the

McNamaras. When in conversation with him I used the phrase "class struggle," he burst into uproarious guffawing and said, "You must be a God damn fool! Class struggle? What the hell you talkin' about? There ain't no class struggle; there's only — struggle," using a favorite word of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

He introduced me to his slugger, an ex-heavyweight pug, a tremendous animal, who is not a member of any labor union but makes a handsome living from organized labor. He charges fifty dollars to go out and impact his fist on some scab's or labor foreman's face.

I asked the slugger to tell me something about his work. "Oh, there ain't nothin' to it," he said. "I gets my fifty, then I goes out and finds the guy they wanna have slugged. I goes up to 'im and I says to 'im, 'My friend, by way of meaning no harm—' and then I gives it to 'im—*biff!* in the mug. Nothin' to it." One blow from him is enough; the sluggee usually passes out for a while. When he wakes up, often in a hospital, he ordinarily makes up his mind never again to displease any union. Scabbing is thus discouraged.

The man I met is but one of a dozen or more professional sluggers in Chicago. He does anywhere from five to ten jobs a week; most of them for labor unions. The effectiveness of his fist is famous in Chicago. He is a member of a gang, to which he pays a percentage of his fee, and usually moves around with one or two bodyguards, who are professional gunmen.

Bombings are still frequent in Chicago, but it is estimated that lately very few occur in the cause of labor. In 1929 there were, perhaps, no more than fifteen explosions in over a hundred that had the earmarks of labor terrorism.

Most of the Chicago labor unions are again safe from immediate destruction by the employers. Dynamite and slugging saved them. This is especially true of the building-trades unions.

Nowadays slugging goes a long way in Chicago, with only an occasional bombing or putting some contractor "on the spot" as a threat to those whom a smash in the face does not convince that the unions mean to stay in business.

VII

Labor racketeering, however, like other sorts of racketeering, is by no means restricted to Chicago. It merely started there back in 1920; since then—especially from 1925 on—labor dynamitings, assassinations, and arson incidents have been occurring with great frequency in New York City, Brooklyn, and other industrial centers where labor unions are meeting with severe opposition from the bosses.

Violence and the fear of violence sometimes are positively all that saves some unions from passing out.

The following are a few bombings and other violent incidents in recent years for which no one was arrested and punished, but most of which were probably perpetrated by racketeers hired by men connected with labor unions, or by union men themselves:

On May 25, 1925, two company houses owned by the Glendale Gas and Coal Company, at Wheeling, West Virginia, occupied by non-union miners were bombed and wrecked while a miners' strike was going on there.

On August 30, 1926, two bombs exploded in the factory of L. B. Levinson Clothing Company, at Lakewood, New Jersey, tearing off a wall, damaging machinery, and smashing all the windows. The concern employed non-union operatives, and the bombing occurred shortly after certain organizers failed to induce the company to hire organized men and women.

On August 19, 1927, more than fifty non-union negro miners were hurled from their beds early in the morning by an explosion which wrecked two buildings in West Elizabeth, Pennsylvania. The miners were employed by the Pitts-

burgh Coal Co. There had been a strike a while before.

On the same day, in Henderson, North Carolina, the home of M. E. Partin, who had walked out with eight hundred strikers in the Harriet Cotton Mills there two weeks before but later returned to work, was dynamited. The blast tore off the back porch and shattered the windows of other homes in the vicinity. That same night small explosions occurred in the yards of two other ex-strikers in that town.

On July 8, 1927, two persons were rendered unconscious and four others had narrow escapes from injury when a dynamite bomb exploded in front of the home of John McMahon, mine foreman of the Clinton Block Coal Company, near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. The dwelling was badly damaged by the blast and the entire neighborhood was rocked. The Clinton Block Coal Company operates an open-shop mine.

On June 30, 1928, a heavy charge of dynamite wrecked the Jonesville Mine No. 1, one of the three shafts owned by the La Salle Carbon Coal Company at La Salle, Illinois, causing a damage of many thousands of dollars. The explosion was ascribed to a clash between two rival miners' unions in which the company was indirectly involved.

On June 23, 1928, a bomb shattered the fronts of four houses on Parkside Avenue in West Philadelphia. Fragments of the bomb were found imbedded in the front wall of the home of D. A. Ingher, where it apparently had been set off. Ingher attributed the explosion to labor troubles. He maintains a leather manufacturing establishment and told the police he had been having strike disputes.

On March 10, 1928, a bomb wrecked the four-story brick plant of the Manhattan Steam and Scouring Company, Brooklyn, New York, after the company's employees had failed to win a strike.

During the silk mill employes' strike at Garfield, Passaic, and other towns in New Jersey in 1926 and 1927 numerous

homes occupied by workers who refused to strike were dynamited and wrecked or damaged.

On September 3, 1929, Joseph Matraga, a Brooklyn barber, found an unexploded bomb in his doorway. He had been having "trouble with a labor organization."

On July 28, 1929, a bomb tore the front from the showroom of the Dachis Brothers, furriers, in New York City. "Dispute in the fur trade," according to the police.

On December 8, 1929, a bomb exploded in the home of Joseph Falzone, a prosperous marble contractor in Brooklyn, killing three of his children and partly wrecking the house. "Labor trouble," according to press reports.

On Feb. 3, 1930, William Healy, a Chicago contractor, was "put on the spot" and shot, and before dying, three days later, according to the police as reported in the press, named a walking delegate of the Marble Setters' Union as one of his assassins. This was one of the few labor-racket killings in Chicago; union racketeering in Chicago, as I have said, consists mainly of careful bombings (too many to enumerate here) which at worst throw people out of their beds, and of slugging.

On September 29, 1928, the home of Paul C. Hackett at Rocky River, near Cleveland, Ohio, was dynamited, throwing the family out of their beds. Hackett, a real estate man, said that the explosion probably was intended for the house next door, owned by Charles Montgomery, another real estate dealer. Nearly two years before, Montgomery said, one of his houses was bombed when he refused to employ union labor, adding that he had thought his labor troubles had been settled, however.

On February 15, 1930, a heavy dynamite explosion wrecked the home of R. W. Baldwin, president of the Marion Manufacturing Company at Marion, North Carolina, where a strike had been on for some time. A few days before, another charge of dynamite went off in

the plant of the Clinchfield Manufacturing Company, near Marion, causing heavy damage. Union officials in charge of the strike, of course, denied any connection with the bombings.

In the spring of 1929, during the long street-railway strike at New Orleans three dynamite bombs exploded in two months, wrecking car barns and damaging equipment.

In the last four years over a dozen theaters were dynamited in various parts of the country in connection with labor troubles, the total damages running into millions of dollars.

In the fall of 1927 the stagehands employed at the theaters in the Twin Cities were on strike, seeking one day off in seven, and the motion-picture operators and musicians were out in sympathy with them. On October 10th a bomb exploded in the Forest Theater, a movie house in the residential district of St. Paul while the show was on, injuring one woman and throwing over 300 men, women and children into a panic. On the same day the Logan Theater in Minneapolis was also bombed. The strike leaders denied any previous knowledge of the blasts. And the year before, also during a labor dispute, a bomb was found behind the screen of the Wonderland Theater, another Minneapolis movie house.

On August 19, 1927, the Wright Theater at Guerdon, Arkansas, was partly wrecked by dynamite, causing a damage estimated at \$20,000. "Labor trouble."

On November 8, 1927, the State Theater of Hammond, Indiana, recently completed and valued at \$1,700,000, was completely destroyed by a dynamite explosion. A business agent of the Motion Picture Operators' Union was arrested and, according to the police, he confessed to having had a hand in the plot. Others arrested and charged with having been connected with the bombing were the walking delegates of the Hod Carriers' Union and the Finishers' Union.

On November 3, 1929—to give but one more theater incident—at 12:20

A.M. a nitroglycerine bomb exploded in the projection booth of the Lemay Theater, St. Louis, blowing a hole in the roof of the building and damaging motion picture machines and Vitaphone apparatus to the extent of \$6,000. Thirty minutes later another bomb went off in the projection room of the Mackland Theater in the same city, doing a damage estimated at \$5,000. Union musicians had been out on strike for six weeks in a dispute over a contract concerning the number of musicians employed, and the owners of the bombed houses and the police attributed both blasts to the musicians' union.

Owing to the development and great popularity of the talkies, the radio, and other mechanical amusements during the past three years, most of the theatrical workers' unions now find themselves in desperate straits. The musicians' union, for instance, is a tragic organization, with a majority of its members out of work. Other theatrical organizations have been notoriously strong-arm racketeer outfits for years; indeed, violence is all that has saved them so far.

VIII

Labor racketeering from the point of view of extreme violence is now at its height, not in Chicago, but in New York.

In the summer of 1929 I sat, late one evening, in a friend's home in the Bronx, when suddenly the neighborhood was lighted up by a fierce blaze near-by, enveloping a sixteen-story apartment house under construction but almost completed, with all the woodwork finished inside. The building had evidently been drenched with coal-oil from top to bottom and "touched off." It was an incident in the "war" between labor racketeers and builders; the third incident of the kind in the Bronx in a few months, and later there were two more—the total damage exceeding three million dollars. No one was ever arrested for this incendiarism. The builders may know who had hired the firebugs, but it would be suicidal for

them or any public prosecutor to act against them.

Last winter there was a Grand Jury investigation of the Bronx "building-trades racket," but its only results were the indictments of Anthony Montforte, so-called "racketeer tzar" of the building trades, and Michael McClusky, walking delegate of the Lathers' Union, on the charge of extortion. They were tried, convicted, and sent to prison. When the jury was being picked for the McClusky trial, several talesmen begged to be excused because they were "afraid."

Since that trial there have been two assassinations of contractors in New York. One of them occurred last May; the contractor stepped out of his home in Harlem and walked to his car at the curb, when three gunmen, firing at him simultaneously, "plugged" him in the groin.

Last spring several contractors' homes in Brooklyn were bombed at night, throwing people out of their beds. In April a plumbers' foreman was shot dead in front of his house when he returned from work in the evening—another incident in the "labor war."

But violence is not restricted to the building trades. Last February the garment workers of New York City had a strike. There were several riots and finally a gunman shot dead the proprietor of a great garment factory as he stepped into his machine in front of the plant. The gunman got away, and at that time the murder was a mystery. Since then, however, a detective, posing as one of Al Capone's gangsters, trailed down the woman who had put the manufacturer "on the spot" and the man who had killed him. The woman confessed they had been hired for the "job" by a "man connected with a labor union."

Slugging, of course, is also a well-developed practice in New York and Brooklyn; indeed, as in Chicago, extreme violence is usually resorted to only when slugging and mere fear of violence are ineffective.

I have little doubt that labor racketeering will increase. Last February, when the current unemployment crisis was at its height, I had had a rather long confidential talk with the secretary of a large building-trades union in one of our larger cities. "More than half of our men," he said, "have been out of work since early in the fall and most of them, it seems, will continue out of work till summer or, perhaps, indefinitely. The contractors are organized against us almost 100 per cent. They're hiring scabs and we're losing control of the jobs that we've fought for twenty years to improve. They're *our* jobs; they belong to our men—good union men who have been paying their fees—but they're now being filled with hungry men who, of course, need work as badly as our men or worse, but who have done less than nothing to improve the working conditions in the trade. They're scabs. They're the means by which the bosses threaten to wreck our union." He paused.

"Well?" I said.

"Well," he said, "suppose you were a paid and responsible official of an organization of ten thousand men, all of them skilled workmen and willing to work, but nearly seventy per cent of them unable to find jobs in their trade or any other trade. Remember that most of them are family men. They have mortgages on their homes and are paying for things on the installment plan. They're in danger of losing everything unless you, the official, get them their jobs. You're responsible to the membership for keeping under the control of the union a sufficient number of jobs to go around. That's what the union elects you for. You stay in the office only as long as the men are supplied with jobs. . . . What would you do if you thought—in fact, were convinced—that violence was the only means of saving the situation for the union?"

It was not an easy question to answer. He himself is opposed to violence on principle; he is not a "gorilla," but

a fine-mannered intellectual. However, unless employment increases, he will have to yield to the dynamite faction in the union. Just as I write this I hear that the "gorillas" in the union have taken possession of his office and kept him out of it, physically, for two weeks. A large percentage of the union's members are still out of work; employment conditions are not improving, and the men are getting desperate. They demand work and expect the union officials to see that they get it. They are becoming violence-minded. And eventually my friend will either have to start hiring professional sluggers and dynamiters to terrorize the scabs and the scab-employing builders, or get out of the office—unless, of course, industrial conditions improve immediately beyond the expectations of even such great optimists as President Hoover, which is extremely unlikely.

Unemployment breeds desperation; desperation breeds violence—racketeering.

IX

Under such conditions, the process whereby gangsters achieve control over labor organizations is very simple.

I have shown that dynamite and slugging often save unions from passing out. The gangsters who do the dynamiting and slugging for the unions realize this; they associate with the "gorillas" who admit that their work is *the* thing; and eventually they begin to consider themselves the most important factor in the affairs of the union, which indeed they are in time of emergency. By and by it occurs to them that the fees they get out of the union treasury are too small for such important work, and too irregular. So they propose to give the union "steady protection" at so much per month, and if the union officials reject such an offer, the latter very often are thrown out of office—sometimes physically, sometimes through election—and their places are taken by "gorillas" who are friendly to the "protection"

idea. But, of course, few labor leaders who once go in for violence reject such an offer outright, knowing full well that it may mean the end of their labor-leading.

But while the process that puts gangsters in control of unions is simple, there often develop in that connection very complicated situations. For instance, two different gangs may want to dominate the same union, in which event, to avoid warfare in the organization, the officials usually go to a third gang chief, whose outfit may be greater than the other two put together, and ask him to protect them, not only against the employers' anti-union activities and the scabs, but against the other gangsters as well. And, of course, when he grants their petition, he becomes the big boss of the union and can exploit it in any way he likes.

Al Capone has been referred to as a powerful factor in the affairs of the Chicago labor unions. He is, but perhaps much against his own will; certainly he never sought very hard to control the unions. To understand this, one must know that Capone is not at all the monster his press-given nickname "Scarface Al" may suggest. He started out as a beer-runner, intending to make a lot of money in that racket and quit. But then he got involved in politics and his henchmen put the gang into other rackets, until now it is almost impossible for him to quit without wrecking the gang—which he does not wish to do, if for no other reason than because of his loyalty to other members of the gang. He was drawn into the "protection racket" to protect legitimate business establishments against other gangsters because the police were unable to provide that protection. Several business houses took him, or rather his gang, into partnership for that reason. And similarly now, the unions are going to him for protection against "Bugs" Moran and other gangsters, because the unions know that Al and his men are straight shooters—not only with their guns but in point of honor and business ethics.

Indeed, the Capone Gang has more prestige in Chicago, even among legitimate business men, than some of the corporations and institutions properly organized under the laws of society.

The Chicago *Tribune* for April 20, 1930, reported an incident which, I think, illustrates this tendency of the unions to seek Capone's aid. It seems that James McLoughlin, business agent of the Marble Setters' Union, which is associated with the Chicago Building Trades Council, was called to the headquarters of George ("Bugs") Moran, head of the North Side gangster faction which at that time had a sort of truce with the Capone Gang.

"What's the take in your union?" Moran asked McLoughlin. The "take" is gang parlance for income. McLoughlin was forced to discuss his union affairs with "Bugs," whereupon the latter told him that he wanted so-and-so much on the first of every month for "protection."

McLoughlin took his troubles to Danny Stanton, who is in charge of Capone's labor-union department. Danny, in turn, took the case to the "Big Fellow," as Capone is known to his men, with the result that Al called up "Bugs" and advised him to cease his demands on McLoughlin and his union.

How far the Capone Gang's domination of the unions will go, remains to be seen. At the moment it is still in its infancy. Capone's well-mannered, gentlemanly gunmen attend labor union meetings, keeping away other gunmen, and that is about all for the time being.

That eventually the Capone Gang will make use of the unions, perhaps in a political way, or perhaps to gain control of the contracting business, goes almost without saying. In return the Capone Gang will probably be able to do a great deal for the unions. A laborite recently said to me, "Capone may mean more to the unions than our high-toned executives of the A. F. of L. in Washington." He was thinking—characteristically—of immediate benefits for certain unions.

Chicago builders and contractors already are uneasy about the gangsters' domination of the several unions. If they suffer any evil consequences as a result of it, and I don't doubt that they will, they will in a great measure have themselves to blame. They, along with other employers, have driven organized labor to seek the aid of racketeers. As I am finishing this article—in mid-July—the New York newspapers report that racketeers extort from a million to two million dollars yearly from garment manufacturers in that city under the threat of starting labor troubles in their establishments.

What effect this close contact between unions and gangs will have on organized labor in the long run also remains to be seen. The chances are that it will do it more harm than good. The great majority of trade unions as yet have nothing to do with racketeers and are steering clear of violence, but the gangsters are making such swift progress that the situation deserves the concerned attention of social-minded people.



THE NEW STAGE FRIGHT: TALKING PICTURES

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

IT WAS a very short part—my first one in talking pictures, in motion pictures of any kind. I said this to the Casting Director as I flipped the pages contemptuously. The director said it was quite a good-sized part. "The dialogue for a feature talking picture is about one-third as long as a play. That's a good part."

I mentally reviewed my several novels, now happily out of print. I envied the writers who fitted dialogue for this new device. A novel is generally three times as long as a play. So a movie writer spends but one-ninth of the energy a novelist must employ. Easy money. And easy money, I concluded (waving the short part) for the player. Still I was feeling a little nervous. I rather despised the thing, but I was feeling a little nervous.

In this first studio of my experience they were proud of the fact that they rehearsed the scenes even a day or two before they "shot" them. The principals went upstairs to a room with real windows and real sun coming through, and sat round in a semicircle. I was accustomed to these half arcs. I had been sitting in them for thirty-four years, but always it was on a dark stage with a single pilot-light on a standard down by the foots. The gleam continued mild until the director arrived, when a whole border was turned up. The dark stage always smelled like a cathedral to me. A lump came up in my throat as I sat down in the sunlight. What was I doing messing about with a

highly technical apparatus? I was no scientist. I belonged to the theater. I grew a little more nervous.

We began on the scenes. They were so short that we could get little feeling into them ("get our teeth into them" as we say) before they were over. Besides, we didn't begin at the beginning of the picture. "We will run through the sequence that we will start to-morrow," said the director. That was as clear as mud to me. It was explained that a sequence is akin to an act. Not that it is anything like an act. It is a group of scenes in which the action is continuous. The director went on to say that they had built the sets of this sequence first. They would do the first sequence last.

"Why?" I ventured.

"It's the railroad wreck."

"Oh!" I inferred we might all be killed in the wreck, and it would be as well to have us safely through the less annihilating episodes.

"You have the first title," he said to me.

"I don't see any title."

"He means lines," whispered a nice girl who was both of the theater and this new dramatic medium.

I began an attack upon a police commissioner because he had done so little about finding the woman who had kidnapped my grandchild. I arose and strode about as I admonished him. A woman couldn't be that angry and stand still.

"Perhaps," said the director doubtfully. "We will see what the sound man says when we get on the set."

"I shall have to walk about," I said firmly. I was determined to be natural.

We went on reading our "titles." That is, all but one man. He had been a success in silent pictures—a rough comedian. He didn't understand that his cue was the line preceded by a lot of dots, and that the lines to be spoken by him were those beginning with capital letters, and when they were pointed out to him there were long periods of a thick mumbling from him. To our growing embarrassment we began to realize that the big, genial fellow who came originally from the prize ring, barely knew how to read—to read anything.

Finally he threw down the script and left the room. That was the last we ever saw of him. I wonder what his finish is! He was too old for the prize ring. "Othello's occupation's gone!"

I don't care to think what sort of a performance I gave in the theater that night. Through the flippancies of an aging Paris flapper I was mentally attacking a police commissioner. "Whoever the woman is she's got to give that baby up!" I kept repeating to myself. Someone said I looked wild. When I reached home I wrote out the speeches over and over. We give three weeks, anyway, to the rehearsing of a play. We know our lines so well that we need not be conscious of the words, but give all our attention to the thought that the words express. This over-night committing was something new.

I put a hot-water bag to my cold feet and nagged myself into an uneasy slumber. I must get up at six. For thirty-four years I had taken my ease after the night's work in the theater, leisurely supped, read when I got to bed, and slept as late as I pleased. "You go to sleep," I commanded my alert brain, "we get up at six."

I drove over to Long Island in a taxi, eating a cold pear. The dawn was gray—and also cold. My legs were colder. "Whoever the woman is she's got to give that baby up," I shouted between bites. We got lost. My God,

was I to be late for my "titles"! Only a few policemen were to be admonished by the commissioner before I should begin my own attack. That wouldn't take five minutes. I thought they would all be out on the pavement looking for me.

They weren't. The door-man gave me a pleasant good-morning, so did the elevator boy and the make-up specialist. A better room than I had ever occupied in a theater was assigned to me. A nice *valet de chambre* had put in a couch.

"I shan't need it," I explained; "I go right on."

"You might want to lie down," he said soothingly.

From the studio cafeteria a sweet-faced girl brought me some coffee and toast. Instructed by the make-up professor, I was putting some strange dark stuff on my face. "I shan't have time to eat," I told the girl as I paid her.

"You just make a nice breakfast," she advised.

I looked at her blonde prettiness as I have looked at the same type ever since—and I have now completed my sixth picture. They are everywhere within a few miles' radius of the studios. Out here in Hollywood beautiful girls are clerking in the Five and Tens. They are attendants in doctors' offices, manicure parlors, delicatessen stores. Many of them are just as lovely, and possibly a few of them just as talented as the five-thousand-a-week stars. They simply didn't get a break.

Before nine I went down on the stage. There were two stages in this studio, an upper and a lower one. And neither was a stage, but a huge floor space the size of a city lot. Our "set" was on the upper stage, and if I had yearned for cathedral darkness my yearns were realized. Scores of carpenters, under dim lights, were making sets for other pictures. They hammered leisurely and were perfectly willing to advise me as to the location of our set. I picked my way in and out of snow scenes, rubber plantations, and French ballrooms to a great circle of light about the police commis-

sioner's office and anterooms. Some camp chairs were lined up in front of the scene. On the arm of one hung a megaphone, and that was the director's chair. An intelligent young woman known as the "script girl" sat in another and smiled a welcome. She also wrote down the details of my costume and my jewelry. If the scene held over to the next day I must wear the identical equipment. I remember seeing a big silent film in which the hero entered a lady's house in evening dress and came out in riding clothes. I suppose the script girl on that picture lost her job. But the actor was a careless fool—we must keep track of our regalia.

I made a discovery as I shifted from one icy foot to the other while waiting for the cast to foregather; and it holds good in every studio where I have worked: There is more courtesy shown in the Fifth Largest Industry in the World (*i.e.*, motion pictures) than in the theater. Yes, more courtesy—and fewer chairs! I think if anyone had been cross to me on that first dreadful day; if an electrician wheeling unwieldy lights had not said "beg pardon" when I got in his way; if the camera men had cried "clear out" as I unconsciously crossed their line of vision while they were focussing on an actor; if the sound man had really laughed as loud as he had a right to when I rehearsed my first scene in his hearing, I should never have survived those terrible nine hours. I, literally, should have died of fear.

For, as the day wore on and I was not put into action, a terror took possession of me that transcends De Maupassant's story of "*Le Peur*." Who would have thought that a handful of pretend policemen who didn't have to say much beyond "yes, boss," who had been guardians of the peace in silent pictures for years, should have been so difficult to handle! Should have been so valuable to the picture! They were looked after like prima donnas. It seemed impossible to get the proper light on that bunch of cops. One would have thought them bathing beauties.

There was a stand with a mirror set up in the offing so that the actors might powder their faces the last moment before the "take." Each player carried from his dressing room a case with the powder suited to his skin and a puff. In the intense heat of the lamps during the light rehearsals the countenance would become shiny. The camera man would tell you this, if the make-up man in attendance wasn't on his job. I was a strong patron of the make-up stand, for as the morning waned each new discovery—a prelude to what I had before me—would oil my face like a machinist's waste rag.

I discovered a number of things happening to the police commissioner while he ran over his lines. The distance between his nose and the camera which was to take him was being measured with the beautiful kind of tape line which every housewife desires and never has; a microphone was being hung over his head, and when it was rigged up the principal sound man, who is known as the "mixer" went off and in some remote place listened to the police commissioner with fairly discouraging reports.

I listened to the commissioner also, and to my horror found he was saying other lines than those which were read the day before. When the light man cried "save 'em," and all the lights were turned off (for, of course, nothing was ready yet, as it was only eleven o'clock) I crept up to the actor and asked about these new lines. "They've changed them," he said, "they always do." I became greasy at once and raced off to powder.

I kept this up till lunch time, occasionally wandering off into the rubber plantation to go over my lines. "Lunch!" cried the director genially. Everyone seemed satisfied with the morning's accomplishment, which must have covered two minutes. But I had not yet "performed." I made my way to the studio restaurant. I shall never forget how nice that chicken salad looked and

shall never know how it tasted. "I'm afraid I'll eat off my lips," I said, falsifying my nausea, to the assistant director who sat at table with me.

"You can put them on again. It will be some time before your scene," he said. I looked at him dumbly. Like everyone else, he was kind. "You go lie down in your dressing room. My assistant will call you." I moved out. The assistants have assistants and the assistants have assistants.

"You through?" asked the elevator boy pleasantly.

"I haven't begun and I've been here since half past seven."

"Yeah, that's the way it is. Sit for days."

Sit? Where? Kind words, but where do you *sit*? Once in my room I fell upon my despised couch. And yet I arose again to read over my lines. "Whoever the woman is she's got to give that baby up." I knew them, of *course* I knew them—and all the other "titles." I lay down. But *did* I know them? I arose. The weary humping myself up and down went on through the afternoon. Footsteps echoed along the corridors. Blithe voices rose and fell. I say it now, and I say it always, the most amiable people in the world comprise the Motion Picture Industry. But in my misery of waiting I could not discover *why* they are amiable. I know now: They work leisurely. The very thing that was eating me was soothing them. So much money is made, anyway, that they don't have to hurry. Impatient as it still makes me—to sit about for hours—I shudder to think how the great army of camera and sound men, with the vast crew of carpenters and property men attendant upon each picture, would behave if they were goaded, as they are in the theater, with the savage urge to hasten and to save.

Four o'clock! At four the elevator gates opened and did not clash. The assistant of the assistant intimated that I had better descend as I should be "shot" soon. I hoped so—and I pre-

ferred bullets. The director wanted me to run through the scene, as there were some changes.

"Changes—in lines?" I stammered. "But I've committed these."

"Just a few changes," he smiled.

I was given a slip of paper with the new scene typed out. I was still allowed the grand peroration about "whoever the woman is—" but I must efface some of the words that I had caused, in my agony, to be etched into my brain, and must substitute others.

I went over and powdered my caked face. When I returned a young man with an alert countenance was sitting on the edge of the golden-oak desk waving a leg nonchalantly. He was the sound man and he wanted to see how I intended to play the scene. I strode around, speaking the lines, new and old, and his leg became quieter and quieter. "You see," he explained, "you can't move around like that. The mike—the microphone—won't take it."

"Can't I rage?"

"You can rage"—he measured the width of the desk—"about that far." Two and a half feet of raging!

The camera man came up to me. "Where do you stand?" he asked. "I move from here to here," I answered.

"Get a chalk, Gus." Gus brought the chalk. The camera man's assistant made two big toes in white on the carpet. "You'd better step right into these marks and speak your titles, standing quiet," he advised. So that was the end of the raging up and down business.

Still there was left the indignation in the voice—the shrill note of the excited old grande dame. It didn't last long. "Better not pitch your voice too high," said the sound mentor, "and don't let your voice *range* too much." I looked wild-eyed, and the make-up man told me I was shiny. "Have I time to powder my nose?" And there was plenty of time.

Cameras encased in clumsy boxes, to keep the sound of the whirr from being

picked up, were changing places like elephants dancing the old-fashioned lancers. To mix my metaphors, men were peering out of these bathing machines through the thick plate glass. All our noses were being measured. I was committing the lines. The sound man was telling me I couldn't speak while in the process of sitting down or getting up; and that I mustn't pound the table, for it would be enormously magnified. And to avoid sighs. The camera man was saying if I looked out and not *at* the police commissioner as I berated him the camera would get more of my face; and I had better not smile, as there was a tooth which would take black. I raced off and powdered my nose. Why *should* I smile?

It was after five when we had a full rehearsal of the scene with lights and sound. Word came that one of the cameras had "buckled," and that caused a delay. And this caused the letter I was to hurl at the police officer to become so dry from the heat of the lamps that it had to be wet by the property man again. If it was not damp it would rustle, and that rustle would be enlarged into a wind-swept forest. We actors were parched too and quite ready to rustle under the lights, so another property man brought us lily cups of water.

At a quarter to six they were ready for a "take." Voices shouted, "It's a take" as merrily as ever. The director, echoed by his assistant and his assistant's assistant, cried "Lock 'em up," and the camera operators, perfectly nice men, were locked into the bathing machines. Men ran to all of the doors leading from the offices to the stage and turned the keys. A great gong rang. A silence descended upon the huge space, the huge building. No one pounded, no one swept the floor, no one walked. The distant elevator stopped. Only my heart was beating noisily—great hammering beats. The director sat in his camp chair with a little machine by his side. A light showed in the machine (I am

not sure of this) which indicated that the cameras and the sound process were synchronizing. In the midst of this eternal, infernal silence he dropped his handkerchief. It was my signal to speak. It was my zero hour.

I must walk into the toe marks without looking at them. I must speak distinctly but not too low—or too high. I must not project my tones, as we of the theater have learned to do for those in the farthest balcony. The microphone was not in the balcony, but directly over my head. I must not sit down or get up on my lines, or show my teeth. I must speak new words that had been given me a short time ago. I must forget the old committed words.

I must (I give it a paragraph) be spontaneous and natural.

I walked into the toe marks. I did not rustle the letter. I did not pound the table. I managed my new speeches. I reached my peroration. In velvet and chinchilla, a great lady of the old school, I delivered my ultimatum to the abashed officer of the law. And I said, "Whoever that *baby* is she's got to give the *woman* up."

The alienists call this reversal of words, born of panic, "substitutional aphasia."

The gong clanged three times that everyone might be unlocked and move about. The director announced cheerfully, "Retake on account of the baby." A smiling young man held before my face a square of black board with two white letters on it. They took a snapshot of the staring letters held before my burning face. They mustn't make a print of what we had taken of the scene. This warning snapshot would be on the roll of the film:

The letters were: "N.G."

After an endless delay, while the sound apparatus went through something called "relining," we did the scene again. My fagged brain, making a great spurt, raced far ahead of the lines I was speaking. I prepared for the baby. The accouchement was successful. The

director called, "Nine on the set to-morrow." They had accomplished for the day four minutes and thirty seconds. Five minutes of absolute "takes" is a good day's work. Everyone was pleased!

My maid found me that night lying on the concrete floor of my small dressing room at the Music Box. But, as usual, the overture was rung in at 8:30 sharp—at the *hour* for overtures to be rung in. And by then I was off the floor and ready to "go on."

That was in December, 1928. Since then sound mechanism has become less exacting. Still the microphone hangs over our heads, and we huddle together as we speak, but the laboratory men who are continually improving this invention *know* that the day will come when one great disc will hang over the entire set, and we shall move about as on a theater stage and speak as freely.

In June of 1929, while making a picture out here, a clumsy fishing pole with the microphone on the end of it was employed for a pair of us walking and talking. As we moved a sound assistant, seated on a stepladder, followed us with his queer tackle. Now the fishing pole has given way to a steel trolley. We trot along under it, while a camera on wheels is pulled back as we advance. It is called a "dolly shot," and one never felt more like a mechanical doll than at such a moment. A brick wrapped in wadding is tied to the camera with a few feet of rope, and as it drags along our toes must keep directly back of it, yet not *touching* it, or we get out of focus and away from the radius of the microphone. Cold with terror we march along, dollies indeed except for the sawdust.

But the mixer of this summer of 1930 allows us great leeway with the voice. Indeed, I sometimes wonder if there is any use in having a voice at all. With a beautiful manipulation of little knobs on the mixing board, a small voice is brought up to a full tone, or a too strident one is subdued. On the day I was

to do a lot of screaming in a recent picture, a "scream expert," with a different sound process, was introduced to me. I was advised by the expert to "scream high." That my expression of horror might naturally be manifested by a deep, hoarse tone had nothing to do with the case. We players during this period of sound development are still subservient to a marvellous discovery, the operators of which, electrical engineers of culture and intelligence, are making every effort to accommodate themselves to the human voice. But—not yet.

And this dissertation is not wandering from the subject of *The New Stage Fright*. In my effort to analyze the sources of the fear that all actors seem to suffer in talking pictures, surely a part of it comes from this strange contact of an emotional people with the exact demands of science. For years we have dealt with pliable flesh and blood. From the theater stage we have thrown the ball to men and women out in front—they have thrown it back to us. We are comic—they laugh. We are tragic—they cry. We stimulate the audience, the audience stimulates us. If we are not satisfied with our work we can do it better to-morrow night—or the next night. I have never driven back from the studio at evening, through these lovely hills, but I have cried, "I could do that scene better. I see it now."

But the scene is over forever. After a "take" we pick our way across the dim stage to a small room with hard benches. The director, the sound men, and the actors sit down in the dark. After some telephonic conversation little raps of warning are heard like spirits from out of the ether, and the "play-back" of the scene is given. We listen in frozen silence. We long to have it "OK'd" by the powers that we may not go through the agony again, but never have I found that I have done as well as I could. Yet there is no "to-morrow night."

We learn much in these "play-backs." A girl whose voice has been artificially

enlarged in volume must surely discover that her voice has lost its own tonal quality which differentiates it from other voices, which makes it recognizable as hers. I think that is the reason so many voices of the girls who have had no experience on the stage sound like the voices of men when we hear the picture. We learn, too, that the smallest hesitation in our speech (a perfectly natural grouping of words, pausing now and then, as we express our thoughts in real life) becomes so magnified that it would seem to the audience we had forgotten our lines. We must, among other terrifying lessons, learn to appear natural in a new way.

Again, unless the word is spoken with great certainty and distinctness it becomes, to our surprise, another word. I had a butler in my last picture (I always have butlers and a great many castles) whose name was Lush. A year ago, before the lisp of the letter S had been worked out by sound improvement, the name would have been heard as "Luth." My line (they no longer say "title") would have sounded like: "I shall have to speak to Luth."

But it was a great deal worse when we heard the "play-back." The wrong word was in my mind, I must admit that, but I had not thought I had expressed it until I majestically boomed out, "I shall have to speak to Lunch!" We filed out at once for a retake, yet gaily filed out (that is, all were gay but me), for talking pictures may change, but Amiability is still King.

The camera man does not attend the play-backs. The film is not ready till the following evening when at six he goes, with the director, into a small projection room to see what is called the "rushes," which show both the picturization and the sound of the day before. But within a year, one expert has prophesied, the film will be run directly into a developing bath and then into a drying room, and our play-back will show also how good or how bad have been our "camera angles."

I don't know what camera angles are and I never shall know. Mr. Al Jolson, with whom I did a picture recently, said he wouldn't know one if he ran against it at high noon. The unwieldy boxed-in cameras are giving place to small metal covered apparati, which are handled like any moving picture camera. Three are generally going at once, taking in different actors in the scene. "Have you got her?" the chief asks. "Yeppy," says the operator. But who has me I never know.

They whisper that an actor can be ruined by bad lighting if he is not liked; but I cannot imagine these mild creatures who are in power disliking anyone. And I shouldn't know bad lighting at *any* hour of the day. The actors who come from silent pictures know, however, and that, with bad camera angles, may add to their disquietude. For the silent-picture graduate suffers also from this New Stage Fright, though he has never known the old, old fear of a stage first-night. When I heard of the greatest of the women stars losing her dinner every night during the filming of a talkie I felt that I wasn't such a gump after all.

"Did you see how my hand shook?" I asked one young actor from the silent ranks at the end of a spoken scene. His reply was candid if not flattering. "I was so blind with fright," he said, "if you'd been stark naked I never should have noticed you."

But that was the scene which had been hurled at us at nine-thirty, committed as we wove endlessly about among disused sets, while the lights and sound were being set into motion, and "shot" at noon. It would have read a better brief for sufficient rehearsals had we both utterly fallen down; had we failed and failed again till evening fell. But a reputation for "retakes" is not good—and besides that, above it, is the desire of the actor—of everybody—to accomplish the task set before him.

They are coming to rehearsals now. George Arliss has done a great deal toward establishing them by demanding

two weeks' rehearsals before each picture. Mary Pickford rehearsed carefully before Arliss came upon the scene. It is not as in the theater, a prompter in the wings and an actor at your elbow to offer whispered aid. Nor have we only the words and the emotion of the scene to keep in mind. We should know our lines so well that we can remember the chalked toe marks of the camera man, remember to make no gesture that would throw a shadow across the face, to begin our first line on the same pitch as that of the actor who has spoken before us, to keep our heads near the mike, to ejaculate softly, tread lightly—and to sigh not at all. I have come near to the conclusion—near it, only—that successful talking-picture acting may be acting plus. And may the Lord have mercy on our souls!

For there is no one else to help us when the Silence falls. And this Silence is, I believe, the greatest cause of all for the New Stage Fright. Seemingly to digress: I saw a man in the Public Gardens of Boston last spring passionately admiring the flowers. He knelt to smell the hyacinths, he caressed the tall tulips. He carried a paper bag of pea-

nuts, and one of corn. From time to time he fed the squirrels who ran up to his shoulders, he scattered corn for the pigeons who circled about him. He was a happy man, serene in these friends.

He stepped into the traffic of Boylston Street and became a bleeding, inert mass upon the roadway. Men lifted him to the sidewalk, women staunched the flow of blood. Stumblingly eager to help, the crowd pressed about him. Whistles were blown, an officer summoned an ambulance. His crushed hat was laid on the stretcher beside him, his spilled effects handed to the young interne. He was taken away. But the flowers had done nothing about it. The squirrels finished the nuts and the pigeons cooed among the corn. Men and women gave him aid.

And we of talking pictures are *beyond human aid* when the Silence falls. There is no one to cling to. We are utterly and entirely on our own. The handkerchief of the director drops and we begin to speak. We speak. What turned us from pollywogs into these creatures on shaky legs, the desire to *accomplish*, urges us on.

It is our little job.





PORTRAIT OF AN EMPTY BARREL

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

JOHN ADAMS once remarked that the life of John Hancock would never be written. After considerably more than a century of prolific biographical writing, when it has become difficult to find any figure of the past that has not been so dealt with, Adams's saying yet holds almost true. A despatch in the *Boston Transcript* of February 11, 1884, stated that a certain "professor" declared that members of the Hancock family had engaged a writer to assemble material for a life of their kinsman but that after an examination of some of the material gathered they promptly offered the author one thousand dollars to desist and to make no further investigations. The money was said to have been paid, and the life abandoned. In 1912 Lorenzo Sears published a small volume, setting forth what was known of Hancock at that time. In this readable book, by no means exhaustive nor very thoroughly documented, Hancock's life runs like a somewhat narrow stream between a broad meadow of general historical background and a steep and slippery bank of apologia. The sound, scholarly, complete life remains unattempted. John Adams so far was right. The life of his boyhood playmate and mature fellow-citizen has not been written.

Clearly there must be a reason. The professional biographer, casting about for a subject almost as hopelessly as the fisherman for a trout in a fished-out stream, might be expected to hook and land such a man as Hancock with considerable satisfaction. On the surface the choice might appear to have ex-

cellent possibilities. Here is a poor boy, son of a clergyman's widow, who is adopted by an uncle, the richest man in his colony and one of the richest in America. The lad moves from the small house to the great one. He attends the Latin School and Harvard. He is sent to London to see the world, with instructions preceding him to have all his drafts honored. "You will Supply my Nephew Mr. John Hancock what money he may want for expenses in England" writes the uncle to his correspondents on behalf of the gilded and lucky youth. Two weeks before his twenty-sixth birthday he is taken into partnership by the same uncle. In a little more than a year after, the uncle dies and bequeaths to young Fortunatus an estate of £70,000 Sterling, the largest business and one of the handsomest houses in Boston. Young "King Hancock," as he was nicknamed, embarks on fortune's flood.

Within a few months the preliminaries of the Revolution are staged, and Hancock starts on that career as a "patriot" which has made his name known to every generation of school children ever since. What child has not been shown that signature on the Declaration of Independence which, like Abou Ben Adhem, leads all the rest, written in letters so large that "old George the Third could see it without spectacles"? What countless numbers of children in countless red schoolhouses have declaimed or listened to Hancock's speech on the "Boston Massacre"? As we read the words to-day in the old "declamation book" how immediately

our awkward schoolmate in his short trousers comes before our eyes. "Let this sad tale of death never be told without a tear; let not the heaving bosom cease to burn with a manly indignation at the barbarous story, through the long tracts of future time. . . . What, my countrymen, withheld the ready arm of vengeance from execution of instant justice on the vile assassins? . . . Let not the miscreant host vainly imagine that we feared their arms. No: them we despised; we dread nothing but slavery. Death is the creature of a poltroon's brain. . . . Tell me, ye bloody butchers! ye villains high and low! ye wretches who contrived, as well as you who executed the inhuman deed! . . ."

Then there is the seizure of Hancock's sloop *Liberty* and the defense of him by John Adams against the power of Britain. The Revolution starts, and Hancock is always in the spot-light. He is chairman of committees; is one of the two who is denied amnesty in any general pardon issued by the Crown; is President of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts; President of the Continental Congress for more than two and a half years; leading signer of the Declaration of Independence; presiding officer of the Massachusetts Convention to pass on the Federal Constitution; first Governor of the new State; re-elected ten times to that office; treasurer of Harvard College for many years; recipient of honorary degrees from his own college, from Yale, from Princeton (not then so named), and from Brown; a Major-General of Militia seeing active service in the field. What a record for a *Who's Who*! What rich material, it would seem, for a biographer! And yet when anyone begins to look into Hancock as a subject he has to shake his head thoughtfully, and try instead to paint again the portrait of someone who has sat many times before or of someone so obscure that no portrait has hitherto seemed worth while. He may never have heard of John Adams's prediction but he fulfills it. The life remains unwritten.

What Adams may have had in mind no one will ever surely know. In the present day, however, I think that the life remains unwritten because there was no John Hancock. We walk around this image built up from adventitious circumstance and multifold office-holding, and when we try to touch the man, all crumbles into dust like a long-buried corpse struck by the air of day, or evaporates like the wraith in a dream that passes on waking. The case offers no opportunity even for the "debunker." It is not that the balloon we thought was blue turns out to be yellow, but that the balloon lies punctured and empty, a mere uninviting bit of shrivelled rubber which we cannot inflate and float again in any way. And yet are we quite sure? Let us try to get behind some of these glittering positions and offices.

II

As the head of one of the great merchant firms of colonial days, John Hancock & Company, and as possessor of one of the great colonial fortunes, our interest in him is soon exhausted upon investigation. When a young clerk in his uncle's office, being taught the business with an eye to his succession, he appears to have been diligent and satisfactory. But when the whole world was his after his uncle's death there is nothing in the record to indicate that he displayed any marked ability or that he would have got far had it not been for his lucky family connection. Colonial business may not be a very intriguing subject at best for the general reader, but at least in the business schemes of such men as Carroll or Washington there was a breadth of vision and a scale of operations that have made their mere commercial undertakings part of the history of their States. Hancock had had no hand in the making of his own great fortune. At best he helped to conserve it in part under difficult circumstances. His brother

tried business and failed, tried it again without success, and when John was President of the Continental Congress in 1776 was given the post of Paymaster-General of the Eastern Department as the easiest way to set him up once more. The uncle's London correspondents, with whom that shrewd old man had long carried on extensive transactions, were soon quarreling with his heir and successor, and the connection came to an end. Before many years Hancock turned over the conduct of the business mainly to a trusted clerk, William Palfrey, and paid little attention to it. Owing in part to the troubled times and in part to his own ostentatious extravagance, his inherited fortune was later considerably diminished. The biographer will find that behind the facts of the great fortune and the great firm there is nothing that makes for interest or significance in the man himself. The first trail leads only into the scrub wood of mediocrity blessed with cash.

To assess the political activities of Hancock in the opening years of the struggle with England is somewhat more difficult. For him to express his opinion boldly about the Stamp Act, both at home and to his English correspondents, was merely to be carried with the tide, and called for no singularity or courage. Many who were afterward Loyalists expressed themselves as bitterly as did he when he wrote to England that "the people of this Country will never Suffer themselves to be made slaves by a Submission to that Damned Act." When news came of the repeal of the Act even the Royal Governor joined in the rejoicing, while Hancock set out two pipes of Madeira in front of his house for the populace to drink, a characteristic action and the first of a long line. In the course of the career that was to follow no small part of the diminution of his fortune was due to such expenses of popularity. Sam Adams was well aware, astute plotter that he was, of the value of the young man's money bags and social position. When in 1769

Hancock was at last elected as a Representative, Adams remarked to his cousin John that the "town has done a wise thing to-day. It has made that young man's fortune its own."

The episode of the seizure of the sloop *Liberty* the year before had also done much to increase his popularity with the people and perhaps to increase his own patriotism. It has often been said that Hancock was a smuggler. Of course he was. Every Boston merchant had been for a generation or more, ever since the passage of the Molasses Act, which if it had been observed would have ruined the economic life of New England. That Act had been passed by Parliament upon the insistent urging of the West Indian sugar colonies, which were much more important than the New England ones, but once passed, it was overlooked. New England merchants could smuggle under it with less searing of their consciences or fear of authority than is now the result of a violation of the Volstead Act. The duties on wines and other articles of later date, however, were not prohibitive, and the ethics of smuggling to avoid paying them becomes much more involved. Some merchants smuggled and others did not. Hancock did, and it was a cargo of Madeira that he was smuggling when he came into collision with the authorities. The story is well known of how Kirk, the Customs official, who was displaying an inconsiderate zeal, was forcibly locked in a cabin below while the wine was removed from the sloop with no one to give evidence, and of how the vessel was subsequently seized by the authorities and towed under the stern of the ship-of-war *Romney*.

If the people were heartily tired of taxes and duties, so was the British Government of having its laws set at naught. Libels were brought against Hancock to the aggregate sum of about £100,000, or nearly half again the value of his whole fortune. John Adams was engaged for the defense and based his

argument on the popular but illogical and impractical theory that Hancock was not guilty when he broke a law in the making of which he had had no direct share. Our own government to-day would not for a moment consider such a plea on behalf of an Alaskan or a Filipino, and to ask the British Government to do so in the eighteenth century was merely to ask them to abandon America without firing a shot. The suit dragged its weary length, giving Adams much trouble and Hancock much anxiety. It began to look somewhat as though it were a question of America winning at least semi-independence or of Hancock losing his fortune. When it is said that as a man of great wealth he embraced the patriot cause with everything to lose it must be recalled that possibly he also had everything to lose if that cause did not somehow score a victory.

It is not necessary to claim that this was his sole actuating motive. It has been said that every man has two reasons for what he does—a good one and the real one. As a matter of fact, we are all of us apt to have a good many reasons; and if it is not easy to analyze them all truthfully in ourselves or those whom we know intimately, it is impossible in those who have been dead these many generations. If Hancock wobbled, so that sometimes Sam Adams was sure of him and sometimes the Royal Governor was equally sure that he could be won back to submissive loyalty, there is little cause to wonder. There was a certain unwholesome uncertainty about the situation with regard to his fortune whatever way he moved. He may or may not have been willing to put all to the touch or risk everything for the defense of an abstract liberty. Social friends of his own rank were Tories almost without exception. In Boston society to be a patriot was much like being a Bolshevik to-day. On the other hand, like many weak men with a desire to shine but without great ability, Hancock showed throughout life a love

of popularity among the people of the lower grades which bolstered up a vanity that abler men refused to feed. Among the people he would much increase his popularity by espousing the patriot cause.

No one has been able to make out a convincing presentation of the case of Hancock at this time. We can understand, or think we can, a Sam or John Adams, a Jefferson, a Henry, or a Washington but, owing to Hancock's complications of circumstance and weakness of character, everything becomes fuzzy when we try to determine his motives. It would be a fascinating problem to unravel if we had the necessary data, but we have not, and must perforce leave it in an unedifying and unsatisfying mist of conjecture. We are equally at a loss for positive proof when we try to estimate his abilities at this stage. He was pretty constantly in public office of one sort or another—Selectman, Representative, Chairman of various committees, and what-not; but when we try to find out what he actually did and what power he actually wielded, we grope in a fog. He has left no writing of his own that amounts to anything, and I think it probable—although, like so much else about him, disputable—that even the oration on the "Boston Massacre" was written for him by Sam Adams. It is not at all in Hancock's style so far as we know what that was. He did, apparently, all through life, make a fair presiding officer, but on the whole it is hard to avoid the conclusion that in these years he displayed no great ability of his own and was merely used on account of his wealth and position by those who were pulling the wires. The service thus rendered may have been very useful but it is difficult to take deep interest or to consider seriously the jerked motions of a puppet.

III

His military career may be dismissed more briefly. At the beginning of the

Revolution he was a colonel of militia in Boston, with no military experience beyond parades. He had, however, that desire for military glory that obsesses the civilian who likes to shine. Absurd as the thought is, it is well known how keen was his resentment when John Adams, in Congress, after painting the perfect commander-in-chief required by the situation, turned toward Washington instead of toward Hancock, who had been all smirk until that moment, thinking that he had been intended. In 1775 he wrote to Washington asking him to reserve some berth in the army for him as he was determined to join it if only "in the ranks as a volunteer." Washington replied courteously but conclusively, not even noticing Hancock's obviously insincere threat to become a private, and expressed regret that "there is so little in my power to offer equal to Colonel Hancock's merit"; which was a polite declination. He declined again when Hancock offered his services two years later. Hancock was, however, appointed a major-general in the Massachusetts militia, and as such was in command of troops in the abortive Rhode Island campaign when an attempt at co-operation was made between American land forces and the French fleet. Even if he does not accept *in toto* the facetious account of Hancock's command and flight that have come down to us from his enemies, his biographer will be confronted with the tiresome task of apologizing and extenuating when he describes this episode in his hero's career. The hero himself sought to reinstate his popularity by giving a ball and dinner for five hundred persons in honor of the officers of the French fleet, and his only biographer passes hastily, with an apology, over the military adventure to suggest that had it not been for the restoring of amicable feelings between the allies by the dinner, the French alliance and, with it, the whole patriot cause might have been lost. The hors d'œuvres at the dinner must have been smoked red herrings.

In 1775 Hancock was elected President of the Continental Congress and served in that office for two years and five months, and subsequently again for a brief term. There is nothing to indicate that during these years he made any impression of ability upon his colleagues other than that of a moderately good and useful presiding officer. His vanity and love of display brought forth constant comment, amused or ill-natured. It has been said that he had been originally elected to fill the temporary vacancy caused by the absence of the President, Peyton Randolph, who had to go home to Virginia, and that it had been expected that when that gentleman returned, Hancock would resign, a suggestion that was conveyed to him on that occasion but which he declined to consider. He loved the glitter of office, and in his style of living and the military escorts provided for him he fed that vanity which made him a laughing stock. John Adams was also vain, but chiefly of his undoubted intellectual ability. Hancock was merely childishly vain of his pomp and show. He soon fell out with his New England colleagues, as he had with his uncle's correspondents and, although Benjamin Harrison had a good word to say for him in one letter, practically all the opinions of him that have come down to us from this time are adverse. "Your old friend [Hancock] figures away in his usual Stile," wrote James Warren to Sam Adams in 1779. "Sometimes the pendulum swings one way and sometimes the other. I mean with regard to Whiggism or Toryism, but never fails to swing uniformly against all that wont Bow down and worship a very Silly Image." A few years later we get a Southern view when James Madison wrote to Jefferson that "Hancock is weak, ambitious, a courtier of popularity, given to low intrigue." When he resigned as President in October, 1777, a motion was made in Congress to give him a vote of thanks, which, to his mortification, was strongly opposed although

finally passed, the delegates from New Hampshire, all his own colleagues from Massachusetts, those from Rhode Island and Pennsylvania, and, on a previous motion, one from Virginia, voting against the measure.

In 1780, under the new Massachusetts Constitution, Hancock was elected Governor by an overwhelming majority and, if one wishes to study his literary style, one may turn to the address he delivered to both houses of the legislature before taking the oath of office. The introductory sentence winds its tortuous way through its hundred and seventy words like a boa constrictor through a jungle, and is utterly unlike the style of the Massacre oration. He continued to be elected annually, but by the winter of 1785 the situation in the State called for strong measures which would of necessity be unpopular. At the end of five years of his rule, Massachusetts had reached a point at which its debt stood at the impossible figure of ten million dollars, its resources and credit were exhausted, and distress and dissatisfaction were so acute as to result soon after in the open revolt of Shays's Rebellion. There was no remedy for the State save in a strong leader, willing to make himself unpopular; and there was no refuge for the weak and popularity-loving Hancock but in the gout. There was a severe attack, a general and convenient breakdown in health, and his resignation ensued. James Bowdoin was elected to the helm and for a year and more did all that was possible to retrieve the situation. Having borne the whole brunt of the storm while Hancock escaped all blame for the unpopular but needful measures, the populace turned from its savior to its idol, and his health having becoming suddenly restored, Hancock returned to office.

In 1788 there was a convention held in Massachusetts to vote on the adoption of the Federal Constitution. The decision would be of vast importance as the situation was such that the vote of Massachusetts would in all probability

decide the final fate of the Constitution and perhaps of the new nation. Hancock, having as Sam Adams once said, "the good Fortune never to be out of the Way of making a Figure," was chosen Chairman. He had also that fortunate gout, which was used as a perennial excuse to prevent his being about when there was anything unpopular to be done. Indeed, his two chief resources were his money and his gout, the first always used to gain popularity, and the second to prevent his losing it. The State was pretty evenly divided for and against the new Constitution, with the balance seemingly adverse though small. Hancock did not know which way the cat really wished to jump and, as he always wanted to get credit with pretty puss, he pleaded the gout and stayed away from his chair in the convention until he could see what kitty had determined to do. Although he had occupied the highest office in the Confederation and had figured as a "great man" on every possible occasion, he abandoned leadership entirely at this critical juncture. Finally the genuine leaders of the State made up their minds that the only way to get the Constitution adopted would be by adding to the vote for adoption one recommending certain amendments to the consideration of Congress. Rufus King wrote of Hancock that "as soon as the majority is exhibited on either side I think his Health will suffice to be abroad." There seems no reason to question the now accepted view that Hancock was offered the opportunity of introducing the compromise into the Convention as though it had been evolved by his own political wisdom, and that in addition he was promised support for the governorship in the next campaign, with the intimation that, should Virginia not ratify the new Constitution, he would be supported for the Vice-Presidency of the United States. Hancock agreed. The gout was miraculously cured overnight, and he rose in the Convention and offered the sugges-

tion of compromise. By a majority of nineteen votes in three hundred and fifty-five the Constitution was adopted and another feather was stuck publicly in the cap of the great man, while behind the scenes the real leaders could smile at his foibles over their Madeira.

A few months later they could smile even more broadly over an incident that threatened the great man's popularity even with the mob. Washington came to Boston on a visit, and the Governor insisted on his right to determine the arrangements for meeting him at the limits of the town, while the town authorities were equally staunch in maintaining theirs. The President of the United States, being kept waiting at the entrance of the town while the argument proceeded, inquired what might be the cause of the delay, and, on being informed, is said to have made a strong remark and to have asked whether there were not another road by which he might enter and have done with the foolery. Hancock was made to yield, but difficulties were by no means at an end. The Governor insisted that the President pay the first call to him. The President insisted that that token of respect was due to his own higher office. Hancock refused to budge and instead of entertaining the President at dinner, as he had fondly hoped to do, the President dined at a tavern. The populace was furious at such an indignity, and Hancock sensed the danger. It was a case for gout and not for cash, and the former was invoked as the ever-present help in time of trouble. Hancock despatched a note saying that he would call on the President if that gentleman were at leisure, adding that "this would have been done much sooner, had his health in any degree permitted. He now hazards everything, as it respects his health, for the desirable purpose." Washington replied that he would be at his lodgings until two o'clock and that it would give him pleasure to receive him but "most earnestly begs that the Governor will not hazard his

health on the occasion." Fortunately Washington had a keen sense of humor. Hancock now played the farce out. Heavily swathed in red cotton, he drove to the President's lodgings and had himself carried by attendants into the presence of the President, who must have chuckled inwardly. It was cheaply melodramatic, but Hancock retrieved himself with the public and continued to be elected Governor until his death.

IV

His uncle had been a benefactor of Harvard, and when he died had left £500 sterling to be spent on a gift of books to the college. In accordance with the terms of the bequest, Hancock sent an order to London for about eleven hundred volumes, characteristically adding to the order that the books should be priced as cheap as possible as all of them constituted a gift from himself to the college, although of the bill, amounting to £516, his uncle's estate paid £500 and young John £16. Thus began that curious connection with his own college which even his most devoted adherents can describe only as an inexplicable breach of trust.

The apparent desirability of securing the interest and financial support of this young graduate, the richest one in the college, was as obvious to the governing powers of that institution in colonial days as it would be in similar case anywhere to-day, and as it was to Sam Adams for his political purposes. It was considered a wise stroke to make Hancock treasurer and to turn over the funds and books to his care. In 1773 when thus elected he was the most popular man in the Province. He has ever since remained the most unpopular one at Harvard. He was soon immersed in politics and from the day he assumed the trust he shamefully abused it. In spite of urging, he declined to render accounts or to inform the college of the amount or disposition of its funds. Urgent letters remained unanswered.

By the 10th of April, 1775, the college was becoming desperate, and again addressed a letter to him, just before he left for Philadelphia, requesting that he turn over the books of account and money to a committee appointed to receive them. Hancock wrote a blustering reply seriously resenting the suggestion. The matter dragged for another year, Hancock paying no attention to the entreaties of the now despairing college. A long series of mostly one-sided correspondence followed for weary months. It was intimated to him that he should resign, but he declined to consider it. Finally, while he was serving as President of Congress, a committee went to Philadelphia and on March 12, 1777, succeeded in getting from his attorney over £16,000 lawful money, but Hancock still defiantly refused to make an accounting or to state how much yet remained in his hands. He continued obdurate in declining to answer letters, and in April the college elected another treasurer. In 1779 the advisability of suing him for the missing funds was discussed, but on account of his importance and popularity the authorities lacked sufficient courage. In 1785 he was brought to acknowledge that he still owed the college £1,054 but would not pay it. Finally the college brought its courage to the point of instituting suit, whereupon Hancock put up a surety bond. Late in 1789 he was informed that the college was in dire straits for want of the money and his only reply was "It is well." The disgraceful situation dragged along, and the Governor actually succeeded in warding off payment up to his death. Two years later his heirs paid interest on the sum due, and about 1801 made restitution of the principal. The treasurer's books, covering the period from 1669 to 1777 were not restored until about 1862.

Sears tries to explain in part, though he makes no attempt to justify, this breach of trust and wholly inexplicable conduct in an honest gentleman by

showing that Hancock was too busy to keep accounts, and quotes a letter in which Hancock inquires of Robert Morris in 1781 whether he should not ask Congress for reimbursement of expenses while President. He stated that he had never had time to keep accounts but was sure that his expenses must have amounted to over £1,500 Sterling. This, of course, is no possible excuse. A man dealing with college and government cash should have accounts kept, and, in fact, Hancock seems to have done so. Among the manuscript records of the Continental Congress is an account which I recently examined which is of Hancock's expenses during his term. It begins with "Cash paid for paper, Ink, Wax, Wafers, Tape, Boxes for Money—Bags for hard Money, &c., &c.," and continues through a long itemized list covering four legal-cap pages to "hire of office, Cost of Fire Wood & candles for 2 years & 5 months," the total coming to \$4,392, of which the payment of \$3,000 on account is noted. Another manuscript of April 7, 1783 lists certain payments and also "one French Guinea and one French Crown that were left on the floor in Mr. Hancock's room, for which there is no receipt." There seems to have been no difficulty about having accurate accounts kept!

It would seem that there were little escape from the unpleasant admission that Hancock had been living beyond his means, what with his lavish expenditure for show and popularity, and that it was inconvenient for him to restore the funds. Some light is thrown upon this aspect of his character by another long-drawn-out controversy of a similar sort, though between him and a private individual, first made public in 1912. The story is too long to give in detail. Suffice it to say that it was only after the claims of his creditor Harrison Gray against him had been staved off for twenty-one years that Gray's grandson succeeded in getting two-thirds of the amount from Hancock's widow under duress. The older Gray, in the last

letter written on the subject before his death, spoke of Hancock's "promises, falsehoods, and evasions," adding "he is a mean contemptible pageant, and I do not believe he enjoys the esteem of any man on earth."

But, we may ask, what of his most intimate relation of all—that to his wife? We shall probably never know the whole story, nor, perhaps, who it was who won the woman's heart. That it was not her husband and that she married him unwillingly seems, at least, to have been clear. Even in their courtship and early married days she ignored his letters and would leave five or six at a time unanswered. He apparently had no power to win her, whatever her reasons for marrying him had been. He became engaged when on his way to Philadelphia for the first time, and we have a letter which he wrote almost immediately after from New York. It is a long, foolish letter, wholly taken up with his own concerns, mainly with paragraphs recounting how the people everywhere indulged in adulation of him. It is also an insincere letter. It would reach her on her birthday, but that was forgotten. The woman must have read his nature all too clearly, not between the lines but in the egoism and shallowness of the very words themselves.

V

Thus wherever we probe below the record into the life we fail to find a man, but at last the end came. The "great man" was dead. The funeral pomp was rather amazing even for that day, and the procession, which was "under the command of Brigadier-General Hull" was characteristically showy. A paper of the time gives us its order.

Officers of the Militia, with side arms.

Justices of the Peace.

Judges of Probate.

Justices of the Court of Common Pleas.

Attorney General and Treasurer.

Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court.

Members of the House of Representatives.

Members of the Senate.

Sheriff of Suffolk, with his wand.

Members of the Council.

His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor.

THE CORPSE.

Relations.

Vice-President and Members of Congress.

Judges and Secretaries of the United States.

Gentlemen heretofore Counsellors and Senators of Massachusetts.

Foreign Ministers and Consuls.

The President and Corporation.

The Professors and other Instructors of Harvard College.

Selectmen and Town Clerk.

Overseers of the Poor and Town Treasurer.

Ministers of the Gospel.

Members of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

Committee of Brattle Street Church of which Deceased was a Member.

Other citizens and Strangers.

The farce was played to the end, even to the irony of the great democracy of Massachusetts leaving the family to foot the bills for the state funeral, exactly as the "great man" had always paid for his applause. At last he had died. "The empty barrel," as John Adams had called him, was laid to rest, but the legendary hero of the Revolution had been born. If we could only know what thoughts were in the minds of all those who so solemnly marched in that parade in Boston on that October day in 1793! It is not hard to imagine what bitter ruminations on "reality and appearance" passed through the minds of the president and corporation of Harvard. What did the minister of the Brattle Street Church think? Have we any clue in what we know was the opinion of the minister of the church at Jamaica Plain, a church to which Hancock had contributed liberally but which he had to leave because of the too open expression of candid opinion by the pastor? What was in the mind of the widow, Dorothy Quincy? Was there any reflection of it in her gift some time later to the Massachusetts Historical Society of "a Fungus and a piece of Petrified Clay"? We shall never know. The task of the biographer has no such simplification. We can only patch and

guess toward a conception of an enigmatic character. Was it really as poor and shallow and puffy as it appears from the evidence to-day? Or was there more to it than we can see? Was there any justification for the changed estimate of John Adams in his not very reliable old age when altering the opinions of his prime and intellectual vigor he expressed a higher one of Hancock's ability than was his wont? Will the biography of him that Adams said would never be written yet come into being? To be genuine it will have to be something more than a mere re-telling of the meager facts now known, the skeleton of a biographical dictionary article clothed in the insubstantial flesh of extenuation and laudation. It cannot be the hasty compilation of a sensational "de-bunker." It will have to rest on exhaustive re-

search, critical appraisal, and an amount of work that no one has yet thought warranted by the figure they have discerned from the beginning of the passage. And yet, who knows? Who knows any man? When we compare the brilliant sketch of Hancock in his succession of glittering and busy offices with the "empty barrel" of Adams, the "very Silly Image" of Warren, the "mean contemptible pageant" of Gray, we wonder if there is yet truth to be disinterred. Patriotic legend shows us the glowing colors of the portrait. His contemporary critics show us the dull drab canvas of the back. Where, between them, if at all, lies the reality of that bit of self-conscious sentience that was once the living being John Hancock? Shall we ever know or was John Adams right?

THE NARROW BED

BY ADA ALDEN

I MURMURED *so because the bed was narrow;*
And we must have a wider one, I said.
Poignant the weary patience of your tone,
"There will be room enough for one alone."

Strange how the teeth of small sharp things will harrow
The deep night ceaselessly.
Oh, straiter now your bed and far more narrow,
Yet there is room for me.



GOOD WEDNESDAY

A STORY

BY KATHARINE BRUSH

IT WAS a Wednesday. Weekdays in Miss Annie Baxter's life were all pretty much alike; and it might as well have been a Tuesday, or a Thursday, or even a Saturday. But it wasn't—it was a Wednesday. I feel that I should stress this, because Miss Baxter would have. She was herself a storyteller, and the name of the day upon which a thing happened was of tremendous, of vital importance to her. Indeed, her mind sometimes mislaid the anecdote altogether, in the heat of a let-me-see-was-it-a-Thursday-or-was-it-a-Friday debate.

This, then, was a Wednesday. Miss Baxter awoke punctually at six-fifty-nine, and shut off her alarm clock set for seven. She always beat the clock thus. Only once in a year or more had it roused her. It had been fast. The shock to her nerves had ruined Miss Baxter's whole day.

She got out of bed. She wore a white cotton nightgown with sleeves and a round neck, threaded through and puckered at the throat with blue baby ribbon. She was tall and gaunt in the nightgown, and her bare feet were long and very flat on the floor—they formed capital letter L's with her thin ankles. You were surprised to see that she had slept all night, and apparently perfectly well, with ten or a dozen water-wave combs, bound round with a veil, on her head.

She was not a young woman. She admitted that herself. She said, "I'm forty-three, and I don't make any bones about it"—a proud boast, but inaccu-

rate. She was fifty-one. The hair under the combs was gray and sparse, and Miss Baxter's skin was grayish, and her forehead was deep-grooved from lifting her eyebrows about things. She had sharp, small gray-green eyes, before which she now put shell-rimmed glasses. The rims of the glasses were very light—"champagne-colored" the optician had called them. "Or pale lemon," he had amended hastily, seeing Miss Baxter frown.

Through the glasses she could discern her bedroom slippers—black leather slippers with pom-poms, although the pom-pom was off one. A client of Miss Baxter's, one Mrs. Doctor Means, had given her the slippers a year ago Christmas. Putting them on, Miss Baxter thought of Mrs. Doctor Means. She was due to shampoo Mrs. Means to-day at three-thirty, and to cut her, and maybe to dye her. Then again, maybe not. Mrs. Means yearned to be dyed, but was scared of the Doctor.

"As if he'd notice!" Miss Baxter scoffed to herself. "He's so beggied with that dish-faced nurse of his, he don't notice *anything*! I could tell her that." And, indeed, Miss Baxter had all but told Mrs. Means that on several occasions. A hint, she had felt, was the duty of a friend.

This was a cool morning for June. Miss Baxter closed the window—but in much more time than it takes to tell it. She had neighbors, near ones; the windows of the house next door were but a few feet away. Miss Baxter ap-

proached her window sideways, along the wall—she sneaked up on it, and flashing out an arm, jerked down the shade. This done, she advanced, reached up underneath with both arms, and lowered the window. It was a breathless moment. She would never forget the day when the shade had suddenly rolled back up of itself, all the way to the top, and left her framed for the world to see in her nightgown.

To-day she had caught an oblique glimpse of something on a window sill next door, and when her own window was shut she applied one eye to a little hole that there happened to be in the shade, just about at eye-level. She was able to discover that the thing on the opposite sill was a square white florist's box. For some reason this appeared to anger Miss Baxter. She sniffed. It was plain that the sight of the box conveyed more to her than it would have to you or to me, and that she disapproved strongly of the whole business.

While she was dressing the telephone rang. Miss Baxter, over her neat white camisole and petticoat donned a dressing-gown of blue cotton crepe, embroidered with storks—another Christmas present from another customer—and hurried downstairs. The telephone stood on a table in the hall, with an appointment book beside it, and a gayly painted flat wooden doll hiding all but the mouthpiece, which protruded from the doll's green bodice.

Miss Baxter seated herself on the chair beside the telephone. She lifted the receiver delicately and held it to her ear, but she did not say "Hello." She did not say anything. It was not her number that had rung, but the Henry Biddles' number—one long ring and two short. Miss Baxter listened attentively to a conversation between Mrs. Henry Biddle and the milk company. It seemed that the milk company had no whipping cream, but expected to have some later in the day. Mrs. Biddle wanted it by noon. She was promised it by noon, and she and Miss Baxter, in

the order named, rang off. Miss Baxter went back upstairs and finished dressing.

She came down again presently, wearing a dark-blue dress with dots in it. A crepe de chine dress. It was a matter of pride with her to work in crepe de chine dresses. She was no uniformed hairdresser—she was a lady who took care of other ladies' hair. She was as good as anybody in town, and better than most. She wanted this understood, and it was understood and always had been. She was the departed Deacon Baxter's daughter Annie—Miss Baxter to you.

She owned this house she lived in and she owned a bouncing little car, in which she drove herself from appointment to appointment. She had no "shoppe," no professional parlor, here or anywhere. She carried her implements in a battered leather dressing-case, and did her work in her various clients' homes. Sometimes she was asked to stay for a cup of coffee or a bite to eat, or for a meal if the man of the house was absent. Her clients' husbands were accustomed to avoid Miss Baxter. Miss Baxter said they daren't face her—she knew too much about them.

Arriving for the second time that morning in her lower hall, she unlocked, unchained, and unbolted the front door and opened it. Her copy of the *Daily Herald* lay on the porch, rolled tight and twisted and tossed up there from the sidewalk. She emitted a sound of impatience when she saw it. How many times, she wondered, had she told that little Mooney boy not to roll her paper, and not to twist it, and not to throw it, but to bring it up the steps and lay it down flat like a little man?

She unrolled the paper standing in her doorway, looking up and down the street meanwhile. The street was called Green Street. It was an ordinary thoroughfare lined with unpretentious houses, and with timid maple trees in wire cages, which apparently gave it its name. Miss Baxter, however, found the scenery fascinating. There were the

new awnings on the house directly across—those in particular. Miss Baxter had not known that the O'Neills contemplated new awnings, and she had somehow failed to note them when she came home last evening.

They were quite a shock. Miss Baxter's hands on the newspaper stopped, arrested. She stared at the awnings. She counted those she could see. How many awnings were there in all, and what did awnings cost? Whatever they cost, they cost more than Frank O'Neill ought to be spending—owing everybody the way he did. On behalf of Mr. O'Neill's creditors, of whom Miss Baxter was not one, she resented the awnings bitterly.

"Stripes!" she snorted, under her breath. She would have been pained to know how like profanity it sounded.

She went in, and prepared her breakfast—an orange, some oatmeal, two soft-boiled eggs, toast, marmalade, caffeineless coffee. She set the dining-room table very nicely for herself. You would never catch Miss Annie Baxter eating in the kitchen. She had an electric percolator and an electric toaster from which at intervals the slices of tanned bread sprang forth, making a loud noise about it. Miss Baxter, though she had had this toaster for two years now, always jumped at the noise—though her hand no longer flew to her breast in terror.

She munched, and read the *Herald*, beginning with the society page. This she found unusually meaty and engrossing. Sometimes there wasn't so much, except of course the club meetings, and the column called "Brief Mention," in which, in individual two-line paragraphs, were listed all the ladies who had been to Cleveland shopping. Miss Baxter herself, in the past, had twice appeared under "Brief Mention." She had both clippings in an envelope somewhere. One of them said, "Miss Annie Baxter of Green Street was a Cleveland shopper Saturday." The other, of a later date, said, "Among those shopping in Cleve-

land yesterday was Miss Annie Baxter of Green Street"—only her name was misspelled. It was "Baxten," through some regrettable error.

To-day there was much news. There were shoppers galore, and there were travelers off on trips, and there were convalescent invalids doing well, and there were house guests. Mrs. Archie Weller had entertained a few friends yesterday in honor of her house guest Mrs. S. K. Speare of East Clinton; auction bridge had been enjoyed. The Busy Bees had met with Mrs. Homer Matthews at the latter's beautiful residence on Fairview Boulevard, which was tastefully decorated with daisies and asters. Miss Elsie Corelli of West End, whose marriage to William Sleeper would be celebrated on June 26, had been surprised by her many friends with a tin shower Monday evening. This afternoon Mrs. Henry Biddle would entertain the Hearts and Spades at her pleasant home on Green Street—

"Ah!" thought Miss Baxter. That explained the whipping cream.

Finally, there was a wedding announcement. It was not prominently displayed—it was what the newspaper people call "buried," and what Miss Baxter called "tucked away off down in one corner." She did not see it at all until she had almost finished her breakfast, and her first thought was the appalling one that she might have missed it entirely. This thought came and went. Miss Baxter, tense, was concentrating. She was sitting on the edge of her chair, her face was close to the paper, and both her hands were flattening the page, holding it smooth on the table, so that no slightest wrinkle should come between Miss Baxter and the enlightenment now dawning on her.

What she read was brief. Mrs. Sarah Micou of High Street announced the marriage of her daughter, Annabelle, to James Kendall of Fairview Heights. Unbeknownst to their families or friends, the popular young couple had eloped and been married in Columbus last March—

"I don't believe it!" Miss Baxter cried aloud excitedly.

Since there was no one to hear her, she seemed to feel it unnecessary to explain exactly what it was that she did not believe. She said nothing more aloud, for several minutes. She reread the item many times. An expression almost beatific settled over her countenance—to be supplanted in turn by a crafty, a calculating expression. Miss Baxter raised her eyes from the paper and fixed them, unseeing, on the opposite wall. Her fingers drummed on the table's edge. Or perhaps they counted. Abruptly, triumphantly, Miss Baxter laughed.

"December, eh," she said.

She threw the newspaper aside, took a hasty final gulp of coffee, and got up from the table, patting her mouth with her napkin as she rose. At a brisk clip, almost at a canter, she made her way to the telephone, where in the ensuing quarter of an hour she called up half a dozen ladies to ask if they had seen about Annabelle, and what they thought.

Four of them had found the item, two by chance and two by direction; and they thought just what Miss Baxter thought. They agreed that it was as plain as the nose on your face. There was no doubt about it. One of them said, indeed, that her sister Isabel had said that Cora Frazee, who worked in the Big Store, in the hat department, had told somebody that one of the customers—Cora wouldn't say who—knew a man who was a clerk at the county courthouse, and that this man, who knew both of them by sight, had with his own two eyes beheld Annabelle and Young James Kendall getting a marriage license only last Friday.

Miss Baxter may perhaps be pardoned for her failure to remember quite all the links in this chain of evidence. When she repeated it to Mrs. Doctor Means three minutes later—"I had to call you up, I knew you wouldn't want to wait till this afternoon to hear about it"—Miss Baxter's version was a simplified

one. She had the truth, she said, direct from a clerk at the county courthouse, who knew both Annabelle and the Kendall boy very, very well.

"In fact, he used to go with Annabelle himself," Miss Baxter added on a sudden inspiration. "So it looks as if there can't have been any mistake."

An attempt to telephone Cora Frazee was vain. Miss Baxter tried not once, but three or four times. The line was busy. "She's just buzzing about it," Miss Baxter thought acidly.

She forgot Cora Frazee. She made a bold, a dramatic decision. She would call up Mrs. Sarah Micou, the mother of the bride. After all, why not? What could be more natural? Miss Baxter and Mrs. Micou were bosom friends.

"I'll just congratulate her," Miss Baxter thought with a gleam in her eye, "and see what she says."

But there was no answer at the Micous'. Miss Baxter waited a long time, and twice asked if the operator was surely ringing the right number. "Yeah—Micous'," the operator said knowingly, the second time. "I'm ringing 'em all right, but they don't answer."

Thus to the things Miss Baxter could tell you about the Micou-Kendall nuptials was added the fact that Sarah Micou was crushed by the shame and disgrace. She had locked herself into her house. She didn't want to see anybody. She couldn't even bring herself to answer the telephone.

The day had begun well and it continued better. Mrs. Ed Bletzer of Walnut street, whose iron-gray boyish bob Miss Baxter treated with oil and washed and "set" from nine until ten-thirty, was most satisfactory. In the first place, she had not heard the news. She hadn't heard a thing. Miss Baxter, still short of breath from mounting the stairs, had to sit right down and give the agog Mrs. Bletzer every last detail before Mrs. Bletzer would suffer her hair to be touched.

"No, no—wait," this client directed,

when Miss Baxter tentatively opened her implement case. "Go on. You say they were married yesterday. When? Morning or afternoon?"

"Afternoon," said Miss Baxter, with the conviction of an eye-witness. And indeed, she was rapidly becoming one in her mind.

By the time they got around to the oil treatment, Mrs. Bletzer not only possessed full knowledge of the Micou case—she was able to throw new light on it. Miss Baxter was enthralled to learn that at a recent party Mrs. Bletzer's niece, Ellen, had given, Annabelle Micou had burst into tears for no reason at all. Also, according to Mrs. Bletzer, James Kendall had been trying to borrow money of late. In other words—the unanimous other words of both the ladies—he had been trying, manlike, to skip out of town.

Armed with these colorful additional revelations, Miss Baxter started for Miss Nellie Coe's. Miss Coe, aged fifty, lived with her invalid mother, aged seventy-nine, in half a house on Ohio Avenue. Miss Coe was awaiting Miss Baxter on the porch. "Well, I thought you'd never come!" she called, as Miss Baxter was parking her car. And from old Mrs. Coe's open windows on the second floor issued a hopeful voice, "Is that Annie, Nellie? Tell her to bring her things up here."

"Momma wants me to have the wave in her room," Miss Coe explained. "She wants to hear all about it, too."

Miss Baxter was quite a tease at times. "All about what?" she asked roguishly.

Miss Coe, however, declined to be teased at a time like this. "You know perfectly well about what," she retorted, and hustled Miss Baxter upstairs.

It was at the Coes' that Mrs. Ed Bletzer, all unwitting, was added to the day's feature story, as a humorous touch. "I was at Mrs. Bletzer's before I came here," Miss Baxter related, "and, well, you would have died! Remember her daughter Gertrude, when she was mar-

ried? That was the summer of twenty-two. No—no, I'm wrong. I beg your pardon. The summer of twenty-three it was. I remember now. It was the same summer I had my appendix. Anyway. Where was I? Oh. Well. So here was Mrs. Bletzer asking all about Annabelle, and saying 'Tch! Tch!' and carrying on, pretending to be so shocked—when everybody knows the same thing happened to her own daughter! Well! *Laugh?* I declare, I had all I could do to keep my face straight!"

The Coes snickered appreciatively, and Miss Nellie, who was fond of flapper phraseology, said, "Oh, I *love* that!" Mrs. Coe from her pillows said that that was a good one all right. Miss Baxter, nodding modestly, stood twirling her marcelling iron. "It was a scream," she said, to sum it up.

There was a short pause, while their smiles faded. Then Miss Nellie Coe observed thoughtfully, "That was never proved—or proven, I should say—was it? About Gertrude, I mean. I mean she didn't have the baby after all."

"Oh, well, my *dear!*" Miss Baxter said, scornful of this naïveté. "If you want the truth of the matter—"

She lowered her voice and spoke insignificantly for some moments.

"I know it for a fact," she said at last aloud.

So that was settled.

Miss Baxter spent so much time upon Miss Coe's marcel, what with letting the irons get too hot while she talked and then cooling them till they were cold, that she was obliged to telephone young Mrs. Billy Lansing, and cancel her appointment for quarter of twelve. "Something important has come up," Miss Baxter said. "I can't get there to-day."

She was just as well pleased. Young Mrs. Billy Lansing was uncommunicative. Miss Baxter found this a tiresome characteristic of the young in general. They said "Yes" and "No." They said, "Don't ask me, Miss Baxter, I don't know a thing about it"—when

you knew they did. Young Mrs. Billy Lansing, moreover, wasn't even attentive, and what she did listen to she didn't believe. She said, "Oh, that's all birdseed!" Miss Baxter always made short work of her.

Miss Baxter had dinner with Miss Coe. Dinner was at noon in their town. Miss Baxter and Miss Coe dined leisurely from twelve to one-thirty conversing meanwhile. They had by this time thoroughly covered the chief current topic, but there were sundry secondary topics, and they dealt in these.

It was give and take. Miss Baxter gave this morning's box of flowers on the next-door window sill, which she declared were sent to the youngest Pettin-gill girl by a married man; and Miss Coe came back with a moonlight swimming party, very scandalous, said to have taken place last Sunday night in Adèle Brierly's pool. Miss Baxter presented a rumor to the effect that Nelson Lansing, who sang in the choir, had had his hair permanent-waved; and Miss Coe supplied a list of the names of those seen petting in parked cars during a recent private dance at the Country Club.

Late developments in the affairs of Doctor Means and the dish-faced nurse were traded by Miss Baxter for a baby Miss Coe predicted and a divorce she practically promised—a fair exchange. Miss Baxter then offered the O'Neills' new awnings, and Miss Coe, much exercised, revealed the fact that the sum of thirty dollars was owed by Frank O'Neill to her brother, Charlie Coe, and had been ever since a poker game last January.

This was more than a fair exchange. Miss Baxter had not known that Charlie Coe played poker. At Mrs. Herbert Jameson's, whither she hastened at quarter of two, she said to Mrs. Jameson that Charlie Coe had taken to gambling—"and carousing," she added smoothly, for the two verbs went together.

"Nellie told me herself," Miss Baxter said, that that might be that. "Just now. I just came from there."

The effect of these tidings upon Mrs. Jameson was unforeseen, and unfortunate. Mrs. Jameson was interested, to be sure; but she was much more. She was anxious, alarmed, upset. It occurred to Miss Baxter belatedly that Charlie Coe was a dentist. He was Mrs. Jameson's dentist, it appeared.

"'Carousing'?" Mrs. Jameson repeated shrilly. "You mean he *drinks*?"

This was annoying.

"Well, he plays poker," said Miss Baxter. "He gambles. It was the gambling I was thinking of specially—"

But it was not the gambling Mrs. Jameson was thinking of specially. "I don't mind that—that doesn't affect his work," she pointed out, and persisted heatedly, "but he ought not to drink! He ought not to drink a drop! A dentist ought to be sober as a judge!"

"That's true," said Miss Baxter, "but—"

"Of course it's true! Why, it's only safe and sane! How can he have a steady hand in the morning if he guzzles liquor all night? Oh, dear," wailed Mrs. Jameson, "now I'm going to worry myself sick! I'm supposed to go to him first thing to-morrow morning—and what if he's been drunk to-night? I just know he'll pull the wrong tooth or something!"

Miss Baxter during this outburst had twice cleared her throat. She now spoke quickly. "Oh, well, really, I don't know as he drinks as much as all that," she said, and laughed. "He gambles, I know. But maybe he doesn't drink, exactly. Most likely he doesn't drink at all to speak of. I—"

"But you said he carouses!" Mrs. Jameson had heard Miss Baxter the first time. She had no patience with amendments and revisions. "You're just trying to stick up for him!" she cried accusingly. "You know it's true. Nellie told you herself, didn't she? His own sister—"

"Well, but maybe she was exaggerating," Miss Baxter suggested. "You know Nellie, how she imagines things."

Mrs. Jameson, however, ignored this.

"His eyes are puffy," she said darkly, "now that I think of it. They're puffy." She thought of another thing, and emitted a triumphant squeak. "And do you know what he did to Mrs. Ives one time? He broke a needle right in her tooth! He said—" Mrs. Jameson put the emphasis where she felt it belonged, "—he *said* it was a defective needle. Hmph! I guess so! A defective dentist is more like it!"

Mrs. Jameson was convinced. Her conviction, though new, was absolute, it was unshakable; and it began to communicate itself to Miss Baxter. The more Mrs. Jameson said—and Mrs. Jameson was voluble—the more clearly Miss Baxter perceived that, after all, she had been right. Intuitively right. It often happened.

She felt much better. Not for anything in the world would Miss Baxter have wronged Charlie Coe, done him professional injury, if he had not deserved it. But a dentist whose dissipations were such that on the mornings-after he broke needles in people's molars, and peered at them with puffy eyes, and tried his best to fit goodness-only-knew-whose gold inlay into Mrs. Jameson's wisdom tooth, as Mrs. Jameson now insisted Charlie once had—that dentist not only deserved, but demanded, exposure. If his practice suffered, it was his own fault. Miss Baxter's conscience troubled her no more.

"After all," she said comfortably, "they all drink like fishes when they play poker. It's part of it."

Mrs. Jameson exclaimed that she guessed you didn't have to tell *her* that! As instance, in passing, she enjoined Miss Baxter to take her neighbor Mr. Anderson: "He plays four and five nights a week somewhere, and comes home late—and I just wish you'd hear him try to get his car in his garage!"

"Wait!" said Miss Baxter tensely. "Let me get this straight. Is it Harry Anderson you're speaking of? Or Arthur?"

"Arthur," grunted Mrs. Jameson.

"Arthur!" exulted Miss Baxter, and thus a new conversational vein was tapped. What Miss Baxter knew about Arthur lasted them until she left.

It was then three-thirty. En route from Mrs. Jameson's to Mrs. Doctor Means', Miss Baxter thought again of the moral decline of Charlie Coe. She thought, among other things, that she wouldn't have believed it of him—he was such a quiet little man, so meek-appearing. "It just goes to show you, though," Miss Baxter mused. "'Murder will out', as I've always— Oh, good heavens!" she protested abruptly aloud. "Have I got a flat tire?"

She had. She had the flattest possible right rear tire. She would have to telephone the garage. For a moment Miss Baxter considered telephoning from her cousin Emily Mason's house, which luckily was very near. On second thought, however, she decided not to bother Emily. She climbed back into the car, and upon the flat tire drove resolutely, though slowly, for perhaps a quarter of a mile—stopping again finally, with an effect of complete breakdown, before a low white house with a green thatched roof. This was the home of a Mr. and Mrs. Warburton, from Chicago. Miss Baxter had always wondered what it was like inside.

Mrs. Warburton was not in, but the local maid-servant who opened the door thought it would be all right for Miss Baxter to use the telephone. Miss Baxter called the garage and asked them to come and change the tire. She was a little vague with them, being so pre-occupied. Once she absent-mindedly said, "Chinese rug" for "inner tube."

"Bring a new Chinese rug with you," said Miss Baxter.

She proceeded on foot to Mrs. Means' house. The coupé would presently follow. Miss Baxter had lingered long enough to see the garage mechanic arrive, to show him which tire was flat, and to extort from him a promise that, when he had repaired it, he would drive

the car along and leave it under Mrs. Means' porte-cochère.

Miss Baxter hurried now. Her implement case banged her speeding knee—though it must be confessed that she did not appear to know it. Her thoughts were elsewhere. To be exact, they were still at the Warburtons'. Miss Baxter was memorizing for future reference a list of items of interest—notable among them a cigarette stub with lipstick at the tip, lying in an ash-tray; Mrs. Warburton's bank statement for May, open on a desk; and a black and white crayon drawing, hanging right there on the wall in a frame, of a woman without a stitch on her.

"And children in the house!" Miss Baxter thought, striding along. "Little children! There ought to be a *law*."

So, in fine fettle, she at last reached Mrs. Means, who all day long had been looking forward to her. Mrs. Means wore a changeable pink-and-lavender taffeta dressing-gown, quite new. She would not be shampooed in it, but she wanted Miss Baxter to see it on and to tell her frankly whether it suited her. Mrs. Means was short and squat, and had a little hair, mostly gray. She had gray brows, shaped weekly by Miss Baxter with the tweezers and blackened by Mrs. Means when she was going to a bridge party.

Mrs. Means had large and very prominent front teeth, that when she smiled looked somewhat too carnivorous for your comfort. She had eager eyes, and was a spellbound listener. She was also an expert finisher of other people's sentences—it did not do to pause for breath when addressing Mrs. Means. She knew, and said, what you were going to say. This irritated some people. It irritated Miss Baxter. "Look here, Harriet!" she would exclaim, "Who's telling this?"

They were great cronies. The truth was that Miss Baxter always had more to tell Mrs. Means than there was time for—hence her peevishness at interpolations, however helpfully meant. To-

day was no exception. Miss Baxter had so much to tell Mrs. Means that, as she said herself, "I could talk on and on—"

"All night!" Mrs. Means concluded for her automatically. She emitted an ecstatic chuckle. "Well, *start!*" she commanded, settling herself. "Start with Annabelle Micou."

So Miss Baxter started with Annabelle Micou. . . .

This was at four o'clock. At quarter of six Miss Baxter, still speaking, and Mrs. Means, still listening raptly, emerged together from Mrs. Means' bedroom and descended the staircase to the front door. Miss Baxter was on her way home. "And not only that!" she was saying. "He takes laughing gas in the daytime. Every time he feels the craving coming on him, and he hasn't got a drink around any place, he goes back into that little back office and takes a whiff of laughing gas, and then of course he's drunk as a lord again."

Miss Baxter, then Mrs. Means, passed onto the porch, and there halted. It was to be seen that Mrs. Means' eyebrows had been tweezered, for the skin around them looked raw, and that her hair had been shampooed, for obviously you couldn't do a thing with it. It had not been dyed. Again Mrs. Means had lost her courage. She was still afraid of the Doctor, she had explained apologetically. She didn't know what on earth the Doctor would say.

Miss Baxter had held her temper and her tongue. It was difficult, for Mrs. Means had been vacillating thus for months and months, in a manner to try the patience of a saint. Not only that: to-day was to have been The Day, and Miss Baxter accordingly had promised all previous clients that a treat was in store for them, a spectacle of spectacles—they were to see poor old Harriet Means with her hair dyed black, if they could imagine such a thing.

"Now they'll think I was lying," had been Miss Baxter's aggrieved thought. Her integrity was very precious to her.

Nevertheless, she had controlled herself, she had refrained from giving Mrs. Means the piece of her mind she longed to give her; and no doubt she would have continued to refrain, for the nonce at least, if Mrs. Means, in parting, had not brought it all up again. Mrs. Means was now saying that maybe the next time Miss Baxter came, they would dye the hair. She was once more explaining her timidity heretofore.

"You don't know husbands," she informed Miss Baxter. "You don't know how they are about things."

Miss Baxter's temper snapped quite suddenly.

Mrs. Means continued, "He'd probably kill me—"

"Nonsense!" Miss Baxter exploded furiously. "For goodness' sake, Harriet, stop being so simple! He *likes* black hair!"

She paused to allow Mrs. Means to remember that the dish-faced nurse's hair was black. Mrs. Means, however, if she remembered, made nothing of it. Her expression was meek and wondering, and even hopeful. She seemed on the point of saying, "Do you really think he does?"

Miss Baxter's rage increased. "He wouldn't 'kill' you!" she cried scathingly. "Don't flatter yourself! The chances are he wouldn't even notice your hair was different!" She glowered at Mrs. Means. "Listen!" she commanded, and took a quick breath: "He's got *other things* to think about—I'll tell you *that*!"

The nod with which Miss Baxter punctuated this declaration was impressive. It was a single jerk that must have rattled the teeth in her head. She wheeled then and tramped down the four porch steps. "I may not know husbands," she shot back over her shoulder at the blinking Mrs. Means, "but I know *that*!"

The coupé stood at the foot of the steps, under the porte-cochère. It quivered and creaked with Miss Baxter's climbing in. She slammed the door and

rattled the keys that hung on a chain from the switch. She looked through the window. Mrs. Means at the top of the steps was still staring at her.

"Well, good-by," Miss Baxter said sardonically.

She started the engine. She had her hand on the brake, releasing it, when Mrs. Means abruptly called out, "Wait! Wait just a minute!"

Miss Baxter waited. Mrs. Means hurried down the steps and confronted the window. She seized the frame with her hands. She was troubled now, Miss Baxter saw. Her eyes were uneasy, fearful, under the reddened, slightly swollen brows.

"Annie," she said. "What do you mean? What 'other things'?"

Miss Baxter regarded her thoughtfully.

"You mean his practice, don't you?" Mrs. Means said, on a pleading note. "His work. That's what you mean, isn't it?"

Miss Baxter's wrath had abated, evidently. She smiled, and her answering voice was gentle. "Why, of course, Harriet," she said. "What else would I mean? His work at the hospital, and his office hours, and his outside patients—and all the time he spends with his nurse. . . . Those things keep him busy," Miss Baxter finished blandly. "He's a busy man. That's all I meant."

She put her car in gear. "I've got to run along now, dear," she said. "It's almost supper-time."

She left Mrs. Means to think it over.

Miss Baxter was tired when she got home. It had been a busy day. All days were busy days except the Sabbath, and she was always tired at supper-time. She did not mind. This was a good, a peaceful weariness. It was contentment. "Something accomplished, something done."

She prepared a casual meal of tea and salad and sardines, and bread and butter, and ate it slowly, restfully, in the quiet dining room. She sat there long, in pleasant reverie.

The clock on the dining-room mantel, striking, roused her. Seven o'clock. "Here!" Miss Baxter said aloud. She jumped up briskly. "I'd better get a move on. I'll be late."

She folded her napkin and rolled it and slipped it into the silver ring marked "Annie," that she had had since she was five. She cleared the table hurriedly and crumbed it with her hands, bearing the crumbs in one palm to the window sill. "There, little birds," she said. She put the butter in the icebox, and the napkin and the sugar bowl on the sideboard. She did not wash the dishes. What few there were could wait.

All this took but a moment. Miss Baxter rinsed her hands and dried them and left the kitchen, passing through the dining room to the parlor. Here there was an immense black desk that had been her father's, wide as the opposite sofa, high as the windows.

Miss Baxter opened the desk, revealing pigeonholes neat with papers. She pulled up a straight chair, and sat on the edge of it. There was not much time, but she had a little note to write. A note to Annabelle Micou, the bride.

She addressed the envelope first. She did not write the address, but printed it, in black ink on a plain stamped envelope. "Mrs. James Kendall, care Mrs. Sarah Micou, High Street, City." She looked at it carefully. It looked all right. Wouldn't it be better, though, to misspell "Micou" somehow—say, to put a "k" after the "c"?

She believed it would be better. She destroyed the first attempt, tearing it to atoms, and took out another plain stamped envelope and tried again. This time she was satisfied. They would never guess now. She put the envelope aside to dry.

She printed the note as well. Miss Baxter was an experienced printer. She could make the letters straight and schooled, or crude and sprawling. These were sprawling. There were three short lines, that for all their brevity, almost covered a piece of blue-ruled composi-

tion paper. There were two words to the first line, two to the second, two to the third. "THE WAGES—OF SIN—IS DEATH!" the note read, and the final word was huge and black and underscored heavily to the foot of the page.

Miss Baxter added more exclamation points, and a signature. The signature gave her some trouble. "One Who Knows" would not quite do. She nibbled the end of her pen for a moment, and then printed simply "A Friend."

On the whole, she was pleased with the note. The message was one she had sent sometimes before to people who needed it, but never before to Annabelle Micou. "'The wages of sin is death,'" Miss Baxter repeated sonorously, folding the letter. Her voice had gusto, but her eyebrows drew together in a frown. Why "is"? Why not, "The wages *are*"? That always worried her.

She sealed the letter, and closed the desk again. It was quarter past seven now, by the clock in the hall. Miss Baxter rushed up the staircase, leaving the letter on the newel-post where she would not fail to see it and take it along with her to mail. Annabelle should have it first thing in the morning.

She was upstairs but a very short time, during which her rapid footsteps could be heard circulating overhead. She reappeared wearing a ladylike lavender hat and a white silk dress, and clutching a small black book with gilt-edged leaves and a cross on the cover, and a sealed manila envelope containing a contribution. To this handful she added the letter from the newel-post as she passed. Her free hand wrenched the knob of the front door. . . .

Miss Baxter was bound for prayer meeting, for this was Wednesday evening. Tired as she was from her strenuous day, she could not have remained at home. Miss Baxter was very devout. She always had been. "Other people," she often said, "can stay away from divine worship. But I don't know *how* they can! I couldn't—and feel right with God."



BEFORE RAIN—CHARTRES

BY KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

THERE is a windless stillness in this place.
The canopy of coming rain is cool,
The air is like the surface of a pool
In which sounds drop like pebbles out of space.
The sound of children's voices, clear and high
Like passing birds that twitter in their talk,
The tap of wooden shoes across the walk,
And call of rooks against the autumn sky.
Sounds fall and echo and are lost again.
The silver circle of a cloister bell
Troubles the pool a moment, then is still.
The sky draws closer, and the curtained rain
Holding the breathless silence of this spell
Falls softly on the roofs below the hill.

Before this speechless eloquence of stone
The little sound of human life is lost;
Great rhythms here are crossed and intercrossed.
This is a harmony that we have known
Deeper than any sense of blood or bone,
A lifting exaltation rising, tossed
Into a spire; a surging passion forced
To stand as pillars where the arch is thrown.
The great walls mount tier upon high tier swelling
Like rapture in the soul. The deep carved doors
Lead inward to that center place of dwelling
Ever the secret heart of man explores.
Above untouched by time, the Rose full blown
Blossoms forever in enduring stone.

Close the doors gently on the dropping rain.
Under this vaulted height the light is soft,
Falling upon us from a space aloft
As if a sudden sun had come again.
Colors that are not of the earth or sky
Gleam through the jewelled facets of this glass,
Where once a miracle had come to pass
And now remains for ages to defy.
This is the spirit of these massive walls,
For this the arches stand, the towers reach.
And where the radiance of this color falls
Is a communion beyond need of speech.
This is the aspiration, and the strong
Pæan of praise, the Triumph, and the Song.



THE REAL VALUE OF THE LEAGUE

BY GILBERT MURRAY

THE League of Nations may or may not be effective. It is certainly indispensable. It would not now be possible to conduct the affairs of the civilized world in peace for any length of time without the League any more than it would be possible to keep up the necessary communications between men in different countries without an International Postal Union. If there were no International Postal Union patriotic politicians in Ruritania would soon discover that their own country was carrying more than its share of letters and parcels, while their neighbor Jabberwockia was carrying much less than its share. The Jabberwockians would produce figures to show that these statements were the very contrary of the truth and threw a lurid light on the political ambitions of Ruritania. Besides which, certain Ruritanian letters that had been opened and examined by the Jabberwockian authorities showed conclusively. . . "And what right had they to open our letters?" would the Ruritanians reply; and so on and so on, through all the tedious commonplaces of international wrangles. Obviously you must have an international organization if you want your letters to go regularly to and fro. And a defender of the International Postal Union would be making a great mistake if he based his defense on an argument that the mail service never went wrong, or had detected so many frauds, or achieved such and such remarkable successes in particular cases. Again, if it were proposed to abolish the House of Representatives in America or the House of Commons in England, it

could be risky to base the defense of either on the number of wise and good acts which it had passed, and the remarkable absence of unwise ones. The justification for the existence of these representative bodies is simply that a modern democracy cannot get on without them.

People who attack the League of Nations always want to have a list of the positive good deeds of the League; and its defenders are generally beguiled into trotting out the disputes which it has succeeded in settling after other means had failed, and the wars or germs of wars which it has stopped at the last moment: how it sent the Serbian army back out of Albania in November 1921; how it prevented the forcible annexation of Corfu by Italy in 1923; how it stopped the invasion of Bulgaria by Greece in 1925 when the first big battle had almost begun. They add the peaceful decision about the Aaland Isles, and the Mosul frontier—cases which might easily have led to war between Sweden and Finland or perhaps Russia, and between Great Britain and Turkey; less proudly, they point to the prevention of the war between Poland and Lithuania and its transformation into a perennial unseemly wrangle in which at least no blood is shed. They produce the various conciliations brought about by the Council and international disputes settled by the International Court. These points are all sound; but they do not confute the determined skeptic. He can always argue that the wars in question were between small nations and could have been stopped quite as imperatively and

suddenly by the intervention of one Great Power, or that the problems before the Court were largely concerned with minute points which no one would go to war about. The League has by that time been maneuvered on to wrong ground, the sort of ground on which no human institution could successfully defend itself. If the League cannot instantly assert and enforce its sovereign will against any strong power or combination of powers it is futile and ineffective. If it could do so it would be a superstate and an intolerable tyranny.

II

Let us get away from these wrangles and try to envisage the general problem of what is really wanted for the peaceful and satisfactory management of the world's affairs. In a sense it is world government that is wanted; or rather, since most of human affairs are more or less efficiently controlled by the various national governments, it is some provision for settling without too much friction the residue, large and always increasing, which is outside the control of national governments. One must not expect perfection. Even inside the most civilized nations, where the machine of administration has been improved and improved for centuries, and all the conditions are favorable, the government of large masses of men is a job very poorly done. Party politics is a method which would ruin any practical business firm. Law is expensive and not always satisfactory. The best men are seldom very powerful, and even the worst criminals sometimes get away. One must not expect the "ersatz" government which we contrive for the unprotected parts of human society to be better or quite so good. All that is absolutely necessary is that it should seem at least preferable to anarchy in the eyes of the average man.

That is the basis on which all government really rests: it must be better than the obvious alternative. How far the

element of force, as an eventual sanction, enters into the count is a curiously elusive psychological question; but it is certainly not the main element, not even in the countries which are popularly said to be "held by force." In India, for example, before the War, when the British forces were stronger than now, the proportion of Englishmen to native Indians was rather less than one in four thousand. One man cannot keep down four thousand by force. He cannot govern four thousand unless the four thousand, on the whole, find it less troublesome and disagreeable to live under such government than to take the risk and trouble of rebelling against it for the sake of some alternative. On the other hand, in Ireland, where there was in the majority of the people a real determination not to be governed by Great Britain, the immensely superior force of Great Britain was not enough to keep the government going. To take a third case, I remember before the War a certain foreigner from a despotically governed country looking over a private rifle-range in Sussex and observing with astonishment, "But there is nothing to prevent the populace getting hold of the rifles!" Nor was there, except that they did not want to.

This is not to say that force is of no importance whatever. It seems to be necessary somewhere in the background, and the more overwhelming it is the better, because the less likely it is ever to be used. But it certainly is not important in the foreground of government. To criticize the League on the ground that it could not prevent one first-class Power, or at any rate two first-class Powers in conjunction, from making war if they really were determined to do so is to utter a meaningless truism. The answer is that the League's business is so to arrange international business that no nations, great or small, are "determined to make war." Suppose the people of Scotland were unanimously or by a vast majority determined to make war on England; suppose the peo-

ple of Massachusetts were determined to wash out in blood the wrongs they had suffered at the hands of Vermont, nobody could stop them. But the point is that they are not. No such idea ever occurs to them.

The League of Nations has had to deal with a situation in which the cohesive force is vastly weaker than it is inside any single country and the reasons for a quarrel infinitely more acute; and one measure of its success is that in no country at all is there a majority, or anything like a majority, which desires war. The League has not yet established the same sort of solid unquestioned peace as a matter of course which subsists inside the United States or the United Kingdom; but it is worth while remembering that Sir Henry Wilson, the British Commander-in-Chief, said soon after the Peace of 1919 that he knew of thirteen separate wars ready to burst out in Europe in the next ten years. The ten years have passed and there has been no war. On the whole, the knowledge that at the League every nation can get its case fairly heard, and decided with some decent approximation to justice, together with the risk involved in antagonizing the whole League by a breach of the Covenant, has brought about that no single nation, not even the most discontented or the most ambitious, has ever seriously tried to make war. At the worst one or two of the less scrupulous or less civilized have been goaded into some dangerous imprudence or perhaps some sharp practice, and never successfully. It is a good sign that by now most members of the League have begun to grumble mildly and half-jocosely—just as they grumble at their own governments!

What human beings really want is some security that they will not be grossly cheated and oppressed, or not more grossly than is customary. Deprive them of that security and they will fight or go mad. Give them that, and they will usually stay quiet and go about their business—except of course certain

predatory tribes or individuals. It is not chiefly force that they need to keep them quiet; it is access to justice or some fair approach to justice. There was a certain part of Macedonia where, some years ago, assassinations and outrages were frequent. Fear was a sort of endemic disease. A friend of mine traveling there once found a man tossing with fever under a blanket in the corner of a hut, and on asking what was the matter with him was told simply "fear." That region is now peaceful. The last time I heard about it there had been no outrages for two or three years. The change came about not through any overpowering force of police, but through the presence of two men—one a Canadian and one a Belgian—who were engaged on some special League of Nations work, but who happened to inspire confidence outside their special work. People who heard rumors—the sort of lying rumors that generally form the first excuse for outrages—asked these men if the rumors were true. The lie was scotched, and the excitement died down. People involved in a quarrel asked these men to look into it and advise them. I do not suggest that they were men of superhuman virtue or ability; but they were sensible and disinterested and they inspired confidence. And many a Balkan peasant who, if there had been no chance of justice, would have taken his rifle and murdered half a dozen people because he had been robbed of a sheep, would now quietly acquiesce in some settlement which did not entirely satisfy him rather than face the trouble and danger of a blood-feud.

Again and again in the history of Eastern nomadic peoples we hear of a time when people grew tired of lawlessness and looked out for a Kadi or judge. What they wanted was not a man with an army behind him, but a man who struck them as fair and sensible and, in Moslem countries, one who knew the law. If they could not get justice they would fight; but if they could they preferred it. Both parties went to the

Kadi under the tree: one or both usually came away grumbling at his decision, but it was at least an attempt at justice and better than fighting.

It is important to remember that such justice need not be perfect; for of course under human conditions it never will be perfect. It will work, so long as it is honest and well-intentioned. People will submit to a good deal of inconvenience provided it is not dishonoring to them, and one of the great advantages of even an imperfect tribunal is that it saves the honor of all parties. When the frontier in Upper Silesia was drawn by the League, an English and a French diplomat were discussing it. The line in certain respects proved to be just what the British had at one time proposed and the French indignantly rejected. "Why did you reject it before," said the Englishman, "when you accept it with pleasure now?" "We did not mind the frontier," said his French colleague, "but we were not going to have it laid down by England." Of course, such feeling was perfectly natural.

A more interesting and far more acute difficulty was solved by reference to the International Court, in the Tunis case of 1923. Tunis being a French protectorate, the French Government issued a decree conferring French nationality upon all persons born in Tunis of parents who were also born there and were justiciable by French courts. (This last point depended on certain treaty rights of Europeans in Tunis.) French nationality carried with it the duty of serving in the French army, and consequently a considerable number of British subjects in Tunis found themselves called up for service and, when they refused to come, imprisoned. A dispute followed between France and England of a very acute kind. The British argued that France had no right to seize British subjects and make them serve in the French army; the French replied that their own nationality laws inside their own territory were entirely their own domestic concern. Both conten-

tions seemed plausible; and it would, I think, have been extraordinarily difficult for one government to give way to the other. France would not even consent to go to arbitration, because to do so would have been to admit that the dispute was international and not purely domestic. In the end, Great Britain brought the matter before the Council of the League under Article XV of the Covenant: France claimed that the League had no right to consider the question because it "was solely in the jurisdiction of France" and not in any respect international. The Council thereupon asked the International Court to give an advisory opinion on that specific point. The Court advised that, since the French protectorate of Tunis was created and conditioned by various international treaties, the action taken under the Decrees was not solely within the domestic jurisdiction of France. That decision once given, France loyally accepted it, and an arrangement was reached without any difficulty or any humiliation to either side. No patriotic newspaper or politician in either country had a chance of attracting the limelight by stirring up national animosities. And this was due simply to the existence of an international instrument.

Suppose there had been no such instrument. Suppose we still lived, as many people still imagine they do, under the regime of sovereign independent states, each entirely mistress of its own acts, and each encouraged by its coat-of-arms to emulate the behavior of a lion, an eagle, a bear, or some other savage beast of small brain power, in the proud assertion of its independence. Suppose we lived under the conditions of the nineteenth century even, apart from the modifications which resulted then from the accidental wisdom or common sense of individual statesmen. What would have happened?

First the two Foreign Offices would have debated the point at issue, as they actually did, "with signs of rising temper." Then there would have been

a communiqué to the newspapers. Downing Street would have made clear to the English newspapers the superiority of the English case; the Quai d'Orsay to the French newspapers that of the French case. The English newspapers would have published editorials, articles from correspondents in Tunis, and specialist dissertations from leading lawyers, all stating more and more strongly the British side of the case, emphasizing the hardships suffered by British subjects, the tears of their wives, the brutalities of the French and Tunisian police, the sinister intentions which obviously lay behind French policy with its dreams of an African empire, or a world empire. The French newspapers would have published similar articles, showing the strict legality and moderation of the French government, the open contempt for law and loyalty shown by the British in Tunis, laying bare the intention of Great Britain, by sending her subjects secretly into French protectorates and colonies and encouraging them to defy the government, to undermine and destroy the French colonial empire, and so on and so on. The two presses would pay no attention to each other's arguments except when either was betrayed into some manifest absurdity. Then the absurdity would be quoted in large type as illustrative of the mentality of the nation which produced it. And the unfortunate readers of the newspapers, starting with a prejudice in favor of their own country, and fed entirely by one-sided statements calculated to please and strengthen the prejudice, would become steadily more and more unreasonable until something exploded. Private individuals who happened to have connections with both countries, or to have thought independently about the problem, might lift their voices and be shouted down. Practical politicians who had to make speeches would be compelled to state the case for their own country more and more forcibly; if they explained fairly the case of the other country they would be

attacked and denounced and probably lose their seats at the next election.

Nobody might be much to blame; nobody would be really wicked. But by the system of the sovereign independent states every element that could work for strife and trouble would be automatically encouraged; every element that worked for peace, depressed or destroyed. The best hope would generally lie in the common sense of a few conscientious statesmen, diplomats, and journalists on both sides who would keep out of the general tornado and in private discussion or correspondence discover some way out of the difficulty without actual war. After that all that was necessary would be for each side to proclaim, in different degrees of stridency, its "victory" over the other, and perhaps for the public to discover some hero who had won their cause and some villain or traitor who had let them down.

III

When one looks into the international anarchy which formed the ideal and, to a large extent, the practice of the nineteenth century and which still dominates the nationalist parties throughout the world, one is astonished to think that any international disputes were ever settled. That they were was due not to any machinery—for there was no such machinery; it was due simply to the good qualities of individuals who happened to be in positions of influence. The nations, in international matters, were like the invalids called "bleeders" whose blood does not coagulate and who consequently are liable to bleed to death if they cut their finger. A doctor on the spot can save a bleeder; good statesmanship could save the disputing nations. But as far as the machinery went, there was nothing to prevent things taking the worst course.

There was plenty of national machinery, powerful, skilful, constantly overhauled and improved as conditions might change. There was no interna-

tional machinery at all, unless one dignifies by that name the various individual treaties between different nations. When the system produced its inevitable fruit in the World War, spreading desolation and prolonged poverty over all nations but one, it was almost universally recognized that the international anarchy must end. The pride of perfect sovereignty and contempt for the rest of the world was too expensive a luxury for a nation, as it was for an individual. And yet, since all government, and almost all political emotion and idealism, was organized on a national basis, statesmen found it impossible to go far. It was even impossible to take any step which was not unanimously approved by the representatives of all the nations assembled after the War in Paris. A single over-drastring proposal would have upset the whole scheme. It is interesting to consider just how far the world was willing to go—or at least that part of the world which had really felt the full horror of the World War and was ready for the requisite sacrifice of pride and the effort of constructive thinking to prevent, if possible, the recurrence of such things.

One point was simple. Nations ought to confer and talk things over before they fight. All nations found they could agree on that. The World War broke out largely because Germany would not come into a conference. In the future it must be laid down that before making war nations must come into conference. And why wait till it is a question of war? Let them agree to have regular conferences, conferences at least every few months, and special conferences when necessary. Let nations all bind themselves at least to come to the Conference, although not necessarily to accept its decisions. It was difficult to refuse so moderate a request, and practically all nations agreed. It was afterwards agreed to go a little farther: that if all the members of the Conference—not counting the actual

parties to the dispute—were unanimous in some recommendation, that recommendation should be binding, or at least that no nation would resort to war to resist it.

The establishment of regular conferences had one result, which came as a matter of course, but has proved momentous for the government of the world. Regular conferences imply the existence of a Secretariat. There must be secretaries to prepare the agenda, to make the necessary inquiries, to execute the decisions passed, to be there in case of emergency to carry out the Council's instructions. But few people in 1919 recognized the difference which the Secretariat would make in all international business. In the first place, few people realized what a remarkable set of men and women would be got together. The salaries were fixed on a high scale, at least for Europe, so that men in good positions were attracted. The Secretary-General, Sir Eric Drummond, had a very wide field of choice before him in all the innumerable civil servants and publicists who had attended the Congress of Versailles, and he chose with great skill. But another circumstance deserves to be remembered. When the United States decided not to join the League many thought that the whole scheme had received a blow which it would probably not survive. Consequently, all the people of weak faith or poor courage thought it better to stick to their more ordinary occupations and not stake their fortunes on the success of the League. Those who offered themselves were the men and women who had faith, as well as the other necessary qualities, and who cared enough for the work of creating peace to be willing to risk their future upon it. The result has been that there exists now a great staff of international officials, men of unusual abilities, whose business is international co-operation and whose professional self-respect is wrapped up in the preservation of peace.

When any rift occurs between two or

more countries, the national newspapers may make mischief, the national politicians may accumulate votes by appealing to national jealousies and dislikes. In the old days they had things all their own way, but now there is the Secretariat working for peace. In the dispute about the Tunis decrees, for example, besides the English people in England and the French talking with French people in France, besides the diplomats on both sides who were engaged in upholding their country's interests, there were both French and English members of the Secretariat at Geneva, and neutrals with them; they were meeting every day, knowing one another and one another's national point of view, and all actuated by the wish to find a peaceful settlement, not to score a "victory." And they are there all the time. As soon as the first "unfortunate incident" occurs there are now people at work to heal its consequences. Differences are not allowed to become dangerous.

IV

A system of conferences with a Secretariat: that was the first point on which the nations of the world were practically unanimous. The next point was the provision of some tribunal of International Justice. The composition of such a Court presented great difficulties, but the ingenious scheme proposed by Mr. Elihu Root solved the difficulty, and must count as one of America's chief contributions to world peace. Every judge is elected both by a majority of the Great Powers sitting separately and by a majority of all the nations together, great and small. The Great Powers cannot impose their will upon the world; neither can a collection of small and unpopulous nations out-vote the great. Each judge must have the confidence of both. It is an immense advantage to have a permanent tribunal. The process of arbitration, which was the nearest approach to international justice practiced before, was a cumbrous and com-

plicated process. The two parties had to agree on so many different points before any action could be taken. First they had to agree to arbitrate—and to that there was always patriotic opposition; they had to agree on the arbitrators, and find if each one was willing to act; they had a world of trouble in agreeing on the *compromis*, or statement of the exact point at issue. On each of these points there might be a breakdown. And when the tribunal was formed it was open to criticism because the judge nominated by a particular disputant would sometimes feel himself specially bound to safeguard the interests of that disputant. All these difficulties now disappear.

It is instructive to notice the history of the Court. When first set up it was merely a voluntary affair. It had no compulsory jurisdiction. Nations involved in a legal dispute could go to it if they liked; nobody could compel them to go. A strong nation with a weak case might well prefer to settle a dispute diplomatically, or by some informal method in which it would draw advantage from its strength. All that the keener advocates of international justice could obtain at the time when the League was founded, was the insertion of a clause (now Clause 36 in the Court Statute) permitting nations, if they chose, to accept once for all the compulsory jurisdiction of the Court in specifically legal disputes. (The clause enumerates four particular classes of dispute.) At first no important nation would look at the clause, but the attraction has been too much for them. Great Britain under the late Conservative Government was the chief obstacle to a general acceptance, and year by year close observers could see the obstacle weakening. As soon as the government was changed the signature of the Optional Clause by Great Britain became a certainty, and within a week after the announcement of the change in British policy thirty-eight nations, including all the great-powers members of the League, have

signed, or are about to sign, the clause accepting the compulsory jurisdiction of the Court. Henceforth if France or Great Britain does a wrong to Haiti, Haiti can sue them at The Hague. The reign of law is established in the sphere of law.

It will be observed how extremely small in all this development of international machinery is the element of compulsion. Members of the League *must* confer before going to war, and it seems likely since the signing of the Briand-Kellogg Pact that they will soon be bound not to go to war at all—there are exceptions at present under both instruments. They *must* obey a decision of the Court, and *must not* resist a unanimous recommendation of the Council. The Council *must* meet and consider what shall be done if any nation makes war in breach of its Covenant, and the members must be ready to treat the Council's recommendation as a matter of the gravest importance, though not absolutely compulsory. These are the things they must do: and if they do not? Well, if they do not, presumably the Council considers what should be done. And that no doubt will depend on circumstances.

The ordinary means of coercion is publicity. I do not mean advertisement, but the publication of some fact or the putting of some question in the Assembly. I have seen a great nation which was behaving badly absolutely coerced into decent conduct by a series of three polite speeches in the Assembly. The delegates of the nation in question simply could not bear the ignominy of the situation and compelled their government to change its course. I have seen again and again the extreme eagerness with which a nation labors to justify itself or to change its course of action under the pressure of publicity. The history of the drug traffic and the traffic in women and children provides several cases. If there is further need of coercion, there is open the whole field of diplomatic pressure—now vastly in-

creased in scope and power by being made international—to make the offending nation suffer in prestige, in popularity, in financial conveniences, in commerce.

I am not denying the possibility that the League might have to exercise the *ultima ratio* of coercion, combined action with all arms for preventing an aggressive war or restoring a broken peace. But if that ever happened the League, and world peace with it, would very nearly have failed. The whole conception of the League as an instrument for forcibly "stopping wars" is erroneous. The League's business is to make peace a firm habit and international co-operation the normal method of human progress. The good schoolmaster is not he who resolutely throws disorderly pupils out of the windows. The good officer is not he who relentlessly shoots down his men if they run away. The success of the League is not to be judged by the four or five wars which it has nipped in the bud, or the desperate quarrels—like that between Poland and Lithuania—which it just keeps within bounds but no more. It is to be judged by the passing of ten most difficult years without war; by the increased friendliness between nations; by the fact that the Foreign Ministers of France and Germany, instead of being remote and semi-hostile potentates, are now friends who can trust each other and chaff each other; by the steady and rapid growth of all the constructive international organizations with their splendid record of work: the Labor Organization, the Health Organization, the Economic Committee, the Mandates Committee, and the rest. There is no part of the League's organization which has not grown year by year; and they have all grown because the world needed them.

The League started with a distracted world, not yet at peace and not thinking the thoughts that lead to peace. It had as its material the nations as they then were, led by the statesmen as they then were. There is not, there can never be, any other material possible.

One sees in the Assembly and Council the faults of this man or that; one of them vain, one lazy, one thinking chiefly of his career at home. One sees the special prejudices or ambitions or ignorances of one country or another. They are the same men, the same countries, as before. The extraordinary thing is that, met together in the atmosphere of Geneva, with the eyes of fifty-odd nations upon them, they do show a

sensitiveness to general opinion, and a consciousness of their duty not merely to their own voters at home but to a wider constituency. The nationalists become less nationalist, the violent drop their violence, the boastful boast of their concessions and not of their victories; and almost every man goes home to some extent a missionary for a new cause to which most of his countrymen are not yet awake.

FOR MISS MAUDE IN HEAVEN

BY MARY WILLIS SHUEY

HER long, thin back, Scotch-Presbyterian straight,
 Will never rest on flowery beds of ease.
 She will not dawdle inside Heaven's gate,
 So give her work at once, St. Peter, please.
 You'll find her helpful with the Heavenly rolls—
 She taught a small-town school for fifty years—
 She knows the ways of West Kentucky souls,
 The sins of Richards, Wallers, Ames, Brashears.
 She saw three generations live and die,
 Knew Flournoys, Youngs, and Sparks as pupils, friends,
 Knows which are honest, which will sometimes lie,
 Which hold their grudges, which make quick amends.
 Miss Maude can judge folks by the family name:
 She found three generations just the same.



WHO GETS THE CHILDREN?

ANONYMOUS

NOT long ago I met an acquaintance aglow with the triumph of just having obtained a very satisfactory divorce. "Of course," she declared, "I would not have considered applying for it if I hadn't been assured that I should get the children. Now they are mine—to manage as I please, without having to consult that man who was my husband."

Although this acquaintance does not know it, I, too, have faced the possibility of seeking a divorce and legal control of my children. I cannot lightly put aside the conviction that the poor woman may be deluded, that over filial affection and parental influence courts have no jurisdiction, that not a judge's decree but the attitude of her children themselves toward their mother and father and the divorce suit will determine whether or not she will keep them in such complete subjection as she imagines.

My acquaintance and I are not alone in asking, "Is it worth while to go on living legally bound to a man (or a woman) I have ceased to love?" Every year more people than we shall ever know confront this problem, and more than we shall know answer that divorce is not always the wisest way of attempting to get out of unhappy domestic situations. Because of rather general interest in whether divorce is a practical escape from difficulties in homes where there are children, I set out—somewhat reluctantly—to give my conclusions from experience. Briefly, my situation—which I believe is fairly typical—is this. Years ago that powerful but very fleeting attraction which we lightly call love van-

ished between my husband and me. We found that our interests and ideals are different. We respect each other, but both of us know that each one would be happier not continuously irritated by the other's presence. Neither of us is very "bad" judged by the world's standards, so neither has what is considered a serious claim for divorce. However, evidence of the "mental cruelty," for which some States make provision in their divorce laws, is not hard to secure when two people who "get on each other's nerves" have been living together for years. My husband would not apply for a divorce from me because this is a deadly sin according to his religious beliefs; but I do have grounds for a divorce from him and in the settlement should probably "get the children."

Desire for independence and for absolute control of my children makes me long to "go to law," demanding my "rights." Living with a person who hugs his inherited notions concerning woman's subservience in the social order, I frequently feel the "urge" to seek a divorce as a demonstration that traditional shackles no longer bind. Although Charles would not admit his belief in words, he shows clearly by his behavior that, according to his scheme of thinking, everything a wife does is of concern to her husband. Take just the trivial matter of smoking—he disapproves of smoking by women and assumes that he has an undeniable right to command me not to smoke. My reason tells me that it is foolish to stir up a family quarrel over what is not a neces-

sity of life, but a silly habit. Nevertheless, the more I reason the more I feel my personal liberty violated and want to exhibit my power to do as I wish—to smoke incessantly if I want to. If Charles had ever asked me as a favor not to do this or that, in a manner indicating that he thought I had a part in making the final decision, probably I should not feel so abused; but his words concerning my acts of folly have always been dictatorial in tone, consequently, have caused my inward revolt against compliance with his wishes. When infringement of my freedom involves more vital matters than smoking reasons for submission are hard to discover.

Among all individual rights I can conceive of none much more fundamental than the right to read what one chooses. Many of us rebel against the censorship that restricts the range, at least, of everybody's liberty in this respect; but when a husband sets himself up as the censor, assuming that it is his privilege and duty to determine what is good and bad mental pabulum for his wife, the censorship becomes especially repugnant. If I lived in sensational novels all night long when I ought to be gaining strength and poise for the next day's duties, or neglected my household and children in eagerness for the sordid details of the latest murder and divorce cases, I might see that Charles had a right to demur—if, with such reading tastes, it were possible to retain the power of reason. But I like perfectly respectable literature—HARPER'S MAGAZINE, for example, which, as far as I can judge, is not so overstimulating emotionally that people, because of its perusal, forget they have lives of their own to live. To me, James Truslow Adams and Walter Lippmann—taken at random from a number of well-known writers about whom Charles and I differ violently—seem sane stimulators of one's thought, safely conservative even when voicing mildly iconoclastic ideas. But Charles doesn't consider these gentlemen "safe" mental companions for his spouse. They do not

consistently follow timeworn paths of thought; therefore, they should be shunned by all faithful wives of husbands who disagree with them. I am pretty much in the position of a youthful seeker after knowledge in the medical book—hiding *A Preface to Morals* under my pillow or in any nook where it is not likely to be discovered, taking it out surreptitiously but eagerly to snatch a few lines when the paternal eyes of my husband are not upon me and there is no danger of raising a fiery argument as to whether I possess the right to read even Ernest Hemingway and H. L. Mencken if I wish.

These little annoyances, to which I must submit if I am to remain married to Charles in a semblance of peace, are beside the point, except in proof that "individual liberty" is to me far from a vague, abstract term. I know what it is to have my freedom and "self-expression" very definitely and unpleasantly restricted by marriage, and know the overwhelming yearning one may experience to assert independence once and for all by one great act of rebellion. If I believed "the law" could give me what I want I might seek its aid, although this would be unfair to my husband, who is no worse or no more cruel than I am. He simply lives by a different system of thinking or of "complexes," or whatever we want to call our mental processes, and is very kind as long as my life seems to conform to his code. Personal freedom I might secure. Present-day people—women especially—find the urge to demand independence very alluring. We fall into the scramble for liberty in itself with all the zest that is natural when a formerly forbidden path is suddenly opened. Because our right to it has been so recently granted, self-expression seems the great goal that every human being must achieve if life is to be worth living. Now when the cries of the individualist are forever in the air, we may lose our sense of direction and follow the shouting mob without realizing whither we are being led.

II

Do people really want independence above everything else? Are there deeper, more enduring desires than to do as one pleases? Are there any human relationships that may mean more to us than freedom from shackles could ever mean? I believe there are. To be sure, revolt against being tied by the old rotten strings of marital bondage may make us feel that the greatest pleasure on earth would be to break them; but, after they were once torn and the first exhilaration of triumph over, we might experience no such bliss in freedom as we had anticipated.

The only thing we can do to make sure we are not following a will-o'-the-wisp is to sit down calmly and decide what we want above all else. Sometimes, I admit with a sense of shame bequeathed by a Puritan upbringing—though I am not unique in entertaining such desires—I feel that what I need is another, different kind of a husband, one who would give me at the same time his devotion and my own full liberty. I have never laid eyes on this ideal man; but, in moments of hope, it seems that he must be somewhere waiting. That another love affair might prove disappointing I cannot make myself really fear. Why not throw off the yoke of an unhappy marriage, thus announcing my freedom to attach myself to my real “affinity” if I should ever stumble upon him? In the midst of such dreams—whether they are the indulgence of a sunshiny day or of a moonlit night—comes the imperative question, “How would a second husband feel toward my children?” Being a dream man, my hero enfolds my son and my daughter in his arms, while I merely stand by, forgetful that those arms are my place, experiencing no thrills but the purely maternal ones of satisfaction that at last my children have the kind of father I covet for them.

Though I’m not a Freudian, I believe that our dreams—day-dreams included—index pretty accurately our greatest

desires. If one has ever been a mother she will never know perfect happiness—even in rosy visions—apart from her children. She cannot imagine life that is satisfying without their sharing it. Maternal affection is a deeper—though a calmer, less exciting—emotion than is sexual love. That the ecstasy is lacking in mother-love is only an evidence that it is more enduring and vital; for ecstasies never last. To be sure, a woman may be unconscious of this maternal want: she may go about seeking gratification in ecstatic experiences, but, in the end, she is always a Madame Bovary who never knows satisfaction. If I cannot speak for all women, I can for myself and the majority of others. In men, too, the paternal need is great, although perhaps more frequently suppressed or concealed. When marital love departs, the longing for a satisfying parent-child relationship becomes more powerful. Between mates who themselves have grown antagonistic there is almost inevitably a struggle for control of their child as well as for his sympathy and love.

Our case is just a typical illustration. As my husband and I have grown farther and farther apart, each has become more and more devoted to our children—each more anxious to become the governing force in their lives. No more pleasurable experience will ever come to me than when my little son, toddling along the street at my side, used to grasp two of my fingers whenever we came to a crossing. Apparently he felt secure holding those fingers to lead him through the maze of traffic. If I were a poet I should sing a song of parental exultation over this childish, trustful act and of hope that my son would always thus grasp for my guiding hand in moments of need all his life. Not being a poet, but only a person trying in plain words to explain some of the motives that actuate common people, I sound sentimental when these desires are expressed. Not only do I sound so; I *am* sentimental. But what father or mother is

not? My husband, one of the most practical and matter-of-fact of men, has experienced, I know, the same emotions that I did when this same son grasped one of his big fingers as a symbol of safety. We both long to keep throughout life, not this dependence of our son, but this confiding certainty on his part that we can help him steer his course wisely. Desire to be the one great influence in our children's lives becomes a mania and a source of conflict—conscious and unconscious. There's no more misleading myth than "Children draw parents together." Instead of being a unifying bond—between people already separate in spirit—the children are a bone of contention.

To face this fact is disheartening. Fighting over a bone doesn't injure the dogs as much as it does the bone. Children in such domestic situations usually have a hard time of it—not materially, because every wish is probably granted by one or the other parent anxious to win filial favor, but spiritually. They are tossed back and forth between two people who, they cannot help knowing, are at odds—used as an emotional football, when, instead, they ought to enjoy the right of growing personalities to develop naturally without so much excitement and nervous strain, without being forced to "take sides" in a conflict.

With the wish for parental control, there is, normally, desire to do what is best for one's child. The danger is that by rationalization one may try to reconcile what one wants oneself and what is best for his child. "Why not remove my son and my daughter from this conflict—get a divorce, take them myself? Even if my influence upon them is not all that could be desired, they will be better off not living in the midst of a battle where every blow strikes them." Thus I have often rationalized, because this is the course I should like to take.

The question is whether—when the struggle between husband and wife for control of children has once begun—it can be stopped by mere court decree

that they go bodily to live with this or with that parent. How early in a child's life emotional attachment to a mother or a father becomes powerful, we seldom realize. Even in a person's infancy connections to a parent develop; after infancy they are frequently too strong to break. With many psychologists, I believe that what we call filial affection is not instinctive, that it is built up by a process of pure "conditioning." If some other woman, with a personality similar to mine, had taken my son on the day of his birth and treated him throughout the years exactly as I have treated him, this other woman—not his natural mother—would be loved by him as I am now loved. But does the behaviorist's explanation of filial dependence change matters? Although the child loves no one person instinctively, he will, instinctively, grow emotional roots that bind him to somebody. Emotional capacities—in fact, emotional necessities—are a part of every human being's make-up. In our social structure, natural parents are the ones to whom a child normally adheres. Whatever the cause, to me and also to their father do our children cling—quite impartial in their attitude toward each of us. We have both been good to them.

These normal attachments can never be severed by direct means stupidly recommended. Among some farmers there is a belief that certain plants need to be partially pulled up by the roots and the tiny fibers broken to induce the plant to develop a more efficient root system. Whether or not this tendency of some roots to grow stronger after being torn is a scientific fact, it may serve as a figure to clarify our conception of what takes place when we try to break the tendrils by which a child clings to a parent. Instead of weakening the hold, the process of trying to kill filial affection merely strengthens the ties. With such intensifying of attachment on one side goes a corresponding weakening of connection on the other. There is a negative as well as a positive reaction.

Against the person who has tried to break unbreakable bonds, there develops on the part of the child an antagonism—a natural recoil as from a poisonous or irritating substance. Arbitrary command that my children reject their father, love me, and follow my instructions would probably lead them to shrink from me and to hold more tenaciously to him. Once in the conflict, a child cannot be removed from it. The wisest plan, in many cases, is not to disturb normal attachments, not to force a child to “take sides,” to try to keep him from realizing how bitter is the hostility between his parents, to allow him the companionship of both father and mother without constant reminder that the two are enemies.

This way, I am convinced, will not only, under present conditions, be better for the children, fairer to their father, but also, finally, more satisfying to me. I will not allow myself to be placed in a disadvantageous position in the show-case from which parents are viewed, nor will I allow my children's father to assume a halo in their eyes. Halos adorn the heads of martyrs only. If I should “go to law” pleading a case against my husband, which, to be respected by existing courts, must distort the truth somewhat, my children could not help feeling that their father had suffered injustice. We live in a world where public opinion and the judge are against you if you don't produce “charges.” In most States one must tell—if not lies—at least misleading truths to obtain a divorce. These charges may not make much difference when there is no child involved, because both husband and wife know they are mere legal tools used to gain a desirable end. But to a child, who in his “reason” is governed not by his parents' emotions but by his own, the whole legal process seems unjust. “Why,” he asks, “should anybody say such dreadful things about someone I love? And why should I be separated from a person I like because my mother and father

don't care for each other?” The fact that children know that the parent from whom they are torn returns their affection intensifies their rebellion and makes them cling all the more obstinately to the martyred member of the family. How the persecutor fares is illustrated again and again. He is cast aside. Although he remains a powerful influence in his children's lives, he is not a positive but a negative force. “I won't be led by him. I'll do just what he doesn't want me to do” are natural, though perhaps unconscious, decisions of children in such situations. Among my acquaintances are two fathers who have been divorced from their wives for a number of years. Each man clings desperately to his children. One man receives their sympathy and love; the other does not. The first helped his wife secure trumped-up evidence against him, accepted all the blame for an unhappy domestic situation, and allowed the court to “give” the children to his wife. As a matter of fact, he “has” them—loyal, anxious to visit him and “play around” with him whenever there is opportunity, ready to listen to his counsel on everything from clothing to prospective husbands and wives. The other man took legal action against his wife, fought for control of their children, which he received—as far as the court could give it to him. Now from college they mail him their bills, but in other ways they ignore him or defy him in what he considers his rightful authority. To their mother they send their affectionate letters and make their eager visits, and of her they solicit advice. These two cases—so similar except in each man's treatment of an uncongenial wife—show how a child will cling by emotional roots to the parent who has seemed to suffer injustice, and how the one who has appeared the persecutor is repulsed.

III

Above all, a thinking parent wishes to be a positive factor in his children's

wholesome development. Not so much does he want to be a physical or a material asset—to nurse a child through a sickness or to pay his bills—as to be a spiritual force, helping him to a philosophy of life and habits of action that will make his life a success. We all want to stamp our offspring with the “behavior pattern” that we admire, although frequently this is unfair to the children. In many instances husband and wife do not differ so fundamentally in their conception of a satisfactory pattern of life as do my husband and I. Nevertheless, our case is just an extreme example of the difference in ideals that exists nearly always when husband and wife disagree vehemently. Charles, very sincerely, thinks it best for the children to grow up under the influence of a church where a definite path is authoritatively laid down for everybody to follow. I don’t believe that God tells people what is right and wrong through the ministers of any church. I want my children to utilize their reason—not an authority’s command—in determining their behavior in every situation of life.

Of course, I may be wrong. In spite of this, is it fair to my child, by my unreasoning action, to make my point of view seem unworthy of notice? If somehow I can maintain real tolerance for my husband’s views, control myself as far as not to oppose his religious beliefs openly and allow him and his church to present their side fully to my children, I believe that they will attain an open-mindedness they never would if I tried to keep them, by *my* authority, from consideration of ecclesiastical claims. After all, my views should not be imposed on young minds any more than their father’s should be. If my children learn to *think*, rather than to uphold what they wish to accept by rationalization, I shall be satisfied. When both sides, or several sides, of a question are allowed a hearing—without emotional appeal on any side—there is encouragement of the rare art of thinking. What good would it do, for instance, for me to storm against my

daughter’s learning the catechism? If I calmly let her learn the words—which probably don’t mean much to her at present, anyway—I show her that I don’t fear words, and now and then I do get a chance to drop a question in her mind as to whether these words are to be taken as the final expression of truth. With both my son Paul and my daughter Esther I have had such opportunities, when we have been alone and in the mood for exchanging confidences, to lead them to a questioning, thinking attitude, simply because I have never objected to rote learning of the catechism, but, instead, have heard the lessons time after time. When a teaching especially offensive to me has come up, I have said, “Father believes this, and so do many other people. You should respect their opinion, because we shall never discover what is true without hearing, with a kind of reverence, what others believe. But mother doesn’t agree with this.” After explaining why I reject the doctrine, I can easily make the only request I shall ever make of my child in this respect, “Please think the matter over and sometime you may decide for yourself whether you agree with your father, with me, or with neither of us.”

Perhaps this way of handling the situation is unjust to Charles, because it is more adroit and more likely to make the children differ from his opinions than would my bitter opposition. I feel like a traitor when I consider how I am using what would seem to him—if he knew it—underhanded means to gain my ends. Never could I do it if I did not feel that this is the only fair way to treat the children. The influence upon them of words—in the catechism or anywhere else—I do not fear; but I do fear the influence of strong emotional appeal to accept these words as truth. My applying for a divorce, commanding my children to separate themselves from their father and all that he stands for, would be a blow which would make them recoil from me and give them an

emotional incentive to lay hold not only of him as an individual but also of the things he wants them to believe and do. He would have a distinct advantage; while now, not having dealt the blow but having used more subtle methods in attaining my purpose, I have the advantage. It would be fairer all round if parents in such situations could agree that each one should have full liberty to influence their children by suggestion rather than by command—at least in matters where the standards of the parents conflict; but seldom will such a happy solution of difficulties be found, because seldom will both adults agree to the terms. Charles, for example, would never consent to having my views exposed in our household. I am forced to be secretive, almost deceptive, if I want to keep my children out of an open warfare.

This, I realize, is setting a bad example. I don't like it. But what else could I do in justice to the young personalities under my care? Although this is irrelevant to my main point, I want to explain that I have tried never to give the impression that I am ashamed of my views and have never asked the children not to mention what I have said to them. They can be depended upon to realize that I would never deny any statement I have made. The point is, in this discussion, that apparently they never think of bearing tales about me or my belief. As I have analyzed their attitude, they respect my views, though they have never taken sides with either parent in these matters so vital to us both. By refraining from discussion of their mother's confidences, the children show that they hold these confidences sacred.

Since Paul is only fifteen and Esther only thirteen, it is impossible to prophesy what the outcome will be. Personally, they are devoted to their father and, without a word of protest, attend church with him. Sometimes I am sure they realize, as young as they are, what a blow one gives a person who loves one by dif-

fering with his cherished opinions. Of course, I want the children to realize this—in fact, I have discussed it with them. Once, after I had been reading how Theodore Dreiser, for love of his father, deliberately gave an evasive answer to the aged man who would have been distressed to know that his son had cast aside the religion of childhood, the children and I talked the question over together to try to decide whether Dreiser was justified in his deception. Paul thought that evading an answer to a direct question was cowardly, but that if one could avoid discussion of the topics on which there was disagreement everybody would be happier. Esther was for a little evasion if it could be managed without telling an out-and-out lie. I didn't give any opinion, because I'm uncertain. Puritan traditions, with which I was branded in childhood, give me an uneasy feeling even now when I wonder whether we owe "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" to our legal mates. However, I am certain that I owe truth as I see it to my children.

Whether I am doing right or wrong is not the question in this paper. The detailed account of the means I have used to make my children respect me and my judgment is used only as an illustration anyway. The point is that I have gained my goal as I probably should not have gained it if, with help of "the law" I had tried to break my children's attachment to their father and force them to my side. In detail, the dissension between other antagonistic parents may not resemble that between my husband and me; but the method that will "work" in getting real hold of our offspring is the same in nearly all instances. The negative influence legal decrees exert in determining human behavior we see in the "noble experiment" being carried on in America to-day. The same tendency to defy law is exhibited whenever we resort to the courts to help us solve domestic difficulties. People who think they can

control their children's affections and behavior by authority are as blind to the "negativism" of the human being as is the rabid prohibitionist—or, by the way, as is my husband Charles in his attempt to control my reading and thought and action. My thinking has probably been influenced far more by what we term "modern literature" because Charles has objected so fervently to my giving it consideration. After all, my children—and everybody else's—are very like me in this "negativism," not at all unique. By trying to force a child one way, one often drives him in the opposite direction.

Every person who is daring enough to attempt to control his son's or his daughter's attachments at the mating period discovers how futile is such an effort and how opposition to a "love match" seems to do nothing but add fuel to the fire the objector wishes to quench. Among my friends is a man who early in life married, to find himself bitterly disappointed. "As I look back," he says, "I see clearly that my mother's antagonism to Alice was the thing that made me select her as a wife. When I first knew her she appeared no more desirable than three or four other girls—all of whom I liked. As my mother's protests at my showing the slightest attention to this one girl became more and more fervid, Alice grew more and more resplendent in my eyes. I decided that, of all the attractive girls I knew, she was the one I wanted to marry." The effect of such parental attempt at control is generally recognized, because the fire of sexual "love" burns so vividly that it cannot fail to be seen. However, where the calmer, less heated emotions are involved, the results of opposition are no less real.

IV

After deciding that what I want most is genuine respect and love from my children, I could do nothing else but remain in our family as they want it—undisturbed by withdrawal of anybody. Al-

though this has seemed a big price to pay for gaining my heart's desire, I am now convinced that the reward is worth the cost. As the years pass by day-dreams become less and less vivid; I see more clearly that there never would be for me a satisfying love affair; that, for many of us, happiness in later life lies in a trustful parent-child relationship, and that, if one is blessed with this, it is full compensation for loss of the personal liberty for which we all are at times so eager.

Perhaps this, too, is irrelevant—but I find that as time passes the differences between my husband and me seem less and less glaring in my eyes. I am less annoyed by the molehills that used to appear mountains. Now, without resentment toward Charles, I can laugh at myself as I pull my "doctor's book" from its hiding place. Through the effort—for the sake of retaining my children's respect—to be just to their father, to give him and his creed a fair hearing, to keep them out of family strife, is developing a genuine tolerance to replace that which was once feigned. Personally, I enjoy more peaceful moments than I once thought it would be possible for me to know. Perhaps such calm is natural when one feels in his heart that he has already won the battle, that there's no reason to keep on fighting. After all, I am perhaps freer, in realms where liberty is a necessity, than I should be if I had asserted my right to light a cigarette at table or to mention James Truslow Adams's latest article.

If the future should show that by giving up the privilege of living my own life unhampered I have helped to make my children's lives worth while, I shall feel that I have had an opportunity for the kind of "creative effort" that is enduring in its satisfactions. At least I entertain the bright hope that my children may prove to be my masterpieces in "self-expression."

Even now I experience a purely selfish joy when I see evidences that my children appreciate the little sacrifices I

have made to preserve peace in our home. At table a few weeks ago, Esther inadvertently made a harmless remark indicating that she knows more than her father thinks she should know about sex relations. "Keep children innocent," is one of his maxims, which I, independently, have not followed, since he really means, "Keep children ignorant." First Charles upbraided Esther for her immodesty in speech. Then he turned to me with reproof, "If your mother kept better track of your reading and weren't so lax in her ideas herself we might not get into some of these 'modern' troubles." Paul thought it time to take up the cudgels for me. "Well, mother doesn't believe in telling us anything that we ought not to know. I'm mighty glad I've learned about things I'd know about anyway from her instead of the fellows who don't see things straight but are always trying to talk about things they think are bad." In his defense of me Paul had just about let the cat out of the bag—but I suppose real live cats can't be kept in bags forever. I was so

overjoyed at my son's taking my side that the first tears I have shed for years came to my eyes. Naturally, Paul thought I was hurt by his father's words and after dinner followed me to my room to tell me not to worry. In his boyish way he explained, "Father is all right. He doesn't mean anything by what he says. He just doesn't understand things the way you do; but Esther and I side with you even if we don't want to hurt father by showing it too much." To think that the day has come when the children begin to understand my point of view! The day may come, too, when I can tell them that the sacrifices that seem too trivial to mention now were all made, when they seemed great, not only *for* my son and my daughter but also *keep* my son and my daughter.

In this account of my individual experience I do not pretend to settle the divorce problem for all parents who face it. All I wish to do is to point out the futility and stupidity of relying on a court's answer to the question, "Who gets the children?"





“SLAPSTICK”

A STORY

BY ELAINE STERNE CARRINGTON

TWENTY years ago there was a saloon in Hoboken near the waterfront known as Micky's. It was ten o'clock on a Saturday night, and the place was full of a half-tipsy, roistering, thirsty crowd. They milled about the bar, exchanging banter with Eddie, the barkeeper, picking up and setting down drinks, leaving on the marble slab little wet rings which Eddie instantly pounced on and mopped up with a foul rag. Then they moved on to the free-lunch counter, munched thirst-producing victuals, and made way for newcomers who, in turn, shoved their way to the bar.

There was a good deal of loud talk, laughter, snatches of song, which was suddenly merged into a yell of welcome as Big Tim O'Connors came in. He was a huge, muscular man standing six feet four in his stocking feet and making the other big, brawny men present seem puny by comparison. He was one of Micky's best and most popular customers, and each Saturday night he spent all his week's pay in a grand splurge there and invariably went home and beat his wife. Even this added to his prestige. He was a big man, a whale of a man, a giant of a man.

On this particular evening, because it was summer and hot, he wore a stained and faded blue shirt open at the neck, showing a great bristle of stiff, coarse, black hair which sprang out from his chest and grew along the length of his tremendous arms. But his face was handsome, if sullen, and women stopped and eyed him admiringly as he passed,

and even half envied his wife, beatings and all.

The crowd paid him the tribute of immediate and undivided attention. They elbowed one another out of the way to greet him and to receive in return his casual salute. They laughed when he flung down in rapid succession first one, then a second, then a third whiskey. They laughed when he asked Eddie, who was sweating like a horse and laboring, with the aid of two anæmic youths, to serve the crowd, make change, open bottles, and wash tumblers at one and the same time, "How's business?"

And they laughed at Eddie's reply, "Rotten."

Everything he said, in his deep-chested voice, like the roll of thunder, was calculated to bring a shout. He was the Saturday night wit, but it was not until a few minutes past ten that his feeder, his foil, his friend came in through the swinging doors. When he appeared he was instantly greeted with a roar of delight, "Here's Runty now. Lookit. Here's Runty, Tim. Here's Runty."

Tim did not acknowledge his presence by so much as the flicker of an eyelash. Runty came in grinning. He was as small as Tim was tall, barely four feet high, thick-set and ugly.

Now the fun would begin. The crowd around the bar, as if at a signal, cleared an aisle, and Runty, showing a row of yellow stumps of teeth, sauntered towards the glasses and bottles.

"What'll it be?" Eddie demanded, winking at Big Tim.

"Make it a whiskey. Straight."

The crowd chuckled and nudged one another and pressed forward. They presented to Runty, idly turning to survey them, a circle of eager, expectant faces. Big Tim, leaning indolently against the bar, seemed absorbed in his own gloomy thoughts, staring down at his tumblerful of amber-colored fluid.

Bill set the drink before Runty. Runty reached for it.

Like lightning Big Tim's tremendous hairy arm swept up and caught the little man a stunning blow across the chest that dashed him against the wall. The crowd yelled its ecstatic delight and Runty, his face crimson, grinned at them.

Big Tim returned to his drink, downed it at a gulp, and became once more completely immersed in his dark thoughts.

This was real comedy. Rich. Fruity.

"Go to it, Runty!" they shrieked. "Show the big stiff you ain't scared of him!"

"Go on, get yourself a drink and don't let nobody stop you."

"We're backing you, Runty."

"Go on, Runty, paste him one."

After a minute, in which Runty recovered his breath, he once more approached the bar. He did not even glance in the direction of Big Tim, but snatched at the glass set before him and started it towards his mouth. Before he could touch his lips to the rim of it he was flung violently against the wall and the glass fell and shattered and was ground into a thousand tiny pieces underfoot. The place was in an uproar. Men laughed until the tears came. It was better than a show! Better than a circus! They told one another that Runty had never yet succeeded in getting a drink inside of him at Micky's on a Saturday night. They clung to one another, laughing helplessly.

Runty, his face purple, emerged from his corner, and approached the bar again. He gave his order, watched it poured out, essayed to drink it and was immediately dashed against the wall. This he did

over and over, always grinning, until he became so winded he was forced to sit down. His friends surrounded him and jeered at him, good-naturedly.

"Aw, Runty, why don't you stand up to him?"

"What are you scared of?"

"Why don't you sock him one?"

They were impatient with him for resting. They wanted the sport to recommence. They wanted to feel again that split second of thrilling suspense in which Big Tim permitted him to grasp the tumbler but never to quaff its contents. They came there Saturday nights expressly for this and talked about it throughout the week, laying odds against it with any newcomers in the neighborhood who could be beguiled into betting with them.

The little man sat without speaking, breathing hard. His hair, mussed and soaked with perspiration, stood up on his head in stiff points. His necktie was askew, his shirt was torn, and through the gap they could see his chest expanding and contracting rapidly.

After a while Micky strolled over to him. "Are you going to sit there all night?" he demanded. "How about stepping on the gas and giving us another round?"

Runty resented the suggestion. This was an act for which he neither asked nor received pay. His one compensation was the plaudits of the crowd. The longer he kept them waiting the more impatient they became, and the more impatient they became the louder they shouted when he did start in again. It was up to him to decide when to resume the sport. Micky, he knew, was thinking only in terms of dollars and cents. He wanted to keep his customers amused. And noisy. Well, let him wait. Let all of them wait. A man was entitled to get his breath.

Micky attempted to prod him into action. "What's the matter with you? Getting old? Winded? Can't you stand a few rounds of punches any more?"

At this Runty got up, brushed past

him, and went towards the door. Hands reached out to stop him.

"Where are you going, Runty?"

"Aw, come on back, Runty."

"Give us some more, Runty."

Even Micky strove to capitulate. "Stick around. I didn't mean nothing."

Runty did not answer. He went outside. It was cooler there, and the air, for all the mixed odors of the mean street, was salty and pungent. As the doors swung back and forth behind him, he turned and glanced into the hot, garishly lighted room, blue with smoke which hung like a gauze curtain from the ceiling. He saw Micky looking after him disconsolately. This cheered him immeasurably as he went next door to see his friend Abie Lowenstein who kept the butcher shop. On Saturday nights it was open until midnight and at present it was crowded with customers, most of them women. Abie stood by his chopping block in a blood-stained apron, a great, round, beefy man, with thick red fingers. He was busy with his customers when Runty came in, but stopped to call out to him:

"I see you're at it again."

He laughed as he said it, showing a black gap in his mouth where two front teeth were missing. The women, recognizing Runty, became interested.

"Is Tim picking on you yet?"

"Why don't he get somebody his own size?"

"If I was you I'd have him arrested."

Others answered for him, "Aw, Runty, he don't mind."

"He's as hard as nails."

"You ought to see his muscle. Show 'em your muscle, Runty."

"Runty lets Tim do it on purpose, don't you, Runty?"

"He does it to make 'em laugh. That's why you do it, ain't it, Runty?"

They were all eager to talk to him; to claim his friendship.

"Are you going back for more?"

"Sure he is. I bet they're hollering in there for him already."

He sat down on a three-legged stool while the women continued to question him. As he sat there he watched Abie dispatch his work with neatness and precision; watched him wield the shining knives and part the red lips of the meat. A pattern of flies rose and dipped, rose and dipped, like miniature vultures, above the carcass he was dissecting.

After the crowd had thinned out, Abie wiped his hands on his apron and leaned across the block.

"What's eatin' you?"

"Nothin'."

"Aw, you can't kid me."

"Nothin', I tell you."

"Why ain't you in there, then?"

"Micky got too fresh."

"What do you mean, fresh?"

"Aw, he got me sore."

"Didn't want to give you time out to even get your breath I bet."

"You said it."

"He should get knocked into a wall himself once yet. Want a drink?"

"Sure."

Abie produced a pint bottle from his hip pocket, and Runty took a long swig of it and felt immediately better and more cheerful.

"He got me sore," he repeated, but with less venom.

"And after all you done for him."

"If it wasn't for me the crowd would go up to Grogan's place."

"They got better stuff up there."

"Don't I know it."

"He ought to pay you good instead of bawling you out."

"He don't need to pay me. I don't want no pay. But he can't tell me when to start in again. You don't always feel like it. It ain't up to him to tell me when to start in again."

"Sure it ain't."

"I'll take another swallow."

"Help yourself. Keep it. I don't want it no more."

"Thanks." Runty pocketed it.

"Guess I'll go up to Grogan's awhile."

"Why don't you?"

"Guess I will."

"And I wouldn't go back there to-night if I was you."

"It would serve Micky good and right if I didn't."

"Sure it would. He'd be out of luck."

Runty got up and tucked in his shirt, which he suddenly realized had been flapping out behind him.

"See you later."

The street was filled with Saturday night activity. Children darted across his path, screaming, tagging, pummeling one another. Young girls sat on the steps, fanning themselves. Old women in the windows above leaned far over the sills on their elbows and screamed at the children. Suddenly above the shouts, the screams, and the whines there broke a concerted and ringing chant. It came from Micky's place.

Small boys stopped in their play to run and peer under the swinging doors. It was one of Runty's favorite tunes, and he almost turned in there again, irresistibly drawn by it, but instead he straightened up, with a frown, and turned his back on it. He went up the street. He could see, some distance away, the bright red snake of light coiling around Grogan's illuminated name. He tried to find pleasure in the thought that he would soon be there, before a bar. But it was foreign territory to him. He was wedded to Micky's and seldom went elsewhere. Never on a Saturday night.

As soon as he pushed open the doors at Grogan's a shout went up.

"Well, look who's here."

"Hello, Runty."

"How are you, Runty?"

"Come on in, Runty."

"What's the matter, Runty, wouldn't Tim leave you have a drink?"

"What's the idea of coming here, Runty? Ain't Micky's good enough for you?"

They were frankly delighted to see him. Even Grogan leaned over the bar and shook hands with him.

"How are you, Runty? What'll you have? This is on the house."

"Make it a whiskey. Straight."

Grogan set the bottle beside the glass.

"Help yourself."

Runty did so, generously.

The men closed in around him and discussed him as if he were not present.

"He's a little feller but he's a bear-cat for punishment."

"He can take a bigger licking than any man living and come back for more."

"If you ask me, he's more than half the team. Any big guy can clout a little guy, but find me the little guy who will ask for more."

Runty filled his glass and drank it off, filled it again. He grinned at the circle of men. They were great fellows. And so was Grogan. He felt kindly towards them all. And towards the whole world. And a little sleepy.

Grogan said, "Come inside my back room. I want to talk to you."

Grogan's back room was a bare office containing a roll-top desk, a swivel chair, a table, and several straight chairs. On the wall were some fly-specked sporting prints. The room reeked of stale beer.

"Sit down," said Grogan, occupying the desk chair himself.

He was a small, cadaverous Irishman. He said, "Listen, I got a proposition to make to you."

Runty felt magnificently fortified to hear it, whatever it was.

"How much does Micky pay you to do your act down there?"

"He don't pay me a red cent."

"What?"

"Not a red cent." Runty felt suddenly aggrieved about it. "And he even crabs when I take time out to get my breath."

"No kidding?" Grogan was frankly shocked at the disclosure. "Listen, Runty, how'd you and your partner like to make a ten spot apiece? With you two fellers up here I could turn 'em away of a Saturday night."

Runty was steeped in unutterable sadness.

"Micky don't treat me right."

"Never mind about Micky. You're going to be through with him. You talk it over with Tim and see if he likes the idea."

Runty bridled. "Tim? What's Tim got to do with it? Tim does whatever I tell him to. I'm the brains of this act. Who did you think was the brains of this act? Me or Tim?"

Grogan soothed him. "You. You, of course. Now you tell Tim—"

"Tim does what I say. He's a big guy but he does what I say, and Micky don't treat me right. You've got to admit that. He don't treat me right."

"Sure. That's what I'm telling you." Grogan got up and patted his shoulder. "Listen, Runty, go on down to Micky's now and get Tim to come up here."

Runty stared at him vacantly. "What for?"

"What for? I've just been telling you. Ten bucks apiece if you bring him up here."

Runty shook his head. "Too late."

Grogan took him roughly by the arm. "Too late? How do you get that way? It ain't twelve yet. It's just the shank of the evening. You go on down and bring him here and the drinks are on me."

"Too late."

Grogan turned on him with a snarl. "Say, what's the matter with you? You're a four-flusher. You're stalling. I don't believe you can get him up here at all. I don't believe you could make him come if you tried. He wouldn't do what a little runt like you told him to. Why should he?"

Runty lurched to his feet. He flung the chair he had been sitting on behind him with a crash.

"Say that again," he roared.

Grogan stood over him glowering. "Sure I will. I'll say it again until you show me different."

Runty's fists fell to his sides. "All right," he said, striding to the door, "I'll show you."

The men shouted at him as he pushed

past them. "Where are you going, Runty?"

Grogan's voice rose above the tumult. "He's only going down to Micky's to get Tim. He'll be right back."

"Good boy."

"Atta boy."

"We'll be lookin' for you."

He went into the street, reeling slightly. He was going back to Micky's. He was not clear as to exactly why. Something to do with Micky. Or was it Tim? No, Grogan. Anyway, he'd show them. He'd show them all. They couldn't tell him where to get off. He was the brains of the act. Tim had the easy side of it. He did the punching. Anybody could do the punching. But it was another thing to get punched. He wondered how Tim would like that for a change. Or Micky. Or Grogan. By God, he'd ask them. He'd put it up to them. And watch them stall. He'd stood about enough from Micky. Or was it from Tim? He'd stood about all he was going to stand. What did they think he was made of, anyhow? Didn't they think you ever wanted to catch your breath? And he didn't want ten dollars for it either. Nor a hundred. Nor a thousand. All he wanted was . . . Well, he wanted something, anyhow. And he'd get it, too. He'd give them an eyeful. He'd show them what he was made of.

The noise in Micky's place was deafening. He waited outside for it to subside. He was too good an artist to enter on that. Let them finish with one act before staging another. He pushed open the door and looked in. Someone spied him, yelled, "It's Runty!" and he was dragged in and rushed forward.

He resented their hands pushing, pulling, propelling him towards the bar. He wanted to tell them something. He wanted to tell Tim something. He wanted to tell Micky something. He tried to speak but his voice was drowned out in the tumult.

And then he saw that Tim was brandishing a long bologna sausage. He

was waving it round his head and he was singing. His dark, handsome face was flushed, and his eyes bright. Someone shouted, "Give Runty a drink. Come on, Eddie, give Runty a drink."

Runty eyed them savagely. All right, he'd have a drink. He'd have it at the bar like any of the rest of them, and when he got through drinking it, he'd tell them something. He'd tell them that after this he and Tim . . .

Eddie slapped the drink on the bar. The crowd went wild. They shouted and yelled. They climbed up on tables and chairs to see. They pummelled one another. They urged him on. They shrieked warnings and admonitions, and then came the tense, electric silence as he reached for the drink. A sudden swish through the air of the long sausage. It caught Runty across the head and face, smashing the glass, cutting his lip, and sending him crashing into the wall.

The crowd rocked with laughter. Runty straightened up and approached the bar again. He was going to have that drink. This time he was going to have that drink. He wanted it, and he needed it. And he was going to have that drink.

He reached for it. Whang went the sausage, across his chest. He coughed and sputtered and the crowd roared.

He couldn't get a drink, and he began to shake as if from a chill. Each time he strove to raise one to his lips, down came the sausage like a club. He was half blinded, white, trembling. He had to have a drink. Good God, couldn't they see he had to have a drink?

He retreated to his corner and dabbed at his cut lip with his sleeve. Micky came by. "You're going great, Runty! Keep it up!"

Keep it up! Be a clown. Let them knock you about and smash you to bits just as long as they laughed and bought more liquor and laughed again.

He wormed his way through the crowd and went outside. He fumbled in his pocket for the bottle Abie had given him, found it, and unscrewed the lid with

shaking fingers. He drank deeply and the whiskey burned his throat like liquid fire. He finished the bottle; flung it away and staggered into Abie's shop. He felt a mounting rage which was like a red flame before his eyes. A rage at Micky. At Tim. At Abie. At Abie for selling Tim a sausage to clout him with. Was that the act of a friend? Was it? But Abie was not in the store. He could hear him moving about in the back room, talking to his wife. Runty ranged around, head down, shoulders hunched. Approaching the chopping block, he picked up the cleaver and brought it down on the wood with such force that it stuck fast there and he could not wrench it loose. It gave him a certain savage pleasure to tug at it. Then a burst of laughter next door at Micky's arrested his attention. He moved towards the sound.

He went inside again. No one noticed him in their complete absorption in a comedy Tim was enacting. He was brandishing the bologna, striking anyone within reach. They ducked, bumped into one another, and scrambled, squealing, out of his way. Runty watched him coldly. He approached the bar, and put one foot on the rail.

Tim did not wait for him to order. With a whoop he swung the sausage around his head and brought it down on Runty's shoulders. It was at that moment that Runty lunged at him and drove a knife through his chest.

Tim straightened convulsively, then slumped forward and slipped to the floor. He rolled over on his back, and his eyes, puzzled and hurt, stared straight into Runty's. He seemed to be asking a question. But before it could be answered he was dead.

In that instant of startled, breathless silence, somebody cried out, "Where'd he get the butcher knife?" and then, "Why did he do it?"

Runty, staring down, went cold all over. Where had he got the butcher knife? He could answer that. Why had he done it? He could not answer that.



IS HISTORY A FRAUD?

BY J. B. S. HALDANE

EVERY generation must rewrite history. New facts become available, and old facts are interpreted anew. In the last century several new standpoints have been adopted, and in particular the attempt has been made to interpret history in terms of economics. But the greatest change has been in the extent of history. A hundred years ago it began about 700 B.C. Before that date there were various legends. Those of the Bible were in a class apart, and they were treated as sacred history, and put into a separate compartment from profane, or ordinary, history. As long as one was compelled to believe in the literal truth of two contradictory accounts of the great Mesopotamian flood, it was no use trying to disentangle the very considerable amount of historical fact embedded in these legends. And the effort of faith involved was relieved by a quite undue skepticism about other legendary events with a historical core, such as the Siege of Troy and the story of the Minotaur.

The enlargement of our horizon began with the interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics. If Columbus doubled the field of geography by discovering America, Champollion in 1821 doubled the field of history by making possible the translation of documents some of which are over four thousand years old. A generation later Rawlinson decoded the cuneiform script in which the languages of ancient Mesopotamia were inscribed on clay tablets. As a result of this, history now extends more than twice as far into the past as it did a cen-

tury ago. It is true that the earliest date known with certainty is 2283 B.C. At 11 A.M. on March 8th of that year occurred a total eclipse of the sun, which portended the sack of Ur by the Elamites. This ended the third dynasty of Ur, a city whose history at that time went back to before Noah's flood, which had not completely submerged it, though it laid down eight feet of mud in its low-lying suburbs. The date of the flood is still doubtful, though probably somewhere between 4000 and 5000 B.C. On the other hand, Woolley is quite confident as to the main sequence of events in southern Mesopotamia as far back as about 3500 B.C., though the dates may well be a century out. Egyptian history appears to begin rather later than this.

Where there are no written or carved records it has been possible to construct a very rough picture of the more important events. Thus we have evidence, from sudden changes in the shapes of the skulls in graves and the objects found with them, of two prehistoric invasions of England. And still farther back one discovers, though only in their dimmest outlines, a whole series of different stone ages, each with its characteristic skull-shape and art, until one reaches the half-men of Neanderthal, with great brow ridges and no chins. They chipped flints in a crude way, and possessed fire but, though they inhabited Europe for scores of thousands of years, they have not left a single work of art. Only by a perhaps misplaced courtesy do we call them men. It is against this background of barbarism that history stands out.

As history cannot exist in the absence of records, and archæology has already reached back to the origin of writing from pictures both in Egypt and Mesopotamia, it is unlikely that future research will ever extend our historical knowledge very much farther into the past. We shall probably never know the name of any man, city, or nation before 5000 B.C. Most of historical research in the future will consist in the filling in of gaps. It is, therefore, possible to-day for the first time to take a bird's-eye view of history as a whole.

The picture so obtained proves, I think, that the history taught to-day in our schools and universities is reliable in its details but as a whole quite misleading. English history is taught as a progress in social organization, broken only by the decay of Roman civilization and its final overthrow by the Angles and Saxons. And the origins of our culture are traced back, on the one hand to the Greeks and Romans, who gradually built up a complete civilization, with highly developed literature, art, and law, from rude beginnings; on the other to the Jews, who evolved most of the religious and ethical ideas which predominate in Europe to-day.

The truth is rather different. The curtain rises at Ur and other cities of the land then called Sumer in southern Mesopotamia about 3500 B.C. and reveals a fully developed civilization. They built well, using the arch, which only reached Europe 3000 years later. They had cloth, wheeled vehicles, pottery, bronze, copper, silver, and gold ware, a certain amount of iron, sculpture, music, writing on clay tablets, seals, and a complete social organization. And it is unfortunately quite clear to anyone who visited the British Museum in 1928 that their standard of taste in art was superior to our own to-day. They still killed servants to wait on dead princes in Kur-nu-gea (No Return Land), but this practice had been abandoned 500 years later. Though one cannot defend this custom, it is only

fair to remember that in this enlightened age more people were killed in four years as a result of the death of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand than were sacrificed in the whole course of Sumerian history. When we get a clearer view of their civilization, about 2500 B.C., we find sanitary conveniences with adequate drains in the houses better than those of many English cottages to-day. There was a small standing army supported by a kind of feudal system, with conscription in time of emergency for citizens. Slaves existed, but had some legal rights and could own property. So could women, married or unmarried. There was a definite code of civil and criminal law, with professional judges. Forty-five hundred years ago southern Mesopotamia was a great deal more civilized than is half the world to-day. Egypt too was civilized, though probably the average man or woman was worse off than in Mesopotamia. There was a civilization also in the valley of the Indus, of which we know very little, except that it must have been in contact or have had a common origin with that of Mesopotamia.

We do not yet know where civilization started. The Mesopotamians said that their ancestors came from the sea, that is the Persian Gulf. As they represented their gods as standing on mountains, it is conjectured that they came from a hilly country. Their culture cannot have come entirely from Egypt, as is sometimes believed, unless some very serious mistakes indeed have been made with regard to dates.

II

At present the principal clue to the spot where civilization began comes from an entirely unexpected source, namely plant genetics. Civilization is based not only on men, but on plants and animals. It needs a cultivated plant giving high yields of storable food, an animal to carry loads and pull carts or plows, and a plant or animal source

of fibers. The principal plants available are the cereals, the soya bean, and the potato, and these are of very unequal value for biochemical reasons. For example, maize, as compared with wheat or oats, is very poor in vitamin F. Hence populations living mainly on maize get a skin disease called pellagra. This is probably one reason why the maize civilizations of Central America never reached the level of the wheat, barley, and rice civilizations of the Old World. The other reason is that America was very poor in domesticable animals. The buffalo is no substitute for the cow, and the llama a very poor one for the horse and sheep.

Hence if it is possible to determine where cereals and cattle were first domesticated, we shall have gone a long way towards tracing civilization to its source. This task is being undertaken by Vavilov and other Russian scientists. Karl Marx's *Kapital* has largely replaced the Bible in Russia to-day, and one of Marx's doctrines is that if we know how production is organized in a society we know the most important thing about it, and can even deduce its religious or philosophical system to a large extent. So Russian biologists are studying not only the domesticated animals and plants of to-day but their ancestors, which were the means of production in primitive societies. In the case of wheat the results are fairly clear. There are two distinct groups of wheats, which can be hybridized only with difficulty; and each can be traced to a definite center. As that center is approached more and more different kinds of wheat are found, and these show all kinds of characters, such as purple shoots, which have been lost in most cultivated varieties, and which are shown by breeding tests to be almost certainly primitive characters. One of these centers is in Abyssinia, the other, from which the more important group of wheats is derived, in or near southeastern Afghanistan. The former is taken to be the original home of the agriculture that

led up to Egyptian civilization, the latter the source of Indian and Mesopotamian wheats, and of the more important varieties grown in Europe and North America to-day. What is more, a great many other cultivated plants seem to have originated in one or the other of these centers. For example, rye, carrots, turnips, some types of beans, lentils, flax, and cotton seem to be of Afghan origin. At present the archaeology of these regions is practically untouched, but the results of excavation, especially in the Afghan area, are likely to be of extreme interest.

In the same way a knowledge of the origin of the dog would throw an immense amount of light on prehistory. Dogs have been domesticated since neolithic times at least, probably for far longer than cattle, which is doubtless one reason why they fit better into human society. However, no one has any serious idea where they were first domesticated.

But to return to better ascertained facts. Between about 3000 B.C. and 1400 A.D. there was very little improvement in the quality of civilization at its best. But it did spread out from its original centers in the valleys of the Nile, Euphrates, and Indus, to cover an ever wider area. This area sometimes contracted, as when our ancestors overran the western Roman Empire, when the Turks destroyed the civilization of Mesopotamia after a continuous run of over 4000 years, or when large areas of central Asia dried up into deserts. It is probable that an important part in shifting the centers of civilization to more temperate countries was played by the malaria parasite and the hookworm *Ankylostoma*, which causes anaemia. These can flourish only in warm, damp countries, and there is a certain amount of evidence that they have been spread about the world during the last 4000 years.

Between 3000 B.C. and 1400 A.D. there were probably only four really important inventions, namely the serious

use of iron, paved roads, voting, and religious intolerance. Perhaps I should have added coinage and long-distance water supply. Gunpowder had been known in China for a long time before 1400 A.D., but did not begin to win battles in Europe till the 17th century. Somewhat before that date, however, it had helped to accelerate the decay of feudalism by diminishing the military value of castles. Knowledge progressed slowly, and we now know that we have greatly overestimated the originality of Greek mathematics. Babylonian mathematical astronomy was very highly advanced. Kidinnu, their last great astronomer, who lived about 400 B.C., was a great deal more accurate in the numbers which he used in predicting eclipses and the like than any of his successors until about fifty years ago. His knowledge had, however, been forgotten in the interval, and his calculations were translated just too late to be of any serious value to astronomers. In Assyria the average educated man knew the multiplication table. As King Ashurbanipal put it in his autobiography, "I recited the complicated multiplications and divisions which are not immediately apparent." The same level was not reached in England till the 17th century. Pepys was grown up when he learned his multiplication table.

As regards law, the code of King Dungi, who reigned in Ur about 2340 B.C., compares quite favorably with that of King George IV of England a century ago. King Dungi's subjects kept slaves, but the slaves were allowed private property. They did not, however, hang children for theft. Their wives, unlike those of our great-grandfathers, were allowed private property, and if a husband took a concubine, instead of having no legal remedy at all, like English women up to 1923, a Sumerian wife had the right to make her supplanter wash her feet and carry her chair to church, though the concubine had also certain definite rights as against the husband. As the legal code gives a rough

reflection of the moral standards of those who framed it, we may suppose that, on the whole, morals have not greatly improved during the course of history.

Christianity and other religions have, of course, on occasion been great weapons in the hands of moral reformers, but they have also been effectively used for the opposite purpose. To take an obvious example, slavery and, what is worse, slave raiding still exist in Christian Abyssinia, the latter evil nowhere else. And when William Lloyd Garrison opened his anti-slavery campaign in Boston in 1830 he met with such opposition from all religious bodies that he was compelled to start in an infidel hall. These facts must be weighed against the religious motives which prompted Wilberforce and Clarkson in their campaign against slavery in the British Empire. The balance is equally even in the case of other moral reforms.

Iron of a sort was known from a very early age, but it was only produced on a large scale and seriously used in the second millennium B.C. At the Siege of Troy, about 1200 B.C., it was still an expensive novelty. It made a somewhat higher material level of civilization possible, but it also made war more efficient and terrible. Paved roads increased the possible size of the state, and voting made various republican forms of government possible, though democracy was extremely rare. The so-called democracies of the ancient world were almost invariably governments by associations of slave-owners. Religious intolerance (which was probably a Jewish invention, as the Old Testament shows) had important effects in producing uniformity of culture and was a great means of spreading civilization. The ancient Romans, who were not intolerant, could not conquer the Germans and did not try to make them substitute Jupiter for Thor. Indeed, they thought the two were the same. (I always have to remember this fact before I translate *Jeudi* into English, my natural tendency being to equate Jove with Woden.) St.

Boniface and other missionaries persuaded many of the Germans to leave Thor for Christ, and incidentally to adopt various Roman customs which went along with Christianity, just as modern missionaries diffuse trousers and football along with the gospel. In this way the Germans were ultimately civilized. But religious intolerance, both Christian and Mahomedan, also played a great part in lowering the level of civilization throughout what had been the Roman Empire.

Up till about 1400 A.D., then, civilization spread a great deal, but rose very little. It is only if we confine our attention to such areas as Western Europe, where it arrived very late, that it appears to have improved. In the fifteenth century a new process began. For thousands of years educated people had despised manual labor. This was natural enough when it was largely performed by slaves. But in the late Middle Ages things were different for three reasons. In the first place the ruling military class was illiterate. Many kings could not sign their names. There was, however, a fair amount of education in other parts of the population. Second, thanks to St. Benedict and certain other founders of religious orders, a large number of the clerical class, who were relatively educated, had a first-hand acquaintance with manual labor. Third, the towns were very largely governed by the guilds, in which men who had become skilled workers rose to positions of wealth and power.

Hence the possibilities for experimental investigation on a large scale by educated men arose. The scientists of the past had investigated nature, but almost always by observation, and not experiment, and they had never made elaborate apparatus. Plato had believed that the future of humanity lay in the hands of the philosopher who was also a king. He was wrong. The combination required was that of philosopher and craftsman. Modern physics began in Leyden, where the great Simon

Stevinus founded statics in 1586 by a study of the principles underlying the lever and the sluice. Incidentally, he invented decimals and influenced world history about as much as Napoleon or Washington by devising the system of defense of Holland by sluices. This enabled the Dutch to win the eighty years' war against the Spaniards, who were far better soldiers, and saved the Reformation. And modern industry had begun with printing about 1450. This invention was important not only because it cheapened books but because it was the first example of mechanical mass production applied to articles formerly produced one by one.

Even so, the old civilization might perhaps have been saved. The main principles which have guided scientific research ever since were laid down by Galileo, who first used the experimental method not merely as an occasional resort in difficult cases, but as a normal method of investigation. The man who is probably the greatest living experimentalist once said to me that but for Galileo and men like him he would never have thought of using experiment rather than unaided observation and thought to search out the nature of things. If Galileo and a few more like-minded men had been burned alive at an early age we might very possibly still be living under a civilization not greatly different from that of the Middle Ages.

But the progress of science was slow. Galileo died in 1642, and it was not till one hundred and sixty-one years later that Symington's steam tug *Charlotte Dundas* towed two barges for nineteen and a half miles on the Forth and Clyde Canal. Leeuwenhoek invented the first efficient microscope in about 1660, and it was two centuries before Pasteur used that instrument to discover the cause of infectious diseases. It is only in the last century that civilization, after six thousand years, has begun to change all through. But to-day the external conditions of life in civilized communities differ more from those of 1830 than did

the conditions of 1830 from those at the time of Noah's flood. And this change, the real world revolution, has only just begun. We have gone an immense way in improving and organizing production and communication; we have nearly abolished water-borne and insect-borne diseases, and that is about all. Science has not yet been applied to most human activities, and it can be and, I hope, will be applied to all.

III

The world is, of course, full of alleged applications of science outside the realms of production and hygiene, but the vast majority of them show no trace of scientific method. Thus there are numberless systems of education which are supposed to be based on scientific child psychology. But they are usually applied to small groups of children, in many cases to the children of unusually intelligent parents, brought up in unusually intelligent homes. If such children later turn out to be more successful than the average, this proves nothing at all. In order to prove the superiority of some new system, for example the Dalton plan, it will be necessary to follow up some thousands of average children educated under it, and some thousands educated under the ordinary system, and to find out which group on the average grows up into better citizens. This has not yet been done, and until it has been done it is ridiculous to talk about scientific method in education. Scientific method combines observation with experiment. Experiment without observation may be an enthralling occupation, but it is not science.

But the application of science to industry and medicine has entirely altered political problems. Until a few years ago every "civilized" country really consisted of a small number of more or less civilized people among a multitude of uneducated poor who shared to a very slight extent in the benefits of civilization. Any equaliza-

tion of incomes would merely have reduced the few to the level of the many, and destroyed what little culture existed. Socialism and civilization were obviously incompatible. To-day the national income is large enough to admit of universal education, and it could be more evenly divided than it is at present without endangering science, art, or literature. That particular argument against socialism is no longer valid. And hygiene has provided another serious argument against our present economic system. We now live so long that a large proportion of the capital in many countries is in the hands of people over sixty years of age, who naturally show less enterprise than younger men and women. A good deal of socialism arises from irritation at this fact, though anti-socialists can fairly reply that a government official at forty commonly shows as little enterprise as an ordinary man at sixty-five.

For this reason history helps us very little in deciding for or against socialism. The situation of to-day is something entirely new. The old civilization, which had lasted for six thousand years, is in process of replacement by something which will differ from it as completely as it differed from savagery. History, as generally taught in schools, is the story of the political squabbles of the last two thousand years and is, on the whole, rather a futile story. It becomes valuable when it is studied in detail, because it illustrates the psychology of politicians and that of crowds. Far more light is thrown on the English Civil War by the fact that Charles I was afflicted with severe stammering in his youth than by the quaint legal arguments which he used to justify his ill-considered actions. This is why men and women to-day prefer to read biographies of historical characters rather than histories of the British constitution. We have our Charles I's in politics to-day, and biographical history enables us to understand and pity them. But conventional history may lead us to share their delu-

sion that they are now living in the eighteenth century, as Charles I apparently supposed that he was living in the Middle Ages.

The interpretation of history has tended to oscillate between two fallacies. The obvious fallacy is to regard it as the story of great men and great movements. But on a long view these very nearly cancel one another out. The struggle between freedom and authority has gone on all through history, and any unbiased person must recognize that each party at any moment has had a good deal of right on its side. Few of us can be whole-hearted partisans in any war of more than a hundred years past. In disgust with these great political figures we turn to the idealists who took no direct part in government but produced novel ideas and points of view. Here, we like to think, are the real leaders of mankind.

We are the music-makers, and we are the
dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers, and sitting
by desolate streams,
World-losers and world-forsakers, on whom
the pale moon gleams,
But we are the movers and shakers of the
world forever, it seems.

We in the ages lying in the buried past of the
earth
Built Nineveh with our sighing, and Babel
itself with our mirth
And o'erthrew them with prophesying to the
old of the new world's worth
For each age is a dream that is dying, or one
that is coming to birth.

I believe that this is as great a fallacy as the other. The dreamer of dreams can at most replace one set of symbolic ideas by another, the Cross by the Crescent, or the mother of the gods by the mother of God. After wars and revolutions, crusades and martyrdoms, the new dream is sometimes adopted. The world has been shaken, but there is very little evidence that it has been moved. But if the dreamers and the music-makers have not greatly altered the world by imposing their special dreams on it, the greatest of them

have slightly raised the level of human life. We can meet the prospect of death with greater equanimity because Shakespeare wrote:

We must endure
Our going hence, even as our coming hither,
Ripeness is all.

We can love more passionately because Marvell told his coy mistress that

The grave's a fine and private place,
But none, I think, do there embrace.

And we can be better citizens of the universe, better botanists, even better horticulturists because Jesus said, "Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The reason for the relatively small ultimate effect of the dreamer is, I think, fairly clear. He or she is primarily concerned with the human spirit. Even to-day the workings of the spirit of man largely elude our intellectual grasp. In other words, psychology is not a science. Spiritual things must, therefore, be shown, if at all, in symbols; and these symbols are interpreted in different ways by different men, so that Blake could write:

The vision of Christ which thou dost see
Is my vision's chiefest enemy.
Yours is the healer of mankind,
Mine speaks in parables to the blind.

Thus religion tends inevitably to crystallize into theology, and the letter to choke the spirit.

Ultimately I can see no reason to doubt that psychology will become scientific, with results of incalculable importance. Even to-day the first feeble attempts to introduce scientific method into it are producing a change in human thought and conduct only comparable with those which are generally brought about by a new religion.

IV

Who, then, have been the real world-revolutionaries, the men who have done

such deeds that human life after them could never be the same as before? I think that the vast majority of them have been skilled manual workers who thought about their jobs. The very greatest of them are perhaps two men or women whose real names will remain forever unknown, but whom we may call Prometheus and Triptolemus, the inventors of fire and agriculture. Prometheus, who was a Neanderthal man with great brow ridges and no chin, discovered how to keep a fire going and how to use it to such advantage that his successors were induced to imitate his practice. Probably some later genius discovered how to kindle a fire by rubbing sticks together, and I like to imagine that it was a woman who first presented her astonished but delighted husband with a cooked meal. Fire was a very ancient invention, made in the early part of the stone age, but apparently seeds were first systematically sown not so very long before the dawn of history. The immediate result was to make possible a fairly dense and settled population in which civilization was able to develop.

All through the historical period great inventions were made which were so clearly useful that they were bound to spread over the earth. Great intellectual discoveries were also made, but they were often forgotten because they led to no practical result. Thus the ancient Egyptians possessed a primitive kind of algebra. The chief algebraical papyrus known to us, which deals with simple equations, is called "Directions for obtaining the knowledge of all dark things." But this algebra was forgotten and had to be re-invented because it was not applied to any useful purpose, whereas the Egyptian methods of surveying have developed into those in use at present. To-day science is important because it is applied, and it is only the applicable portions of science which are reasonably sure of survival.

Compare the two greatest biologists of last century, Pasteur and Darwin. Pasteur's fundamental ideas are fairly

sure of survival, because any nation that disbelieved in them would double its death-rate if it carried that disbelief into practice. But although Darwin's main ideas are accepted by most scientific men, no obvious disasters would follow their rejection. Both in England and America there are religious bodies which are either anti-Pasteurian or anti-Darwinian.

It is perfectly conceivable that during the next century the Roman Catholic Church may gain control of Europe, or the Fundamentalists of North America. In either case, Darwinism will be proscribed, and the average man will not be much worse off on that account. But if in the next fifty years Darwin's ideas are applied to produce some great improvements in agriculture, hygiene, or politics, such a proscription will at once become more difficult. A government of consistent Christian Scientists, who refused to take preventive measures of a material kind against the spread of epidemic disease, would be far more dangerous than a government of Fundamentalists. Darwin's intellectual achievement may have been as great as Pasteur's, but so far it has only led to a change in fashionable beliefs which may not be permanent, while Pasteur's has affected the whole structure of civilized society, and will probably go on doing so.

If I become Pope, which does not at present seem very probable, I shall at once take all the steps in my power to secure the canonization of Pasteur, who was of course a sincere Catholic. And I shall give the official blessing of the Church to some of the theories and practices which he introduced. But I shall point out the really weak points in Darwin's argument, which most defenders of the faith seem to miss completely, and anathematize them as errors.

It is significant that Pasteur was not only a great thinker but a superb technician, a man of immense manual skill who invented a great deal of the complex technic by which substances can be kept free from microbes, and one kind of

microbe can be grown without contamination by others. Bacteriological theory is largely the verbalization of this technic. Pasteur clearly thought a great deal with his hands, Darwin rather little.

Many of the more historically important ideas were not at first put into words. They were technical inventions which were at first handed down by imitation, and only slowly developed a verbal theory. When they did the theory was generally nonsense but the practice sound. This was obviously the case, for example, until quite recently, with the extraction of metals from their ores. Certain methods worked, but no one knew why; and those who thought they knew were wrong. As the historical importance of production was not realized until recently, we shall never know who discovered iron smelting or, what would be more interesting, how he discovered it.

But there is another reason too. The first-rate technician is generally much more interested in his craft than in his personal fame, or even in his life. In order to obtain the necessary conditions to create a masterpiece or perfect a new process he is perfectly willing to lose himself in a glorious anonymity. The architects of many of the world's greatest buildings, like the great inventors, are often unknown, and generally mere names. The knowledge that this would be so would not have distressed them. Their attitude is summed up in one of the songs sung by airmen during the War.

Take the cylinder out of my kidneys
The connecting rod out of my brain
The camshaft from under my backbone
And assemble the engine again.

The engine remains as their very real

memorial. Similarly, I am inclined to think that such men have been very largely responsible for so much of steady progress as is traceable behind the ebb and flow of history. The British Empire was made possible by the gradual improvement in navigation during the 17th and 18th centuries, and was consolidated by the steamship. The United States are united by railroads. The aeroplane is going to create the World State.

The point of view which I am urging is unpopular for two reasons, apart from the inevitable shortness of historical views until recently. In the first place history is written by people impressed with the importance of their own political and religious views, and inevitably takes on the character of propaganda for them. But a more fundamental cause is as follows. Historians have inevitably thought in terms of words. They have read many books and documents. They have often been great stylists like Gibbon and Macaulay. They have realized the power of words to move multitudes. They have not been manual workers, and have seldom realized that man's hands are as important as and more specifically human than his mouth. Those intellectuals who have also been intelligent with their hands have mostly confined their writing to scientific and technical questions. Perhaps I ought to do so myself. But when I look at history I see it as Man's attempt to solve the practical problem of living. The men who did most to solve it were not those who thought about it, or talked about it, or impressed their contemporaries, but those who silently and efficiently got on with their work.



I BELIEVE IN KINGS

AN ENGLISHMAN LOOKS AT ROYALTY

BY GEOFFREY LAYMAN

AS I was changing for dinner the other night, my younger son John, aged five, who sleeps in my dressing room and shares with me, at that hour, the topics of the day, informed me in tones in which astonishment and reprobation were equally mingled that a lady of his acquaintance, Rosemary by name, did not believe in kings. It was to him as though someone—not so much impious as merely foolish—should express a disbelief in day or night or any other of the elemental facts of life. It would not enter his head to doubt for one moment that kingship was an institution naturally ordained, and that he should love the King with a personal devotion, less intimate perhaps than one's devotion to one's mother but certainly a good deal more direct than one's devotion to God. Indeed, inasmuch as there is definitely an element of religion in his conception of royalty, and inasmuch as he has on sundry occasions seen the King in the flesh, and is aware that his parents have actually shaken hands and spoken with him, I suspect that the King has to a large extent usurped in his mind the place of that somewhat shadowy abstraction to whom he has been taught to say his prayers, and that he does not really distinguish between the King and God except that he knows that he adores the King and only knows that he ought to adore God.

It occurred to me to wonder, as I tied my tie, what kind of idea in the mind of his friend Rosemary was represented by

her statement that she didn't "believe in" kings, and why on the other hand John believed in them, or at any rate in one particular example of kingship, so fervently; and these speculations, of the desultory kind appropriate to the daily tasks of dressing and undressing, led me, as I brushed my hair and put on my coat, to consider what were my own feelings in the matter and, inasmuch as I regard myself as a pretty typical example of my countrymen, what the average Englishman thinks (in so far as he thinks about such things at all) on the subject. And so to dinner.

What follows, therefore, is to be regarded not as an essay in constitutional history or political science, but simply as an attempt to portray what the average Englishman thinks and feels about kingship.

II

As for Rosemary, John's lady friend who "doesn't believe in kings," she of course merely repeats what she has heard from her parents. She attributes no particular meaning to her statement, but she certainly is without any of that peculiar passion of loyalty which glows in John's bosom. Now it so happens that her father, though himself born in England, is the son of a German Pole; and I think that that fact is not without significance in connection with this question of kingship. The English conception of kingship is in fact something peculiar to the English (and perhaps also to the Scottish) mentality; and

when people of other races say that they don't believe in kings the conception of kingship which they have in mind is something quite other than the English conception. The English, greatly as they pride themselves on their intellectual achievements, are a people who feel rather than think. Their beliefs and their actions spring not so much (indeed hardly at all) from reason as from an inherited racial instinct, which slowly adapts itself to the changing circumstances of their history; and the fundamental doctrines by which they guide their lives are derived not from any specific teaching handed down from father to son, but from something, the fruit of experience and tradition rather than of reason, inherent in them from their birth and from before their birth. It is not from us, from my wife and myself, that John has acquired this semi-religious loyalty to the Throne. We ourselves certainly share it, but I cannot remember that we have ever made any effort to instill it into him: there was no need to do so, for it grew up with him. When, therefore, Rosemary's father says that he doesn't believe in kings and I say that I do, we are not really talking the same language or about the same thing. He is discussing the institution of monarchy in the light of political science; I am registering an emotion which has its roots in the history and experience of my forefathers.

III

Before we attempt to examine the real nature and meaning of this emotion and the effect which it has upon the English social and political economy, it may be well to endeavor to make clear what in fact the King is in the structure of the British Constitution and what he does. Such a clarification is very necessary, for it is a point as to which there is considerable misapprehension in other countries, not only on the part of the ordinary reader of newspapers but also on the part of the real student of politics. The former has been brought up to believe

from his daily reading, and from such smattering of history as he may possess, that a king is a personage occupying a position of great importance and power who has been selected to hold that position not from any personal merit of his own but simply by the accident of birth; and he lets it go at that. The thing is an obvious anomaly in this democratic age, and no man with the desire for freedom in his soul (and the newspaper reader has been taught that democracy and freedom are synonymous terms!) would tolerate it for a moment. The student of politics knows more than this. He is aware of the process, marked by certain outstanding events and occasional reactions, but nevertheless continuous, by which the absolute monarchy of the early Norman kings has developed into the so-called constitutional monarchy of to-day; but he is liable to be deceived by that very word constitutional.

The British Constitution presents two great difficulties to the foreign observer. In the first place it is nowhere embodied in a single instrument, as is the Constitution of the United States of America, but is to be found scattered throughout numerous statutes and judicial decisions. And in the second place (and it is here that the foreign and even the English political scientist tends to go wrong) it differs widely in actual practice even from the statutes and decisions on which it is based. It is in fact a curious and striking example of the English habit of "making things do"—of preferring, when a new need arises, to apply some existing tool to new uses rather than to make a new tool for the purpose. And the foreign observer not unnaturally assumes that the purpose for which the old tool is being used is still the old purpose. When, for example, the Constitution provides that no Bill involving the expenditure of public money may even be introduced into Parliament without the written consent of the King, it is natural to suppose that this is (as undoubtedly it was) a check upon the liberty of the people to govern themselves and not (as

it has in practice become) one of the great safeguards of democracy. Monarchy in this country is in fact something widely different from what anyone who studies our laws or even our Parliamentary proceedings without being acquainted with the actual machinery of government would suppose.

Nor are these the only difficulties which the external observer of the British Constitution has to surmount. There is further the fundamental distinction, nowhere expressed in any statute or decision but a part, nevertheless, of the foundation upon which the Constitution rests, between the King and the Crown, that is to say between the monarch as a person and the monarchy as an institution. The distinction is one particularly difficult for the American to make, for the nearest American equivalent to the King, namely the President, is in fact the most powerful monarch in the world, and acts always as a person and never as an institution. The idea that a human being can, in relation to a great part of his activities, divest himself of all individual personality and become a purely impersonal source of power for others to use is a conception wholly foreign to most minds outside Great Britain and the British Dominions. And it is because they inevitably regard the Crown as a man and not as an institution that Americans tend to assume that monarchy, as it exists in Great Britain, and liberty cannot be fully consistent with each other.

It is in the reconciliation of monarchy—in its origin absolute and uncontrolled—with liberty, if by liberty we mean the government of the people for the people by the people, that the British genius for political adaptation, for applying to one purpose tools designed for another rather than devising new tools for the new purpose, has perhaps most strikingly manifested itself. In theory the King still exercises, as at one time he did in fact exercise, the whole authority of the State. He appoints his own Ministers and Judges; he gives or withholds his assent

to Acts of Parliament; he empowers his Ambassadors to negotiate treaties, which without any necessity to consult Parliament he can ratify or decline to ratify; the Army and the Navy are his Army and his Navy; he declares war and makes peace. But in practice, while he remains the source of the power which is exercised in his name, that power is exercised by the people, through their elected representatives, and by the people alone. It is the exercise and not the origin of power within the State that is the criterion of liberty; and while the newborn Republic in America was attempting to secure her liberty by vesting the origin of power in the people and the exercise of it in an elected officer with a prescribed term of office, Great Britain was achieving the same end—perhaps with a greater measure of success—by leaving the origin of power in the Crown but transferring the exercise of it to the people.

In truth, of course, the origin of power in the modern democratic State is always the same: it can come from no other source than from the willingness of the people themselves to be governed. But the fiction of the British Constitution, whereby the power of the State resides in a single visible receptacle, external to the people and unaffected by political changes, is peculiarly congenial to the British character. It preserves unbroken the traditions of the past, and we are a conservative people, not given to casting down our idols if only we can make them serve our purposes. It embodies the State in a visible and concrete form; and our minds (or rather our instincts, for as a people we act by instinct rather than by reason) deal more easily with the concrete than with the abstract. And it creates a sense of continuity and permanence, of something adaptable but in essence unalterable, which is comforting to us. It is precious to us just because it is neither new nor modern nor obvious, but something we have had with us always and have ourselves molded to suit our ends. And it does suit them.

The King, then, to us is the State,

made visible to our eyes: and when we say that we "believe in" kings, we are saying, in truth, no more than that we believe in ordered government and that we share with the vast majority of our fellow mortals that not ignoble instinct, which it is becoming the fashion to decry, called patriotism. It is an instinct which in America, I imagine, centers in the flag. With us too the flag is a very vital element in our patriotism, all the more so, I think, because in our minds we connect it so closely with the personal embodiment of the State. Man, after all, has always felt the need for visualizing in some concrete form the abstract objects of his devotion—he has always personified his gods. It is as to a living and human, and not merely a visible, embodiment of the State, and of all the traditions handed down to us, not without glory, by our forefathers, that we are loyal to the King.

IV

The Romans deified their emperors, and we deride their superstition or despise their sycophancy. But in truth we do not ourselves look upon our kings as wholly human. I have shaken hands with King George, I have spoken to him, and he has spoken to me. Regarded simply as a man, he is not, I should imagine, more intelligent than I, he is not, I think, better looking, he has, by his own personal merit, achieved nothing of which I believe myself, in like circumstances, to be incapable. For what reason, then, other than that I regard him as something not wholly human, as a being not to be judged by the criteria which apply to all other men, however great their distinction, do I feel that the fact that I have come to the personal notice of the King distinguishes me above my fellow-citizens who have not? Because the King to us embodies the whole authority and essence of the State, he has become, not perhaps *deus*, but certainly *divus*; and this tendency has grown more marked as in course of time the royal power ceased to be personal

and became impersonal. The first four Georges and William IV, all of whom actually exercised in their own persons, though in a diminishing degree, the powers which George V exercises only in theory, were judged by their contemporaries as men among men. The sanctity that doth hedge a throne was, down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, in essence if not in degree, the sanctity of a priest: it is not until the reign of Victoria, when the last vestiges of the personal power of our Kings disappeared, that it began to take on something of the sanctity of a god. The process was no doubt helped by the fact that Victoria was a woman, and a very remarkable woman, and that during a great part of her reign she was as withdrawn from the public gaze almost as that other semi-divine monarch, the Mikado: but the process could hardly have begun but for the fact that the King, from being the wielder of power, and hence liable to make mistakes and to be visibly swayed by human passions and weaknesses, had become the Crown, the source of the power which was wielded by others, withdrawn, passionless, almost mysterious.

Hence we get what at first sight appears an anomaly, but on analysis is natural enough, that in proportion to the growth of the real liberty of the people and the transfer of all effective power into their hands—in proportion, in fact, to the development of democracy in Great Britain—monarchy, as a system of government, has become immensely strengthened. Great Britain enjoys now a greater measure of liberty, personal and political, than any other nation in the world, not excluding the United States of America; and at no period in her history has the substitution of a republican for a monarchical form of government been less likely.

V

There is in man a capacity for worship which, at any rate among the less

thoughtful, is not satisfied by a belief in an abstraction—by devotion to the State, or to the good of mankind, or even to the flag, which is but a concrete and inanimate symbol of an abstraction. Not only has he always personified his gods, but, on occasion, he has deified his fellows. And both processes are, I think, visible in what we English have done with that very abstract conception, the authority of the State. We have expressed it in two forms—the Crown, a personification of the abstract, and the King, a deification of the individual—and we have made the two coincide. One result has been to direct the human capacity for worship towards the State, and thereby to introduce an immensely stabilizing factor into the machinery of government.

I do not mean to suggest that this process has been at all conscious. The English are not given to conscious analysis of their mental processes, and indeed their fundamental political beliefs do not spring from any mental process in the ordinary sense of the word. They do not arise from any individual act of reasoning and from the communication from one mind to another of the resultant concept, but from some slow growth of a belief, an emotion, a loyalty in the nation as a whole rather than in any individual brain. Neither his mother nor I taught our son John to “believe in kings”: it is a belief he inherited at birth. Moreover “religion” and “worship” are perhaps words too strong to apply to the emotion which I wish to describe, but there are no others adequate to express what I have in mind. If you told the average Englishman of the middle or lower class that monarchy in England was a form of religion, and that the King expressed in his person the authority and the idea of the State and was worshipped as such, he would probably not understand what you were talking about, and if he did understand would either laugh at you or be exceedingly indignant at being accused of idolatry. But you would not be far

from the truth. Read what Stephen Graham, surely no natural monarchist, has to say in *A Private in the Guards* of the feelings of himself and his fellows on their first King’s Guard.

Nor shall I easily forget what I saw one Sunday early in August of 1914. It was about nine o’clock in the morning, during those days of suspense after Great Britain had declared war but before we knew whether our contribution to the Allied cause was to be our Navy alone or whether we meant to throw in all our strength. The Government Department in which I serve was working under pressure, Sundays and weekdays alike, and my wife (but I was only engaged then) was walking with me across the Park on my way to the office. Hardly anyone else was about. As we reached Buckingham Palace we met a battalion of the Guards. They were at full strength, reservists and all, and in heavy marching order, the men carrying entrenching tools besides the rest of their impedimenta, the officers and N.C.O.s wire-cutters and the officers revolvers; field cookers and water-carts came behind. I knew enough of military matters even in those days to perceive at once that they were en route for France, part of an Expeditionary Force, and my heart rose: we had not become used, then, to seeing men go to war. As they passed the Palace, the Company Commanders, one by one, gave the command “Eyes left,” and we saw the King, standing alone and bare-headed, at the Palace front. I am not, I think, easily moved; but I was moved then, more profoundly than ever in my life. For it was not one man saying good-by to twelve hundred that we saw, nor even the supreme commander of the Army saying good-by to one of its first and finest units. It was the Nation itself saying good-by to its men on their way to war.

VI

Just as men need an object of devotion, and it is well (at least from the point of view of those who believe that our

present forms of government and of society afford at least a reasonable measure of human freedom and happiness) when that object is the State, so also they need an outlet for that love of pomp and circumstance—of play-acting, if you like to call it so—which is certainly not less marked among the Anglo Saxon than among other races; and it is no bad thing when this also is centered on the State. A monarchical system of government, combined, as ours is, with as high a standard of political liberty as is to be found anywhere in the world, affords precisely such an outlet. The trappings of royalty, the ceremonies of the court, the pomp of guard-mounting and changing, the traditional splendor and awe of coronation are the ritual of this "religion" of which I have written above; and because they are the ritual of a religion which is definitely related to our daily lives and of which each part has its roots in our national history, they have for us a meaning and an emotion more deep, I feel confident, than the rites of Freemason or Elk or Kiwanian.

Last year I attended, as I do every four years or so, the King's Levée. I robed myself in an exceedingly expensive and, objectively considered, rather ridiculous uniform of superfine dark-blue cloth and gold lace, with strapped trousers, court sword, cocked hat trimmed with ostrich feathers, and white kid gloves. I hung round my neck the Order which the King had hung there some years before. I arrived at St. James's Palace in the midst of a crowd of other arrivals, in scarlet and blue and gold, in the silk gown and bands of the judge or the bishop, or the black velvet of the plain gentleman. I passed up the staircase, at each corner of the stair a life-guardsmen in jack boots, polished steel breast- and back-plate, plumed helmet and drawn sword, through the picture gallery lined with the Yeomen of the King's Bodyguard armed with halberds, to the great anteroom, looking pleasantly out to St. James's Park, bright with

rhododendrons and iris edging the Lake. While we wait, the gate outside the windows swings open and into the garden below marches the new guard—first the band, headed by the drum-major in his ceremonial dress of long white gaiters, knee-deep surcoat of cloth of gold embroidered with the Royal Arms, and black velvet cap, then the Ensign bearing the Colors and surrounded by his escort, and then, rank after rank as though ruled with a ruler, the guard, scarlet and white, with bayonets fixed and towering bearskins. As the hour approaches, the gate swings open again, and we see the King's escort of Life-Guards clattering down the Mall. They wheel to each side of the gate, and the carriages roll through, first those containing the Officers of the Household, and then, ponderous, clumsy and swaying, all glass and gold surmounted by the Royal Crown, the King's coach. Promptly at eleven thirty the Levée begins; and after the foreign Ambassadors and Ministers and their staffs have passed through, the doors of our anteroom are opened and we file in, one by one, through a second anteroom to the Throne Room. Facing us is the Throne, and standing in front of it the King, in uniform. Behind him are grouped the Royal Princes, the Secretaries of State, and the Officers of the Household. Facing him, at a distance of twenty paces or so, in two ranks, are drawn up the Gentlemen of the King's Body-Guard, all retired officers of high rank, in scarlet and gold, with steel helmets crowned with cocks' feathers and great damascened halberds, and among them the two native orderly officers attached to the King's Person from the Indian Army. We pass up the length of the room, give the cards bearing our names to the gentleman usher who hands them to the Lord Chamberlain, and each man, as the Lord Chamberlain reads out his name, turns to the right, halts before the King, bows, and passes on. The Levée, so far as he is concerned, is over.

What does it all amount to? A great deal of money has been spent on gorgeous uniforms and trappings, most of which are not worn more than once a year, if as often. A whole morning has been consumed, while work is piling up at the office. I have chatted with a few friends whom I might have seen, equally well and much more comfortably, at the club. I have bowed to a man like myself, rather undersized, not more distinguished in appearance than most of those present, elderly, grave, and cour-

teous. And I have gone home, changed into my working clothes, lunched, and gone back to work. But I have been in communion with the spirit of my country, I have been in the presence of the Majesty of England. And I am no less a free man than any man in the world. Nor are those who waited outside the Palace and watched us go in and come out, as the congregation in some great cathedral watches the procession pass up to the High Altar and back again.

I believe in kings.

HOW AND WHY

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

I SAID, *I am sick of my own stock
That would run a mile to see a rock,
And that finds ecstatic ground for hope
In a miracle seen through a microscope.
I said, this stock I will breed out;
And I thought that I knew what I was about.
But now that I've been and had my way,
My child and I have nothing to say—
Not to each other—the livelong day.
I've tried him now with everything;
A cirrus cloud, the full moon's ring,
Thistledown thread, and the nap of fur,
The velvet pads of a chestnut burr,
The print of paws in a waste of snow,
A frond as crooked as a fiddle bow,
The tug of tides and the distant swell
Of surf that breaks in a spiralled shell,
The soar of wings on the winds they clap,
The sun-dew's spring of its jewelled trap.
But one and another he sees them all,
As next to nothing—as nothing at all;
And I'd give my soul could I hear him cry:
"How—how—how?" And "Why—why—why?"*



TO BE OR NOT TO BE?

THE FACTS ABOUT SUICIDE

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

LIFE is to all peoples their most valued and sacred possession and must remain inviolate if civilization is to endure. In spite of hardships and denials, struggles and defeats, suffering rarely blots out the wish to live. There are few persons, however, who have not at some time longed for the peace and rest of death. Existence is usually too complicated to be entirely free from despair, and situations do arise which may cause us to weigh the value of life against the relief afforded by the grave. Such morbid thoughts and the suicidal tendencies they engender last only for a moment. The healthy individual soon realizes that his troubles will pass or that he can triumph over them. Certainly there is an immense resistance, objective as well as subjective, which must be overcome before an act so desperate as suicide can be committed. Yet in spite of all the safeguards provided by instinct and social sanctions, the death motive does often gain the ascendancy. Whatever the cause, all too many persons each year choose self-destruction as a way out of what appears to them a hopeless struggle. But those who escape in this way from the bitter experiences of life are the vanquished, and they thereby frankly admit their personal futility and failure.

In this essay, we shall concern ourselves primarily with the facts of suicide, hoping through their study to gain insight into the motivation and the nature of this act. At the very outset, a series of questions arises which may clarify our thinking. How many sui-

cides occur each year in the United States and how has the number varied since the beginning of the century? How does the United States stand in comparison with other countries of the world? Are men or women more likely to take their own lives, and at what ages does the suicidal impulse reach its greatest force? Do more rich or poor, urban or rural, educated or uneducated persons kill themselves? These questions will lead to an evaluation of religious and racial influences which tend to encourage or discourage suicide and to a consideration of the psychological maladjustments which are everywhere so important. Certainly when we have brought our array of facts together, we shall have a better understanding of the problem in its varied aspects. From the tangled web of human desires and the cultural backgrounds which determine standards of life, there may emerge a valuable clue that will help us to check and perhaps even prevent a form of behavior that, from every point of view, is so greatly to be deplored.

II

Each year there are well over 16,000 suicides reported in the United States. The actual number is much larger, since many cases are recorded as accidents or as deaths from natural causes owing to the care that is taken by the families to cover them up and to falsify the record. It is difficult to say definitely whether or not suicide has been increasing among us.

Authentic figures for the country as a whole go back only to the beginning of the century, and since then the rate has fluctuated greatly from year to year. In 1900 the suicide rate was 11.5 for every 100,000 persons in the population. In succeeding years it went up more or less steadily, rising to the high peak of 17.8 in 1908, falling the following year and remaining fairly stationary around the figure 16 per 100,000 for the period preceding the outbreak of the War. From the time we actually entered hostilities in 1917 the rate steadily declined, until the lowest point on record was reached (10.2) in 1920. This experience was similar to that in European countries, all of which showed a reduction in the suicide death rate. Thus apparently, in spite of the disorganization and chaos, the all-engrossing activities of wartime kept the mind from brooding over personal disappointments and troubles. In the United States the rate for suicide began to rise again in 1921. It receded in the two succeeding years, but since then has been going up slowly. In 1928 the rate was 13.6 per 100,000 of population. The trend in the population as a whole during the last quarter of a century has, therefore, been neither definitely upward or downward, although since 1911 there has been a rather steady decline. It is interesting to observe that among the wage-earners of the country, however, the rate has fallen far faster than among the population as a whole.

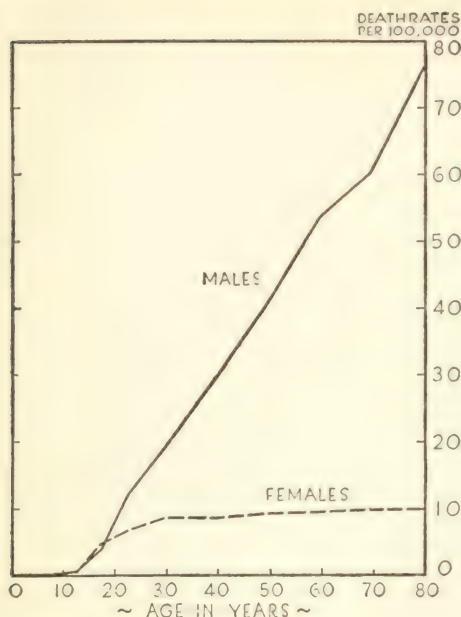
As might be expected, there is great variability in the amount of suicide in the different countries of the world reflecting the varied habits and customs, religious convictions, social points of view, climatic conditions, and the many other factors that may tend to inhibit or encourage self-destruction. The United States occupies a middle position in reference to suicide frequency. This it shares with Sweden, England, Wales and Scotland, Australia, New Zealand, and Finland. Belgium, Denmark, and France have slightly higher rates; and

Italy, the Netherlands, Norway, and Canada somewhat lower ones. The very highest rates of all—around 25 to 30 per 100,000—are found in countries with large Germanic populations, such as Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. Hungary, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Japan also have an abnormally high suicide record, more than twice that of the United States and England, and from six to ten times as great as the devoutly Catholic countries, like Spain, Ireland, Chile, and Cuba. Especially interesting are the figures for the two parts of Ireland. In the Irish Free State, the southern Catholic portion of the country, the figure, 3.2 per 100,000, is next to Cuba, the lowest on record; in northern Protestant Ireland, the rate is 6.0, about twice as high.

III

Suicide in the United States is almost altogether limited to white people. Among our 11 million negroes there are annually only about 500 cases of self-destruction. This fact is particularly significant since it is among the colored people that the very highest homicide rates prevail. There is, therefore, apparently little ground for believing that suicide and homicide go hand in hand, and that both reflect a contempt for human life. Two different psychological mechanisms are apparently involved. Homicide is generally the outcome of sudden passion and follows immediately the murderous impulse. Suicide, on the other hand, is usually the result of premeditation and a brooding introspection, the very conditions which make homicide impossible.

Age, like color and race, is an important factor in the causation of suicide. Contrary to general opinion, the problem increases in intensity with advancing years. It is fair to say that children practically never kill themselves. Their natural buoyancy does not permit disappointment to last long, nor are they often driven to despair. Up to age fifteen, although there are occasional exam-



ples of personal maladjustment serious enough to cause a child suicide, the cases are so few as to be statistically negligible. During the two years 1923 and 1924, out of over 23,000 suicides in the Registration Area of the United States, only 78 were children, or about three-tenths of one per cent of the total number. Thus, in spite of the few spectacular cases that are so graphically described and featured in the daily press, suicide as a social problem is not bound up with the weariness and disillusionment of youth. In contradiction, moreover, to what recent discussion would have led us to expect, the decline in the suicide rate has been greatest among adolescents in recent years.

Beginning with the years of adolescence, each advancing age period shows a steady and consistent rise in the amount of suicide. In fact, more than half of all the suicides occur among persons 45 years of age and over, although this group constitutes only a little over a fifth of the total population. Both sexes show the highest rates in old age, although this tendency is far more pronounced among the males. On the whole, suicide may be called a masculine type of reaction. More than three

times as many men as women do away with themselves each year. Only at one age group (and that a relatively unimportant one), namely, 15 to 19 years of age, are there more women than men suicides. It would seem, therefore, as if adolescent maladjustments play more havoc with young women than with young men. But after age 20 the order is reversed, and the contrast between the two sexes becomes increasingly more striking. As the following chart shows vividly, the line of the two curves goes steadily and steeply up, skyrocketing in the older ages of life; while the curve for females rises rather slowly up to the age of 30 and thereafter stays more or less stationary on a slightly rising level until old age. It is clear, therefore, that the ratio of suicide in the two sexes varies very greatly at different ages. Among those 25 to 34 years old, there are more than twice as many men as women; during the next ten year period, about four times as many; in the next decade, approximately five times; and after age 65 there are about seven times as many men suicides as women.

The methods used by suicides follow fairly well defined lines. In general, men employ the more active means, such as shooting and hanging. These are the two leading modes used in this country; whereas women use more passive measures like poison or asphyxiation. Very seldom do women choose any means of death which involves the shedding of blood or bodily disfigurement. For example, in the four years 1921 to 1925, over a thousand men shot themselves, as compared with just over two hundred women. So unusual is it for a woman to use firearms that it has been pointed out by a number of psychiatrists that this method of suicide is in all likelihood the symptom of a homosexual tendency. Though men shoot themselves and women take poison, there are always new methods coming into vogue and very decided suicide fashions. At present, for example, we hear a great

deal about people hurling themselves out of windows in tall buildings. The agent employed to cause death varies from country to country. In Switzerland men hang themselves instead of using firearms, and women drown themselves instead of taking poison. In Italy, too, drowning is very popular, being the second most frequent mode of suicide for women and the third for men. Of course, ready accessibility, to a large extent, determines the choice of the weapon used; although it is equally true that some persons will go to infinite trouble to die in a definite predetermined manner that satisfies some inner psychological need. There was a striking illustration recently of the first suicide from an airplane. A woman threw herself out of the machine when it was at a great height in order that her spectacular method of death might attract the attention she had failed to receive in life. Only by playing a melodramatic and gruesome role could she assert her pathological desire to achieve personal importance.

IV

An attempt to trace the relationship between economic status and suicidal tendencies shows clearly how involved the whole problem is. Only one conclusion can be dogmatically drawn—namely, that suicide rarely depends upon any single causal factor. It has been asserted that those who have every financial means to enjoy life are more apt to take their own lives than those who barely have enough to keep body and soul together. But our facts do not support this contention. Official death statistics of the United States throw no light upon the economic, social, or financial status of individuals committing suicide. The best data come from the records of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company which furnish a comparison between the rates of "Industrial" and "Ordinary" policyholders. In the first group, comprising millions of the urban wage-earning population of

the country, the suicide death rate is consistently higher at every point after age twenty than it is among the Ordinary policyholders, who may be roughly described as the professional, mercantile, artisan, and salaried-executive class. Only in the small, unimportant age group, 15 to 19 years, is this order reversed; and it is interesting to note further that the difference between the two social classes becomes greater as we move from the younger to the advanced ages of life.

There is other evidence suggesting that the suicide rate is partly determined by economic conditions. The rate among males fluctuates with the business cycle. In 1922, a study made by Professors Ogburn and Thomas showed that prosperity plays a definite role in cutting down the annual toll of self-inflicted deaths and that hard times tend to increase it. A few years ago we analyzed the relation between the business cycle and suicide for ten large cities in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania over a period of fourteen years. We likewise found that low suicide rates tended to prevail in times when business was above normal. The downward trend for general business conditions between January, 1913 and January, 1915 was associated with a rise in suicide frequency. During the war years the suicide rate went steadily downward, until it reached a minimum in February, 1920. With the onset of the depression which followed thereafter, the suicide rate rose, suggesting again a close connection between the two phenomena. When the stock market crashed last fall enough people threw themselves out of windows to lend point to the story that went the rounds in New York City. It was declared that the room clerk of a large hotel asked all prospective guests whether the room about to be engaged was to be used for sleeping or jumping purposes. But the spectacular cases that the daily papers played up so luridly were so few in number as to be lost in the official records.

The suicide figures for the last quarter of 1929 were no larger than in the previous year for males insured in the Ordinary Department of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. In December alone was there an increase, amounting roughly to about 10 per cent.

On the other hand, in England and Wales, where a careful attempt has been made to correlate death rates with economic and social status, a different result is apparently found, showing that the problem is not so simple as our American figures suggest. The latest report of the Registrar General for England and Wales divides the population into five social and economic classes, corresponding in general with the broad economic divisions of the nation. The suicide rates for the two upper classes are above the general average, especially that of Class II which is 28 per cent in excess; whereas the three remaining classes are slightly below the average. Perhaps the most striking feature of the British study is the fact that among the very highest suicide rates were those registered for certain groups of professional workers, notably physicians, dentists, barristers, and solicitors. But in this class other professional workers, such as teachers, have low rates, and clergymen stand near the bottom of the entire list. There are no deaths at all from suicide reported among the Roman Catholic priesthood; non-conformist Protestant ministers have strikingly low rates; whereas Anglican clergymen have an almost average suicide death rate. Greatly above average rates are likewise registered for insurance agents, those engaged in various lines of the liquor trade, such as brewing and bartending, inn-keepers and a number of different classes of textile workers. The British figures, therefore, tend to support the claim that the financially favored portions of the population are more prone to suicide than are the lower economic groups. But it is necessary to point out that the differences found are not great enough to settle the matter conclusively.

V

Whether or not there is something inherent in the congestion of urban living which predisposes to suicide, the fact remains that death rates are higher in cities than they are in rural areas. This may be due to the greater stability of the country family, to the lower divorce rate, to the relatively few childless couples, to the greater number of children in each family, and to the more unified interests, traditions, and beliefs. Not only is suicide more frequent in the cities than on the farms throughout the world, but in general, other factors being equal, the larger the city the higher the rate is apt to be. The last year for which there are fully classified statistics for the United States is 1926, when the suicide rate for the nation as a whole was 12.8 per 100,000. In the cities, it reached 16 and in the rural portions of these same States it fell to about 10. Suicide statistics for a selected group of cities disclose that those with a population of 500,000 or over had a rate of 18.4, as compared with 15.9 in the next smaller cities and 13.5 in cities with less than 10,000 inhabitants.

A study of geographical differences in various parts of the United States shows that the lowest suicide records prevail in some of the textile cities of New England, such as Fall River, Lowell, and New Bedford. Scranton, Albany, and Yonkers likewise can boast of very low figures. We do not wish to imply, of course, that the textile industry in some magic fashion prevents suicide, but rather that racial composition, age distribution, and other factors inherent in these cities are responsible for the result. Abnormally high rates are found in many important Southern cities. The white populations of Atlanta, Birmingham, Dallas, New Orleans, Louisville, and Memphis all have rates over 20 per 100,000. Omaha, Denver, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Spokane, Oakland, and Los Angeles have high rates. San Diego and San Francisco are notorious for

the worst records of all. As a matter of fact, the whole Pacific Coast makes a very unfavorable showing, with a rate double that of the Middle Atlantic Seaboard. Both rural and urban areas share this dubious distinction; whereas the Southern states have uniformly low rates, although Southern cities have not. In short, it is in the South that we get the most convincing demonstration of the adverse effect which urban life exerts upon suicide mortality.

There is one highly significant sidelight on the great variations in suicide frequency that are found in different parts of the United States. Undoubtedly they are due in no small degree to the heterogeneous character of our population with its divergent racial, religious, and cultural attitudes. It is, therefore, much to the point to examine these in turn and see what light they throw on suicide causation. Regarding racial proclivities, we find that the German-born population contributes far more than its just proportion of suicides. In a study we made some years ago of the mortality of our race stocks in a number of states, we found that self-destruction was an important cause of death among this nationality. In Pennsylvania the death rate reached the amazing figure of 80 per 100,000 for German males of all ages and 141 in the age group 65 to 84; in New York it went even higher, to 92 for all ages and 137 per 100,000 for the other age group. In San Diego, which claims the distinction of having the highest suicide record of any American city, 95 per cent of the foreign-born who died by their own hand were of North European stock. This quite agrees with the international comparisons of suicide prevalence which we have already given, showing that members of the German race are more prone to self-destruction than any other in the world. The Italians, on the other hand, show very low suicide rates, which conforms to the situation in their native land. The Jews likewise rarely commit suicide. This is not true in postwar Europe, where suicide among

Jews is notoriously high. The Irish-born, on the whole, show favorable rates, although the figures are decidedly higher than in their native country. Those born in Great Britain living in the United States have suicide rates well above the average for the whole population. They stand, in fact, close behind the Germans in this respect.

It does seem, therefore, as though some consistent attitude regarding suicide exists among different races. But since the term "race" is so loosely and inaccurately used, we must define it with greater precision. We use it here to mean the possession of a common cultural heritage and religious beliefs and customs. These we know have a most potent influence in determining habits of thought and a general philosophy of life. Where the guidance and authority of religion are accepted without question, where the Church forms the background of communal life, and where duties are rigidly prescribed there is little suicide. On the other hand, where the power of religion is tenuous and the Church less highly organized, and where the individual is allowed freedom to control his own life and become the arbiter of his destiny, there people are likely to kill themselves much more frequently. These observations help to explain some of the differences we have noted in suicide rates. They partly account for the low rates in Catholic countries. Not that the Catholic Church is more strongly opposed to suicide than other religions; but the power of the Church is more absolute, its organization is more closely knit, and it has fewer rebels than other creeds. As we have already pointed out, suicide is an unusual phenomenon among the simple and devout peasantry of Ireland, Spain, Italy, and other thoroughly Catholic countries. There is a decided difference in the rates for southern Catholic and northern Protestant Ireland. Even in Germany with its large number of suicides, there is a contrast between the rates of Lutheran Prussia and Catholic Bavaria.

Bound up with the religious ideology there is the dominant mental point of view and the typical life patterns that various civilizations present. There are submissive peoples who accept the yoke of authority whether it be religious, political, or social and regard trials and tribulations as the will of God to which they must resign themselves. The peasantry of most European countries and our own farmers are for the most part of this character. They do not question the teachings of Church and State that condemn suicide as a means of escape from an intolerable personal predicament and look upon it with horror as a form of murder in the sight of God and man. They consider human life as a sacred God-given gift. They exhort each individual to bear life's cross with courage and resignation, nor presume to question the righteousness of the Almighty who has afflicted mankind with trials and tribulations.

Such ideas are in striking contrast to those of the rebels and the intellectuals of the world. They are generally city dwellers and they emphasize the importance of the individual in the scheme of things. They demand that life shall justify itself to each one. When this does not happen there is intense resentment and a feeling of frustration which augments the psychic conflict. In Germany, especially, coincident with educational enlightenment there developed an idealistic and romantic tradition which encouraged suicide. In *The Sorrows of Werther* the sentimental hero pursues this line of thought until he reaches the inevitable position of the pessimist that "nature finds no way out of the labyrinth of confused and conflicting thoughts, and the man must die." The modern skeptic, likewise cast adrift from the old established certainties of life, has lost the feeling of security formerly found within the close, intimate circle of family and friends. The calm conviction that an all-wise Providence guides human destiny and the solace of a comforting faith which accepts without

complaint all the variegated experiences of life are not for him.

VI

We have now seen that certain external factors, such as economic conditions, city life, religion, social customs, and traditions, exert a very real influence on the frequency of suicide. But though group patterns are inhibiting or encouraging forces, suicide after all is due to an internal conflict. It is the terminal act in a complicated psychic drama and the final response which an individual makes to his inner emotional distress. Such personal difficulties as ill health, physical pain, the loss of money, position, honor, freedom, prestige, success, or of any of the things that to the individual seem most desirable may prove the decisive factor leading to suicide; but ordinarily these merely bring matters to a head. They are the last straw that breaks the camel's back. The real cause of suicide is the inability to adjust to the disappointing circumstances. We must, therefore, seek to understand the motives or the desires which animate human conduct if we are to understand why men kill themselves. In this, the knowledge of the psychiatrists is our best guide.

They tell us that suicide rarely, if ever, occurs among well-balanced, adjusted people, but is much to be feared among those who are mentally deranged. All agree that many suicides are psychotic. Doctor Pfeiffer, who made 600 autopsies of suicides, found an astonishing number with gross brain lesions indicating mental deterioration. More recently, Doctor Stearns, analyzing a series of suicides in Massachusetts, found that about one-third were frankly insane and an additional group either psychoneurotic or addicted to alcohol or drugs. It would be quite untrue, however, to claim that all suicides are insane. Certainly, a considerable number of them give every appearance of being able to conduct their affairs with great efficiency and others are possessed of more

than ordinary intelligence and creative ability.

Melancholia, the depressed state of manic depressive insanity, is the most common form of mental disease in which suicide occurs. In fact, every manic depressive is a potential suicide. A feeling of inferiority and of personal inadequacy is usually at the bottom of most cases of this type of insanity. Sometimes mental distress caused by a physical abnormality such as extreme overweight acts in much the same way. From small beginnings such feelings of inferiority may go on to morbid brooding and may finally assume obsessional proportions. It is then that the suicidal impulse usually follows. Fortunately, this mental disease is generally temporary and curable. The mood of darkness and depression will in most cases lift, and the patient will become well again. Many of these patients are valuable citizens possessed of more than ordinary intelligence. It is, therefore, very important that they be carefully watched since they rarely, if ever, attempt suicide in the presence of another person.

Dementia præcox is another mental disorder which often has serious suicidal consequences, especially among young people. Their derangement may take on a number of forms. The paranoid type often suffer from delusions of grandeur, and their superiority complex brings them into constant conflict with other people. Their peace lies in release from the impossible situation. In other cases, their hallucinations take on peculiar forms. Patients receive calls from God ordering them to die; in other cases there are sudden calls to suicide without any apparent reason. These præcox cases, unlike the manic depressives, give very little warning of their suicidal intentions, and their attempts are so persistent that they often succeed. Alcoholic insanity and syphilitic insanity are likewise found behind many suicidal acts. But in addition to these definite psychotics, there are many suicides or

potential suicides who can hardly be classified as insane but who are mentally and emotionally maladjusted. They come for help not only to the psychiatrist but to physicians of every medical specialty. They suffer not so much from organic disease but from functional disorders growing out of defective emotional development. A fixation at some childish level may prevent these people from adapting themselves to the demands of life. They cannot fit themselves into a changing environment and they rarely attain the self-reliance of maturity. They constantly suffer from feelings of frustration and personal defeat. It is only a step from this situation to that of definite pathological depression.

VII

No one method of prevention is likely to prove a panacea for a problem so complicated as suicide. As we have seen, there are so many external factors, so many types of personality and so many methods of reacting to any given situation that no simple rule of thumb can possibly be effective. Nevertheless, much good work is being done to prevent suicide, and the outlook for the future is even more promising. The psychiatrist is to-day successfully treating many cases of potential suicide; and whenever the suicidal impulse is an accompaniment of psychotic disease he is the only person able to give relief. If only all those who show signs of mental depression could be spotted early and skilfully handled, many people could be helped to solve the difficulties which now cause exaggerated feelings of personal inadequacy and despair.

But the services of the skilled physician are not always required. Sometimes the priest or minister, a sympathetic confidant, or an understanding friend may give the necessary help and encouragement. In many a case all that is necessary to tide over the difficult period is to establish a friendly connection with the would-be suicide, to con-

vince him that someone cares for him and to strengthen his confidence in his own value. This explains the success of Doctor Warren and his Save-a-Life League in New York. Doctor Warren is an intelligent and understanding man, tolerant and kindly disposed toward those who come to him for help. All kinds of people talk with him about their personal problems or discuss the condition of members of their family who have attempted suicide. It is generally agreed that those who consult him gain new courage to take up their burdens and solve their perplexities in a more constructive fashion than through self-destruction. Many lives have undoubtedly been saved by this man's simple and humane counsel.

The churches have always been a constructive force in the prevention of suicide. Not only have they condemned it as a sin and a cowardly escape from the vicissitudes of life but they have fostered a mental attitude that tends to make suicide impossible. The religious point of view has always served to integrate the life of man and has given many a satisfying explanation of their origin and of their place in the universe. By emphasizing the worth of each individual and by giving a sense of security and reliance upon a loving Providence directing human destiny, religious faith has organized the spiritual life of the masses and has confirmed their desire to live. It has given joy and certainty and

strength to many people and a mystic feeling of unity with the cosmic force which guides our ways.

But all people cannot build their lives upon a trusting faith. For the large number who are no longer bound by the authority of the church, there must be other methods of coping with the disappointments and the spiritual conflicts of life.

Fortunately, another source of power is arising to help those very people who because of their adventuring are most inclined to commit suicide. The mental hygiene movement supplies this need. It aims to bring about a satisfactory adjustment of each individual to the world as he finds it. It seeks not only to cure and to prevent mental disease but even more important to build up each personality through self-discipline so that a feeling of adequacy, of efficiency, of contentment, and happiness may be achieved. Mental hygiene implies the attainment of emotional peace and maturity and the acceptance of life's varied fortunes, the bitter and the sweet, joy and pain, victory and defeat as integral parts of human experience. Guided by the principles of mental hygiene, church and state, home and school will in the future place their emphasis on positive values and practicable ideals, that we may have courage to face the battle of life with a healthy zest and to conquer the obstacles that now impede our progress.



THE WALLFLOWER COMPLEX

BY BRENDA UELAND

NEARLY all women suffer in social life from a feeling of inferiority which might be called the wallflower complex. I use this term for it because it is caused, I believe, by our ballroom education as little girls, which, strange to say, is just as anti-feministic to-day as it was under the supervising nose of Queen Victoria. This ballroom experience and the mark it leaves upon us account for many feminine traits that handicap us and make us less likable than we should be.

Now all women know what it is to be a wallflower at some time or other; those who were belles at eighteen are often (if not usually) wallflowers at thirty-five or forty, and vice versa. For example, the slim butterfly who looked down on me when I was a wretched, bursting plump wallflower of sixteen, my handkerchief a sweaty ball in my clammy hand, my smile a wound—well, I have lived to triumph over her, though I hope I have the compassion and magnanimity not to; for she soon became a homey little matron. Some of us do not become belles until we are fifty or sixty or seventy (by “belles” I mean those who have in social life an easy, comfortable feeling of being liked), and many seem to be belles and wallflowers alternately in cycles of five years, or some such interval. I myself was a wallflower from early childhood until twenty-four: then came a spell of success, a period of unaccountable ease and nonchalance during which young men seemed to like me very much and stood two or three deep to get a dance with me. After a few years, a period of non-success again which lasted

until long after thirty. Again, the magic power visited me, and just last summer I had suddenly quite a debutantish interval, quite a whirl of it, though how long it will continue I cannot say. I believe, in fact, it is now waning; but I do not repine; it may come back when I am fifty-five or sixty, or several times. I have at least learned one thing: that the last thing to do is to cultivate it, for then it will never come back. The reason for that statement is the object of this discourse.

If you argue that only a few repellently homely women know what it is to be a wallflower, you are wrong; all women know the feeling and just how painful it is. Is there any raving beauty of any social experience who will not be made fairly ill, sympathetically, by the experiences of Booth Tarkington's heroine, Alice Adams?

Alice Adams, you remember, was a poor but a very pretty and likable girl. She was invited to a dance at a big house in her town. In the first place, she had to contrive her own dress, which is always a very bad start. Then, because she could not afford flowers and had no beau to send them to her, she picked some wild violets for herself and made “a triumphant bouquet with the stems wrapped in tin-foil.” After two hours spent on her toilet, her anxious, fluttering mother pronounced the final verdict: “You'll be just a queen to-night!”

At the dance, needless to say, nobody danced with Alice except her brother, and so the wretched girl began to practice the arts that all of us women know only too well and have likewise prac-

ticed thousands of times—the subterfuges of the wallflower.

Subterfuge number one. Left partnerless, she began to practice the art of seeming to have an escort or partner when there was none. In this subterfuge you imply merely by expression and attitude that the supposed partner has left you for only a few minutes; that you yourself have sent him upon the errand. If possible, observers must be led to believe that this errand of your devising is an amusing one; at all events, that you are alone temporarily and of choice, not deserted. You await a devoted man who may return at any instant.

Other people desired to sit in Alice's nook but discovered her occupancy. She had moved the vacant chair closer her own and she sat with her arm extended so that her hand, holding her lace handkerchief, rested upon the back of this second chair claiming it. Moreover she added a fine detail: her half smile, with the underlip caught, seemed to struggle against repression as if she found the service engaging her absent companion even more amusing than she would let him see when he returned. . . . There was a jovial intrigue of some sort afoot evidently.

Now the trouble with subterfuge number one is that it cannot be used longer than ten or fifteen minutes and hardly more than twice in an evening. So one must resort to others.

Subterfuge number two. Going to the ladies' dressing room, secretly tearing your dress, or the buckle off your shoe, and getting the maid to fix it.

Subterfuge number three. Joining a group of matrons, talking eagerly with them, and thus presenting the picture of a jolly girl too much interested in older women to bother about every foolish young man who asks her to dance.

Subterfuge number four. Sick headache, neuritis in the knee, blistered heel, and so on.

II

My own experience was as horrible as any. When I was fourteen my mother

made me go to dancing school. We lived in the country and, therefore, my mother thought that we should gain a little social aplomb by attending a very nice private dancing school in town where we should have the joy of associating with the children of her socially charming friends. The stylishness of those city children was a horror to me. In the first place, I was one of seven children and half Norwegian (two humiliating and plebeian facts in themselves, I thought), and we were sensibly, wholesomely brought up; whereas the city children wore hats, regular millinery hats, I wore a stocking cap. They wore kid gloves, I wore mittens on strings; it seems to me that I wore them until the year I went away to college, though this may be an exaggeration.

Dancing school came every other Friday night. I, wearing rubbers and carrying my slippers in a bag, would be accompanied by our hired girl on the street car, my stomach turning over with dread. Or I would be driven downtown, those long five miles, behind our old horse, the hired man driving. I shall never forget my fear and melancholy going down Lowry Hill on a very cold night, seeing the reflection of our equipage in the plate-glass windows: the hired man muffled up like a moujik and covered with flying, acrid-smelling horse-hairs, our old horse's winter coat, as long as a bear's, ruffling in the bitter wind and long icicles hanging from her chin. The downtown girls came in shiny broughams with two horses and wore fur-lined carriage slippers that reached to the calves.

As for my being a wallflower, I can best describe the situation by saying that I was the girl for whom they had the Paul Jones. Mrs. de Long, the dancing teacher, would blow a blast on her whistle and bellow "Paul Jones!" We formed a big circle. Another blast, and the girls tramped one way and the boys the other, weaving in and out, hand over hand. When the whistle blew again we halted and were supposed to

dance with the boy confronting us. But the boy who should have danced with me always feigned confusion and turned and danced with the girl behind him, leaving me there in the middle of the floor, smiling at what a joke and a mixup it all was until, on the other side of the room, the chaperon or Mrs. de Long herself caught the look of frozen horror behind my smile and hurried across the floor to dance with me. Then she would always compliment me on how well I led.

Now I do not complain about the pain; pain is our lot; "every hour wounds and the last one kills," and we must get used to it. But this experience gave me—as it gives other girls—two ideas that are very handicapping: first, that the end of all social life is to charm somebody when, on the contrary, it should be just the opposite—to find men and women who are charming, a search for magnificent human beings; second, that the only way to be charming is by the most indirect, passive means, *i.e.*, by waiting simperingly on the sidelines, pretending utter indifference to those whom we most wish to attract. The little girls must never express their preference for any little boy, nor must they act upon this preference. On the contrary, if they have a preference they must conceal it, for otherwise the object of their liking may think them forward and be horribly repelled, and so, frightened away.

The irony of this situation is that the real secret of magnetism and social charm is self-confidence and assurance and bold honesty; undoubtedly the greatest sorceresses of the world from Cleopatra downward have been women of the most flawless, unhesitating sexual bravery. Ballroom training, ironically, is supposed to help us to become sorceresses—yet what does it do? It teaches us from the start to inhibit and edit all attractive, strong, self-confident acts into an anxious, pitiful, ladylikeness that any man, whether he is searching for romance or friendship or conversation, will go miles to avoid.

You can see the wallflower complex working at any country club dinner-dance. Watch a table of ten middle-aged couples. There is no chance of any woman being left out of any dance because all dancing is in rotation, fair and square. Yet when the music starts all the women (and myself) cast down our eyes, or we take a sip of water with a thoughtful, preoccupied air; a far-away disinterested look comes into our eyes, and when our next dancing partner, who is due and obvious according to the inevitable rotation, asks us to dance, we cry, "Oh!" in maidenly surprise. There is only one woman among us, perhaps, who does the natural thing, and incidentally her fascinating ways will be held to be phenomenal and of mysterious origin. She smiles open-facedly at her next partner and says, "Come on." This woman, you will probably find, has not had the usual ladylike bringing up; I once met such a paragon of boldness and discovered that she had been a poor orphan raised in a lumber camp. For those of us from gentle families are the worst sufferers. The three women of my acquaintance who have the most extraordinary social ease, an uncomplicated pleasure in all society (and who enjoy, therefore, a remarkable popularity), whose faces light up with interest and good nature at every introduction whether it is to a millionaire or a scrub-woman, who have not the slightest fear or hostility for rich and socially prominent people (which rich and socially prominent people, the women at least, usually have for one another) were the children of very poor working people and so, as children, had never had a single hour's training in ballroom repression and faking. No wounds—no scars! All have become socially successful and deserve it because of their engaging ways.

Another example of the workings of the complex: you, a well brought up woman, are at a tea party. You see there a man whom you would like to know. Do you go up to your hostess

and say, "I should like to meet that very handsome man over there"?

The chances are that you do not. It is more likely that you keep as far away from him as possible, stay at the distant end of the room, look at him only furtively, and are in nervous trepidation if he approaches. This trepidation is of course due to the fact that you fear he may discover the fact that you like him. So, if he happens to look at you, you will put on an unnaturally disdainful expression, a lorgnette-expression, because you have been taught that if you pretend to be especially *uninterested* in him then perhaps he may be "intrigued," as some say, may happen to think well of you. Or you begin to talk to someone near at hand, but for his benefit, saying, of course, nothing that you think, but making either cultured-sounding or blasé-sounding or morally-splendid sounding noises, whatever you think will be the most effective.

III

This complex is responsible for some very bad feminine conversational habits. It causes most women to think of social conversation as a sort of desperate, vivacious pause-filling. I remember those terrible Friday evenings on the way to dancing school; all the way downtown, in the carriage behind our lumbering horse, I would plan vivacious conversation to use on a boy if by any chance one should happen to ask me to dance. None of it would be an expression of my mental life; the whole effort was just to make it *sound* like regular party conversation. And the main thing was to keep going. And laugh, laugh, laugh! No matter what he said, laugh gaily with musical notes. In view of modern educational ideas, what sort of an effort was that for a stolid, naturally honest child to be making? (The boy, of course, from that time onward became a lumpish conversational loafer; no doubt he is a great trial to his wife at this moment.)

The other day I heard a poor ex-wallflower, a millionairess in her own name, say at a tea when asked whether she would have one lump or two, "Oh!"—with a little half-gurgle, half-scream of delight—"Oh, *look* at the *too* darling little sugar lumps!" (I believe they were of an unfamiliar shape.) In this speech I could detect the result of twenty years of pathetic wallflower effort.

The complex makes many women old-maidish, schoolma'amish. It works this way: a handsome, thoughtful woman whom I will call Jane Jones was born incapable of any indirection such as flirtatiousness or archness. What was the result? She was a failure in the ballroom from the start. Moreover, she had a sister who was perfectly adapted to the ballroom—the kind of girl who jumps up and down stiff-legged in one spot clapping her hands, whose volatile laugh goes off if a youth looks cross-eyed or wiggles his ears—and this threw Jane's inadequacy into high relief. Now I do not find fault with these graces; if they come naturally they are very nice. But the equally pretty and likable Jane got the idea that if she was to be tolerated by men at all, such actions were absolutely necessary. Yet she was by nature neither vivacious nor arch; to try to be so makes her feel to this day like a fool and a ninny, which, indeed, she would be if she tried. The result? She is an angular prig in the company of all men. "An intellectual stiff," as she puts it.

Left alone with a man, even with an elderly brother-in-law, she experiences a sort of conversational panic. What to say? How to act? What to do about the small talk? She feels her whole expression changing, her features assembling themselves into a false, facetious smile. She casts around for some frippery to talk about.

"Why not talk sense?" I said to her one day when she described her difficulty.

"Why not?" she said. "That is what I say to myself. If he were a woman I

should. But because he is a man I feel that nervous need to inveigle him, to make a hit. This, in turn, makes me ashamed of myself. I begin to hear my own words floating in the air. You know how disagreeable that is."

Her discomfort of course is communicated to the man, and so he and other men will never know how nice she is. She will probably never marry. And I am sure that the case of Jane Jones accounts for the following sad fact, which you can corroborate if you will look about you: that old maids, far from being the ill-favored, waspish women of the world, as the belief is (such women seem mostly to be safely married), are more often exceptionally honest, straightforward women who cannot put on airs to save their necks, all of which is unfortunate for biological reasons.

The wallflower feeling accounts, too, for our fear of not being married, for our depression when some fourth-rate man whom we would not think of accepting, withdraws his attentions; for a wallflower, you see, must hang on frantically to what she can get no matter what a sad bird he is.

Bachelors seldom feel inferior because they are not married. They may think sadly that it is too bad, but they seldom regard their singleness as a matter for shame. And bachelors seldom have that "waiting-for-a-telephone-call" feeling. Why should women have it, as all of them do, beautiful and plain? Why should a young woman wait for a man to telephone her if she knows his number? If she wants to see him, why not ask to see him? If he begs off, why not accept the blow in a manful way and try again to-morrow? The wallflower complex! He might think she likes him! Well, he knows it already (since there never yet was a pose which was not immediately as transparent as glass), and certainly to be caught in a pose is infinitely more humiliating than all the arrogant aggression in the world. And if he *does* telephone she will pretend to be surprised! Cowardice has been ingrained in her.

If women were brought up to have a decent, self-respecting boldness, and if we fell in love and wanted to be married, is there any reason why we should not at once marshal all our forces to persuade the man to marry us? If we are self-respecting we know that we have a great deal to offer. Why not offer it? Is there any reason why a woman I know who is wise, kind, beautiful, and who would like very much to be married, should not say to a man, "Why don't you marry me? I love you, and here are my arguments. I have an income of two thousand dollars a year, so that I should not be a serious expense to you. I am nice-looking and good-natured. I am, I hope, high-minded and chivalrous and should never take a mean advantage of you in any way. I should be loving but not too loving. I wish you would think it over. If you don't mind, I am going to importune you until I become completely discouraged. Of course if you find that you cannot possibly fall in love with me, remember always that I shall think none the worse of you for that but give you my blessing whatever your decision may be."

Is there any doubt that she would stand a better chance of being accepted if she did this than if she dissembled? Or is there any lack of romance in such honesty? If it isn't more romantic, endearing, touching than all the pretended, hyper-maidenly flights and retreats in the world, I'll eat my hat.

The woman to whom I refer did really fall in love once with an exceptionally attractive man, a widower who was a great biologist; but inveigling the admiration of a man by the ladylike arts seemed so contemptible to her brave and honest heart, and her wallflower inhibitions made her so bashful, that she avoided him and could hardly endure being in the same room with him. He married his housekeeper, a lugubrious, self-pitying woman.

I think that tough women are unfailingly popular on the stage for the same sort of reason that overfed sedentary

men like to see prize fights: in the Sadie Thompsons and Anna Christies and other bold-faced jigs with their honest, whiskey-voiced, fact-stating ease among men, their emotional courage, their fierce hearts, the women in the audience feel themselves escaping from all this genteel dishonesty.

We are taught that when the opposite sex is interested in us we must pretend indifference, must simulate flight. Then when the man thinks he is quite safe in pursuing us we may wheel suddenly and lasso him with our feather boa. This, we have been told, is being "mysterious, elusive woman with her enigmatic lure." But consider what such a technic does to the woman who practices it.

Suppose she tries the feather boa method and loses her throw. She thinks she has a grievance (since nothing is so galling as unsuccessful dishonesty) and this accounts for her disagreeable proclivity for "being hurt" (imagine a man indulging in that!). The technic accounts, too, for our love-extracting ways. Brought up to believe that to show love is indelicate, we make use of such things as grieved silences to punish our insufficiently attentive men; we try to raise their emotional temperatures and make them show a little ardor by mean, indirect methods such as hurting their feelings, pretending interest in other men, berating them for things that are not the real cause of our annoyance; by pouting, by the martyred air. Oh, the martyred air, what a weapon that is! The other night I was dining in the house of the martyred Mrs. T., and when Mr. T. said anxiously (he had been late for dinner), "My! This is nice strong coffee!" she cried out miserably in a voice nasal with suffering, "Oh, is your coffee too strong?"

Even men, I dare say, go through disagreeable times when they think nobody likes them, but in women the pain is frequent and terribly acute because of our ballroom scars. A pretty society woman once described to me one of these attacks of unpopularity feeling. At a

committee meeting she will defy a dozen men if she disagrees with them. Nothing makes her angrier than any reflection on the courage of women. But in a ballroom she reverts to the social female, becomes meekly, timidly dissembling.

"I experienced the unpopularity feeling the other night at a dance. When I got a partner I was sure that he danced with me only because my hostess had brought him up and introduced him to me for the purpose. I tried desperately to please him, though he was a dull man and a very poor dancer; but this of course just had the effect of making me feel that it was *I* who was growing rheumatically clumsy with the advancing years. Nobody would cut in. I had a nightmarish feeling that my partner, who kept dancing past the doorway, was waving a five-dollar bill at the stags, behind my back. Finally I got away and experienced the customary sick headache in the ladies' dressing room, where I spent the evening, realizing that I had now definitely lost all my attractiveness and trying to plan what I would do with my few remaining years."

Now if it were not for the wallflower complex, why should she care whether this man liked her or not? What difference did it make? She didn't like him. She should have been relieved to be allowed to sit quietly against the wall and look on and rest.

Nothing reveals to what an extent we are still cowed as the cutting-in system. Feminism is said to be gaining ground, but the cutting-in system points to a different conclusion. At every large dance there must be scores of extra men, stags. At a recent coming-out party for a rich little girl forty girls who were invited could not attend because no boys would escort them. In my day, at least we went alone to such a party, but now it seems that you cannot go at all unless called for by a male. Twenty-five of these stags appeared late in the evening and trooped out because there was better liquor at another party. You cannot blame them for this, they are so

over-invited—every possible male, even the most fatuous, is invited to every party because of the need for an army of stags; a girl is lucky if she gets half as many invitations as her brother. And the boys, when they do come, can hardly be persuaded to do anything but cut in upon the five or six belles of the evening. The non-belles can go hang. You cannot blame the boys; they simply take advantage of a system that permits them to do as they please. The fault lies with the anxious mamas and with us women in general because of our contemptible ballroom meekness. Think, for example, how the most imperious belle will let some insignificant dub cut in upon a man whom she could die dancing with! How she will spend an evening switching in nervous, three-minute intervals from dub to dub, never dancing with her choice, and at the same time regard this actual boredom as a triumph! And think how the rest of us non-belles have not the spirit to stop dancing with a dub no matter how wearisome he is, for fear of not getting another partner! And how not one of us has enough spirit to ask a man we want to dance with, for a dance!

At those rare Leap Year dances when men have the experience of being wallflowers they behave very differently. A mild little man was passed by a couple of times. He came up to me with his face writhing with anger. I actually think he was nearly in tears. But he did not do as I, a nicely reared woman, would do. He did not conceal his humiliation and sit there smiling like a stuffed fox. Not at all. He thought it was a damnable, rude outrage and inexcusable bad manners on the part of all the women at the party and he said so.

At this Leap Year dance several of us women, by way of revenge, would play billiards, then saunter to the ballroom door and look over the partnerless men appraisingly, and then, just as their hopes were up, lounge back into the billiard room again. But we could not keep it up. No one who has suffered as

a wallflower can see any fellow-creature endure it for long.

Tolstoi once went savagely into this very question, saying that ballroom behavior was the symbol of a fundamental immorality in the relations of men and women. Why? Because it showed that women's only means of attracting men is by indirection, posing, acting, by pretending a prudish refinement and at the same time trying to exert a voluptuous attraction by fine clothes, jewelry, and so on; this tacit dishonesty makes such a barrier between all men and all women that "a man cannot with any calmness be in a woman's company" and genuine unself-conscious intimacy is impossible.

"The girls sit around, (says the madman Posdnushet in *The Kreutzer Sonata*) and then men come as at a bazaar and take their choice. And the girls wait and wonder and have their own ideas, but they dare not say, 'Take me—no, me—not her, but me; look, what shoulders and all the rest!' Well, if the system of match-making where a go-between arranged a marriage was humiliating, this is a thousand times more so. Then the rights and chances are equal, but in our method the woman is either a slave in a bazaar or a bait in a trap. . . . You tell any mother or the girl herself the truth, that she is only occupied in husband catching—my God! what an insult! . . . And again it would not be so bad if it were done openly, but it is all deception."

IV

Of course you will say that Tolstoi spoke too grimly for our times. Perhaps this is true. Nevertheless, even to-day there exists an extraordinary paradox in the attitude of women, even the most intelligent and forward-looking women, toward the education of their daughters. On the one hand, such women believe earnestly in an absolute equality between the sexes. They resent the fact that not so long ago parents who spent gladly a great deal of money on the education of their sons economized by skimping on their daughters' education,

which consisted of a few parlor graces and the inculcation of ineradicable ideas about the physical weakness of their sex. Our girls to-day, we say fiercely, must have just as much education as the boys and, moreover, education of the same sort; let the girls, if they like, become scientists, doctors, and lawyers. And let them have as much athletic training as the boys. To-day, if we can afford it, we give them riding lessons, tennis lessons, golf lessons, swimming lessons, so that they may learn early in life to do all these things and perhaps some day excel in them.

Once the birth of a son was the cause of relieved rejoicing, while the birth of a daughter was the occasion for a very secondary joy; but in these feministic days, girl babies are considered just as valuable as boys, just as important, just as precious, just as promising. To-day parents are pleased rather than humiliated, as they would have been twenty years ago, when a daughter balks and will not devote her post-college life to society and to waiting to be asked in marriage, but insists rather upon trying to distinguish herself in some profession or by earning a living. As for the double standard of morality, among modern educated people it has vanished.

To-day our boys and girls go to school together and to college together; the exponents of modern progressive education agitate more and more not only for co-education but for a complete psychological equality between girls and boys from infancy onwards, and they insist upon this not only for the good of the girls but for the good of the boys, asserting that it is a serious psychological handicap for boys either to have contempt for women or to idealize them.

Another thing: modern educators and modern mothers, far and wide, are discussing very earnestly the danger of inculcating children with feelings of inferiority. Everything possible is done to prevent this; the greatest pains are taken to prevent dull children from feeling inferior to bright children, and

brilliant, timid children from feeling inferior to stolid, bold ones. For inferiority complexes acquired in early youth, we are told, can disfigure a person psychologically for the rest of his life.

Yes, here we have two of the major aims of modern education: equality for girls and the protection of all children from inferiority complexes. And yet—here is the paradox—even those mothers who send their children to the most modern schools, who are so vigilant in warding off inferiority feelings, who are so eager that their children, especially the girls, shall be brave and free, are at the same time still blandly subjecting their daughters, in their social life, to a nineteenth-century torture, a nineteenth-century training in subservience and dissimulation, the influence of which makes itself felt not only in the ballroom but in all social relations between men and women.

Of course it is probably too late for women of our generation to be cured. No doubt to our dying day we shall feel that if we make any friendly advances to a man because we like him and should like to know him better, he will regard us with horror. But if it is too late for us to be cured of the complex, at least we might try to spare our little girls. If we could only bring them up without the wallflower complex I cannot help but think of all the blessings that would follow: no more men trapped by unfair means; far less of the subconscious feminine dread of growing old, much of which is due to the wallflower complex (as is proved by the fact that women begin to feel it as acutely at twenty-two as at fifty); the realization that spinsterhood is often gayer than marriage and preferable to it; at dances, extra women as much in demand as stags, perhaps more so, for certainly women work harder and more generously to make parties a success than men do; and lastly, the most easy, friendly acquaintance possible between women, even ladylike ones, and all sorts of men.

As for our little girls at dancing

school and at parties, we might look upon their social education, as well as their intellectual and physical education, from a twentieth-century point of view. I am not asking that little boys should be more grimly drilled in being paragons of conscientious gentlemanliness, more grimly drilled in keeping all the wall-flowers constantly a-whirling; and I am not asking that the little girls should be

protected from being snubbed and rejected and turned down, because that is the lot of all of us here below. It is the fact that they must *pretend* that they do not mind it, that I object to; it is the fake that is so bad. Rather, I would teach them to be enterprising and bold and the firm makers of choices, so that at last they may learn to take rejections gallantly and with resilience.

REVERSION

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

I*F I should some day with homeric laughter
Wander among the trees and there sit down,
Solemnly end a cigarette, and after,
Take it into my head to stay alone
And unaccompanied in that quiet place,
With pines and moss and a thin path of water:
I shall grow goat feet and a grinning face
And get young satyrs by the erl-king's daughter.
With a slight laugh then I shall lay aside
My spectacles and my Theocritus,
And play a tremolo upon my pipe;
And if you hear its low thin laughter glide
Over the hills, you may explain it thus:
That I shall have reverted to my type.*

The Lion's Mouth



THE CITY GOES MAD

BY CHARLES W. FERGUSON

IT HAPPENED at three o'clock in the afternoon. I had lunched at a nameless place in East Fortieth and we had drunk a couple of orange blossoms, I believe they were called, though what they were or the fact that we drank them has nothing to do with the story.

The day was sultry and tense. I remember the heat rose from the asphalt like stench; it engulfed and withered us. It seemed to deaden and at the same time to prolong the noises of the city. Our waiter wiped perspiration from his neck with a towel while he held a tray in the other hand and chatted with us about the menu and the weather. Outside in the street there was a scream of brakes, a slap of steel upon steel, a moment of quiet, and the sound of running feet. Rigidly self-possessed, none of us took the pains to see what had happened.

A moment later the author began to say revelatory things about himself. I looked around and fell to thinking fantastical things. Objects assumed queer and distorted shapes. The distance between me and my fellow-diners increased alarmingly. I felt a sort of trance take hold of me. "What," I asked myself, "if the city, this very afternoon, should snap?"

The idea, once it had taken possession of me, began to assume hideous propor-

tions. I was amused—the orange blossom had something to do with that—and, after a moment, alarmed. It was so terribly plausible that, if some person somewhere should only release the tension, everything might easily go to pieces. I saw it all with delirious accuracy and reality. And then, by a strange process of self-torture, I saw that it would occur. It would happen at, say, three o'clock that afternoon.

"Did I tell you how I came to write my first piece?" the author was asking. His hair was wet with sweat.

"I don't believe you did," I said aloud. Under my breath I said, "And what will become of you in the holocaust, you gibbering ass?" Then, thinking it unwise to speak ill of my brother man so near to an hour of disaster, I added to myself, "And what do you suppose will become of *you*?"

"I doubt," I said to myself, "that you'll make a footnote in the palaver of the future. Who cares how you came to write your first piece?"

In the chatter which followed I kept muttering to myself over and over, "At three o'clock . . . it'll happen at three o'clock." It was as though I had an appointment for that hour. It would happen just as I had always known it would happen. At three o'clock by common consent, and with hilarity and an uproarious and hissing sigh of relief, everybody in New York would suddenly go insane.

It was barely possible that I could get out of town before the crash. Anyway, it was worth trying.

"I think," I said, "if you'll excuse me—"

"Got to run along myself," said the author.

We called for our check. I paid, and the waiter left our change on a tray while he turned to another table. I started toward the door. A hand reached out and jerked me back. It was the waiter's.

"You've forgotten something," he said, pointing to the change.

"Thanks," I muttered, and, trembling, went out. Already the reason of my fellows was beginning to crack. I could not make the station unless I took a cab. One drew up at the curb. The fellow driving it alighted like a footman and threw open the door. That was queer. It was four minutes to three.

"Where to, sir?"

I took a good look at him and gave him my destination.

"Very well, sir." He took his seat and put the car smoothly under way. We drove half a block and he said never a word.

"You've forgotten your meter," I called.

He looked around and smiled graciously. "Thanks," was all he said. Then as we were held up at the next corner by the lights I noticed the hackman's picture. It was the exact image of the fellow driving the car. Instinctively I clutched at my watch. It was nearly two minutes to three. Shivering all over, I held to my seat as we started again. The lights had barely changed, and a moment later we had rammed a car ahead of us.

Both my driver and the driver of the other car were on the ground and moving toward each other in an instant. "Ah," I said to myself, "this is more like it." Then I overheard what they were saying.

"I'm frightfully sorry," said the driver of the car ahead.

"You've no occasion to be," said my driver.

"Well, it was stupid of me," the other retorted.

"Not in the least," said Ike Murphy, the fellow whose picture was before me. "I was driving quite carelessly."

"Don't be foolish," said the other. "It was all my fault."

I glanced through the porthole behind us. Cars were strung along for blocks and not a horn could be heard. Just then the clock struck three, and the city, I knew, was mad.

On every side movement became slower, more thoughtful, more deliberate. It was as if the characters moved in a dream or had been slowed down by a trick of the motion picture lens.

"Look!" my driver shouted. He pointed at the Woolworth's across the street and there, as sure as I live, we beheld a huge sign in the window, and by it was a single tube of tooth-paste, and lo, the sign read, *11 Cents*. From somewhere in the neighborhood at the same moment came the sound of a radio singing "If I Could Care"; then came an explosion and all was quiet.

"This is too much," I cried in a loud voice.

"Suffer me," pleaded my companion.

"No! No! Enough!" He drew up to the curb in a side street. The number on the building where we stopped was visible.

"How much?" I asked.

"Twenty cents," said he.

"You're lying," I retorted. "It jumped another nickel just then. I saw it." My finger pointed accusingly at the meter.

"Never mind," were his words. "My fault!"

I gave him fifty cents. "Just keep the change."

He bit his lips. I could see words struggling to get out. He turned suddenly very red. "You cad!" he called between gritted teeth. "What do you think I am—a federal snooper?" He handed me my change.

There was not a moment to lose. I turned and fled into the building. With one of the nickels he had given me I approached a 'phone booth. Perhaps it was only a dream after all. I put my nickel in the slot.

"Number, please."

"Cathedral 6178."

"Thank you." Three minutes later

—after I had dropped in a second nickel—there were two curt buzzes. “6178.”

“Right.” Perhaps the dear old telephone system had kept its head in the midst of all the turmoil. Who knew? I was sure of it a minute later. From within came the words, “What number are you calling, please?”

“Cathedral 6178.”

“Cathedral 6-1-7-8?”

“Right.”

“We’ll return your nickel,” came the voice. “That’s a local call.” The nickel came back. I waited breathlessly as the ringing began at the other end of the line. Could it be . . . ?

“Hello.”

“Betty?”

“Yes.”

“Then it’s true.”

“It must be,” she cried.

“Isn’t it divine? Everyone’s gone stark mad.”

“Yes, I know,” she said. “You ought to be out here. All the Columbia boys are wearing hats.”

A second later I seized hold of myself gaily. There was just time for a haircut before my appointment, and this was my big moment to get it. I rushed over to a barber shop nearby and threw myself into the first chair.

“Just a haircut,” I said curtly.

The barber draped me in towels; then, as if his eye had been caught and fixed by something strangely fascinating, he began to examine my scalp. I waited, frozen by suspense. He lifted sections of my hair and peered down beneath it. A moment later he had, by gesticulating wildly, assembled all the barbers in the shop. Feeling very uncomfortable, I looked around and said:

“Well?”

“You’ll pardon us,” he replied gently, “but we have found the perfect scalp.”

“No!” I ejaculated.

“But, yes,” said my barber, who seemed to be the spokesman of the group. “The quest is over. Look!” he said to the others, “how clean and smooth and untouched by dandruff.”

I regarded him cynically. “Then you wouldn’t sell me a shampoo?”

“*Mon dieu*, no!” he exclaimed.

“Nor a massage?”

“Why should I?” he continued. “You are not in need of it.”

“Have it your way,” I said smiling and convinced. “There’s no point in dreaming,” I went on, “but if you’ll let me lie back and give me a shave, I think I’ll just sleep till the city wakes up.”



GUN-LADY

BY CLAIRE WALLACE FLYNN

LÆTITIA came through the revolving door into the shop.

The shop was all black-carpeted aisles and black glass and gleaming nickel and had a ceiling like a sunset on the Timor Sea.

She was dressed—as she would be, having practically reached her seventeenth birthday—in black, so severe that the one little button on her coat stood out like a decoration. A tiny black *béret* held her bright hair in bondage.

When Heinie Van Tile saw her headed his way he said quickly to his much too beautiful companion, “Darling, here comes my kid sister-in-law. I’ll have to put down a cloak so that she can keep her tongue dry—if that means anything to you. . . . Stay here and pick yourself out another gewgaw. I’ll be back in a wink.”

“How utterly cowardly!” laughed the lady, but she let him go. No use giving Heinie’s wife another chance of slaying him with heavy sarcasm, fool though he was. And just lately there had been one little paragraph too many in the gossip columns of the smart weeklies suggesting that Heinie was showing her, Miss Snow of the English “*Char-a-banc*

Charlie" company, a good deal of the tender side of his nature. . . . Miss Snow, cheerfully philosophic over her desertion, had another tray of costume jewelry brought out before her.

Heinie intercepted Lætitia at the cross-section of the shop.

"Why, Heinie! Whoever in the world would have thought of meeting you here!"

"Whoever would!" exclaimed Heinie, squeezing her white-gloved hand. "Sweet as arbutus, my child! Sweet as arbutus!"

"Arbutus! Oh, Heinie, I don't believe you know what arbutus looks like!"

"Like you," said Heinie, and thought himself rather quick. Then, "Now tell me what *you're* doing in this robber's den!"

"Keeping an eye on you, Heinie."

He could have boxed her ears.

"Well, good luck," he said.

She wasn't listening. Mr. Van Tile saw her eyes travel past him and go on—the flight of two exquisite blue birds—down the very aisle he had come. The devil! He was certain, though he had not the courage to turn his head, that they had stopped and alighted knowingly upon Miss Snow.

(What was it his mother-in-law, in a moment of unwonted confidence, had said to him about Lætitia? "Letty afflicts me! Such pre-war innocence! I could throw myself in the river, positively! She believes in a heaven as naïve as the one in 'The Green Pastures'; she hasn't any more business instinct than a pink baby; it is impossible to make her understand a good plain fact . . . you have to draw a map!")

And now this pure paragon stood before him and slowly brought her gaze back (he could have sworn it) from the jewelry counter.

"Well," he said, heroically, "don't let's pretend, Lætitia."

"No, that's always so silly—don't you think?"

"Well, then, what will you take to keep your darling mouth shut?"

She studied him for a second in thoughtful perplexity. Then she smiled—a deep, secret little smile.

"I adore the way you put it, Heinie, dear, and my mouth looks so much better closed."

"That's the stuff, old girl. Now tell me what you came to buy."

"Oh, I only came to poke around," she told him. "I'm quite flat."

"I'm here to fix that up."

"But I couldn't let you, darling . . . mother'd shriek."

"Adoring you as I do, Lætitia—let her shriek!"

"I'm afraid to tell you what I really came in to look at—you'd *never* guess!"

Heinie screwed up his lashless eyes. "Some of that Ambre de Delhi that I buy for Sarah?"

"Not *that* melodramatic perfume!"

"It puts me back a hundred and fifty a bottle," boasted Mr. Van Tile vulgarly, trying to place a proper value upon his bribe and upon his charming attentions to his wife.

"And whenever you give it to Sarah I always think you are trying to make her unconscious!"

Heinie stared at her, unable to muster a word. A map had to be drawn, had it!

"Come, come, time passes. We must be settling on something. Surely you'll take something."

"Well, what I really came in for was to have some good, clean fun looking at evening wraps."

"I'm not in a position to argue with you to-day, Lætitia—" he could feel Miss Snow's impatience (and a right she would have to it, poor girl!) rush up the aisle and prod him between the shoulder blades. "If you're hell-bent on an evening wrap, let's go."

Why the devil couldn't the child have been satisfied with a smart cigarette holder or a modest this or a that! When all was said, was what she had seen—if she *had* seen—so incriminating? Absolutely not! It was simply a question of not feeding that confounded gossip which was running around. But that's

all there was to it. It struck him that an evening wrap, as price of a decent reticence, was laying it on a bit thick . . . in fact, it was as though she had said, "Stick 'em up!"

They mounted to the second floor, scorning the lift and using the black-carpeted stairs. Half-way up Heinie treated himself to a bird's eye view of the shop. Miss Snow was still to be seen, standing by the gewgaw counter, and was at that moment looking up at him, her handsome face one lovely interrogation in powder and lipstick. Heinie made mysterious eyebrow conversation and an almost imperceptible gesture toward Lætitia. Miss Snow smiled in friendly understanding. There was something remarkably fine about Miss Snow.

In the temple-like alcove of the evening wraps a siren model did her stuff—chiffon and taffeta and moiré and transparent velvet temptations! Lætitia would hardly look at them. She took out her powder case and dusted the tip of her nose in contemptuous comment.

She said, "Much too thin, Heinie dear. If you go near the sea you need something with a little more—rebuff. Don't you think?"

"Something with a little more—rebuff," he suggested to the presiding deity.

Again, a girl came bearing an armful of lovely things. At the very bottom of the load lay something white, soft, and evidently as magnetic as the Pole, for Lætitia went toward it without divergence.

"Lapin! How divine!"

"But *fur*, Lætitia!" Heinie shot one futile hand toward his wallet pocket. "You'll melt . . ."

The model slipped into the little coat as though she had been greased.

"This is what we sometimes call 'summer ermine,'" explained the presiding goddess of the alcove. "Very light. . . . Marvelous for evenings on a yacht."

"Letty—you don't want that thing." Heinie made a last effort to deflect her.

"But I think I do." And in the frail lines of the young creature before him he perceived a dogged persistence.

"You've a way with you, my child."

"It's never failed me yet," she said.

"That's that, then. Try the thing on."

She put it on. She became bewitched with joy. Little spots of color touched the modish pallor of her infantile cheeks.

"Mother will kill me for letting you do this," she confessed in an excited whisper.

"Perhaps, then, we'd better call the idea off."

"To-morrow's my birthday . . ."

"You are heartbreaking, my own," said Heinie. "Simply heartbreaking."

He was writing a check.

Lætitia was being put back into her little black coat.

"I suppose you'll want to take it along—to make sure of it."

"Dear Heinie, that would look as though I'd held you up, wouldn't it? . . . led you to it . . . snatched it and run. . . ."

He marveled at her.

"But with a card, Heinie precious, coming to-morrow—'A swell birthday to Letty,' or something like that—wouldn't it look better to mother and Sarah?"

She went before him skipping down the stairs. He dared not scan the scene for the neglected Miss Snow. They reached the cross-section of the aisles.

"I've been a selfish beast. What were *you* buying, Heinie dear?" Lætitia asked.



"None of your damn business, sweetheart. Now trot along."

"I don't quite know how—but I want most awfully to thank you."

"A mere trifle. Glad you like the thing. Now remember—*don't be a news-reel*, my beautiful one!"

She paused a second longer, looking affectionately into his harassed eyes.

"Heinie"—the voice was the voice of her mother's Letty. "Heinie, I just couldn't resist the darling little wrap. But *please* tell me what I'm not to talk about. I haven't an idea—*honest!*"



Editor's Easy Chair

STEPS TOWARD MILLENNIUM

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THIS world, in which we rush around for a while on our way to what we hope may be a better one, continues to give evidence of large and comprehensive processes of re-organization and remaking. The United States and life in it have pretty well been made over since the beginning of the present century. The automobile has done the bulk of the job by inspiring our vast present system of roads. Our best bet so far in the twentieth century is transportation. We have lots of it and more is coming, apparently, in the air. Besides that, we have mass production, with immense economies in labor and a vast provision of every sort of commodity including food stuffs, all the metals, cotton, and oil. Our productiveness has brought our country to a condition analogous to that of the girl who was all dressed up and had nowhere to go. We have to consider what we are going to do with all we can make after as much of it has been sold within our own boundaries as we can hold. By way of answer to that we have a new tariff which raises domestic prices on very necessary articles and makes export trade more difficult by impeding exchange of production with other countries. That we have saved so much labor has something to do with our troublesome problem of unemployment. The administration is hopeful that the new tariff law will help this, but Wall Street is not, nor the best informed observers and business men.

All this produces uncertainty whether this country in its present phases of development is really a model for the improvement of the rest of the world. It did seem so while wages were high, employment general, stocks advancing, and we had lots of money. As long as we were prosperous foreign observers gave us credit for being on the right track. The Drys felt that Prohibition had enriched us, and Henry Ford concurred and was sure that without Prohibition things could not go forward.

But now where are we? We have come to a point that looks something like the situation in England when factories and steam power first began to take the place of domestic industries. Of course we believe in machinery and its economies and in high wages and in good roads and unlimited transportation, but really we have not worked out yet what machinery will finally do to us, nor how we shall solve the problem of unemployment which it has helped to produce.

We are really up against the age-long question—what shall we do to be saved? One may be confident that we are going to work out all right, and present deponent has that confidence in a high degree; but by what steps we shall do it has not yet been revealed even to the wise.

YOUNG Mr. Rockefeller, having accumulated a lot of land in the Fifties between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

originally with the idea of putting an opera house there, now proposes it to be the home of radio palaces, super movies, and all kinds of entertainment which contemporary mechanics and physics can provide. That is evidence of Mr. Rockefeller's benevolence, for this region between Fifth and Sixth Avenue has long needed to be broken open in some way, and what Mr. Rockefeller proposes to do at a cost of a quarter of a billion dollars will probably work out into something useful even if it is not so at first. For radio means noise and communication, and it seems to be a bit doubtful if our world is going to be saved by that. It is even doubtful whether unlimited transportation and mass production will do the trick for us. Those are all matters that concern preponderantly the physical side of man, but what the world needs most of anything is improvement in man's ability to think. It is his mind, his spirit, his soul, his energies that seem to need medication.

President Lowell of Harvard in his Baccalaureate sermon this year spoke of the need of wisdom. "One of the greatest if not the most salient defects of our day" seemed to him to be "lack of wisdom," and as to this he said, "The wisdom we need is that which considers all things from a standpoint not only beyond the individual and local but beyond the temporary and evanescent; that looks upon society, upon life with its intricate duties and responsibilities, from a high plane; that strives to see questions as Infinite Wisdom, far above all transitory and personal interests, would regard them."

We have had most other things; possibly wisdom is on the way to us. We have run after men who could make things including noises; possibly we are going to turn from them a little towards men who can think. Young Publius, who favors me occasionally with his views, has suggested that the great need of the times is to Christianize the Christians. No doubt that is true. It has been true most of the time for the last

two thousand years. Possibly if we have large-scale adversities coming to us we shall have better luck with that process than usual. Undoubtedly a lot of bad religion has existed among us, put out and followed by reputable and useful people who believed in it and practiced it all they could. But has it been something we could offer to Asia? For that matter, is our civilization really something we can offer to China and India, let alone Russia? What about the capitalist system, if anyone really understands what that means? In the face of universal transportation, universal radio noises, chain stores, bank mergers, advertisements, and mass production, is the capitalist system going to wash? If there is anything serious the matter with it we ought to find it out, just as we should try to understand in what particulars and on what general basis our Christians should be Christianized.

One thing that has been patiently offered to the attention of our Christians for the last ten years is that it is not by regulating the conduct of men that we reach their souls, but by inspiring their souls that we reach their conduct. Prohibition and its vicissitudes are teaching us that lesson. There are at least two ways of acquiring wisdom—one of them is by doing wrong and observing the results; and that is the method which is usually followed in human affairs and which we patronize abundantly. The churches that are flourishing best are those that concern themselves most with spiritual efforts, whereas such as have specialized on the improvement of the character by legislation do not seem to be prospering spiritually, though they can still raise plenty of money and cast a good many votes.

BUT what about our mechanistic civilization? Where is it coming out? Will the zeal of men for making new noises, attaining new speeds, putting up still higher buildings, getting every-

one in communication with everybody else—will the zeal for all that go on indefinitely?

How can it? When everybody has been put in communication with everybody else will there be any improvement in what they will want to say to one another? Will the news they may have to impart be more thrilling than at present? Are the headlines in our front pages to be taken up indefinitely by feats of bird-men, crime, sports, and disasters of transportation? Very likely there will always be large companies of readers with an appetite for news of that sort; but surely we are warranted in expecting new topics for the radios and newspapers.

After all *things* are something. Man cannot live by bread alone, but he needs the bread and also a place to eat it.

Russia looks at us and seems to put a high value on what we have and to wish for material blessings that will equal ours, but intends to produce and distribute them on a Marxian basis.

We are not very popular in this world, much of which owes us money; but the things we possess have attraction for others and so many people wish to share our use and enjoyment of them that we have had to make special laws to limit the number of people who want to come to this country.

We have not yet become an awful example to mankind of the futility of material blessings. The truth is that a great many of them are very pleasant. When you want to go somewhere, a good car on a good road is highly agreeable. Electric light is a wonderful contribution to legitimate human happiness. The telephone has great merits together, of course, with some drawbacks from over-use. There are those who find pleasure in the radio. It is probably good for those who like it, and the number of them seems still to increase.

Our idea of the next life, of life in the next plane after we get out of this one, is of an existence amply furnished with beauty, conveniences, pleasures, and

opportunities for increasing knowledge. All this multiplication of things that increase opportunity, improve health, and diminish the hardships of terrestrial living are good in their way. The flood of them, which is part of the experience of this generation in this country, necessitates great adjustments, but that is not a fatal fault, for progress implies change and cannot be without it.

What we need most is great leadership, and that we may reasonably and confidently expect to develop. For the past twelve years we have got on with remarkably little in our politics and even in our religion. It has gone to what we call business—to the production and diffusion of material benefits; but the country abounds in diversified ability—no country more so—and the leadership that we need we are pretty certain to develop.

For one thing, when material prosperity begins to be checked by the need of what Doctor Lowell called wisdom—the leadership of men of vision and substitution of large views in our international obligations for smaller ones—great talent may be expected to seek the service which is most essential. In various countries at various times when a prophet has been needed a prophet has come; when a master has been needed a master has come. Great changes in nations have usually resulted from poverty and distress, but to us a change may come out of the embarrassment of superabundance, producing distress because of impediments in distribution. That would be something of a novelty in the history of civilization, but novelties are not rare just now.

Nothing has happened of late so encouraging as the political success of Mr. Morrow. It befell as a prompt response of voters to an able man who was willing to speak his mind. We have passed through a period characterized far more than common by timidity in politicians. They have kept their ears to the ground listening to the voice of the people; but what they have really heard has been the voice of political organizations working

for particular ends with very little regard for what the people thought about them. We were under the domination of an imposing image made of various metals but with clay feet. Mr. Morrow hit it in its feet and they crumbled. There went up all over the land cries of applause and relief. Here at last was something like leadership and from a man of understanding. It may be that in our affairs the worst is still to come, but let us cheer up none the less, for we have the men who can deal with it.

MALTA is not a large place, and the dispute there involving the duties of the British government that rules it and the aspirations of the Roman Catholic authorities to invade that rule in certain particulars may be a tempest in a teapot, but it is an interesting little squall. It will be recalled that the Archbishop of Malta ordered a monk to retire to a monastery in Sicily, but the monk did not want to go and appealed to the government, and the Governor, Lord Strickland, ruled that a British subject could not be sent out of British jurisdiction by an alien power. So Lord Strickland supported the monk, and the Holy Father felt constrained to support the Archbishop, with a large resulting ink-shed and considerable embarrassment both to the British government and the Vatican.

The Pope has had a jubilee and in his final remarks at the close of it on June 30th he deplored the dispute and said it had been forced upon him. He deplored also the privileges accorded to proselyting Italian Protestants, who, he said, had never ceased since 1870 "their work of corrosion and gain, but pursue it with increasing persistence" unabated

by the recent Lateran treaties. Because of it, he said, there was all the more reason to increase the number of Catholic parishes in Rome.

But if the Protestants are so active in Rome as to stir up the Roman Catholic Church to increase its local efforts, that would seem a confirmation of the familiar adage "competition is the life of trade."

Opinion is very general in this country that the lively competition of the Protestant forms of religion has been a benefit to the Roman Catholic Church here. If it should have the same effect in Italy it would be applauded in this country; for it is a truth, from evidence of which no newspaper reader can escape, that much too large a proportion of our citizens who have come here from Italy exhibit in their conduct a striking lack of religious influence. If they were either much better Catholics or much better Protestants it would be appreciably to the advantage of law and order in the United States.

Presumably the active proselyting Protestant force in Rome is the Methodist Church, which has a station there, with headquarters built, we believe, or planned to be built, on the summit of one of the seven hills, and has carried on work there with characteristic zeal and possibly with characteristic manners.

Certainly the Methodists could learn quite a bit about religion and conduct proper to it from the Catholics, and possibly the Catholics could learn something to their advantage from the Methodists. At any rate any thoughtful observer would be likely to regret any symptom of the impending removal of Italian Protestants from the influences implied by the near vicinity of the Vatican.

See following pages for Personal and Otherwise



DEVOUT DISCIPLE OF ST. FRANCIS

By Cadwallader Washburn

Courtesy of the Keppel Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

THE GREAT AMERICAN ENIGMA

AN EXPLORATION OF HENRY FORD

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

ON THE whole it may be said that the United States of America has always been a country of work. During the last three hundred years, with the developing means of transportation, repeated shocks of energy have come to this country; a flood of wanderers, representing the pushing, eager, active, restless elements of a score of European peoples, has pressed over, determined to make its way and its fortune, sometimes by illegitimate means, but more often by earnest, indefatigable, incessant toil. No doubt of late years the habit of work has somewhat faded, not owing to indolence but to increasing luxury and distraction. Yet it may safely be said that it is work that has made the power and the prosperity of America.

Assuredly no American has ever been more of a worker than Henry Ford. He worked from his early childhood, all

the time. The son of a well-to-do farmer in Michigan, Ford was born in 1863. He was early accustomed to the drudgery of the farm. As drudgery he hated it, and that hatred was a large element in all his later effort. Even as a boy he dabbled in mechanics, played with engines, and devised a scheme for making watches in vast numbers and selling them cheaply on the Ford plan. The sight of a clumsy, steam-driven engine moving on the roads was an inspiration for all his life-work. He early slipped away from the farm to Detroit and toiled long hours for small pay in machine shops and jeweler shops, learning all that the mechanics could tell him. Then he went back to his father for a time, married a lively, attractive girl, who believed in him, and as a farmer appeared to be doing well. But the lure of the machine was too strong. He moved to Detroit and

worked for years, through privation, poverty, and mockery, till he made the first Ford car. Finally he secured financial backing, then broke away from it and arrived at complete ownership, so that he could carry out his idea of producing what the largest possible public would buy at the lowest possible price and getting the best men to work for him by paying the best wages. Following this policy he became the richest and most materially successful man in the world. But at sixty-seven he works just as ardently as he always did. In him, at any rate, the passion for work can never be satisfied.

Ford, like Edison, is apt to attribute his success almost wholly to untiring, persistent work: "When all is said and done, the ability to work means more than anything else." No doubt a few other elements enter in. There is the extraordinary, varied fertility of an active and highly endowed brain, and there is the exquisite skill and efficiency in the fingers to bring the designs of the brain to realization. But steady work does count, enormously, and Ford is never tired of emphasizing it in all its aspects. Work is the normal condition of humanity. We cannot be happy without it, we cannot be good without it, we cannot live without it. And he makes the further, most important point, that if you want to get ahead you must work not only at set hours but all the time. "I had plenty of time, for I never left my business. I do not believe a man can ever leave his business. He ought to think of it by day and dream of it by night." You cannot make a fortune by working when you are told and playing the bulk of the time.

Again, according to Henry Ford, work, to a well-constituted mind, is not only a duty but a pleasure. It brings not only wealth, but health and contentment. "As a matter of fact, I don't believe in any hours for work. A man

ought to work as long as he wants to, and he ought to enjoy his work so much that he wants to work as long as he can." In the Ford factories this is everyone's state of mind, or at any rate Henry Ford likes to think so.

And if there might be some argument about work as pleasure, there can be none about work as profit. The smallest necessities and the greatest luxuries can only be had and kept by somebody's working for them, and the material profit is in the end no greater than the spiritual: "The idea is rather general that the chief curse of life is to work for a living. Thinking men know that work is the salvation of the race, morally, physically, socially. Work does more than get us our living: it gets us our life."

With such convictions about labor, it is evident that Ford would not have much sympathy with indolence or self-indulgence. Nor has he. A leisure class, living on the accumulation of the past, seems to him as utterly parasitical and hateful as it seems to the Socialists and the Bolsheviks, though his idea of getting rid of it is different from theirs: "In my mind nothing is more abhorrent than a life of ease. There is no place in civilization for the idler." Nor does this apply only to those who have never worked; it has equal force for the man who has worked hard and made his pile and thinks he has finished. Work is never finished. Only when we are working can we be sure that we are alive; and we must work to the end, not for the material profit it may bring us, but for the spiritual benefit to the world and to ourselves.

And, as in all such cases, one inquires curiously what may be the underlying motives for this incessant, bee-like assiduity of labor. Ford insists that the desire for money is not among them, and this may be true, although the American habit of work is so intimately involved with the right to

gain by that work that it is always difficult to separate the two. Ambition, the desire to succeed in what you have undertaken, is far more significant, to show these idlers, these gapers, these mockers, that you can do what you have set out to do, can make an automobile and make the world ride in it. But perhaps most significant of all is the eternal, unconscious, instinctive passion for doing something, the craving to be occupied, the fruitful nervousness, which is as habitual to some men as it is inexplicable to others. This restless, undying activity seems to have been inherent in Ford, from childhood to this hour, as it is suggested in the comment of John Burroughs, describing one of their camping trips: "Mr. Ford was so restless that if he could find nothing else to do he would clean out springs, or chop wood, or teach a young lad to run the car." Only in Ford the activity which in many men is vague and gets nowhere, ran from the start in the direction that led to fortune.

II

For it cannot be denied that what appeals to the imagination of his country and of the wide world, even more than the automobile, is the fact that Ford in a few years progressed from nothing to a billion and is to-day the richest man that ever lived. And everyone asks how he did it. It may be said at once that it was not by dishonesty or even by sharpness in the derogatory sense, though no doubt the man is shrewd enough in making a business deal in a business way. There was of course the great idea of producing something that everyone would use with small profits on enormous sales. But no idea made this billion. It was the infinite care and intelligence in detail, the extraordinary organization for efficiency, the economy of human effort in every possible way, the saving

of time, the saving of steps, the saving of strength.

And as Ford's acquisition of money is profoundly interesting, so the same interest attaches to his views of the handling of it when you have got it. Every word that comes from him on such a matter has a vast influence on the youth of America, and when it was reported that he spurned saving, a far-reaching incentive was supplied for tendencies already human enough and not requiring any special encouragement among the American youth of to-day. Obviously Ford's idea of spending and wasting was very different from that of the boy who lets his money flow out as freely as it comes in for any casual purpose. Being a passionate worker himself, the billionaire could not conceive of anyone's spending except to advance his work. But when Ford looked about and appreciated the vast outlay on personal indulgence and luxury that was going on around him, his protest was as strenuous as that of any old-fashioned economist: "Teaching the people to invest wisely, to begin getting things that make their lives more productive of real values is one thing; teaching them to forget their natural abhorrence of debt, leading them to forego their independence by working for a small army of instalment collectors is quite another thing." Yet probably Henry Ford's pronouncement was as potent in this latter direction as any other one influence.

But even when Ford is astonishing and sometimes amusing, he is always interesting, and his ideas about the use of money are as suggestive as about the getting and the care of it. Spending, for purposes of luxury or pleasure, has never been a large part of his program; he has no time for spending: "I never have known what to do with money after my expenses were paid—can't squander it on myself without hurting myself, and nobody wants to do that.

Money is the most useless thing in the world anyhow." Giving is a more serious matter, and when you have a billion, you can give a good deal without feeling it. Ford's generosity in individual cases, where his feelings are touched, is indisputable. But it has been noted that he does not embark on any such immensely extensive philanthropies as the Carnegie or Rockefeller Foundations, and the explanation of this is to be found in his general views on charity which are expressed with the sharp incisiveness that distinguishes all his utterances. "I have no patience with professional charity." Again: "Why should there be any necessity for almsgiving in a civilized community? Instead of feeding the hungry, why not go further and make hunger impossible? It is easy to give; it is harder to make giving unnecessary." A good deal harder, some of us would think; but nothing is impossible with Henry Ford: has he not made the automobile? All that is needed is to find work for everybody, and work can always be found. Then charity will not be required.

The chief point that impresses one in Ford's many comments on money is his contempt for it. There is nothing of real value or permanent importance that money can do for you or give you. If you think of it as an end, you will stunt your life. Over and over he repeats in ever-varying forms his favorite adage, that it is not money that counts, but service. "We are growing out of this worship of the material. It is no longer a distinction to be rich. As a matter of fact, to be rich is no longer a common ambition."

Yet underneath it all one feels all the time that the man relishes to the full the enormous power that money gives him. When you have hundreds of millions in the bank and hundreds of thousands of men working for you, you become an almost incalculable force in the world, and Ford appreciates what

this means as keenly as anyone. It is not only the mere superficial sense of wealth, such as appears in Frank Munsey's remark to a friend, "I like to pull out a roll and strip off a thousand dollar bill and hand it to someone," and as appears still more in Ford's reply to the query of Lochner, his agent in the peace adventure, as to whether he was willing to go the financial limit in his peace efforts: "Of course. Shucks! I can put \$150,000,000 cash right now into this work if necessary. And then I have plans and inventions in my head that can net me another \$150,000,000. And, by the way, speaking of money reminds me. I've got \$10,000 cash right now on my person; even Plantiff [Ford's financial manager at that time] doesn't know anything about this. I thought that when we go to Europe you and I might want to run off on some little stunt of our own. Asking Plantiff for money might give it away." The sense of power goes far deeper than these manifestations, and involves the intimate appreciation that most men still look up to money with awe, not only for what it is but for what it does.

When I was a mere boy, I noticed my father's attitude in this matter with interest and amusement. My father was one of the most independent men who ever lived, and he cared as little for money in itself as anyone. He left business before he was forty, because he had accumulated enough to enable him to indulge tastes and habits that he thought more spiritually worth while. Yet I never tired of observing the difference between his deferential awe in saluting the local millionaire and the off-hand patronage in his greeting of the local minister. To watch it was an illiberal education.

III

You cannot do much in the world, certainly you cannot make much

money, without using human beings. At any rate Henry Ford has made vast and constant use of them, and the elements and aspects of this use deserve curious study. Like Edison, it would appear that Ford owed little in his early years to the influence of anyone. His mother helped him and formed him much, he says, but she died when he was very young. I do not find that he had any teachers who counted greatly, even in his mechanical labors. He worked out his problems himself and got surer if slower results in that way.

On the other hand, there seems to be some question as to how much other men have influenced his career and policy in later years. Lochner, in his account of the Peace Ship adventure, suggests that Ford was much affected and at times almost controlled by other forces in the organization. The influence of his secretary Liebold is asserted to have been very powerful and Lochner gives a striking and vivid account of the methods employed by Marquis, at one time Ford's pastor but later decidedly estranged from him, to dissuade his chief from following up the peace undertaking: "He provided a setting of coldness, chilliness, and loneliness (Mr. Ford was left absolutely alone for hours at a time while Dr. Marquis locked the apartment and left) to hasten Mr. Ford's decision to quit the party and return to Detroit." Which certainly provides an odd comment on the futility of millions. But Lochner was prejudiced and it should never be forgotten that Ford has always been supremely ingenious in slipping the responsibility for disagreeable decisions on to his subordinates.

The question arises as to Ford's insight and his gift for understanding the men and women with whom he works so largely. Opinions here seem to differ. By many observers he is said to be natural and simple in his approach

to others, to listen to them, to defer to them, above all to be quick and sure in his apprehension of their characters and lives. And again Marquis assures us that if Mr. Ford had been a better listener and mixer, he would have avoided some mistakes. But Marquis also is obviously prejudiced and the natural conclusion is that Ford, with his admirable gift of quick and subtle thinking, goes right to the bottom of men's hearts when he has occasion to, but that much of the time he is too absorbed with his own problems and interests to concern himself about those of others.

There is the same apparent contradiction in his judgment of mankind in general. With the natural haughtiness of one who has done great things easily, where the mass of men cannot do them at all, he is inclined to emphasize the distinctions. Some men are born to do the monotonous tasks, which he could not endure. Let them do them. Yet with all this cynicism in spots, Ford frequently shows a sincere as well as an ostentatious kindness and there is not wanting evidence of a candid trust in human nature that is almost naïve.

With this general basis of human understanding Ford of course had at all times to meet all sorts of persons in his business progress. There were those whom he met on a footing of equality, colleagues or competitors. Evidently in the early years he had to depend much upon assistance, at any rate financial assistance from others. There seems to have been no serious friction or difficulty. He was always tactful, always considerate. When his partners left him, it was usually on good terms and often with a large fortune in their pockets. But they left him, or he got rid of them, for he believed in playing a lone hand and played it. With competitors it is something the same as with coadjutors. In the abstract Ford

speaks of competition with respect. It is the life of business and only through it can progress be made. But when his interests are threatened, he can be very active, and his obstinate fight against those who sued him for infringement of patent is one of the most notable events of his career.

Even more interesting is Ford's relation to those who serve him. From everyone he gets all that can be got, and he would be the first to admit it. There are the manual workers for a weekly wage. Ford gets the best men that can be had by paying them liberally. He furnishes them every facility and encouragement that can be given by mechanical appliances and aids to efficiency of all kinds, he provides for their health and comfort and safety, he stimulates their interest to work in every possible way—and then he expects an almost incredible amount of work and sees that it is done. He never orders, he suggests; but his suggestions are more valid than the orders of Cæsar or Peter the Great. He often goes quietly in overalls among the men, moves and speaks and works as one of them, but they are perfectly aware that he is the boss of them and of millions, and he knows they are. It is the same with the workers of a higher rank. Take the corps of writers, of one kind or another. They often provide Ford with words, sometimes it seems as if they provided him with thoughts; but the thoughts and the words, like the time and the life, become his, for he pays for them. And if it is convenient to shift the master's sins on to their shoulders, it is done—and paid for. So with the managing executives everywhere. They are well paid and treated with consideration. But they have to be efficient, they have to take the burden of severity off their chief's shoulders when it is indicated, and if they show symptoms of being too independently capable, they have to—disappear.

With this apparent remorseless exaction there is also an apparent extreme consideration for every worker, from the highest to the lowest. Better wages are paid than anyone else pays. Sickness is provided for as well as health, and you can be treated in the magnificent Ford Hospital—only it must be strictly according to the Ford rules. The lame, the blind, the crippled, have always been regarded as a useless burden on society. In the Ford shops they are made useful and happy with work and proper employment is found for them, which often they can do better than anyone else. Have you been a drunkard or a thief or a murderer and are you just out of jail? It makes no difference to Ford. You apply for a job, you show your capacity for doing it, and you get it and keep it, so long as you continue to behave decently. Your police record is obliterated and forgotten.

Ford himself strongly and constantly emphasizes the philanthropic aspect of all these matters. He is the friend and benefactor of all poor people, wants to benefit them in every way, and is benefiting them by providing them with work that will bring them an honest livelihood: "I don't want any more than my share of money. I'm going to get rid of it—to use it all to build more and more factories, to give as many people as I can a chance to be prosperous." More cynical critics do not always echo the benign eulogy. "There is no hint as yet that the Ford wealth is troubling the Ford conscience or the Ford spirit," says Mr. Pound. And one extremely harsh critic declares that Ford "is as selfish a man as God permits to breathe."

There can be no question as to the sincerity of Ford's own convictions in the matter. When he says, "All business should be reshaped on a basis of service. I want to show that poverty can be abolished by increasing the serv-

ice rendered to the people by all business," he means what he says and is doing his best to act upon it. But it is endlessly curious to trace the complication of motive in the matter. For Ford himself amply admits that the simple philosophy of this large benefaction is that it pays. You are not doing it for that; your motive is better and higher. All the same, it does pay. You make the world better wisely, judiciously—and you get rich doing it. "Do what is fundamentally best for everybody. It will work out for our interests in the end." The widest usefulness carries with it fatally, inevitably the biggest profit. Now the ordinary man finds it difficult to see his way in this complicated spiritual process and even gets to resent "service" as an eternally reiterated watchword. Is he really being helped? Is he really being exploited? Are both possible at once? Such inconvenient interrogation attaches and will attach to the philanthropic millionaire, and as a consequence he may be respected and admired, he is rarely beloved.

IV

Even these most absorbed and furious workers must have some distraction, though it seems as if not many of them had less than Ford and especially as if not many infused more of the element of work into their distractions. Many persons find the rarest and most delicate distraction in the things of the mind and look upon intellectual pleasures as being the most varied and inexhaustible. The complication of Henry Ford's view in this matter is extremely curious. He appreciates that thinking is a vital essential of all fruitful work of any kind and that it is not only fruitful but laborious: "An educated man is one who can accomplish things. A man who cannot think is not an educated man, no matter how

many college degrees he has. Thinking is the hardest work that anyone can do." Yet thinking as an amusement, thinking for itself and unproductive, he cannot too bitterly condemn. Intellectual activity, followed as a mere pastime, is perilous, seductive, corrupting: "Our reading is too casual. We read to escape thinking. Reading can become a dope habit. . . . Book-sickness is a modern ailment."

He has at least been determined that that ailment should not affect his robust physique. He had little formal education to begin with, and he has never supplemented it by the wide irregular reading which Edison has kept up so remarkably. Ford says, "I don't like to read books: they muss up my mind." In this indifference to ignorance and even praise of it lies the root of many of Ford's strange limitations. He boasts his disregard for the past, he calls history "bunk," he proclaims that the present and the future are all that interest him. As if any man could use the present or gauge the future without knowing the past! And it would be difficult to surpass the intellectual arrogance of Ford's own pronouncement: "The only reason why every man does not know everything that the human mind has ever learned is that no one has ever yet found it worth while to know that much."

If Ford has little interest in intellectual pleasures, in æsthetic he has still less. Painting, sculpture, and music are as much "bunk" and waste of time as history. Processes sometimes interest him, and he has spent many hours in artists' studios watching them work; but the results are of little consequence. So with the natural world. He proclaims a great desire to enable all mankind to enjoy "God's great spaces," and he takes pains to protect the birds. But when he goes on a camping trip, he wants to be doing something, making

fires or cutting down trees, and his chief interest in the streams is how much power they might be made to yield.

It is something the same with human relations. Ford is kindly and affectionate and lovable, so far as he has time for such things. He appears to cherish his mother's memory with deep devotion: she taught him how to keep things clean, which is of the greatest use in a factory and in making a fortune. He delayed inventing the automobile for a few months so that he might woo a capable girl and marry her, and he found her advice, her criticism, and above all her trust and confidence, of the greatest value in his work: "It was a very great thing to have my wife even more confident than I was. She has always been that way." And he turns to her in many things besides work.

Perhaps the most charming hint of diversion that I have come across in connection with Ford is his love for children. Lochner says, "Henry Ford is at his best when playing with children. They take to him instinctively. He will sit on the floor with them, whittle wooden toys for them, tell them simple stories and forget wholly about affairs of the greatest moment while thus enjoying himself." In this connection I wish I had more light about his dealings with his son Edsel. Apparently he not only has always adored the boy but is ready to turn over to him his largest interests and most serious concerns. Is Edsel merely or mainly a brilliant sample of his father's handiwork, or, as sometimes happens in these cases, is the strong, authoritative, arbitrary father completely subdued and moulded to the suggestion and influence of the son?

Again in larger human relations I wonder whether Ford has any real and close friends. He seems at times to have an almost wistful longing for

human kinship and he speaks of friendship as a rare and precious possession. But he must feel keenly the difficulty of securing genuine attachment for a man in his position. That billion hedges him off with a more impassable barrier than even thrones and crowns. How can you ever be sure that the man who approaches you does not want something? And most of them do. Flattery and cringing and time-serving intrude and crowd into such an atmosphere with an inevitable and fatal pressure. You feel the singular weight of these things in all the Ford biographies. The oppression of millions hangs upon them and distorts and disfigures everything.

In social intercourse and conversation Ford is said to be gentle, quiet, unassertive, and even shy. He is extremely averse to speaking in public and avoids it wherever possible. But when he is once at ease and likes his audience, his flow of words is free and abundant. He tells good stories, plenty of them, and he has a play of quiet jesting, even occasionally at himself.

Amusement in general seems to be something he knows little about. When he was a boy, he swam and skated. He still skates when he can. Skating is good physical exercise and exercise is necessary to health, and hence to work. Ford has always cared for his health and by exercise, moderate eating, and total abstinence from stimulants he has kept his spare, lean body capable of tremendous effort, so that in the sixties he was fully equal to the remodeling of the standard Ford, which he called the greatest labor of his life.

But amusement as such is rather unimportant. One curious pastime has developed in his later years, the collecting of relics of antiquity, and his purchase and restoration of the Wayside Inn with accessories is almost as

notorious as the automobile. The interesting thing here is that after so energetically decrying the historical past, the man should set himself to establishing a museum of antiques. The explanation seems to be that he is immensely interested in the past, provided it concerns himself. Perhaps a wider study would have taught him that the history of the whole world exists only to throw light upon you and me and Henry Ford.

Games proper are even less profitable than larger amusements. Ford used to play baseball as a boy and in age occasionally condescends to millionaire golf. But these things make little appeal. Here again there is a curious exception and in later years he has revived the old-fashioned dances of his youth. The whole treatment of these is characteristic. No sooner does he get interested than he hires a satellite to write up the subject, and the old reels and rounds and square dances are all formally standardized with the completeness of every Ford institution. Yet somehow I cannot imagine Ford really carried away by the exhilaration and the ecstasy of the dance. What he needs to make him perfect is to be vamped by a siren of a New York night-club. But it is a little difficult to imagine Henry Ford in this connection.

V

When a man analyzes life in general with such shrewd and penetrating, if often divagating, insight, one is naturally curious about his analysis of himself. Here there are the usual Ford contradictions. Sometimes he seems peculiarly apt and willing to reveal his soul. Hear what one observer has to say on this head: "As I talked with him, he gave the impression that he thinks aloud, one was astonished at the thoughts he permitted to escape from the hidden sources of his mind. An-

other man would not say everything he thought. Ford does." Yet again he shuts up, and seems determined to let no one see the inner life at all. As he said to a man once: "You know me too well; hereafter I am going to see to it that no man comes to know me as intimately as you do." And the very abundance of Ford's talks on all sorts of subjects, their abundance and apparent abandon, is misleading. He says a great deal, but he says so much you do not quite know what he is saying. Moreover, you can never be sure what is Ford and what is his interpreter. He is so much in the habit of letting others speak for him that he gets to accepting and admitting their representation of his thought as his own, when in reality his own might be different.

Yet with all these drawbacks and difficulties you can get extraordinary glimpses of insight into an extraordinary character, and the difficulties, as usual, only make the effort more interesting. Take Ford's estimate of his own practical abilities and powers. On the surface he is extremely modest and deprecatory about them. Nothing remarkable there, nothing that every ordinary man does not have, if he is disposed to use it. Any man can make a billion dollars, if he will take the trouble. Yet all the time, almost unconsciously, you feel the secure exaltation, the immense and solid egotism, which does appreciate that it stands above others, far above them, whether by their incapacity or their indolence is not important. It is all apologetic, it is always carefully *we* who do things. But the *we* simply doubles, triples, infinitely multiplies the personality and the greatness and the achievement of Henry Ford. There is nothing more interesting to watch than the studied and for that matter often the real modesty of an ego that identifies itself with the universe, as you and I also do for that matter.

With this consciousness of his own power is there in Ford any consciousness of practical weakness or deficiency? I have searched for such, but I do not find many. And in the larger field of moral excellence or imperfection I find Ford much the same. There is never a hint of conceited boasting of his own virtue, but there is a comfortable assurance of it, and never anywhere is there the faintest suggestion of disquietude or discomfort over matters of conduct done or omitted. You might be better, you might be worse; but you are just—Henry Ford, doing the best you can, and why should God ask any more of you?

In his aims and ideals as regards life at large, as well as regards business, Ford is absolutely sincere, there can be no question of it. He may be incoherent, he may be unpractical, but he is never hypocritical, never talks for the sake of talking. He is always trying to get somewhere, even when it is not quite clear where, and the lack of clarity is sometimes owing to the altitude. In his books and his life you get the impression of a man who has somehow outgrown himself, whose brain is reaching into a region far different from that touched by his manipulating hands and trodden by his feet.

In such an extended career of ideal and often vaguely directed effort one would suppose that there must be many plain failures, and it is interesting to get Ford's attitude towards these. What it amounts to is that, like Edison, he refuses to recognize failure at all. What is it but merely a stepping-stone in the progress to success? Stick to it, and you will not fail: "More men are beaten than fail. It is not wisdom they need, or money, or brilliance, or 'pull,' but just plain gristle and bone."

And as Ford discounts failure, so he rids himself of discouragement, depression, melancholy, and all the disagreeable concomitants that failure brings

with it. I have looked long and carefully for suggestions of nerves, of the haunting, harrowing burden of futility and uselessness by which genius is so apt to be overcome and oppressed, but such things are rare. And in general there is no admission of despair in any way whatever. Depression is unreasonable and meaningless. It has its root in fear, and fear is the deadliest enemy of man's achievement in general: "Fear is the portion of the man who acknowledges his career to be in the keeping of earthly circumstances. Fear is the result of the body assuming ascendancy over the soul."

In contrast with failure, or in keeping with his estimate of it, is Ford's estimate of success. Undeniably there is a certain curiously mystic element in this. When all is said and done, he feels that there is a subtle something which brings or helps to bring plans to a happy consummation. Success with him, however, is far from being a matter of dreams. It is a matter of the same old persistent, indefatigable labor. Precisely because labor is so large an element of it, every man ought to be able to succeed provided his aims are reasonably possible, and Ford's splendid optimism enlarges the region of possibility far beyond the vision of most of us: "Henry Ford is a self-made man. But because he has landed on top, he assumes that everybody else can do so. He believes that when a man fails to succeed, it is largely his own fault."

Lastly with Ford there is the realization that he is one of the most talked of men in the wide world and the question is, how much he enjoys it. If you listen to his admiring friends, you will conclude that publicity is the last thing he thinks of. It is necessary to get the Ford automobiles and tractors to the people who need them. For himself he prefers quiet and life in shadow. But there are some utterances of his

own that make one doubt a little. He does indeed say, "Most of us will never attain fame, and that is a pity, because then we shall never have the opportunity to realize how well off we were without it." But perhaps the deeper truth of human nature shows in another remark: "All men like praise. If a man says that he doesn't, he should examine himself again." In other words, if Henry Ford were to wake up some day and find that he was not one of the most prominent men in the world, the result would probably be some new discovery or development that would put him on the front page once more.

VI

To complete the study of Henry Ford, it is necessary to consider his relation to the spiritual and abstract questions and elements of life. When these questions are connected with this world he is at all times full of interest in them. His busy and active mind is perpetually occupied with the larger problems, and the everlasting puzzle with him is to understand how an intelligence so sure and solid in the practical matters which have been his proper concern can trust itself and thrust itself with arrogant confidence into fields as to which he has little experience and less information. It is perfectly natural that he should have and express vigorous opinions about work and wages. But when it comes to complicated matters like general economics and finance, the minutiae of education, and the broader bearing of machines on life, one's interest is directed rather to how Ford comes to venture into such subjects than to the value of the opinions themselves. Yet on every one of these great themes he has a secure and positive pronouncement such as it is.

With these sociological aspirations, it would seem obvious that Ford would be interested in the political

means by which they might be realized. But his unlimited contempt for bankers and lawyers is quite equalled by his contempt for politicians. They are a useless generation who give themselves to talk, and inefficiency like theirs would run the Ford organization on the rocks inside of a week. "What the world chiefly needs to-day is fewer diplomats and politicians, and more men advancing from kerchiefs to collars." The most curious point here is Ford's own candidacy for the Senate, which was defeated by the corrupt practices of Newberry, and still more the movement to nominate him for President in 1924. It is notable that a vast body of farmers and Americans generally were inclined to favor him, and still more interesting is his own attitude in the matter. Ostensibly he was indifferent and even unwilling. He was occupied with bigger concerns than being President of the United States. But at the same time there is a charming, simple, shy suggestion that when the great need comes Henry Ford is in the background, always available: "The leaders are here, although they do not crave any honor which is bought at the price of helplessness and impotence in office. The leaders are here, but they will not fight for the tinsel of a public title. The leaders are here; and when the hour arrives for free, *untrammelled* public service, these men will move quite naturally into their places." Now who do you suppose the leaders can be?

To estimate Ford's qualifications for the presidency it is of advantage to sum up a few of the chimerical projects as well as the singular antipathies which he has brought forward at one time or another. Among the latter the chief is the fierce attack on the Jews, which was waged by the Dearborn *Independent*, until the bitter irritation aroused drove Ford to disclaim the excesses and shift the burden to others. Of the more positive schemes there is the Muscle

Shoals plan, which he still hopes to carry out, with its dazzling intermixture of public benefit and personal profit; the many suggestions for making over the life of the farmer; commodity money, which is to destroy the golden supremacy of those horrible bankers; the strange, almost unbelievable adventure of the Peace Ship, so much more like a Don Quixote than an automobile manufacturer; and crowning all, the absolute confidence that radios and airplanes will bring about universal harmony: "The motion-picture with its universal language, the airplane with its speed, and the radio with its coming international program—these will soon bring the whole world to a complete understanding. Thus may we vision a United States of the World. Ultimately it will surely come."

Underneath these somewhat fantastic divagations it is always easy to trace a sure and solid basis of traditional middle-class American morals, which Ford learned at his mother's knee and has never forgotten. This appears admirably in the delightful talk with that thoroughly kindred spirit, Eddie Guest: "I have tried to live my life as my mother would have wished. I believe I have done, as far as I could, just what she hoped for me. She taught duty in this world. I believed her then and I believe her now. I have tried to follow her teachings."

On the other hand, when it comes to deeper and larger religious and philosophical considerations, Ford seems singularly empty and unprofitable. Here again the conventional attitude is obvious enough. Always go to church, even if you only get a little comfortable sleep in that way. Read your Bible. Under all circumstances observe the Sabbath, because mother did, and no wheel turns in any Ford factory on Sunday. But I do not find that God or the future are of much more import to Henry Ford than to Theodore Roose-

velt or Nikolai Lenin. Do your work here, and let these ulterior matters take care of themselves: "Religion, like everything else, is a thing that should be kept working. I see no use in spending a great deal of time learning about heaven and hell." The odd point is that the only thing about the future life that appears to interest Ford is more, more, a lot more of life here, and the vital element of his creed is the theory of reincarnation. If he can't get Muscle Shoals in this existence, he may come back and get it later: who knows?

And another striking point in Ford's religious connection is that, so far as he is interested in God at all, it is as a God of work. "The Lord is working and will clear the land of those who will not go ahead." In other words, God has got to work in order to keep his job. If he did not work day and night, like Henry Ford, the universe would not only not be worth living in, it would collapse and disappear. "My father worketh hitherto, and I work." Everybody works. But some of us, who are probably born indolent and therefore natural objects of contempt, like to believe in and cherish the pure, divine possibility of play.

So as one looks back at this varied, many-colored survey, one finds the man not perhaps more of a mystery than most, but certainly strangely complicated, and one remembers the ingenious comment of Marquis, that "he has in him the makings of a great man, the parts lying about in more or less disorder. If only Henry Ford were properly assembled!" With all the millions, with all the powers, with all the successes, with all the knotty problems solved and forgotten, one somehow gets the impression of a man groping, struggling, trying to adjust a universe that is vastly, tragically unadjustable—in short, of a man forever wrestling with life just like you and me.



THE FALSE TALISMAN

A STORY

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

EVERY morning on San Francisco Bay a fleet of ferry boats deposits fifty thousand workers in San Francisco. And every evening the same ferry boats carry these fifty thousand workers home again. Eddie Schott was one of the fifty thousand. He had a linen-collar job in an insurance office on California Street and he lived with his mother and two sisters in a two-story house in East Oakland. The elder sister, Lena, worked in a notion store just around the corner from the ancestral home, but Elsie, the younger, stayed home and helped mama with the housework.

Eddie Schott was the pride and envy of his neighbors. His genteel occupation, for one thing, set him apart in a neighborhood of males who went to work in overalls, and, secondly, he had a mysterious entrée into exalted circles. On Friday nights, particularly, when they saw him hurrying back to town with a huge bass horn under his arm they used to say either pridefully or sneeringly, according to their mood, "Well, there goes Eddie to his club. . . . Pretty soft for some guys!" If they were feeling genial they thought, "Nice boy, Eddie!" If they were in a bitter frame of mind they muttered, "I wonder how he gets that way!" But in either case they speculated on how Eddie had made the grade.

Eddie Schott used to wonder himself.

He knew as well as anyone that he had got into the Gaiety Club more or less on a fluke. It was a distinction to belong to the Gaiety Club. You had either to be a man of talent in the arts or a millionaire. If you were in one of the arts you made yourself entertaining. If you were a millionaire you paid the assessments. It was a capital arrangement. Three or four times during the winter the Gaiety Club put on a show for its members and in the summer they went to their camp in a forest and held high carnival for a week. All this required a large membership of men who could provide entertainment. There was a club chorus, a club orchestra, actors, dancers, even a club band. Eddie Schott played the bass horn in the band. It was so large that when he fitted it around his narrow shoulders it completely swamped his personality.

This horn was a legacy from his father. Anton Schott had driven a brewer's wagon—a mountain of a man with a wide chest and an even wider girth. He had belonged in his day to a Schützenverein. Every Sunday this shooting club dressed up in Bavarian huntsman garb and went down to a private park for target practice. An amateur band, recruited from the ranks of the members, always walked at the head of these excursions. And in that band was Anton Schott, puffing lustily on his bass horn. Eddie's spine used

to tingle every time he thought of his father swinging down the street with a flame of brass slung over his shoulders. The elder Schott towered above every other man in the organization. He was like one of the giants in "Rheingold."

Eddie's first remembrance was sitting in a little summer-house in the back yard at twilight, listening to his father running up and down the scales on his horn. He had held his breath in taut wonder at a father who could shake the sound out of anything so monstrous and gleaming. Night after night he used to sit thus beside his father, listening, until his mother would come and lead him away to bed. At that moment Anton Schott would cease his puffing for an instant. He would cease his puffing and put a caressing hand on his son's head and say:

"When you grow up big, like poppa—you play a horn, too! Yes?"

It was a daring prophecy, and Eddie thrilled to it. He thought about it as he climbed the stairs to his bedroom; he thought about it as he said his prayers; he was still thinking about it as he dropped off to sleep, the sound of his father's horn floating in through the open window.

As soon as Eddie was big enough his father held the horn to his son's lips, laughing at the feeble notes like the faintly raucous chirp of a raven's fledgling, that it emitted.

"See, mama, how he makes a sound!" Anton would call to his wife.

But Mrs. Schott would shake her head and say: "He is too little yet."

"Now, maybe, he is too little. But wait until he grows up big like poppa!"

Eddie grew up, but not "big like poppa." The forebears of Mrs. Schott, who had been tailors, had had a hand in shaping the destiny of Anton Schott's son. But Anton never for a moment acknowledged it. He insisted on pretending that some day his son would

come into a deferred physical heritage. He never for a moment admitted that the blood of tailors could thwart a long line of brewers and produce a Schott who would be anything short of six feet, with appropriate girth and chest. He saw his son taking his place on the brewery wagon, in the ranks of sharpshooters marching to weekly practice; and, not only marching to practice, but, like himself, overtopping everybody by virtue of height and bulk and a gigantic horn. It was to this end that he at first held the horn to Eddie's lips and later let the weight of it almost crush the narrow shoulders, until Mrs. Schott would protest and say:

"Poppa! for shame! He is too little, yet!"

Anton Schott's reply was always the same. "Now, maybe! . . . But wait until he grows up big like poppa!"

Anton Schott died when Eddie was nineteen. Even in the face of his son's scant hundred and twenty-five pounds and a job in an insurance office, the head of the Schott family went to his reward in the hope that some day Eddie would grow up big. His only legacy to Eddie was his horn. The ranks of the sharpshooters were dwindling. They sent a delegation to see Eddie. Would he take his father's place in the band? There could be only one answer to such a question. A family with a tradition to maintain must strain every nerve to keep its pennant flying. Eddie accepted. He managed, somehow, to stagger under the weight of his father's horn to the weekly shooting fests; he managed, somehow, to make the horn heard above the blare of trumpets and the clashing of cymbals. But he knew in his heart that he was a feeble artist. There was nothing grand about his performance. Then, one day, a surprise came. A business associate for

whom Eddie had done a rare turn said to him one day over a plate of shrimps in the California Market, "I hear you play the bass horn. Would you like to join the Gaiety Club's band?" The Gaiety Club's band! The Gaiety Club that had dinners for John Barrymore and luncheons for President Hoover and suppers for Maurice Chevalier! The Gaiety Club that in its day had entertained Rudyard Kipling and Sir Henry Irving and Li Hung Chang! Would he join the Gaiety Club's band? *Would* he! . . . His heart pounded until he thought the nonchalant friend sitting across the table would hear it.

That night when he told the family his voice shook a little. Mama said:

"The Gaiety Club . . . no, I have never heard of it!"

But Lena, the elder sister, knew. "Of course you know about the Gaiety Club, mama. Don't you remember, where Tillie Edelman's husband used to wait on table?"

"Oh," cried Mrs. Schott, "but that is a grand place! Only millionaires belong to that club."

Eddie explained: if you were an artist it cost you little or nothing. It cost you even less than it did to belong to the Schützenverein. An artist? Mama thought only in terms of paint brush and palette in connection with that word. Eddie explained again: if you played a horn you were likewise an artist.

"So!" said Mrs. Schott, still pondering the matter in her heart. And would he continue to play the horn for the Schützenverein?

"Mama, don't be silly!" cried Lena.

Later he heard Lena and Elsie talking it over in the kitchen as they washed the dishes.

"They'll have ladies' nights," said Lena.

"How do you know?" asked Elsie.

"Because clubs like that always do."

"You mean *we* can go?"

"Why not? We're ladies, I hope!"

"They'll be a lot of swell fellows there," said Elsie.

"Sure!" replied Lena.

There was a note of confidence, of hope in their voices. Eddie smiled to himself.

It was some time before Eddie Schott became a member of the Gaiety Club. There were tiresome preliminaries: his name to be proposed, sponsors to be rounded up, the intent posted on the club bulletin board. Eddie continued to walk in his father's footsteps to target practice and when the Verein gave dances he dutifully took his sisters. But he had lost interest and he could see they had, too. Assuming a bored air, Lena and Elsie sat out most of the dances. "There's an awful common crowd getting in here," Lena used to say scornfully. Eddie knew better. He knew that it wasn't the crowd that had changed.

He had moments of fear during these weeks of waiting. Suppose somebody at the Gaiety Club blackballed him? Suppose they found somebody more prominent who could play the horn? He dreamed one night that this had happened. He dreamed that the man chosen in his stead to play the bass horn was Lindbergh. The dream was so ridiculous that it reassured him. But he was still nervous. Not so much on his own account, but because he could see what store his sisters were setting on the hope of an enlarged horizon. As a matter of fact, he was not far behind them in this. He used to find himself building up a bright and shining new world on his prospects. He pictured himself meeting men of affairs, making valuable connections, rising materially, artistically, socially. But these moments of elation were often succeeded by a blue funk. Meanwhile the business associate who had proposed his name moved to New

York. Eddie Schott was in despair. But he said nothing of this to his sisters. And then one day a letter came telling him that he had been elected to the Gaiety Club and would he report the next Friday evening for band practice? Without waiting another moment he sat down and wrote his resignation to the Schützenverein.

There began now for Eddie Schott a life of swaggering deception. Outwardly he clothed his humor in a scarlet cloak, but his heart was leaden.

Every Friday night he went diligently to rehearsal, bearing his slight shoulders erect as he passed the front porches of his neighbors. "There goes Eddie to the Gaiety Club!" he knew they were saying as he went by. The thought of his importance in their eyes thrilled him past the boundary line of the neighborhood. Once on the train and headed for the ferry he slumped. For only he knew what an empty honor this membership in the Gaiety Club had proved to be. What he hated most was to encounter a friend going citywards who would say:

"The big night, eh, Eddie? . . . Gee, I'll bet you have a swell time. Gee, I'll bet there's a swell bunch belong to that club! . . . Were you there the night they had Charlie Chaplin up from Hollywood?"

Sure, he had a swell time. Sure, there was a swell bunch belonged. Sure, he had been there the night they had had Charlie Chaplin up from Hollywood. Hadn't the band played that night? Whenever the band played Eddie was all right. He could hide under his flaming horn. But when rehearsal or the band's part in a program were over his agony began. He would stand watching the company break up into groups, drifting toward the smoking room, into the bar, clustering around the supper table. "Hello, Schott," they would call at him as they

passed. Not "Hello, old scout!" Not "Hello, you big stiff!" Not "Hello, Eddie!" but just "Hello, Schott," leaving him staring wistfully after them. He would stand in the reception hall watching them, until the last group had settled upon their diversion. Then he would turn away, hesitating between a quick departure or a forlorn extension of his torment. At this point the hat boy usually settled the issue for him by saying, "Going out, Mr. Schott?" bustling toward his hat without even waiting for a reply. The hat boy knew! And that was an added humiliation.

One night he found himself blurting out to the hat boy, "Sure I'm going! Nothing to do around this dump if you don't know the bunch."

"Oh, well, Mr. Schott, it takes time!" the boy had said soothingly. "Wait till you go up to the summer encampment. That's where you make friends."

This prophecy revived his hope. Naturally, he'd get to know the bunch better then, sleeping and eating and drinking with them. He hadn't thought much about the summer encampment before. Now his mind was filled with it. As the time drew near items began to appear in the daily papers. A Chief Justice was coming way from Washington to camp out with the Gaiety Club; Paderewski would be among those present; there was a rumor that Commander Byrd might attend. Lena and Elsie read these accounts aloud to mama.

"Just think," said mama, "all those swell people! My, but Eddie is lucky!"

"*He's* lucky, sure! But what about us? We haven't been to a dance since Eddie resigned from the Schützenverein," said Lena.

"Yes, how about that, Eddie?" asked Elsie. "Ain't they ever going to have a ladies' night?"

"Sure . . . some day."

"They had one last week," said Lena. "I read about it in the paper."

"That wasn't much," replied Eddie. "It was just a string quartet. You wouldn't have liked it."

"You might have asked us!" snapped Lena.

"I guess Eddie's ashamed of his sisters. I guess we're not swell enough," threw out Elsie.

"For shame!" cried mama. "Is that nice?"

"Can't you wait?" bellowed Eddie. "Don't you understand? You can't rush things like that. . . . I ain't been inviting anybody to a ladies' night until I get better acquainted."

"You've belonged for six months now!" observed Lena.

"Six months! *Six months!*" repeated Eddie with biting sarcasm. "What of it. Do you think a fellow gets to know over a thousand members in six months? Besides, it ain't a place where you kick in overnight. You have to go slow. . . . I've just been making myself solid. I've just been attending to my business. It ain't a place for fresh guys!"

"Sure," soothed mama. "Eddie's right!"

The girls shamefacedly dropped their glances. "I know what I'm about," went on Eddie, following up his advantage. "I'm waiting until I go up to the encampment. That's where you get to know the members. After I get back from that I'll invite you over to every ladies' night on the calendar. You'll get sick of 'em!"

"Do you suppose," asked Elsie humbly, "that you'll meet Paderewski or Byrd up there?"

"I don't know why not!" Eddie tossed back valiantly.

"My! My!" said mama. "Your father was right, Eddie. Many a time when you were little I used to say, 'Eddie ain't for the horn, poppa. He ain't big enough!' But poppa knew.

. . . Where would you have been, now, if it hadn't been for that horn? See what it did for you? Poppa was always right, Eddie."

"Will you invite us to the first ladies' night after the encampment?" demanded Lena.

"Sure!"

"Now, remember, that's a promise!"

"I won't forget," said Eddie.

But already he felt a misgiving.

A week before the encampment the females of the Schott household were in a flutter, getting Eddie's things together. Lena skillfully mended a hole in his white sweater and knitted him some socks to wear with his hiking boots. Elsie made a new case out of bright green flannel for the horn. Mama washed out two pairs of blankets with her own hands.

"Mama, you're a card!" said Eddie. "Washing blankets to go camping with!"

"Well, ain't you in a tent with somebody?" countered mama. "What kind of a home would they think you came from with dirty blankets?"

"Who do you think you'll be with?" asked Lena.

Eddie shrugged his shoulders.

"Wouldn't it be swell if you were in the same tent with Lindbergh?"

"Lindbergh ain't going. It's Byrd."

"Well, an aviator—it's all the same."

"I'd rather be in the tent with Paderewski!" said Elsie.

Even mama laughed at this. Elsie blushed. "I don't care, I would!"

Eddie let the subject drop. It wasn't necessary to tell these women of his modest hopes for tent companions. He gathered that the band had an enclosure of its own at the camping grounds. This meant that his tent mates would be members of the band. Sometimes he speculated vaguely just who they would be. But, for the most part, he was content in the mere thought

of close companionship with any of them. You couldn't be a week in a tent with three or four fellows, borrowing their shaving cream, lending them your roll of adhesive tape, throwing a pillow at them when they snored, without achieving friendship.

It was this hope that buoyed him up past even the chill of the morning of departure. At the train the usual groups were forming when he arrived upon the scene, his horn done up in its new green case. "Hello, Schott." They nodded at him and passed on. He swung aboard the first coach and seated himself, holding his horn awkwardly between his knees. Perhaps if there were a crowd he'd have a companion sharing the vacant seat beside him. But there was no such luck. Ah, well, it wouldn't be long now!

Laughter, conviviality, wisecracking. Cries of "Hello Bill!" "Hello Charlie!" "Look who's here!" "How about a little game?"

The differentiation among males, especially en masse, is slight: if Eddie had closed his eyes he might have fancied himself at a Schützenfest. The wall that separated him from the men about him was as thin as the tissue panels of a Japanese house. With one bold gesture he might have smashed through to them. But Eddie Schott had no bold gestures.

He put the horn, finally, on the seat beside him. It towered magnificently in its bright green flannel case like a green dragon guarding its prey. The engine started up, the crackle of explosive conversation fell to the level of the train's rhythmic hum. Eddie Schott looked out the window. Brown hills flecked with the green of canyons flew by. Rose-covered cottages. Trim backyards. A marsh. The mill country again. Vineyards climbing up the hillsides. The flash of a river. Evergreens. The smell of a forest. This must be like the Rhine country that

his father had always talked of. A curious nostalgia seized Eddie, something that had nothing to do with the present. He used to feel it sometimes walking the paved streets to the shooting park, as the trumpets blared out a folksong. It was like looking back on a familiar landscape through a mist. A longing that was half pain, half sweetness, enveloped him. . . . There was a scraping sound and a bump. Men were collecting their traps. They had arrived!

Eddie, struggling under the weight of his horn, dropped off the coach on to the redwood platform. An early morning mist from the sea had cleared, leaving a noontime blueness in the sky. Contagious happiness was in the air. Eddie suddenly felt light-hearted.

"Hey, there, fellows! Get out your horns and give us a tune!"

The band boys slipped their instruments out of their cases, the bass drum began to pound, the leader lifted his walking stick. "Forward! March!" Down the dusty road they went, toward the beckoning green of the forest. Behind, trailed stock brokers, captains of industry, millionaires, painters, sculptors, singers, actors, writers with all the abandon of ragamuffins following a circus.

"Do, oh, do, oh, do not let me fall!
I'm your man and I love you best of all!"

they chanted.

Eddie puffed and blew with the vigor of a recaptured happiness. What ever had made him think that these men were different from others? Already his heart had warmed to them. The hat boy had been right: the summer encampment! That's where you made friends!

The cool shadows of darkly green trees fell upon them, the smell of willows blew from the river, the incense from the dying embers of a camp-fire floated up to heaven. The band

came to a stop in a circular clearing.

"How dry I am! How dry I am!" the band wailed.

Cheers. Laughter. This was the life!

"Now, then, fellows, let's get set!" Away marched the band between rows of gay tents to its own stockade.

A huddle of tents surrounded an open space piled high with dunnage bags that had come up the previous day. Eddie pulled out his bag, wondering about the procedure of choosing tent-mates. But his speculations did not continue for long. It was plain to be seen that there was no procedure. Apparently everyone just picked out his own quarters and settled himself. Eddie dragged his bag about the circle in a search for a place to light. He found a tent finally that had not yet been appropriated with four cots in it. This struck him as just right. He liked the idea of three companions: friendship might not strike fire with a single tent-mate. He opened his dunnage bag, took out his clean blankets, made up one of the cots. Then he distributed his toilet articles on the little pine table by his bed. Lena had bought him a fresh tube of shaving cream, and Elsie had provided tooth paste and a new tooth brush. He was whistling softly. He felt himself standing on the threshold of a profound happiness. Suddenly a puff of cloud blew across his content: Where were his tent-mates? Wasn't anybody going to join him? . . . The sound of a dinner horn came floating toward him. "Chow!" yelled everybody in chorus. He joined the hungry throng as they ran down a shaded road to the dining tables. He ate hurriedly. He wanted to return to camp and finish unpacking! Eddie had a trim mind. A group of band boys were standing before his tent when he got back. His heart quickened. It looked as if he were going to have companions, after all.

"Hello, Schott!" they said warmly as he came up to them.

"Hello," he answered. He stepped jauntily into the tent, heartened by the note of cordiality in their greeting. It was extraordinary what a sense of assurance he felt in just the fact of having his quarters secured. He turned to them. "Didn't see you on the train."

The group glanced at one another uneasily. "We drove up," said one of them.

"Looking for a place to park yourself?" Eddie threw out brightly with the air of a host offering the shelter of his roof.

"Well, we were at that." The speaker hesitated. "You see, we always have had this tent—just the four of us. We have it every year."

Eddie looked at them. "You mean—"

"You know how it is. It's just kind of been ours. We're—we're just kind of used to it."

Eddie gulped. "Sure, I understand!" He turned away and began gathering up his shaving implements.

"Here, there, we'll give you a hand."

"Oh—oh, that's all right! . . . I guess perhaps I better find another place before I—"

"No hurry! Just take your time. . . . You understand, old man. We wouldn't put you out for the world. I mean, if it makes any difference—"

"No, it doesn't make any difference. One place is as good as another, I guess."

He went the rounds, peering into tent after tent. Every cot seemed taken. He was returning to pack up his dunnage bag and await developments when he met the band-leader coming back from lunch.

"Hello, Schott. All set?"

Eddie explained. The band-leader went over the ground with him.

"Everything's taken," said the band-leader as they peered into the last tent.

"Well, that's too bad. We've been overcrowded for two or three years. Guess we'll have to find you a place down by the gate. The Club has some tents down there to take care of the overflows. I'll help you carry your things."

"Oh, that's all right!"

"Hell, no! Here, I'll carry the bag. You bring the blankets."

The band-leader led the way, Eddie followed. They came to a dozen tents strung out in a row, near a clump of young firs down by the entrance to the encampment.

"Take your pick," said the band-master. Eddie chose the first that came to hand. "There's two cots in every tent," went on the other. "But these don't fill up much, except for the last night maybe. You'll probably be in luck. You'll probably have it all to yourself. Looks comfortable, doesn't it?"

"Sure," said Eddie. "It looks swell."

"So long. Hope everything's O.K. If you want anything, holler!"

"Thanks," said Eddie.

He heard the band-master whistling a gay tune. He sat down on one of the cots. An afternoon breeze was moving sadly through the trees. Eddie buried his face in a pillow.

The band-master was right: Eddie had the tent to himself. For the most part, he had the entire section to himself. Occasionally a stray member, arriving late, set himself up in one of the tents for the night, but by morning he would discover friends who carried him away to their enclosure. Sometimes Eddie wondered if it would not be better to pack up and go home. Go home and face Lena and Elsie and mama and the neighbors? No, that was inconceivable!

There were moments of elation between miseries. Whenever the band swung down to greet an incoming

train Eddie's heart grew light. At evening around the crackling camp-fire, listening to songs and stories, he forgot his loneliness. The men who sang and told tales were a distinguished breed, the listeners not far behind. Eddie used to feel a thrill in these contacts. Just imagine the son of Anton Schott who used to drive a brewery wagon sitting at the feet of the mighty! No wonder the family and the neighbors were proud of him! At the mess table he basked in the transient friendliness of males growling out good nature under the spell of repletion. "Hey, Schott, throw me a biscuit!" "What's the matter there, Bass Horn, got a mortgage on the canned cow?" "Come on, Dutch, give a guy a chance at the maple syrup!" *Bass Horn! Dutch!* What hopes these inadvertent intimacies raised! Once a distinguished tenor from the Metropolitan asked him for a cigarette. "Thanks, old man!" the singer purred, bending over to take Eddie's proffered light. Eddie glowed for an hour.

But when the procession to and from the train was over, when the camp-fire was ended, when the mess table broke up—profound despairs unrolled themselves. In twos, in threes, in knots of a half dozen the Gaiety Club strolled away to the devices of fellowship. In his secret soul Eddie Schott knew that he might join them if he but had the courage. One step over the borderline of his diffidence and he might achieve paradise. But a thread of cowardice held him back.

In the mornings he strolled down to the river's brim and talked a while with the attendant at the diving float; in the afternoon he wandered in solitary aimlessness over the trails, listening to the laughter from the gay enclosures, at night he went back to his tent and gloomed.

He used to lie on his cot and compose letters of resignation from the Gaiety

Club band. Whom should he address—the secretary of the Club, or the bandmaster? Should he be brief or write at length, with a flourish? How would they answer him? When despair reached its lowest ebb a rising tide of hope would set in. They might insist on his staying! They might pass resolutions, telling how invaluable he had been to them. . . . If this mood persisted long enough he would fall asleep. But when he awoke at daybreak to the raucous clamor of bluejays he was filled with despair again. How was he to get through the day? And once more a circle of thorned thoughts would press down upon him. Resign! Resign! No. He knew that he couldn't. He knew that he lacked the courage. He felt himself caught in a net from which there was no escape.

Suddenly it was all over. Eddie found himself rolling up his blankets, rushing back through forest and vineyard and marsh country again, walking up the familiar streets toward home. It was early evening and the neighbors were taking their Sunday ease out of doors.

"Hello, Eddie!"

"Well, look who's here!"

"How's it feel to hobnob with the big guys?"

"I'll bet you had a swell time!"

Lena and Elsie and mama running out to meet him.

"Say, but you look great! All tanned up and everything!"

"Why didn't you write? We were kinda worried!"

"Hush, Elsie! Didn't he send a postcard? Poppa never did any writing when he was having a swell time!"

"Was Paderewski there?"

"Or Byrd?"

"Gee, I'll bet you met a lot of swell fellows!"

"Come on, tell us all about it!"

"Hush, Lena! Can't you see he's tired? Wait till he has something to eat!"

Roast duckling, noodles, red cabbage, applecake—all the things Eddie liked. . . . The table was cleared away.

"Now, tell us—give us all the news!"

"Not now, Elsie! Can't you see he's sleepy? You girls got all next week to hear about it."

In his own room again, before the open window. In the dusk the summer house where Anton Schott had held the horn to Eddie's lips in the long summer evenings. "Wait until you grow up big like poppa!"

Lena knocking at his door. "Eddie! Eddie! How soon before the next ladies' night?"

"How should I know?"

"Well, you better find out. Elsie and I want to know. We want to make ourselves some new dresses."

"New dresses? What for?"

"Don't you think we want to look nice before your swell friends?"

A door opening—mama's voice drifting down the hall. "What's the matter with you, girls? Can't you let your brother alone? You got all week to talk about ladies' night."

Ladies' night! . . . He had forgotten all about ladies' night. He'd better resign. He'd write his resignation to-morrow!

The resignation, like the to-morrow for which it was scheduled, never was achieved. But the ladies' night was accomplished. Eddie had hoped he might postpone this agony, too, but Lena read a preliminary announcement of it in the society columns of the newspaper:

The members of the Gaiety Club will entertain their women friends at an informal concert next Tuesday evening. Moving pictures of the last encampment will be shown.

"*Women friends!*" echoed Lena. "What a funny way to put it!"

"What's funny about it?" snapped Eddie.

"*Women?* . . . They're ladies, ain't they?"

"Are you in any of the moving pictures?" asked Elsie.

"I dunno. I guess so!"

"Tuesday night. We've got less than a week. I wonder if—"

"Sure," said mama. "You go down to-morrow and get the goods. It won't take long."

The blood of tailors flowed in mama's veins. There was nothing she liked to do better than cut out a dress. And her sewing! Nobody could beat her sewing.

Eddie saw that he was in for it. "Maybe mama would like to go, too."

Mama shook her head. "No, it ain't for old people. You take Lena and Elsie. Your friends don't want to meet mama. You take the girls and have a good time."

"Will they serve refreshments?" asked Elsie.

"I suppose so," answered Eddie.

"I wonder will the names of those who go be in the paper," speculated Lena.

"Five or six hundred names!" scoffed Eddie.

"Just the prominent ones, I guess," sighed Elsie. But Eddie could see the gleam of hope in both his sisters' eyes.

Days filled with anticipation, discussion, speculation. Should the dresses touch the ground or just escape the ankle? Should they wear gloves? And what about hats? Eddie could tell his sisters nothing. He had never been so exasperating.

"Don't bother Eddie!" finally cried mama. "Can't you read what to wear in the Sunday paper?"

When Tuesday night arrived and the girls were dressed and ready, Eddie felt a surge of pride. They *did* look pretty in their flowered frocks! Wouldn't it be funny if these sisters of

his broke the ice for him? He began to go over in his mind to whom he'd introduce them. The bandmaster, of course, and maybe the president of the Club, and most of the band boys. He'd have an excuse for approaching them, now. "Like to have you meet my sisters." He could see the possibilities. The band wasn't playing to-night. It was to be an orchestral concert. But in one of the numbers there was a phrase off-stage for a bass horn. Eddie had been pressed into service. He was glad of this. It made him feel important. He went down the neighborhood street carrying his horn with a feeling of real elation. In the twilight came the usual calls of recognition.

"Well, the whole Schott family stepping out to-night, eh?"

"Sure!" called back the girls. "We're going to the Gaiety Club. Ladies' night!"

"You don't say! . . . Some people have all the luck!"

The phrase off-stage for the bass horn was in the last number. Eddie stood in the wings and heard the polite handclapping of the audience. The leader of the orchestra took a bow and made an announcement: as the audience passed out they would find refreshments being served in the Founders' Room. He hoped the ladies would honor the Club by staying for a social hour. Eddie went down some back stairs to the hat room and left his horn. Then he ran to the corridor leading to the Founders' Room to wait for Lena and Elsie. The concert hall was on the second floor, and a broad staircase led down from it. Eddie saw a dense mass of people moving slowly. Smart women bare of shoulder and barer of back, heads immaculately coiffured, lips rouged, eyebrows plucked to significant curves. His heart beat a little uneasily. He felt instinctively that his sisters were

no match for this assembly. He had found them seats for the concert up in front, which meant that now their chances for a swift exit were blocked. The Founders' Room was filling up. It was completely packed before Lena and Elsie hove in sight. They looked a little pathetic in their cheap home-made dresses that had seemed so grand only a few hours before.

"You'll have to wait," warned Eddie, as they came up to him.

"Maybe we'd better go right home," suggested Elsie.

It was just what Eddie would have liked to do, but he scoffed bravely:

"What's the rush? The crowd will thin out in a minute!"

"You wasn't in any of the moving pictures," said Lena, a little accusingly.

Eddie made no reply.

"You heard what that man back of us was saying," put in Elsie. She turned to Eddie. "He said that a lot of the pictures got spoiled. The heat or something."

"Yes, so I heard," lied Eddie.

"I told mama we should have had our dresses longer," said Lena, as a hipless lady trailed a billow of cream colored lace across the thick carpets.

"They're all wearing corsets," said Elsie.

"I guess we made a mistake getting figured goods," sighed Lena.

"You see," said Elsie, "the Sunday paper was all wrong."

Eddie felt that he must say something. "What's the matter with your dresses? They look swell to me."

"Men don't know anything about such things!" threw back Lena, disdainfully.

Already scores of people were filing out of the Founders' Room and calling for cabs or their limousines. "They couldn't have been very hungry," exclaimed Elsie.

"Sh-h-h!" warned Lena. "It ain't polite to eat much at a place like this."

"I guess we'd better go in now," suggested Eddie.

They pushed their way into the crowded room. "You wait here. I'll go get you some punch."

Eddie fought his way toward the refreshment table. It took him fully ten minutes to return with a tray of half-filled punch glasses. Lena and Elsie sipped their punch with devastating gentility. A waiter passed with sandwiches and small cakes. The girls each took a lady finger.

Eddie drank a gulp or two of punch, craning his neck in a pretense of looking for his friends. "It's awful hard to find anybody in a crowd like this," he apologized. "Either that or the band boys have beat it."

Elsie gave her empty glass to a waiter.

"Maybe we ought to be going."

"It's only ten-thirty," responded Eddie weakly.

"It will be twelve before we get home," said Lena.

"Well, whatever you girls say."

He went to the hat room and got his horn; it had never seemed so heavy. They rode down on a street car to the Ferry.

"I'm afraid," said Eddie, "you girls didn't have a very good time!"

"Oh," cried Elsie, "we had a swell time!"

"That was awful good punch!" said Lena.

"And the music was grand! We could hear your horn in that last number so plain!"

It was sweet to have them lie like that but it hurt, too. He almost wished that they had crabbed.

"Well, another time maybe it won't be so crowded. . . . I mean, there may be a better chance to meet the boys. Next time I'll get you a seat near the door. Then you'll get out and downstairs quicker."

An ominous silence met this observation, and then Lena spoke. "It was

swell and all that but I guess you've got to know the crowd. I mean, you can't just meet them two or three times a year and get anywhere."

"You've got to sort of belong, I guess," nodded Elsie.

By this time they had reached the Ferry. They walked leisurely aboard the boat.

"You girls better sit upstairs," said Eddie. "I want to stay down on the lower deck and smoke."

There was a moment of hesitation. Then the girls exchanged significant glances. "All right," said Lena.

Somehow they knew that he wanted to be alone. And that hurt, too.

Eddie walked through the lower cabin to the forward deck. A biting wind had sprung up and the waters of the bay were dancing about in a sable frenzy. Eddie laid his horn down upon the starboard rail, resting his arms upon it. Elsie's words kept ringing in his ears: *You've got to sort of belong*. He'd known this, of course, but he'd never put it into words. He'd been afraid to put it into words. Had he ever belonged to anything? He wondered. The Schützenverein had accepted him because he was the son of his father. Besides, he had played the bass horn. The Gaiety Club had not even known his father but they knew the legacy that his father had bequeathed him. . . . "Where would you have been, now, if it hadn't been for that horn?" mama was always saying. She said

that, now. But the remonstrance she made in those dim days when poppa used to let the weight of the horn crush him was nearer to the point: "Eddie ain't for the horn, poppa! . . . He ain't big enough!" Mama had been a prophet, in those days, had she but known it. *Eddie ain't for the horn! . . . You've got to sort of belong. . . .* Women knew. You couldn't fool women!

A sudden lurch of the boat sent the horn skidding close to the rail's edge. Eddie clutched it in panic.

A deck hand who had been mopping up came over and trailed his soiled mop on a length of rope into the cleansing waters. The boat lurched again. "Better look out!" said the deck hand. "You'll be losing that horn of yours overboard if you're not careful!"

A chill shook Eddie. His heart beat violently! Did he dare?

"Look out!" cried the deck hand. "There she comes again!"

A wave broke over the bow and slapped Eddie's cheek; the boat shivered and dipped.

"There! I told you you'd lose that horn!"

Eddie turned and faced the deck hand. He was smiling. "It doesn't matter," he said coolly. "I was through with it anyway."

Empty handed he climbed the stairs to the upper cabin. A weight had been lifted from his shoulders. He felt like a man in a tale who had forever cast away a false talisman.



IS PITTSBURGH CIVILIZED?

BY R. L. DUFFUS

THE city of Pittsburgh is a lurid example of that supreme paradox of the modern age—that our civilization rests upon coal and iron and that in almost every spot where coal and iron are brought together civilization is blighted and begrimed. So it has been in that region which used to be called Merrie England. So it is in Western Pennsylvania. The blight is not Pittsburgh's alone. Pittsburgh is only a larger Braddock, Homestead, or McKeesport. From whatever direction one approaches the once lovely conjunction of the Allegheny and the Monongahela the devastation of progress is apparent. Quiet valleys have been inundated with slag, defaced with refuse, marred by hideous buildings. Streams have been polluted with sewage and the waste from the mills. Life for the majority of the population has been rendered unspeakably pinched and dingy. Too obviously the people have served the machines, not the machines the people.

This is what might be called the technological blight of heavy industry. It might be mitigated. Perhaps it cannot be wholly avoided. But Pittsburgh has suffered under another blight—that of almost absolute power without a corresponding sense of responsibility. I do not propose to peer into the city's political cesspools. That has been done already more than once by courageous individuals who have descended into depths blacker and inhabited by stranger forms of life than

any that William Beebe has been able to penetrate in his recent deep-sea explorations off Nonsuch Island. I will confine myself to saying that if the crime and corruption of Pittsburgh were not so well organized the city would probably rank ahead of Chicago in popular disrepute as the Bad Boy of American cities. The reasons for this state of affairs are fairly obvious. The murders which have given Chicago its bad name are the results of a struggle for power, which in turn is due to the failure of any one faction to secure and hold a firm grip on the community. In Pittsburgh the underlings can and often do murder one another. But gangster methods are for the small fry. They cannot upset the system because the stability of the system is guaranteed by the rigid control of the city's economic and political life by a small group of respectable persons at the top.

I do not for a moment believe that these persons deliberately will the rottenness at the bottom or are even aware of much of it. They are nevertheless the final arbiters in any situation in which they care to interfere. The supreme crime in Pittsburgh is not murder or robbery or pilfering from the public treasury or violation of the Eighteenth Amendment or even Sabbath-breaking—it is a willful defiance of the little group of Scotch-Presbyterians who regard themselves as having been elected by Providence to be the city's masters, and who are, in fact, its masters. If any large American

city is so narrowly, so religiously, I might even say so conscientiously dominated by so small a group I have yet to hear of it. And this statement brings me to the point of view from which I wish to examine Pittsburgh. Here is a city in which the theory of *laissez faire* has been allowed to work itself out almost without let or hindrance. It has been built on gigantic material production with as much profit-taking as the traffic would bear. It ought to be an individualist's Utopia. What kind of Utopia is it, judged by the higher standards of civilization?

I might try to find an answer to this question by an analysis of wages, housing conditions, and standards of living. That these are not up to the ideal level anyone may satisfy himself by the simple process of strolling about the industrial portions of the city and observing for himself how the great masses of the people live. If he is still curious he may re-read the old *Pittsburgh Survey* and the records of sociological inquiries which have been made since that historic document appeared. The Pittsburgh worker too often lives amid ugliness and dirt, in congested quarters, next door to vice and crime. He lacks anything like adequate facilities for recreation. It is a common saying that the old Presbyterian iron-masters believed that when a workingman was not at home or in the mills he ought to be in church. Though the Citizens' Committee on City Plan, with one of the Mellons on its board of directors and the tactful and tireless Frederick Bigger as its technical expert, has succeeded, among other achievements, in getting a number of new playgrounds, there is not much evidence that the old point of view has altered. Labor, as industrial Pittsburgh still sees it, is just another raw material, to be bought as cheaply as possible. The city's masters are often compared with the feudal over-

lords of medieval Europe. But with one or two exceptions they have never displayed the slightest trace of that sense of responsibility which was the essence of feudalism. If the market wage was not a living wage so much the worse for those who were forced to accept it.

But economic reforms are, after all, only a means to an end. The end is the "good life." The "good life" implies an all-round development of human nature, so that an individual will be not merely a workingman, a business man, or a church member but a practitioner in several fields of the fine art of living. Culture of this sort has been the fine flower of many wealthy societies in the past. It has been the only valuable residue of such societies. What evidence is there that the wealth of Pittsburgh is producing or can produce this flower? What have the rulers of the city done with the civilizing power that is so abundantly theirs? Have they civilized their city? Have they civilized themselves? It is impossible to give an encouraging answer. Pittsburgh has the wealth to buy a high degree of civilization. It remains, on the whole, barbaric. To illustrate what I mean I should like to call attention to certain aspects of this glorified and incongruously pious mining camp, this churchly city where clergymen are silent in the presence of political and commercial corruption but call down damnation on the heads of those who dare to hold symphony concerts on Sunday.

II

The forces which make the pattern of life in Pittsburgh are economic and religious. That is to say, they are Scotch-Irish and Presbyterian. It is probably a fact that no breed of men, not even the New Englanders, have been as successful as the Scotch-Irish in combining dividends in this world with

a sense of security in the next. The Scotch-Irish, including the notable Mellon family, had the first pickings of the enormous wealth in and around Pittsburgh. They made a thorough job of it, not only without a sense of sin but with a sincere conviction that they were thereby serving the God of their fathers. They went to church regularly, ruled their families with rods of iron, and counted their pennies. To this day church membership is essential to participation in the higher social life of Pittsburgh. "What you want to do to promote yourself in Pittsburgh," said an old timer to an ambitious new arrival, "is to buy yourself a hundred-thousand-dollar house and join the proper church." This remark is guaranteed to be authentic. The situation could not have been summed up more neatly.

Because the leading families are Presbyterian, that church would seem to be the "proper" one. But there are qualifications to this rule. Anyone wishing to do so and willing to submit to its rule of life may, of course, come into the Presbyterian fold. Admission to the inner circle is another thing. An obscure newcomer might as well aspire to be one of the original twelve disciples. It is wiser, as a rule, for the newly-arrived family of some means to hitch up with the Episcopalians, who stand high socially in Pittsburgh as they do in other cities—including, perhaps, the celestial city. To do so shows a commendable degree of modesty, since the new arrival thus refrains from claiming too close a fellowship with the established Presbyterian aristocracy. It is especially wise if he is a salaried employee of some hard-bitten Presbyterian, even though his salary may sometimes be large enough to give him the spending power of a millionaire. Above all, no one who aspires to reach the supreme social heights should be a Catholic or a Jew. Nor will any

Catholic or Jew, as a rule, rise high in the employ of a Presbyterian manufacturer or banker.

Newly-fledged as the Pittsburgh aristocracy is—or perhaps because it is newly-fledged—it has a narrowness and arrogance which rather startle visitors from more democratic communities. These traits do not show themselves in swagger or ostentation. Pittsburgh women of the highest rank may sometimes be seen doing their own marketing, or going from shop to shop comparing prices. I was told of one dear old lady who went on putting up her own preserves with her own hands long after her husband had become a multimillionaire. Andrew W. Mellon himself, whose very presence creates a holy of holies, is one of the gentlest, shyest and most mild-spoken of men. In former years Mr. Mellon used to be a regular attendant at meetings of the Board of Trustees of the Carnegie Institute, of which he and his brother, R. B. Mellon, are members. Usually he said nothing. One day he mildly proposed that a painting by a certain Pittsburgh artist be acquired for the museum. A temperamental fellow trustee, with a lack of reverence almost unique in Pittsburgh, lit into the suggestion. He said the Pittsburgher couldn't paint—expressing a rather common belief among the élite that no Pittsburgher can paint. Mr. Mellon blushed. "My cousin," he said mildly, "knows something about these things and he says he's a very good artist." Then he subsided and spoke no more.

Mr. Mellon, to be sure, does not have to be assertive. His wealth and power speak for him. Some of the lesser aristocrats, whose pin-feathers are still damp, have to go to more trouble. There is a story of a certain business man who called at the office of a local steel company with an order for three-quarters of a million dollars' worth of material. Half an hour later he was

back with a second order for the same amount. He explained that he had intended to place this order with another company. He had gone to the company's headquarters and was about to step into the empty elevator when the attendant motioned him back. Another man stepped in, the door was closed and the elevator shot up. "Why did you do that?" he asked the starter. The man looked at him incredulously. "Don't you know," he demanded, "that you can't ride up in the same elevator with C. G. Brown?" The eminent Mr. Brown's dignity was thus preserved, though at the cost of a little business which would otherwise have gone to the company of which he was president.

A certain highly-paid executive was ingenuous enough to move out to Sewickley Heights, most exclusive of suburbs, and build himself a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar house next door to his employer's splendid mansion. To his astonishment and dismay the employer's wife snubbed the executive's wife, and at the end of a year the rash intruder took his family and his goods and migrated to Cleveland. The explanation was simple. A hired man is a hired man, no matter how large his salary. Owners and hired men cannot mingle on equal terms, nor can their families. Wise hired men, not yet sanctified by great possessions, join a certain country club where they meet others of their kind. Then they bide their time in patience. Ultimately, if the Presbyterian God who directs affairs in Pittsburgh sees fit to smile on them, they may be admitted to the sacred Rolling Rock club, whose membership list is hand-picked by the Mellons.

But it may be set down as an axiom that the solid basis of Pittsburgh society is money and that no achievement and no personal charm not abundantly gilded can effect an entrance. An

actor, artist or author of recognized standing in his field will be received in Pittsburgh if he happens to have social connections there. Otherwise he will not. I asked a lady who knew about such things if this barrier were not sometimes spontaneously overcome by visiting celebrities. But she remained firm. "There never would arise in Pittsburgh," she assured me, "a spontaneous invitation." So that was that. The inevitable result is that society in Pittsburgh is dull. It lacks the performing bears and trained seals from the stage, concert hall, studio, or writer's den who are to be found in similar circles in more sophisticated cities. The intellectual and artistic society of Pittsburgh is not "high" society. It forms a group of its own, and its church affiliations, if any, are likely to be Unitarian. Scores of men and women who would be welcomed wherever a respect for scholarly or æsthetic achievements counted for something remain obscure in Pittsburgh. Artists and scholars at the Carnegie Institute or the University of Pittsburgh, scientists at work in the great Westinghouse laboratories changing the face of human life—such persons are ranked in Pittsburgh above the clerks and mechanics but infinitely below any solemn ass with the soul of an ant who may have inherited a few million dollars from a Presbyterian ancestor. This tendency exists in any society based, as American society mainly is, on wealth. But I doubt that it is as strong in any notable American city as it is in Pittsburgh.

In characterizing Pittsburgh society as dull I did not mean to imply that it is dull for those who are a part of it. It is probably dull only for those whose intellectual interests are keen and whose sympathies are broad. It has plenty of amusements and of course plenty of money to spend on them. There are at least five hunt clubs, or country clubs of which riding to hounds

is a feature, in the neighborhood of Pittsburgh. It is a little difficult to think of the descendants of the strait-laced Presbyterian stock putting on red coats and galloping over the countryside after an elusive fox, but the thing does happen. I suspect, too, that forbidden beverages occasionally trickle down thirsty throats after a hard morning's ride, a round of golf or an evening of dancing. But there is no historic antipathy between hard-shell religion and hard liquor. Mr. Andrew Mellon's grandfather had a distillery on the ancestral farm and the Mellons themselves, as is well known, have owned distillery stock in more recent years. One must make allowances, too, for the difference between the older and the younger sets. But comparatively speaking and as a group Pittsburgh society is probably pretty well disciplined. Such of its entertaining as is not done in the country clubs takes place in the spacious homes, most of them in the suburbs of Pittsburgh. Pittsburgh has only two large hotels, neither one much frequented by the exclusives, and there is no decent night club life.

It would be rash to give Pittsburgh's Four Hundred a certificate of purity on such negative evidence as this. But the indications are that when prominent Pittsburghers wish to indulge in what are known in the cinema world as orgies they come to New York to do it. They have their foibles, like the rest of mankind, but they do not flaunt them. I doubt that as a class they have the generosity and enthusiasm necessary for splendid sinning. When the choice must be made they are hypocritical, not brazen. In public places, at least, the code of proper behavior is enforced with relentless severity. Not so very long ago a man of some wealth and other social pretensions came to Pittsburgh to associate himself with one of the local enterprises. His wife remained behind while he was looking about for a

suitable residence. In a hotel lobby one morning he met a woman who happened to be a friend of the family and unthinkingly asked her to lunch. Next day an associate took him aside. "I've been told," said the associate, "that you were seen lunching with a lady at the William Penn." "Well, what of it?" demanded the newcomer. "My wife knows her. She's a neighbor of ours back home." The Pittsburgher solemnly shook his head. "It may be all right where you came from," he said, "but you mustn't do that sort of thing here."

The system is inevitably selective. Lively and unconventional persons find it unendurable and make their escape. The stodgy remain. The literary and artistic annals of Pittsburgh are rich with the names of gifted individuals who could not stand the atmosphere of their home town and who got away as soon as they could. Mary Cassatt, the painter, was an early and notable example, and of a more recent generation are William Singer, whose landscapes have won favor, Frank Vittor the sculptor, Gertrude Stein, Robinson Jeffers, and Gilbert Seldes. Some of these were from the upper crust of Pittsburgh life and some were not. None of them could find a career in Pittsburgh, even if they could have endured the Pittsburgh folk ways. One young woman, the daughter of an eminent family, shook the dust of her native hills from her shoes and fled to New York. She took with her a small but intelligent dog named Jock. Sometimes, for the edification of her irreverent New York friends, she would say to the dog, "I'm going back to Pittsburgh, Jock." Upon which Jock, sensible animal that he was, would lie down and die.

III

In setting forth these dismal facts I am not, of course, unaware of certain

inspiring exceptions. Andrew Carnegie did not originally intend to establish either a Museum of Art or a College of Fine Arts. He was, in a way, bullied into doing both. But he did recognize, more splendidly than any Pittsburgher before or since, the moral obligation of great wealth. He could not make Pittsburgh creative but he did establish a center where the friends of the arts could rally. The Mellons, on at least one recent occasion, have financed the International Exhibition at the Carnegie Institute, and they have given handsomely to the University of Pittsburgh. The late Henry Clay Frick was a philanthropist as well as a collector of note. There are a number of respectable private collections of objects of art in and around Pittsburgh, and doubtless some of them will go to the Art Department of the Institute when the owners move on to the Presbyterian section of the future life.

Several years ago the Rev. Charles F. Potter made what was described as a cultural survey of a number of American cities, with special attention to their reading habits. He put Pittsburgh at the bottom, Columbus, Ohio, second, and Cleveland—which was the unkindest cut of all from the patriotic Pittsburgher's point of view—at the top. The Rev. Mr. Potter's results were looked at askance in some quarters as not being founded on a sufficient number of graphs, charts, tables, case histories, and other such sociological impedimenta. They expressed, however, an emotional attitude which every student of Pittsburgh culture will understand. I am happy to say that I cannot be quite as severe as the Rev. Mr. Potter. Pittsburgh did, indeed, earn a place in the list of the country's ten worst book towns which the *Publishers' Weekly* compiled last winter. On the other hand, it does possess some lively book stores and an active Booksellers' Association. One store has

attracted as many as 30,000 patrons to its book counters in five days by its "book fair." Brentano's recently established a branch store in the city, which I assume was done after some canvassing of the commercial possibilities of the neighborhood. But I am inclined to believe that the undoubted resourcefulness and perspicacity of the Pittsburgh booksellers is akin to the same qualities in those who hunt for water in the desert. The book retailer has to be good or his children will go hungry.

The public library system, thanks to Mr. Carnegie's generosity and to the efforts of some tireless librarians, is also good. Its book circulation per capita is higher than that of New York City or St. Louis, though it is only three-fifths or so of the exceptionally extensive per capita circulation of the Cleveland Library. But the man in the street, with comparatively little money and no social position to speak of, can always be made to do quite a lot of reading if he is intelligently approached. In Pittsburgh he has comparatively few recreations of any other sort. But for those who can afford to hunt foxes or whack golf balls about, reading seems to be a last resort. Music is not quite in the same predicament, perhaps because it has a slightly greater social significance. Yet when the city's music lovers proposed to have symphony concerts on Sunday they met with stubborn opposition from the Presbyterian die-hards, fortified by Pennsylvania's antique blue laws. The concerts were held, but permission to sell tickets at the door was refused. The logic behind the opposition was simple and old-fashioned. People ought not to be entertained on Sunday. They ought to think about their souls. They ought to be bored. They ought to go to church and bolster up the self-esteem of the preachers. Of course the well-to-do could frequent their country

clubs. In fact, being God's delegates on earth, they could do about as they liked. It was the middle and lower classes who had to be protected against having any fun. Even the Carnegie Library had to put up a stiff fight before it succeeded in giving out books on the Sabbath day. But I do not wish to blame religion entirely for Pittsburgh's philistinism. A prominent element in the city has long held that culture or anything else which does not produce dividends is superfluous. "That man," one illustrious Pittsburgher is quoted as saying, "possesses more useless information than anyone I ever met." The attitude is said to be thoroughly typical.

It is not, of course, universal. The city has its saving remnant, to whose public-spiritedness one may well take off his hat. Two wealthy Pittsburgh women recently gave libraries to two near-by factory towns. One of them, having seen and admired a certain Pompeiian red in her travels abroad, took special pains to work that red into her library and make a truly beautiful building. Some of the solidest citizens have given valuable time to the still embryonic city plan. Men like Arthur E. Braun, treasurer of the plan committee, would be an asset to any city. Yet when all the reasonable additions and subtractions are made, the culture and the public-spiritedness of the ruling class in Pittsburgh are in the red. That class has taken with an exacting hand all that the city and the region had to give. As a class its gifts in return have been mean and niggardly. It has been deficient in sympathy and in imagination and that deficiency reveals itself in the unnecessary grime and sordidness of a once beautiful city.

Must we then despair of anything good coming out of Pittsburgh? I do not think the case is quite as bad as that. It is a governing group that has failed, not a whole city. The Presby-

terian bloc are not Pittsburgh, nor will they always have the power and dominion that they now possess. New figures are coming up. Edgar Kaufmann, son of a Jewish peddler, has just completed what is perhaps the most beautiful department store in the United States, if not in the world. When he wanted murals symbolizing the life and aspirations of the city he called in Boardman Robinson to do them and Robinson did do them with distinguished success. This is perhaps a little nearer to creative art than the importation of almost any number of Flemish paintings. Father Coakley has set a new standard for all denominations by his Church of the Sacred Heart. Frank Nicola long ago projected the beautiful Schenley Farms development, near the park given to the city by Mrs. Mary E. Schenley some forty years ago. Pittsburgh's newest bridges have received awards for their æsthetic merits. Two boulevards going up the hills from the heart of the city afford picturesque views of the valleys of the Monongahela and the Allegheny, though truth compels me to add that I have painfully tramped the entire length of both thoroughfares but have yet to see a single motorist slowing down for a single second to contemplate the scenery.

The International Exhibition is, of course, only incidentally a Pittsburgh affair. Some Pittsburgh artists believe, whether correctly or not I cannot say, that in the American section of the Exhibition the dice are heavily loaded against local talent. In the last few years some two hundred paintings have been sold during these annual shows—not all of them, of course, to Pittsburghers. The attendance, over a six-weeks period, rose from 53,990 ten years ago to 132,544 last winter. This total obviously includes a considerable number of the common people of Pittsburgh—Poles, Russians, Slavs, Lithu-

anians, and Czechs, in clean shirts and Sunday clothes but with the grime of the mill under their finger nails. Children of these immigrant races come to Carnegie Tech to study the fine arts, though if they show ability and are gifted with horse sense they generally go somewhere else to practice them. At least they go somewhere else to get a reputation. If they then come home with a New York or Parisian O.K., Pittsburgh is willing to look at their stuff.

If Pittsburgh's industries were not so heavy there might be a larger market for domestic talent. There is a small market now. Not long ago the Westinghouse Company purloined an instructor from the Carnegie College of Fine Arts with the intention of making its household electrical products more æsthetic. The same company sent thirty of its engineers to the art classes so that they might be at least casually reminded that there was something besides stresses, strains, and formulas in the world. Pittsburgh has a stained glass industry of which some of its citizens are rightly proud. But on the whole the things that are made in and around the city do not lend themselves to artistic treatment. Pig iron is pig iron, a rail is a rail, and a steel girder is a steel girder. The thing to do is to make them strong and durable. The making is a heroic process, even now when you may walk through a steel mill in full swing and see only a handful of men pulling levers. But the making of steel and the bossing of men who make steel seems to impart a metallic quality to human nature. An outsider who said that the process was brutalizing might be merely turning a phrase. But that word was deliberately applied by a man with whom I talked and who has known Pittsburgh, high and low, for some thirty years. If Pittsburgh could diversify, as Cleveland has done, there might be a liberation of the human

spirit. But the owners of Pittsburgh are doing well as things are. Why should they liberate the human spirit? They will encourage industrial research to produce more cheaply and even more safely. There are a dozen important research laboratories in the Pittsburgh region. One of these, the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, is responsible in large part for the elimination of four-fifths of the smoke that regularly inundated the city prior to 1914. But the smoke that blinds men to beauty—that is another matter.

IV

The inhabitants of Pittsburgh may well object to having their town singled out for criticism in this egregious manner. It will be a most encouraging symptom if they do. To some degree their resentment will be justified. The barbarism of their city has both general and specific causes. Its general cause is the machine age itself and the excessive individualism which characterizes that age. Pittsburgh, like much of the rest of America, is suffering from the delusion that the means are more important than the end—that what men do with the various commodities mentioned in the Census of Manufactures is more important than what they do with their own lives. Neither New York, nor Chicago, nor Cleveland, nor any other American city can plead not guilty to that indictment. But in the cities mentioned the ruling classes—for I think that even in this great democracy we may speak quite frankly of ruling classes—have progressed beyond the mere accumulation of money and power and the disposal thereof for their own pleasure. To put the same thing in another way, they have arrived in some conspicuous and influential instances at a broader conception of what the pleasures of a civilized life are. I am speaking, of course, in comparative

terms. I would not class even Cleveland, which actually takes pains to acquire works of art of the "Cleveland School" for its Museum, with Paris or Vienna. It is just that Cleveland and one or two other American communities have advanced somewhat beyond the troglodytic stage. Pittsburgh, because of its unfortunate combination of cultural narrowness and refractory materials, has lingered far behind.

It is a pity, too. I never visit Pittsburgh without a sense of a splendid vision waiting to be realized. The wooded hills, the rivers well worthy of the noble names they bear, the play of light on mist and smoke, the sturdiness of the people one sees on the streets, the sense of power behind the grimness—

these are raw materials hardly yet exploited yet capable of producing infinite riches. But the Anglo-Saxons who have done so well with coal and iron have left these other mines unworked. And for that reason I believe that the scepter will in time pass from them and that a truly civilized Pittsburgh will be built by the races they thought only good enough for the sweat and dirt of the mills. It is a bitter saying among the Pittsburgh minority that what the city needs is a few first-class funerals. I am not savage enough to subscribe to that formula. But Pittsburgh does need one large and comprehensive funeral—it needs to bury John Calvin so deep that he will never get up again.





FAREWELL TO SOPHISTICATION

BY LA MAR WARRICK

WHEN Bertrand Russell calls Ernest Hemingway mid-Victorian, modernism would seem to be singing two separate tunes. Who is off the key? Mr. Russell is quite sure that he is not; but as a new decade swings into being, and the old tunes of post-war disillusionment become wearily over-familiar, one wonders if perhaps Hemingway's mid-Victorianism may not be the introductory measure of a new theme.

It was at the Arts Club in Chicago that I heard Russell bring his specific charge of Victorianism against *Farewell to Arms*. He threw the ladies of his audience into a high state of mental confusion. Ministers, modest book reviewers, and Robert Herrick had warned them that this book had its vile moments—and now they were hearing it referred to as old-fashioned and sentimental.

They gasped. I gasped, along with the rest, and feeling all stirred up, pursued the subject farther in a conversation with one of my friends after the lecture. To my surprise, she was on Mr. Russell's side.

"Now you know perfectly well," she said, with kind finality, "that in real life Catherine Barclay never would have died when she had that baby. She would have completely recovered and he would have had a horrible time getting rid of her."

Thus in some thirty-five words did the lady sum up the passing modern temper—the temper which has for the

last decade expressed itself through the biological novels of Mr. Aldous Huxley, the biological psychology of Mr. John Watson, and the biological philosophies of Mr. Russell himself and a long line of eager disciples.

None of them knows it, but they are fast becoming as out of date as the Victorians whom they dismiss with such condescending smiles. American intellectuality, especially young American intellectuality, is in the process of entering a new mood, of which *Farewell to Arms*, far from being a throwback, is rather a prophetic expression.

The thing that disturbed Mr. Russell about Catherine and Tenent is that they fell in love hard. During the past ten years heroes and heroines have been permitted anything but that. Characters may have passion, despair, disillusionment, animality, cynicism—anything and everything except love. All experiences are temporary, all emotions passing. One progresses from excitement to excitement; stability is the unbelievable quality, constancy the never present trait. Marriage is an outworn institution; the home a phase passé; idealism something the troubadours sang about.

Yes? says the 1930 model young intellectual and cocks an unbelieving eyebrow.

For this young intellectual is looking about and observing a few things, and out of that observation is being born a new mood, neither cynical nor Victorian, rather an evaluating mood.

The charming young person who turned modern five or six years ago, through the effort of some earnest enlightener with advanced ideas and soulful eyes, finds herself on her thirtieth birthday alone in her tower town studio, surrounded by modernistic furniture, nudes by Archipenko and books by Bertrand Russell, but no roses. The earnest enlightener forgot to send roses owing to his state of excitement over a dance date with a pretty young thing whose most modern remark up to date has been, "I think you're just too wonderful."

This state of affairs is apt to give the thirty-year-old pause to wonder just what she has got out of being modern; and the answer is "nothing at all except a little knowledge and a great deal of disillusionment."

The lady is learning, perhaps a little too late, that to the modern no love is so important as excitement, no friendship so valuable as a well-turned phrase; that it is the old-fashioned husband rather than the new-fashioned lover who is apt to celebrate an important anniversary by sending ten long roses and one short note, "Each year has been as perfect as each rose is beautiful." She is learning too that it is apt to be the old-fashioned husband rather than the new-fashioned lover who takes some of the sting out of a bitter birthday by bringing home a thirty-dollar ounce of perfume in spite of the stock market.

The note may be somewhat extravagant sentimentally and the perfume financially, but both give a certain glow and satisfaction; and glow and satisfaction are two qualities which the passing modern temper conspicuously lacks.

What the modern young woman learns at thirty the modern young man begins to suspect ten years later—for, in spite of vaunted equality, there is a ten-year male sexual advantage in this

somewhat lopsided world. He has passed, in his fine young freedom, from episode to episode, celebrating each in an increasingly erotic line of sonnets to breasts and thighs; or talking in staccato and unpunctuated verse about candles burning at both ends, and living each moment for its highly intense self. And suddenly at forty he finds himself somewhat older than his years should allow, and perhaps a little more nervous than his carefully planned athletic program should permit, looking at a baby playing on a Victorian, suburban lawn, or into the clear, quiet eyes of a young girl who has never burned *any* candles, and wondering if his life pattern is so damned perfect after all.

The first half of this sentence the moderns have admitted, in thousands of pages of novelized pictures of themselves. But the last half they would admit only from their narrow, disillusioned graves. All babies are biological accidents; all young girls are Freudian.

And yet on their fortieth birthdays they sometimes wonder.

I recently met on the train one of these tired sophisticates, who proceeded with amazing candor to unfold his whole life history to me, as people sometimes do to strangers on trains. And what a history! Aldous Huxley in his most imaginative moments could not have surpassed it. This chap had had, in the space of some forty-three or four years, two wives and any number of inbetweens and aftermaths. He had lived hard, one gathered, in Chicago, New York, Paris and Cannes.

He had frequented the cafés made famous by *The Sun Also Rises*. He had quarreled with his best friend on shipboard because that gentleman insisted upon feeding a seven-year-old son a drink of whiskey to see how the youngster would act (probably desiring to give John Watson, who likes to

sound gongs behind babies' ears to see if they will jump, a run for his money). He had taken a dance-hall girl on a wild three-day ride through the Riviera, only to drop her unceremoniously at the station in Cannes. "She went off crying, but I gave her plenty of money. I had to get rid of her—there was a girl in Cannes that I wanted to marry."

He ended his somewhat hair-raising recital, which held me breathless all the way from Daytona to Miami, by giving me a moral lecture. "Don't you go in for it." (He seemed to think anyone might if not warned.) "There's nothing in this modern freedom bunk. The first girl I married was a flop. But I loved my second wife. She was too much a woman to stand for me and my modernism. Modernism—hell! I wish I had her back."

He closed by advising me to be a good woman while in Miami. He seemed to think it might be hard.

As for me, I felt quite as our grandmothers must have felt after reading the literature put into their hands by the local pastor on the subject "From ballroom to hell." I felt like going straight back to Chicago, hanging a home-sweet-home motto over the piano, and cooking a pot roast for supper. I felt like being suburban for the rest of my natural life.

The man may have been slightly histrionic, but one thing is sure. His disillusionment was complete.

His plight is important, because it is an experience which has been duplicated in its fundamental essentials thousands of times during the last ten years. His disillusionment has become typical of a state of mind in the middle generation which is fast crystallizing into a philosophy of despair. "The modern temper," as one humanist puts it, "has produced a terrible headache." And he might have added, an epidemic headache.

II

Two recent books have reached startlingly pessimistic heights. Oswald Spengler in his ponderous tomes on *The Decline of the West* sees a world going to mechanistic rack and ruin, sees a future devoid of art and beauty, with no creative possibilities except magnificence in engineering. Joseph Wood Krutch, less concerned with the world in general, but desperately concerned with the plight of the individual, prophesies nothing but unhappiness ahead. "Every time a value is born life takes on a new meaning; every time one dies some part of that meaning has passed away," says Mr. Krutch, and then proceeds to his proofs that the mechanistic theory of life has killed all values.

Neither of these gentlemen, in fact none of the middle generation of prophets seems to be taking into account one significant factor in the situation—and that factor is a brand new generation of thinkers, undisillusioned as yet and firmly determined not to be—that group of young men and women who are at present between twenty and thirty years of age.

Ten years ago young people were fine grist for Mr. Krutch's mill, or for Mr. Russell's, with his definitions (in last May's HARPER's) of cynical youth. The boys and girls coming into maturity somewhere between 1918 and 1920 found themselves in the midst of a war-taught world far different from the one pictured to them by their mamas and papas and Sunday-school teachers. They went head on into revolt against Victorianism, blue laws, "limbs," chaperons, protected girlhood, and Sunday evening psalm-singing. They were going to be free and learn things, and they *were* free and they *did* learn things. Pick up any widely read book written by a young person during the last decade—Ernest Hemingway's *Fare-*

well to Arms, McKinlay Kantor's *Diversey*, John dos Passos' *Manhattan Transfer*, Rosamund Lehman's *Dusty Answer*, F. Scott Fitzgerald's, *This Side of Paradise*, and you will find young people in their twenties writing about other young people in their twenties with all the despairing cynicism pictured by Krutch in *The Modern Temper*.

But young people in 1930 are neither thinking nor writing that way. A new mood of faith, of intellectual idealism, is coming into being. We are dead tired, says this new youth, of being taught that this world holds nothing but Freudian dreams, biological reactions, and behavioristic conditionings. We are not at all sure that every studio apartment existence is ideal, and that there is a thwarted woman behind every suburban front door. We are not at all sure that self-expression must necessarily take the form of promiscuousness, and that every baby is a mistake. We think that a modernism which leaves you washed out and cynical at thirty is a flop. *We will to believe* that life may hold beauty.

The middle-aged philosophers who are deluging the magazines with their wails about a chaotic world seem as yet to be utterly unaware of this new mood on the part of youth. I can understand their ignorance, for they are standing off, looking at youth from the outside, and, superficially observed, these 1930 young people are a knowing lot. They look like the "lil ole hot mamas and papas" made familiar to the American people through the drawings of John Held, Jr.; they talk like Dorothy Parker in her more sophisticated moments. And because they look and talk that way—in public—the Krutches and Russells of this world jump to the conclusion that the youngsters share the cynicism of their somewhat weary selves.

It is just at this point that the philosophers make their mistake.

I have before me, as I write, a group of papers submitted by a twenty-two-year-old girl for a university course in contemporary thought. I was assured by certain professors who had taught this girl earlier in her college career that she was a charming, sophisticated little devil. And superficially observed, so she is. Her eyebrows are plucked to a slender, interrogatory line. The eyes below them are wide and blue and knowing. She has had a vogue with a crowd of college youths whose motto might well be, "There is no god but Sigmund Freud, and Aldous Huxley is his prophet." She has written some literary criticism which would bring a chuckle from H. L. Mencken himself. F. Scott Fitzgerald, observing her at a party, would probably consider her a slick heroine for his latest post-flapper novel.

And yet, June of her senior year being here, and with it the inevitable solitaire (in spite of the warnings of Judge Lindsey), this girl hands in a report on Lippmann's *A Preface to Morals* which says, in part:

"At no time, I think, has there been the difficulty of adjustment which faces our generation. Those of us who have come into adulthood in this last war-time world find that we have attained either a hard-boiled surface or a protective coloration. In life, literature, and drama we see reflected the need for stronger stimuli, cruder sensations, more strident appeals. We have graduated into a world in which it has become the convention, almost the moral obligation, at parties to pass out as speedily as the supply of gin will permit. But individually speaking—and this happens to be from my own personal viewpoint—I think that a thinking individual feels instinctive disgust in the presence of lewd behavior. Coupled with this is a feeling

of æsthetic repulsion. As I ask myself if it has been fear that has kept me from such action I must honestly answer no, in so far as I am able to judge. I think that I utterly rebel at the treatment, for instance, of sex, as a mere matter of physical pleasure and that I demand some spiritual meaning attached. Social conventions may and have changed, and these have directly or indirectly affected my life time and again. I think that the marriage laws will and ought to change. But I do believe that the value of chastity and the need of chastity will remain, just like the need for self-control.

"I don't believe that many young people of our generation go into marriage without their eyes pretty successfully opened nowadays. I know it doesn't take long to get married, and after I've burned a few thousand pieces of toast and carried in a wagonload of eggs for my lord to dispose of with one eye on the clock and the other on the headlines, it won't seem so necessary to slip the solitaire while the moon is bathing the campus with all its lovely ten o'clock beauty as it did the other night. But I'm sure of our ability to make a go of it."

Like the dissertation of the man on the train, this piece of writing might seem rather beautiful, but philosophically unimportant, if it were an isolated instance. But it is not. I have read, during the last two years, the work of dozens of senior university students who have talked the way this girl talks, reasoned as she reasons. Superficially observed, they are part of the modern pattern. Actually, they are vigorously determined to weave a counter pattern of their own.

Now if these young people were Victorian hot house plants, taught by their adoring parents to believe in Santa Claus, fairies, the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, and that grandmother and grandfather had

fifteen children because of a fervently religious desire to repopulate the world, their new mood of idealism might be a piteous demonstration. But they are, quite on the contrary, the most sophisticated group of youngsters that the world has ever known. They have more knowledge, biological, physiological, psychological, sociological, any variety you may care to name, than any previous generation has ever had.

They do not have to rush off to their bedrooms, and behind locked doors breathlessly peruse books containing "forbidden" facts about life. Those books are given them to study in accredited college courses. They receive senior credits for reading Havelock Ellis, Walter Lippmann, Olive Schreiner, Bertrand and Dora Russell, John Watson, Keyserling, Westermarck, Ben Lindsey.

In modern literature courses they contemplate not only Willa Cather and Sigrid Undset but Robinson Jeffers, Theodore Dreiser, Frances Newman, James Joyce. All the recent scientific discoveries are held up for their consideration; they are allowed to dissect all the latest theories about life, love, and the pursuit of happiness. There is little that they don't know about trial marriage, eugenics, birth control, and the mechanization of emotions. They will discuss with the most amazing candor subjects which make their parents' hair stand on end. In addition to all this, they have the opportunity to look about them and see the 1920 generation of young people leading their own lives all over the place.

The results of this knowledge and observation are very different from those which the city of Boston might prophesy. Far from swallowing whole all the advanced theories of the middle generation of apostles of freedom and light, they are accepting some and re-

jecting others with surprising wisdom. They are creating their own set of values.

Their attitude is not sentimental—it is pragmatic to a degree. They are not so fooled as were some of their grandmothers by talk of sacred womanhood which was simply a flowery cloak for a double standard of morals. But neither are they fooled, upon hearing some young apostle of sex freedom dismiss an erstwhile flame with the words, "Oh, yeah, Lucy's a good kid but she has her ragged edges," into thinking that Lucy is getting a much better deal than did her grandmother.

They do not think that marriages are made in heaven, but neither do they think that Theodore Dreiser's rearranging chemisms are an adequate explanation of the way a man may feel about a woman in the springtime. They dislike sloppy sentimentality, but they prefer their skylarks straight from Shelley, rather than seen through the eyes of Aldous Huxley.

Their newly idealistic interest in love, beauty, religion is not to be confused with conventional acquiescence in traditional codes. They prefer the morality of George Eliot to the morality of thoroughly married Peggy Joyce. They feel disgust for a church policy of picking vestrymen by Bradstreet's rather than by Thomas à Kempis; for a legal system which will not permit divorce by mutual consent but will permit it when the lady says, "He no longer interests me" or, "He refused to entertain my friends"; for a social system which withholds birth control knowledge from the group having most economic need of it.

III

About such matters the new youth is right in step with its elder brothers and sisters. The deviation comes here: yesterday's youth, disgusted with tra-

ditional morality, traditional religion, traditional standards of beauty, threw the whole lot overboard. To-day's youth, disgusted both with traditional standards and with the chaotic results which have been achieved by throwing overboard those standards, is looking for a *re-statement* of morality, of religion, of beauty, of love.

After listening to an over-erudite soul reduce God to a geometric formula, one college student writes, "My God is the skies at sunset, the rainbow bending transparent across the green of a rain-washed hill, the night breeze rattling the brittle leaves of the rhododendron bushes. God is neither a person nor a thing. It is a feeling, an elation. There is peace in it, a remoteness from reality."

Assured by a popular psychologist that the word "soul" is an anachronism, another student retaliates with a study of Ghandi, and asks, "Can he be explained mechanistically?"

After reading *The New Morality: A Symposium* with polite attention to all its harangues about the downfall of the family, the breakup of the home, and the scientific mechanization of love, a third pastes pictures of Charles and Anne Lindbergh all over his notebook. He also puts in a photograph of Robinson Jeffers surrounded by one pipe, two sons, one dog, and one wife playing the pipe organ! He doesn't think it funny that this writer of fiercely passionate verse should be such a domestic creature. He thinks it rather piquant.

Three nineteenth-century moderns have captured the excited admiration of the students: Walt Whitman—which is to be expected; Henry David Thoreau—which is perhaps more surprising; Ralph Waldo Emerson—which is probably almost too much for the older generation to believe! No 1920 flapper would have been caught dead reading Emerson.

When Bertrand Russell calls this new romantic idealism a reversion to Victorianism he is being about as consistent as the style critics who insist that now that women have taken to ankle length organdy dresses they will next take to smelling salts. A girl who rides horseback from eight to nine, drives an automobile through loop traffic from eleven to twelve, and goes for an airplane ride from four to five will hardly become a clinging vine between ten and twelve p.m. no matter what the length of her dress. And a young modern who has been raised on Whitehead, Havelock Ellis, and fraternity prom weeks will scarcely refuse to recognize a divorcée or throw the novels of James Joyce into the fireplace even if he has cloaked himself in a new belief in the fundamental importance of love, beauty, and religion.

Mr. Russell does not know it, but he

is fast becoming old-fashioned. He is the time-honored papa who doesn't understand his own children.

Grownups have always been like that.

"My Johnnie is just like me; his favorite book is *Pilgrim's Progress*," said fond parents back in the mid-Victorian era. And while they sat in the parlor and regaled their guests with such tales Johnnie was lying on his stomach out in the apple orchard reading *Bareheaded Dick, or the Two Gunman's Sweetheart*.

"My Johnnie is just like me," says the 1930 middle-aged philosopher. "His favorite books are *The Triumph of Mechanism* and *The Downfall of the Home*." While up in his room Johnnie is smoking a reflective pipe and deciding that some of this modern stuff is worth following up—but a lot of it is just plain hooley!





THE PACIFIST BOGEY

AN APOLOGY TO PROSPECTIVE CITIZENS

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

THE hydra of war dies a slow death. We have signed the Kellogg Peace Pact, and we have protested to the nations of the world that we have malice toward none and friendship for all. Yet we catechize prospective women citizens as to their readiness to shoot hypothetical enemies, while we require ministers of the Gospel and other male applicants for naturalization to affirm that they will take up arms in the event of war regardless of the dictates of their consciences. The spectacle would be a comic one if it were not so disgraceful.

Since the Supreme Court in May, 1929, denied citizenship to Madame Rosika Schwimmer because of her beliefs as a pacifist and internationalist, an increasing number of Quakers and other individuals who do not believe in war have been denied citizenship. One ray of light, however, has recently pierced the darkness of a post-war hysteria which we had thought vanished, and that has been the action of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in ordering that citizenship be granted to Dr. Douglas Clyde MacIntosh, a professor of divinity at Yale University, and to Miss Marie Averil Bland, a Canadian nurse living in New York. The former had declared that his conscience as a Christian would not allow him to take up arms if he did not consider a war justified, and the latter

had averred that her conscience as a Christian would not permit her to bear arms under any circumstances. The Circuit Court held that such reservations did not bar these two applicants from citizenship, since our laws have in the past exempted from military service individuals with religious convictions against bearing arms.

The fat is in the fire now that a Circuit Court of Appeals has seen fit to depart from the sweeping implications of the Schwimmer decision. Under the circumstances the Supreme Court will almost have to grant the writ of certiorari—the petition for an appeal, for which the Attorney General has applied on behalf of the government. It cannot refuse to pass on the MacIntosh and Bland cases without endorsing in effect the action of the Circuit Court, and it can hardly do that in view of its own action in the Schwimmer case.

The general opinion is that it will hear the cases and reaffirm its former decision. Yet if it should decide that religious scruples against war relieve an applicant for citizenship from the obligation of promising to bear arms in defense of the country, its former decision will still bar the way of all applicants for citizenship who, like Madame Schwimmer, object to war on philosophic and humanitarian grounds.

II

A survey of the cases of the various aliens who have during the past few years been denied citizenship on account of their unwillingness to bear arms, leaves one with the strong impression that the Naturalization Bureau and the courts have been defeating their own purpose, for the aliens in question appear to have those very qualities of moral courage and uprightness which we associate with the American ideal.

In the very early days of our Republic aliens were naturalized quite indiscriminately. The Constitution merely empowered Congress to establish "an uniform rule of naturalization," and at first the only requirement laid down was that an alien should have resided in this country for a period of two years and should be willing and able to take an oath of allegiance. In 1795, however, Congress passed a law stipulating a five-year residence period and requiring the petitioning alien to prove to the judge of a federal or state court that he had during that time "*behaved as a man of good moral character attached to the principles of the Constitution of the United States and well disposed to the good order and happiness of the same.*" The alien was also obligated to swear that he would "defend the Constitution of the United States."

The Naturalization Act of 1906, which is still in effect, continued the above provisions and changed the oath of allegiance to read: "*support and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; and to bear true faith and allegiance to the same.*"

Conforming with the Immigration Act of 1903, the Act of 1906 furthermore excluded polygamists and persons who are opposed to organized government, but made no mention of persons

who believe in pacifism, socialism, or any other political "ism."

Despite the broadening of the oath to include the obligation to defend the Constitution and laws of the United States, there was apparently little agitation against the naturalization of Quakers and other pacifists between the years 1906 and 1917, if we are to judge from a review of such cases published by Henry B. Hazzard, senior attorney for the Bureau of Naturalization, in the *American Journal of International Law* of October, 1929. From another source, however, I have learned of a Quaker by the name of Francis Wills Wood who was denied citizenship in Camden, New Jersey, as early as 1916. But it was not until we entered the Great War that the Naturalization Bureau started the practice of asking every alien who came up for citizenship whether he was "willing if necessary to take up arms in defense of this country." After the War this question was retained on one sheet of the preliminary petition which every alien is required to fill out when applying for his final papers, and during the next few years a number of aliens who answered it in the negative were refused citizenship. Little is known, however, about the merits of their cases.

As the War receded into the background the question about bearing arms was apparently stressed less in both the written and oral examinations of applicants, and in a number of districts where the pressure of work was great the sheet on which this question appeared was not as a rule distributed. When it was distributed, women were not uniformly required to answer the question.

At this juncture Madame Rosika Schwimmer applied for citizenship. This well-known Hungarian feminist had been instrumental in organizing the Women's International Peace Congress and had worked unflaggingly to

bring the belligerent and neutral nations together for a peace conference during the early years of the War. At that time she had been popular in this country as a lecturer, but when we entered the war her name became anathema to zealous patriots. In 1921 she returned to this country because she believed that the United States was "the nation most likely to lead in building a world federation which would end the militarist epoch." That same year she took out her first citizenship papers. Three years later the Women's Auxiliary of the American Legion got wind of the fact and considered it their patriotic duty to warn the Naturalization Bureau of the Department of Labor against so ardent a pacifist as Madame Schwimmer. As a consequence when she filed her final petition in 1926 she was ordered to answer the question about bearing arms, although other women aliens coming up for citizenship in the Chicago district had been allowed to leave this question blank. Subsequently she appeared before Judge George A. Carpenter of the United States District Court in Chicago, and had a series of hypothetical questions put to her as to what she would do if she saw an enemy soldier about to attack an American. When she answered that she would warn her countryman or try to knock the weapon out of the enemy's hands but that she would not shoot another human being even if it came to saving her own life, he denied her petition. In the course of the various examinations Madame Schwimmer had admitted that she was "an uncompromising pacifist," and that she had no nationalistic sense, but only "a cosmic consciousness of belonging to the human family." At the same time she had declared that she was willing "to do everything that an American citizen has to do except fight."

Judge Carpenter's denial of Madame

Schwimmer's petition was later reversed by the unanimous decision of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the Seventh Circuit, Judge Albert B. Anderson of that court holding that "a petitioner's rights are not to be determined by putting conundrums to her" and that in any event a person of Madame Schwimmer's age and sex would never be called upon to bear arms. The government then carried the case to the Supreme Court and that body declared Madame Schwimmer ineligible to citizenship by a vote of six to three.

The majority opinion of the Supreme Court, written by Justice Butler, states categorically that "it is the duty of citizens by force of arms to defend this country against all enemies whenever necessary," and that this is "a fundamental principle of the Constitution." But the opinion goes on to say that "the influence of conscientious objectors against the use of military force in defense of the principles of our Government is apt to be more detrimental than their mere refusal to bear arms." The Court also stresses the fact that Madame Schwimmer had confessed to having no sense of nationalism, but only "a cosmic consciousness," etc., and it concludes that these beliefs, together with her pacifism, would prevent her giving the true faith and allegiance to the Constitution required by the Act. The opinion, therefore, leaves one in doubt as to whether the Supreme Court would exclude every individual who refuses to bear arms personally, or more particularly those who have no nationalistic sense and who are capable of influencing others.

Justice Holmes, in dissenting, found Madame Schwimmer to be "a woman of superior character and intelligence, obviously more than ordinarily desirable as a citizen," and held, as had the Circuit Court, that the adequacy

of her oath could not be affected by her pacifistic beliefs since she would not be allowed to bear arms if she wanted to. In concluding he declared: "If there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us but freedom for the thought that we hate. I think that we should adhere to that principle with regard to admission into, as well as to life within, this country."

Justice Brandeis concurred with Justice Holmes's minority opinion, while Justice Sanford based his dissent on the Circuit Court's decision.

III

After Madame Schwimmer's petition was first denied in Chicago, in October, 1927, officials of the Naturalization Bureau in those districts where a conservative policy already prevailed, were inspired to catechize aliens whom they suspected of having conscientious scruples against bearing arms, just as they had in the years following the War. But now they began raising the question in regard to women as well as men.

The strange case of Mrs. Mary Harris Boe of Kenmore, North Dakota, illustrates the utter absurdity of the recent Pacifist Inquisition. Born of American parents in Iowa, Mrs. Boe lost her citizenship when she married a Norwegian pastor of the Church of the Brethren twenty-five years ago, before the passage of the Cable Act. In 1927 her husband was naturalized without any questions being raised, despite the fact that the Church of the Brethren is an anti-war sect. Later Mrs. Boe discovered that she was still a Norwegian under the new law, and she therefore filed a petition for citizenship. When she appeared in court, the examiner for the Bureau asked her

if she would bear arms in defense of the Constitution, and she replied that it was against her religion to do so. The judge thereupon denied her petition, so that to-day Mrs. Boe is in the anomalous position of being technically a Norwegian although she is actually a native-born American, while her Norwegian-born husband of the same church belief is a full-fledged American, having been admitted to citizenship before the Pacifist Inquisition was well under way.

The grilling of women as to their willingness to bear arms would suggest that we are moving not toward a state of peace but toward a state of continuous warfare that will sap our last male reserves and make it necessary for us to develop a race of Amazons. When Mrs. Margaret Derland Webb, a Canadian and a Quaker living in Richmond, Indiana, petitioned for her final papers, the judge, who happened to know her, said there was no doubt in his mind but that she would make a good citizen. However the examiner for the Bureau objected that in view of her religion she could not take the oath of allegiance to "support and defend the Constitution," etc., without a mental reservation. She admitted that she would not be willing to go out and kill an enemy soldier, but she thought she could fulfill the terms of the oath "by lending her influence, and thinking loyally of the government and doing everything in her power to support it." She expressed herself as ready to give her life for this country, although she could not take up arms, and she added that she would be willing to perform non-combatant service in case of war. The judge sympathized with her position but felt bound to postpone the hearing until the Supreme Court had acted in the Schwimmer case. He then denied her petition.

Another Quaker, Miss Martha Jane Graber, of Lima, Ohio, was rejected

in February of last year, before the Schwimmer decision had been handed down. Miss Graber came to this country twenty years ago with her parents from Alsace-Lorraine, and is a registered nurse by profession. Appearing before Judge Fred C. Becker of the Court of Common Pleas of Allen County, Ohio, she was asked what she would do if the country saw fit to demand her services as a combatant in time of war. When she replied that she would go to the front in her capacity as a nurse, the judge insisted that she had not answered his question.

"Are you willing to fight for the United States, if need be?" he asked.

"That would not be professional as a nurse," Miss Graber replied.

"The question is whether you are willing to shed blood if necessary in defense of your country. Such is war, Miss Graber."

"I would be willing to shed my own blood to protect this government," she answered, "but I could not conscientiously shed the blood of others."

At that point he denied her petition.

Judge Becker is said to have recently resigned from the Common Pleas bench and his successor is reported to have granted Miss Graber a new hearing on September 30th. The procedure is unusual, but there is reason to suppose that the new judge is more favorably inclined toward Miss Graber's petition.

Still another Quaker, Miss Mary King, who comes from Ireland and is at present a Y. W. C. A. secretary in Portland, Oregon, was rejected the month following the Schwimmer decision.

Miss Marie Averil Bland, the New York nurse whose case may be contested in the Supreme Court, is not a Quaker, but bases her refusal to bear arms on her own interpretation of the Christian religion. The daughter of a Protestant Episcopalian minister, she is a Canadian by birth and served at

Brest for nine months after the War helping to rehabilitate shell-shocked soldiers. As a result of this harrowing experience she became a confirmed pacifist. Having returned to this country, she applied for her final citizenship papers on May 21, 1929. At that time she indicated her willingness to take the oath of allegiance, but she did not answer the query about bearing arms, since the sheet containing that question had not been sent her. Soon after filing her petition she read of the Supreme Court's decision in the Schwimmer case and gathered from the newspaper reports that the oath of allegiance obligated those who took it to bear arms in defense of the country. She therefore requested that she be allowed to qualify her oath by promising "to defend the Constitution and the laws of this country *so far as her conscience as a Christian would permit.*"

Appearing before the Bureau for a special examination, she explained that she felt "her duty to God to be higher than her duty to any man-made laws in regard to carrying arms." She added, however, as Miss Graber had, that she would be willing to nurse the wounded in time of war. And like Mrs. Webb, she showed a high ideal of loyalty to the country when she said, "I think you can be loyal in ideals and ethics, and you can work for the real spiritual welfare of a country even though you don't defend it by force of arms."

An alien who cherishes such a conception of citizenship and who voluntarily raises a question as to the exact meaning of the oath she is about to take, would seem to be eminently desirable as a citizen. Yet Judge William Bondy of the District Court felt constrained by the Schwimmer decision to bar Miss Bland's way to citizenship. The Circuit Court of Appeals, in reversing his action, held that aliens seeking citizenship have the same

right to religious liberty as have native-born citizens and that Miss Bland could therefore take the oath of allegiance without any fear of being asked at some time in the future to violate her conscience by bearing arms. It remains to be seen whether the Supreme Court will make the same concession.

IV

Dr. Douglas Clyde MacIntosh, the Yale University professor whose case has received country-wide attention, is also a Canadian by birth. He first came to this country in 1904 to do graduate work at the University of Chicago, and three years later was ordained as a Baptist minister. After spending two years in Canada he was called to the Divinity School at Yale University where he is still teaching. In the spring of 1916 he voluntarily enlisted as a chaplain in the Canadian army, and subsequently saw service at Vimy Ridge and in the battle of the Somme. Returning to America late in the year 1916, he made many public addresses in support of the Western Allies, and in 1918 he joined the American Y. M. C. A., and served with that organization in the St. Mihiel region until the armistice was declared.

Having taken out his first citizenship papers in 1925, Dr. MacIntosh filed his petition for final papers on March 18, 1929. In answer to the question as to whether he would be "willing if necessary to bear arms in defense of the country" he wrote, "Yes, but I want to be free to judge of the necessity." Later when he appeared before Judge W. B. Burrows of the District Court at New Haven, Connecticut, he elaborated his position and explained that his allegiance was first of all to the will of God and after that to his country. Therefore, if he considered a war unjust, he would have conscientious scruples against bearing arms. On the

other hand he believed that "there are circumstances under which a nation could justifiably resort to armed force—to repel invasion or even to defend a weaker nation." In concluding he stated his strong belief that "inasmuch as another war would probably be so much more disastrous than the last as to threaten the survival of civilization itself, and inasmuch as it is obviously the duty of everyone to do everything he can to prevent such a catastrophe, it would be positively immoral to give a blanket promise beforehand to support any and every future war in which one's country might engage."

It is interesting to note in passing that Dr. MacIntosh's views about war are very similar to the views recently adopted by a unanimous vote of the Lambeth Conference of Anglican Bishops. Judge Burrows, however, found such a position untenable and denied Dr. MacIntosh's petition.

In appealing his case to the Circuit Court Dr. MacIntosh engaged the Hon. John W. Davis as his counsel. The latter based his argument on the principle of religious liberty, and the court decided unanimously in his client's favor, Judge Martin N. Manton holding that "refusal to perform military service on account of religious scruples has not been regarded as inconsistent with the duties and obligations of citizenship." In answer to the government's argument that the Selective Service Act of 1917 exempted only members of well-recognized anti-war sects, Judge Manton declared that "such membership may be strong evidence of possessing conscientious scruples against war but it is not essential if such scruples be honestly held." Finally he distinguished Dr. MacIntosh's from Madame Schwimmer's case in that the latter had described herself as an absolute atheist and a person with no sense of nationalism. It is this distinction which has been attacked by

both liberals and conservatives alike as altogether too tenuous. The Circuit Court's opinion, therefore, instead of settling the issue, seems to have raised new questions and made it almost imperative for the Supreme Court to pass on both the MacIntosh and Bland cases.

Following Dr. MacIntosh's rejection by the District Court in New Haven, the Reverend T. F. King, pastor of the Methodist Church in Lake Arthur, Louisiana, was subjected to such a cross-examination by a federal district judge as to make every self-respecting American blush for the character of our judiciary. The examination follows:

Judge: "What did you do during the World War?"

Answer: "I served for three years in the British Army, and spent about fifteen months overseas in Salonika."

Judge: "Supposing the United States engaged in a war that you considered was wrong, what would be your attitude?"

Answer: "I would consider it my duty to protect and defend Democracy."

Judge: "But supposing, to take a concrete case, California wanted more territory, and decided to seize some in Mexico, and everyone was drafted for some form of service, would you object or be loyal?"

Answer: "I do not believe the United States would engage in such a war."

Judge: "I do not want any conditions. Under such circumstances, a war of aggression, would you object?"

Answer: "In all probability, I would. I would first have to consider my duty to God and to humanity."

Judge: "In other words, you cannot subscribe under any and every condition to the doctrine, 'My country right or wrong, but my country?'"

Answer: "No."

Judge: "Then you cannot be admitted. What we want are citizens

who are prepared to say, 'My country right or wrong, but my country.'"

Ministers of the Gospel were exempted from combatant service in the Selective Draft Act of 1917, and yet a young theological student by the name of Auxanty Miroch was recently refused citizenship by Judge Fake in Newark, N. J., when he said that he would not take up arms in case of war because the Bible teaches us not to kill, but that he would be ready to lecture or to help the Red Cross.

With the Pacifist Inquisition spreading so rapidly it is heartening to hear of two district judges who have not lacked the courage to admit Quakers. In October of last year Judge Paul J. McCormick of Los Angeles granted citizenship papers to the Reverend R. Ernest Lamb, pastor of the First Friends' Church, and to his wife. In their case, curiously enough, the Naturalization Bureau had raised no objections whatsoever, but it is thought that the Reverend Mr. Lamb's standing as a community worker and a speaker at public gatherings had weighed in his favor. Another Quaker, Mrs. Hannah Starr Outland of Media, Pennsylvania, was recently admitted to citizenship with no hitch in the proceedings. The Quakers are of course not without influence in their own State.

V

If the obligation of citizens to bear arms is a fundamental principle of the Constitution, as the Supreme Court claims it is, then this principle is in direct opposition to another fundamental principle of the Constitution—the principle of religious liberty.

Going far back into colonial history we find that the thirteen original colonies not only exempted from military service Quakers and the like, but generally allowed citizens with conscientious scruples against war to obtain a

substitute or to pay a special tax in lieu of performing military service, a practice that was a hangover, no doubt, from the old idea of the mercenary army. When the Constitution came to be ratified Congress was given power "to declare war," "to raise and support armies" and "to provide and maintain a navy," but at the same time a number of the States insisted on an amendment which would exempt from military service any person "religiously scrupulous." James Madison accordingly presented to the House an amendment designed to protect "the full and equal rights of conscience" and specifically stating that "no person religiously scrupulous of bearing arms shall be compelled to render military service in person." For the sake of brevity the substance of this provision was finally incorporated into the First Amendment of the Bill of Rights, which reads in part:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . ."

Congress went even further when it came to pass the Draft Act of 1863, and exempted any person who did not wish to serve in the army, quite irrespective of his religion, provided he could furnish a substitute or pay the small sum of \$300. The Act of 1864 allowed persons with religious scruples the additional alternative of being assigned "to duty in hospitals or to the care of freedmen." If in the days when the union was threatened with extinction it was so comparatively easy for a man to get out of his duty to bear arms, this duty could hardly have been regarded as a fundamental principle of the Constitution.

The various militia acts also exempted from military service "persons with religious convictions against bearing arms," and this provision was continued in the Act of 1916 which is still in effect.

When we entered the Great War the Federal Government resorted to conscription for the second time in its history. The Selective Service Act drew the line much more rigidly than either the Civil War draft acts or the subsequent militia acts had, and exempted from military service only "members of any well-recognized religious sect or organization whose existing creed or principles forbid its members to participate in war in any form." It then thus exempted were assigned to non-combatant service, while all other conscientious objectors were subject to imprisonment.

Such a sweeping draft law may be justified as an emergency measure, but there is room for argument whether Congress in passing this law did not violate that clause in the First Amendment which guarantees that no law shall be made prohibiting the free exercise of religion, although at the time the Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of the Selective Service Act on every score.

The term religion may of course be used in a very narrow or a very broad sense. That the authors of the First Amendment intended to give it a broad connotation seems evident from a letter written by Thomas Jefferson in which he rejoiced over the adoption of the Amendment and went on to say, "Religion is a matter which lies solely between man and his God; and he owes account to none other for his faith or his worship." Many years later, in 1890, the Supreme Court clearly implied that a man's religion may be a personal and not an institutional matter, when it passed upon the case of *Davis vs. Beason*. In that instance Justice Field declared:

"The term religion has reference to one's views of his relations to his Creator, and to the obligations they impose of reverence for His being and character, and of obedience to His will.

It is often confounded with the cultus or form of worship of a particular sect, but is distinguishable from the latter."

Story, too, in his great work on the Constitution suggests that a man may have his own private religion, when he says:

"The rights of conscience are, indeed, beyond the just reach of any human power. They are given by God, and cannot be encroached upon by human authority, without a criminal disobedience of the precepts of natural, as well as revealed religion."

In view of these classic interpretations of religion it is difficult to see how Congress or the courts can justly distinguish between (1) Quakers and other members of religious sects whose revealed religion forbids them to go to war, (2) such members of Orthodox denominations as Dr. MacIntosh and Miss Bland, who consider it their duty as Christians not to bear arms at the behest of the state, and (3) such humanitarians as Madame Schwimmer who accept no revealed religion, but who base their abhorrence of war on the belief that "all human beings are the children of God"—to use her own words. Madame Schwimmer, it is true, calls herself an atheist, and yet she and all others who object to war on humanitarian grounds, must have a natural if not a revealed religion.

VI

In refutation of the theory that the First Amendment was intended to excuse all citizens with religious scruples from bearing arms, it might be argued that this Amendment was never meant to protect those who in the name of their religion commit an overt act against the peace, good order, and morals of society. This principle, it is true, was established by the Supreme Court in *Reynolds vs. the United States* and again in *Davis vs. Beason*,

but both of these cases involved the rights of Mormons to practice polygamy, an institution which was held to be a crime against society.

Pacifism *per se*, so far as I know, has never been held to be a crime against society. In the recent Schwimmer decision—which can hardly be said to have become the law of the land as yet—the Supreme Court did distinguish between the kind of pacifist "who seeks to maintain peace and to abolish war"—purposes which it concedes "to be in harmony with the Constitution and policy of our Government"—and the kind "who refuses for any purpose to bear arms because of conscientious considerations, and who is disposed to encourage others in such refusal."

People like Dr. MacIntosh, who believe that under certain circumstances war may be justified, would, I should think, fall into the first category of approved pacifists. As for a citizen's right to decide for himself whether a war merits his support, that should be, if it is not, self-evident. Every war has had its dissenters, and frequently they have been great men. Pitt and Burke thundered their denunciation of England's treatment of the Colonies, and thereby won the world's esteem. Nor is Lincoln's fame, nor Calhoun's, less bright, because they strenuously opposed the Mexican War as an imperialist outrage. If we are to accept unquestioningly the judgment of the President and a 51 per cent majority of Congress when it comes to war, as Judge Burrows of New Haven appears to think we should, or if we are to subscribe once and for all to the doctrine of "My country right or wrong, but my country," as the Louisiana judge expected the Reverend Mr. King to do, then surely we shall have surrendered up the last vestiges of our democracy.

There remains the question whether the genuine pacifists—those who, to

quote the Supreme Court, "refuse for any purpose to bear arms because of conscientious considerations"—can fairly be considered a menace to the country. But this group, too, must be divided into two classes—those like Miss Bland, Mrs. Webb, and Miss Graber, who refuse to bear arms themselves but are apparently not of the proselyting temperament, and those like Madame Schwimmer who have such strong convictions and such forceful personalities that they feel impelled to influence others.

Under our laws native-born citizens with religious scruples against bearing arms have been permitted to perform non-combatant service, and they have never been considered disloyal to the country. On the contrary many of them have been highly respected, as were the members of the Friends' Service Committee during the Great War. There would seem to be no good reason, then, why we should not admit pacifist aliens who do not proselyte and who are furthermore prepared to nurse the wounded or perform other non-combatant service.

But we have still to dispose of Madame Schwimmer and her fellow pacifists who have dedicated their lives to the proposition that war must be abolished at any cost. There are in the country more than a few native-born citizens who hold the same beliefs. But they are only a necessary evil, according to the Ohio judge who declared in 1923: "It is enough that the country must endure the native-born pacifist whose citizenship is a birthright without extending their number by the favor of the naturalization laws."

The Supreme Court, too, obviously thinks that the number of radical pacifists must be kept down, for after distinguishing between the two schools of pacifism, it said in the Schwimmer decision:

"Whatever tends to lessen the willingness of citizens to discharge their duty

to bear arms in the country's defense detracts from the strength and safety of the Government. . . . If all or a large number of citizens opposed such defense the 'good order and happiness' of the United States cannot long endure."

Yet George Washington considered the Quakers "useful and exemplary citizens." In a little known letter written at the time of the adoption of the first Amendment he said further, "I assure you very expressively that in my opinion the conscientious scruples of all men should be treated with great delicacy and tenderness. It is my wish and desire that the laws may be as extensively accommodated to them as the protection and the essential interests of the nation may justify and permit."

If believers in peace were looked upon as useful citizens in the early days of our Republic, how much more useful they must be in these days when we are committed as a nation to a permanent policy of peace. Surely they should be considered much more desirable as citizens than those patriots who are moved by so strong "a nationalistic sense"—to use the Supreme Court's phrase—that they make a practice of stirring up hatred and distrust of other nations.

Individuals who go about preaching the gospel of peace may seem at the present stage of international affairs to be impractical idealists, but in the opinion of Justice Holmes at least, they are not undesirable citizens. Himself a veteran of the Civil War, the dean of American jurists has this to say about Madame Schwimmer's beliefs:

"She is an optimist and states in strong and, I do not doubt, sincere words her belief that war will disappear and that the impending destiny of mankind is to unite in peaceful leagues. I do not share that optimism nor do I think that a philosophic view of the world would regard war as ab-

surd. But most people who have known it regard it with horror, as a last resort, and even if not yet ready for cosmopolitan efforts, would welcome any practicable combinations that would increase the power on the side of peace. The notion that the applicant's optimistic anticipations would make her a worse citizen is sufficiently answered by her examination, which seems to me a better argument for her admission than any that I can offer. . . . And recurring to the opinion that bars this applicant's way, I would suggest that the Quakers have done their share to make the country what it is, that many citizens agree with the applicant's belief, and that I had not supposed hitherto that we regretted our inability to expel them because they believe more than some of us do in the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount."

VII

It is only reasonable to suppose that if Congress had wished to exclude aliens who were pacifists it would have specifically mentioned them along with polygamists and anarchists when it amended that section of the Naturalization Act in 1929. Such an exclusion, however, would not be legally justifiable in the case of aliens who base their pacifism on religious belief. The Constitution, it must be remembered, grants no privileges to native-born citizens that it does not grant to naturalized citizens, with the exception of eligibility to the Presidency, and the Supreme Court has affirmed a number of times that the latter are on an equal footing with the former. Despite all that the conservatives say about citizenship being a privilege which we may confer or withhold at pleasure, it would hardly seem proper for our government to require an alien who objects to war on religious grounds to sign a promissory note that he will

take up arms in defense of the country, so long as we have on our statute books a militia act which exempts persons "with religious convictions against bearing arms."

Nor are we morally justified in excluding aliens who derive their pacifistic beliefs from a humanitarian rather than a religious creed, so long as we suffer native-born pacifists to live and spread their doctrine in time of peace, which is presumably most of the time. I should think that if an alien wanted to take his chances on being treated as American citizens are treated in time of war and perhaps imprisoned should a stringent draft law be passed, he need not be grilled in advance as to his intentions, especially since as a pacifist he may do his bit toward prolonging the interval between wars and in this way promote "the good order and happiness of the United States."

The whole issue reduces itself to the question of how the Constitution and the laws of the United States are to be "defended." Before the question about bearing arms was introduced into the preliminary petition, an alien who took the oath "to support and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States against all enemies foreign and domestic" might well have thought, as did Miss Bland at first, that he could defend this democracy by working for its spiritual welfare. When President Hoover upon taking office swore that he would "preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution," no one seriously feared that his belief as a Quaker would prevent his living up to his oath.

The State Department for its part has gone on record as saying that it does not construe "the oath or affirmation of allegiance prescribed by the passport regulations as necessarily involving physical defense of the Constitution," and consequently "it does not perceive any good reason why

non-resistants should decline to accept it." This ruling was made in answer to an enquiry made in 1926 by Mr. Roger Baldwin of the Civil Liberties Union, who wished to inform himself of the construction put upon the oath before taking it. The Department further ruled that if he had conscientious scruples against taking the oath as it stood they would permit him to take an oath to support and defend the Constitution *so far as his conscience would allow*. The same privilege was extended three years later to Miss Dorothy Detzer, Executive Secretary of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom.

If the State Department sees fit to give protection in foreign lands to citizens who do not recognize the reciprocal obligation to bear arms for the country, it would not seem too rash for the Labor Department to grant the privilege of citizenship to aliens who wish to express their loyalty to the United States in some way other than by bearing arms.

As a matter of actual practice most aliens who take the oath of allegiance do not know what it is all about, and so the fuss and pother over its form seems futile, to say the least. It is true that an alien must, when applying for his final papers, sign a statement to the effect that he is prepared to take the prescribed oath; but it is no secret that many a foreigner has been admitted to citizenship who cannot read English at all and can only write it well enough to affix his signature on the dotted line. And when the general run of alien comes to court in company with tens or hundreds of other aliens, he will be questioned for only a few minutes by the judge and will then be passed on to the clerk of the court, who will mumble an unintelligible rigmarole to which he is expected to nod his head in assent. In this haphazard fashion the average alien takes the oath of al-

legiance and becomes an American citizen for better or worse. He may be ignorant, he may read nothing but foreign language newspapers, he may be totally unfit to exercise the franchise, and his sole motive in becoming an American citizen may be an economic one. Yet the Naturalization Bureau admits this type of alien by the thousands while it excludes intelligent men and women who are not only scrupulous about the oaths they take but who have sufficient moral courage to stand by their convictions even at the risk of losing something they desire very much. Such courage surely is of as high an order as that of the man who obeys orders and shoulders a gun.

VIII

Since the Naturalization Act specifies that an alien petitioning for citizenship must take an oath "to defend the Constitution and laws against all enemies," and since the Supreme Court has put a physical construction upon the word "defend," the only way to admit these desirable aliens is to change or amend the law. A step has been taken in this direction by Congressman Anthony J. Griffin of New York City, who was so indignant over the injustice of the Schwimmer decision that he immediately introduced into the House of Representatives a bill to amend the Naturalization Act as follows:

"Except that no person mentally, morally and otherwise qualified shall be debarred from citizenship by reason of his or her religious views or philosophical opinions with respect to the lawfulness of war as a means of settling international disputes."

Congressman Griffin himself served in the Spanish-American War and can hardly be classified as a pacifist. But he subscribes wholeheartedly to Justice Holmes's belief that free thought is a fundamental principle of the Constitu-

tion. His bill has been endorsed by a number of churches and religious organizations, and also by the American Civil Liberties Union, the National Council for the Prevention of War, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the League for American Citizenship, the League for Independent Political Action, and a number of other liberal organizations. To support the bill more effectively a Griffin Bill Committee has been formed under the leadership of Mrs. Lola Maverick Lloyd of Chicago, and numbers among its members Jane Addams, Robert Morss Lovett, John Dewey, and James T. Shotwell.

So far the bill has received a warmer reception from the public than it has from Congress. Chairman Johnson of the Immigration Committee of the House would not consent to public hearings until May of this year and then he condemned the bill, on the ground that "it sought to set up a sort of international citizenship." And when Representative Griffin asked that certain Quakers be heard in support of the bill, Representative Green of Florida shouted, "I am willing to hear members of Congress on this proposal but no one else. It leads directly to sovietism, communism, socialism, bolshevism, and anarchy. It means the tearing down of all liberty, and I won't listen to it."

The professional patriots who make it their business to keep America safe for democracy were much in evidence at the hearings. Major-General Fries appeared for the American Coalition, an association which includes the D.A.R. and the Key Men of America. The National Security League also went on record against the bill, and the New York Chamber of Commerce, for some curious reason, passed a resolution condemning it.

Despite the backing which the Griffin Bill has had from a long string of

newspapers, including the Hearst and the Scripps-Howard chains, prospects for its passage are none too bright, in view of the present complexion of the Immigration Committee and the reactionary attitude toward immigration which the House as a whole has manifested of recent years. Outside of Congress there are those who think that Representative Griffin would have stood a better chance of accomplishing his purpose if he had simply introduced an amendment to the Naturalization Act deleting "defend" from the oath of allegiance, so that an alien would only have to swear to "support the Constitution of the United States," as was the rule before 1906. Whatever the solution may be, it is obvious to every thinking person that we cannot go on for long professing peace and yet denying citizenship to those who believe in peace.

In the light of the First Amendment and of our long tradition of religious liberty it is hard to see how the Supreme Court can in the final analysis refuse citizenship to conscientious objectors who base their objections to war on religious grounds. But more than this we cannot expect from the Supreme Court, since it has already tied its own hands. It remains for the people at large, through their representatives in Congress, to change a law which is so worded and construed at present as to exclude aliens whose only disqualification is that "they believe more than some of us do in the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount," to repeat Justice Holmes's ironical words.

Some such change in the law as has been suggested would assure the aliens within our gates that we have a democracy in fact as well as in theory, and it would assure the world at large that our professions of peace are something more than sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.



WANTED: A MÄDCHEN FÜR ALLES

BY THEODORE STEARNS

IT DIDN'T occur to the generous backers of my grand opera who sent me abroad to finish the work in peace and quiet, that I would first have to become an impresario for German cooks and nursemaids and that, innocently enough, I was going to be haled before the authorities of the Republic for violating the dole plan protecting servant girls over there. How could they—or I—know the strange pitfalls which await the American who walks innocently into the tangles of the German servant problem?

Like every other young American mother whom fate leads to Europe to set up housekeeping for a few years, my wife fell for the idea that in Germany at last she was going to find the ideal maid-of-all-work. Furthermore, according to all that her friends had told her, one who was accustomed to toil early and late at a salary so low that my wife wouldn't be able to believe it—not in her wildest dreams. I tried to curb these, for Marguerite's friends had lived only in *pensions* while studying voice or piano abroad; what could they know about hiring and firing servant girls, discussing Art as they did over hot chocolate and pickles, instead of at a square meal on a round plate at their own table in their own apartment?

When we were crossing to Germany, I came into our cabin one afternoon and saw six pretty little white aprons which my wife had worn while singing an operetta role, spread out on the lower berth.

"What's the great idea?" I inquired.

"I want our maid to wear these when she trundles the baby around or serves that famous afternoon coffee cake you have been raving about," she replied.

"Listen. Your French and Italian won't get you anywhere in Germany. How are you going to tell your maid what it's all about?"

"I'll let you tell her," said Marguerite calmly. "Maybe she will have long, blonde braids hanging down her back and *heiss* Gretchen. Won't that be romantic?"

"Never mind the details," said I. "I'll hire your maid for you and do all the bawling out. Leave it to me."

We landed in the Dresden *Hauptbahnhof*, where I parked the baby and his mother until I could secure temporary rooms at one of the station hotels. To place a want ad in the morning papers for a *Mädchen für alles* would be quick work; and I planned that the next day I'd chase around in a taxi, find a furnished apartment with no radios in the building, hire a maid, move in, and get to work on my opera. My wife had to wait two hours in the station, for an Exposition was in full blast and most of the hotels were jammed. When I returned she had hidden herself and the baby in a dark corner of the station restaurant and was nursing the young despot to keep him from yelling his head off. She needn't have been worried for there were fifty

other mothers scattered about doing the same thing.

We piled into a taxi with our collapsible baby-buggy and my box of manuscripts on the front seat; four suitcases, typewriter, cane, umbrella, raincoats, a steamer rug, and a box of chocolates were heaped about us. Two porters hung on to the running boards. Our hotel was only a block or so away but it took us thirty minutes to get there. Taxi drivers are brothers under the skin the world over. The hotel elevator was out of order but an army of bell boys helped us walk up the four flights. I was surprised at the baby's philosophical quiet. Ordinarily he was like an owl: he slept in the daytime and worked at night.

It was two weeks before we found a suitable apartment and during that time my wife practiced her German interviewing maids whom I had told, down at the porter's desk, that they wouldn't do, but who nevertheless had gone on upstairs to speak to the *gnädige Frau*. It seemed that in Germany cooks were strangely reluctant to talk business with the man of the house. We finally selected a Wendish girl twenty-seven years old and all of us moved over to the apartment I had rented at the corner of Wienerstrasse and Richard Strauss Platz, only a couple of blocks from the home of Fritz Busch who, as General Music Director of the Dresden State Opera, would later on tell me whether my opera was good or bad.

Agnes had answered my want ad in the *Srbski Stovo*, the Wendish newspaper published in Bautzen, and said that she could cook and that she loved children. Her picturesque, huge Wendish headdress made everybody stare but she couldn't use my wife's little "Rose Girl" aprons because she wore long skirts. We paid her \$8 a month with room and board and were charged \$2.50 a month extra for her

room in the attic, this latter sum being paid to our landlady, who was a rich bookbinder's widow with three small children and for ten months eternally pestered me for free tickets to the Dresden *Staatsoper*. On account of Agnes's striking costume we took her everywhere we went and she rode first class—particularly on the Elbe River excursion boats when we went up to Pillnitz to see where Weber finished his "Freischütz." At the end of a month she was thoroughly spoiled, to the extent that she began taking taxicabs instead of street cars when she journeyed over to the *Insel* to do the marketing. My wife thereupon wrote a rest in that melody and the next time we went to Pillnitz told the girl to *bleiben Sie zu Hause*.

But it was not until about two months after we started housekeeping that we collided with the government laws protecting servants against their employers. Going to the opera one night and discovering that the bill had been changed on account of the sudden illness of the prima donna, we returned unexpectedly—to be greeted by the baby screaming at the top of his voice and no sign whatever of Agnes. After a fifteen minutes' search about the neighborhood I finally discovered our maid down in our landlady's kitchen with the other servants, pitifully begging them for a handful of potatoes and telling them that we had taken the butter away from her and that consequently she was being starved to death. It appeared that Marguerite had asked her to put the butter on our table that day at dinner and hadn't dreamed of telling the girl to cut off a piece of it for her own use. Another thing, we had not yet accustomed ourselves to the European afternoon coffee habit and it hadn't occurred to us that German servants must have it. The second day Agnes was with us she had turned to me and asked if this were a house

without coffee and I had paused long enough in my composing to tell her that there were five pounds of it on the kitchen shelf. Our expenditure for food was recklessly lavish according to German standards and it had seemed sufficient to us simply to point to the loaded cupboard, store room, and refrigerator, wave our hands at the maid and tell her to help herself. But Agnes was being starved, and the domestic symphony was off key somehow or other as I stood there in that idiotic basement listening to a servants' chorus. I shooed them all upstairs into our kitchenette and yanked open drawers and closet doors. My wife, clutching the baby, shrieked at Agnes and wanted to know what had she been doing, leaving "*mein Kind! mein Kind!*"

"There's a whole sack of potatoes, *nicht wahr?*" I said to the servants passionately. "And eggs, butter, cheese, bread, meat, *wurst*, coffee—no diamonds of course—oh, what's the use!" The other servants looked at our maid sympathetically and said something that I didn't catch about the law being on her side. When I asked them if my wife was supposed to cut off a piece of butter and shove it down Agnes's throat they backed away and left. Agnes gave us her two weeks' notice then and there. The fact that she had neglected the baby during our absence didn't bother her in the least. My wife should have told her to help herself to the butter, our landlady explained to us later.

"Is there any law about that?" I demanded.

"No, not exactly. But the authorities side with the servant girls as a general rule and as servants are not allowed to help themselves without being specifically told to do so, in Agnes's case you might have a hard time proving your defense if she carried her complaint into court."

As a matter of fact, food had nothing to do with Agnes's notice to leave. She had merely seized upon that item as an excuse to get away. Her sister had obtained another job for her and she wanted to work where her sister worked. But the day she packed her bag she demanded a written "recommendation," and I said I'd be fried in butter before I'd let my wife give her one, and in an hour she returned with an officer, who ordered me to give the girl a "recommendation" or explain it to the judge. We signed a statement to the effect that Agnes had worked for us for two months and had shown herself to be industrious.

The wife of one of our vice consuls told us what had happened to *her*. She had received a few packages of pancake flour from America but their maid didn't like American pancakes for breakfast, or at any other time. She had the run of the larder, of course, but decided that here was a good excuse to leave. One morning, after the family left the house, she tore a cold pancake in two and dramatically flourished it in the servants' hall downstairs as "all the food that she had had for breakfast that morning." When Mrs. Vice Consul returned the maid gave her notice, and as the law provides that a girl discharged, or voluntarily leaving a place, is entitled to an extra weekly afternoon off to look for another position, she started right out to hunt for another job. Another way to get out when they are tired of a position is for the maids to take a dose of something that temporarily makes them sick and then they can leave without notice on account of "illness." We had a case of this later on and when I mentioned it to an attorney friend of ours he shrugged his shoulders and said:

"It might be cheaper in the end to give the girl her 'recommendation' and let it go at that."

II

The next maid I hired for my wife and the baby was just an inexperienced, attractive country girl seventeen years old. Her mother brought her to us in answer to our ad, "Wanted. A *Mädchen für alles*," and said that while Hilda had never been away from home before and couldn't cook, she was anxious to learn, was used to children, and would be satisfied with six dollars a month. Hilda had pretty red cheeks, long blonde braids, a shy, slow smile, and an enchanting drawl—but oh, she was dumb. Sweet and accommodating, however, even if the way she went about her work reminded us of a slow movie. The first morning she brought my early coffee into the music room she carefully moved aside a pile of music paper on my work desk to make place for her own cup and saucer and then naïvely sat down to enjoy it. Fixing me with her big blue eyes, she drawled:

"Isn't it fine to have a job like the other girls?"

"But Hilda," I said, "don't the other girls eat in the kitchen?"

"I don't know. You see this is the first time I ever left home."

"I'm afraid there isn't room here for two cups. I have to spread my music all over the table to dry."

She got up obediently, then bent over to look at a wet page of manuscript. One of her long braids dropped on to the sheet and I let out a yell of protest.

"Oh!" stammered Hilda, "I've got ink all over my hair!"

It took several days of patience and tact to put her in her place but she never did get over the feeling that she was my wife's friend instead of a servant. One day she was unpacking the little operetta aprons and trying them on when she ran across a pair of rubber gloves.

"What in the world are these?" she

inquired. My wife told her that she wore them when washing dishes to protect her hands. Holding them up at arm's length, Hilda nodded her head. "Yes," she said thoughtfully, "and wouldn't they be fine to wear out in the rain."

It was Hilda's innocence—as well as our own ignorance—which nearly landed us all in jail; it was she who introduced us to the Servants' State Insurance problem, which has put such a burden on German taxpayers that it is little wonder the Reichstag has had to be dissolved and a dictatorship has been declared as I write this. She got us in trouble with the authorities in the following manner:

I had taxied her over to the police station a few days after her arrival in order to register her advent. This must be done personally by the employer. The sergeant behind the desk asked her if she had her disability card with her and if it was paid up to date. It is called the Workers' *Invalidenkarte*. She said yes, and handed it to me with her slow smile. Our landlady asked me about this the minute we returned. She said it was important—that all employers had to pay approximately one-third of this insurance, and see to it that the jiggers that look like little postage stamps and are purchasable at any post office were properly pasted on the little printed squares provided for that purpose, and that this must be attended to each week. The dues for this insurance are rated according to the wages received—in Hilda's case, about fifteen cents a week. This entitled the girl to a home when she was old or disabled permanently, provided she could show properly filled cards for as long as she had been able to work.

It is wise to assure yourself that this "invalid" card is kept in perfect order, otherwise you may run into the arms of the law. Another one of our vice con-

suls in the Dresden district cautioned me about that. He thought it was too much bother to attend to his cook's card, so he gave her the money instead and told her to look after it. But instead of buying the stamps she put the money in her pocket. When she left his employ she couldn't produce her card at her next job and to vindicate her theft she swore she had never received a cent for the stamps in question. Against her mere word the protests of the vice consul fell to zero; he had to appear before the proper authorities, buy a whole year's stamps all over again, pay a big fine, and suffer a red-hot reprimand.

After Hilda had been our "guest" for four months she cut her hand one day paring potatoes and with characteristic peasant carelessness washed it in greasy dish water, wrapped an old rag around it, and said nothing to my wife until her hand began to swell alarmingly and keep her awake nights with the pain. I sent her at once to a doctor but instead of lancing the hand he sent the girl back for me. I stopped composing and went over to his office. He eyed me sternly.

"This girl tells me she is not entered at the bureau of the State Sick-and-Accident Insurance Benefit Company!" (In German, the *Krankenkasse*.)

"I don't see what that has to do with me. If her hand needs lancing I'll pay for the medical treatment, naturally, since she hurt herself in my employ."

"It has a great deal to do with you," said the doctor accusingly. "Are you aware that Germany does not allow its working classes to be treated inhumanely by employers? Are you aware that by not registering this girl at the main office of the State *Krankenkasse* you are liable to arrest, as well as a heavy fine?" he thundered.

"No," I said. "I am a foreigner and know as little about such a rule as

this girl does herself, evidently. Why didn't she tell me about it?"

"I'd advise you to register her at once. Meanwhile I must, of course, report you to the proper authorities." Then he lanced Hilda's hand and I paid the bill. Three days later I got an ominous summons from the *Krankenkasse* Bureau and I hot-footed it over to the American Consulate.

"Well," said the Consul General, "we'll have to do something about this at once. This German Republic is rabid about protecting the worker from his employer and ignorance of the law is no excuse over here any more than it is in the States. I'll telephone to the Bureau at once and see what can be done." Then he asked me to step out of the room for a minute—I suppose to spare my feelings while he 'phoned the officials that I was just a composer and didn't know anything about laws, other than the ones governing harmony and counterpoint. He made an appointment for me the next day and told me I must take Hilda along, so at the witching hour of 8 A.M. we showed up—one as scared as the other. But our consul must have put up a strong talk for when we arrived the police were all smiling.

I pleaded guilty to the charges as set forth in the indictment. Then, after a stern reprimand to us both—Hilda being apparently as deep in the mud as I was—I was let off by merely paying up four months' back dues for the time Hilda had been with us.

"Ach Gott," whispered Hilda in awe as they were making out the receipt, "will we have to go to jail?"

Now the law specifically states that the servant must pay two-thirds of the dues out of her earnings, thereby being educated in thrift and providence, but when I mentioned that fact (having read up on the law the night before) the head official waved his hand and said yes, but that the girl was young and

wasn't getting much anyway, and that it wouldn't mean anything to a "rich American" to pay the whole shot—especially under the circumstances. Then he demanded Hilda's *Invalidenkarte*, but he couldn't catch me that time for I had been smart enough to stick it into my pocket with my passport, birth certificate, marriage license, and the baby's vaccination card, before we left the house.

"Wait a minute—these stamps are not dated!" he exclaimed wrathfully.

"Not dated?"

"Each and every one of these and subsequent stamps must be dated from week to week by you personally, in pen and ink. For not having done this you are again subject to a fine."

"I pass," I said weakly. "But you've taken all my money already, unless you are willing to have the girl go back in a street car instead of in a taxi."

"Rich," he muttered; "rich, these Americans." Then, "Oh, go over there in a corner and date them now. But don't forget it in the future."

So with my fountain pen and a borrowed calendar, I sat down and dated sixteen stamps—"1/9/27 to 8/9/27" and so on—in the German fashion with the day ahead of the month. Thereafter, and as long as she worked for us at least, Hilda was entitled to free medical attention and hospital service if necessary.

III

We were to have another and still more interesting experience with German laws for the protection of housemaids after we moved to the little mountain village of Kipsdorf thirty miles outside of Dresden.

The place we took was a summer cottage called Villa Idylle by its owners, an old couple who were obliged to rent it because they had lost all their money during the inflation period. Perched on a hillside in a grove of pines, with a

mountain brook hurrying through the garden, its six little furnished rooms and bath were a bargain at two hundred and sixty dollars a year. Only an hour's bus ride from Dresden and a two-minute walk to stores, it was a haven of godlike peace and quiet. We lived there two years and left greatly lamenting and lamented. I drove Hilda out there a day ahead of time to put the house in order. The pipes were frozen and the March air crisp at that elevation but she was country-bred and knew how to melt snow for water with which to boil the coffee. The next day a truck deposited our trunks, the piano, two canary birds, besides my wife and the baby, and my box of manuscripts. My wife was in ecstasies and the baby chortled with glee.

Our new neighbors across the street, four cultured women who conduct a modern and efficient kindergarten, told my wife that she was lucky to get a loyal nurse girl for thirty marks a month, which we were paying Hilda by this time, but pointed out that for ten or fifteen marks more one could probably be found who could also cook. Hilda had never graduated from her first lesson in that respect. After we were settled her mother sent word to us that her daughter must have another raise in salary. We were now in another zone where the girl's insurance dues were rated higher and I found that if we had moved thirty miles further it would have cost us still more, inasmuch as these insurance rates vary in practically every district. In Dresden the budget for Hilda had run as follows:

Wages	30.	marks a month
Disability insurance	2.80	" "
Illness insurance	12.	" "
Board (estimated)	30.	" "
Room	10.	" "
<hr/>		
Total	84.80	" "

Paying all the insurance dues for eight months had therefore amounted to about 120 marks, which was four months' extra salary. If the girl had paid her legal two-thirds stipulated by the government of Saxony, she still would have been three months ahead of the game each year. In other words, she was in reality getting forty marks a month instead of thirty, besides full insurance against illness, accidents, disability and old age, as well as free hospital service and free medical attention whenever necessary.

This was clear as mud to Hilda, however, so when she demanded another raise and my wife said "Not this week, my dear," I sent her over to the burgermeister's office for enlightenment. She returned chastened, for they had found my figures to be correct. My arithmetic having thus confounded the government, I celebrated by calling up Erich the touring-car man, and drove the whole family up to Altenberg on the Bohemian border where they skin cats and sell the furry hides as a cure for rheumatism. The next day the burgermeister told me privately that even if the State of Saxony decreed otherwise, it was customary, to save argument, for the employer to pay all of the servant girl's insurance and let it go at that. Our neighbors at the kindergarten told my wife that another way to placate her maid would have been to give her five marks a month extra as a present, with the understanding that she pay her share of her insurance dues.

Thus, from three sources—the police station in Dresden, the burgermeister in Kipsdorf, and four representative German housewives—it was admitted that this government intention of inculcating in its working classes a sense of financial responsibility for the future by forcing them to save a part of their wages, is a flat failure. Domestic servants all hold paid-up insurance cards but, with rare exceptions, it is the

employer who has paid all the dues—not the servant.

Unable to gain her point and getting the argonaut-urge, Hilda ate something that didn't agree with her—American pancakes maybe—got sick and said her half brother had married and left her father without any help on the farm so she guessed she would have to go back home and milk the cows. We secretly hated to lose her for she certainly was good to the baby.

Our next maid was also seventeen, neat, quick as a flash, but cinema-conscious. She developed a habit of sneaking out of the house after supper without permission and if we wanted to go down the hill to the Halali there would suddenly be no Ilse to stay at home with the baby. She belonged to the class of young German girls who apprentice themselves to some first-class housekeeper, usually the wife of a hotel or restaurant owner, and so get practical training in domestic science while finishing their last four hours a week in continuation school. But Ilse was disobedient and pert and this the government will not stand for. In this point at least it backs the employer to the hilt. We gave Ilse a furlough and forgot to put a limit to it and six months later heard that she had gone to St. Louis with her mother and because she had learned a little English from the baby had had no difficulty in snapping up a job as nurse girl at ten dollars a week. Enter our last and most significant *Mädchen für alles*, Gertrud.

IV

She was twenty-seven, a splendid cook, a good nursemaid and seamstress, careful about the marketing—thoroughly reliable. To crown it all she was silent as a ghost about her work. As she was the first woman I had ever seen who wouldn't talk, I got to mentioning this fact at odd intervals

until my wife threatened to fire her. By this time my opera was finished and produced, and as my wife now knew enough German to manage the household I began writing another. We paid Gertrud forty-five marks a month, her full insurance dues, and including everything she cost us a hundred and fifty marks a month. But she was worth it. It doesn't make a particle of difference, we now found, what a girl costs you for her up-keep. The State Krankenkasse decides that and the more salary you pay a maid, the higher the room and board is rated. For instance, supposing her wages are ten dollars a month and bread is five cents a loaf. If you increase her wages fifty per cent the Krankenkasse boosts its estimate of her food and lodging expenses accordingly, so that, in effect, your share of her increased insurance dues is then rated at nearer seven or eight cents a loaf than five. If we had paid Gertrud a hundred marks a month straight salary, the Krankenkasse would probably have classed her living expenses at Hotel Adlon rates.

A portion of these Krankenkasse dues are doled out to the workers in time of non-employment and we were now to witness an example of how this protective process works out, where we could watch it from our own doorstep. We were out walking one morning when two huge sight-seeing busses drew up in front of one of the hotels in Kipsdorf and deposited seventy-two young men and girls with their bags, skis, snowshoes, and other paraphernalia. They were part of the German army of jobless workers taking a vacation under the auspices of the Krankenkasse. Their paid-up dues now entitled them to support during their period of unemployment. They ranged in age from eighteen to twenty-two. To say that they were utterly care-free and indifferent to the future would be putting it very mildly indeed.

They had just spent two weeks in the Weisse Hirsch suburb of Dresden, were now here in Kipsdorf on the same mission for another fortnight, and were later to be sent to a hotel in the porcelain town of Meissen—and so on—until jobs could be found for them or until the exchequer of the Krankenkasse was empty. The proprietor of the Kipsdorf hotel told me that he was obliged to take them in at a rock-bottom rate that left him practically no profit, crowding out paying guests, and to feed them as follows:

Morning coffee with rolls and butter; a second breakfast of coffee and cake; a hot dinner of soup, meat, vegetables, a sweet, and black beer at noon; afternoon coffee; and a cold supper of sausage or cheese, bread, and beer or coffee at night. In addition to this the Krankenkasse allowed each "worker" fifty pfennige (fifteen cents) a day for spending money, and double that amount on Sundays and holidays. They had their own dance orchestra with them made up of their own members and consisting of a piano player, violin, flute, 'cello, cornet, and drums. They danced, gave private theatricals, and before they left Kipsdorf staged a big ball and variety entertainment to which, however, the public was not admitted. During the day they played all about the village and surrounding hills and spent what money they had freely enough for chocolates, cigarettes, and picture post cards. But the town was up in arms until they left. Our butcher and grocer, particularly, were openly antagonistic to these argonauts.

"Do you think those young people care if they ever get another job or not?" they complained. "Why should they care, so long as the government supports them? It is people like us, us tradesmen, the middle-class proprietors and tax payers, who have to foot the bill."

Still another resident told us that the

expenditures for such benefits were out of all proportion to the cash on hand for that purpose and that already the government was facing the necessity of using funds from the budgets of other State departments for this purpose or else the Krankenkasse must declare itself bankrupt. Furthermore, that instead of arousing a spirit of economy and preparedness for rainy days, the system was merely breeding indifference and callousness on the part of the younger generation and building up a race of spendthrifts. Our worthy neighbors across the street, who like most cultured and independent women of to-day are intelligent students of the labor question, hit the nail on the head, it struck me.

"Why doesn't the government annex these young men to the Forestry Department?" they protested. "There is always plenty of clearing and planting to be done. Or send them to industrial schools where they could take an intensive course and so fit themselves for more advanced positions when they are finally re-employed?"

In the interest of science I corralled a few of the "vacationists" and by the easy introduction of borrowing a match—they were invariably accommodating and courteous—asked them how they were getting along.

"Nothing to worry about. Say, if there was only a cinema in this dorf it would be *grossartig, nicht wahr?*"

"When do you expect to go to work again?"

They shrugged their shoulders.

"Why worry about that? We'll be ready when the time comes."

While we were participating in a three-days' impromptu barbecue tendered us by the village on the eve of our departure for America, Gertrud reminded my wife that she was supposed to notify the Krankenkasse that on account of our breaking up housekeeping her maid was leaving our employ. This would then entitle Gertrud to a daily dole while she looked for another position, without dipping into her savings.

"But I thought you were going to get married?" said my wife.

"I do want to," replied Gertrud, "and I have been engaged for two years. But we can't get a place to live in, in spite of the fact that our application for the right to rent two rooms and kitchen has been filed with the Housing Bureau ever since we have been engaged. The waiting list is so big, and as the government naturally gives preference to already-married couples with children, unless we can get a pull it may be two years longer before we can start housekeeping."

Two days later the Stearns trio stepped into the bus for Dresden and the Boys' Trombone Band flourished a farewell chorale. Parting handclasps . . . *Auf Wiederseh'n* . . . *Auf Wiederseh'n* . . . the gears meshed . . . and we glided down the friendly valley beneath a sickle moon.

We were saying good-by to Germany, but there was one consolation: we were saying good-by also to the Krankenkasse.



THE OTHER ROOM

A STORY

BY DON MARQUIS

DR. HARVEY HERBERT was not only an M.D. but a Ph.D. His familiars referred to him as a "psychological shark"; but the world in general did not permit itself such slangy informality. What the world saw was a man who had attained an unusual position at thirty-eight years of age, who was acknowledged to be solid as well as brilliant, and who was spoken of with enthusiasm by his professional and academic brethren.

Doctor Herbert specialized as a neurologist, but his private practice was not large, and it was not easy to get him to take a case unless it had some extraordinary feature which piqued his interest. He lectured on psychology in one of the universities and he had written extensively on his subject. He was, among other things, a recognized authority upon criminology. He had devoted a great deal of time to the study of hallucinations.

Some strange cases came to the attention of Dr. Harvey Herbert, cases involving very fine ethical points, at times; cases in which a matter of conscience often lay concealed under the surface of some mental trouble, just as a bit of broken needle may work itself through the flesh of the body for years causing physical disturbances difficult to diagnose because its presence is unknown. Doctor Herbert was a rather acutely conscientious person himself.

But with all his exploration of the

shadowy caverns of the subconscious mind, no case ever came to the attention of Dr. Harvey Herbert that was stranger than the case of . . . Dr. Harvey Herbert.

It was one day last spring that Doctor Herbert called at the office of his friend Dr. Howard Vokes, after telephoning to make sure that Doctor Vokes had time for a lengthy consultation, and dropped into the big chair in front of Vokes' desk, a picture of weariness.

Vokes, a general practitioner and a lifelong comrade, looked at Herbert with keen eyes, noted his fag, and offered him a drink. Doctor Herbert nodded his acceptance.

"Which one of my patients has been sneaking off to you, Harvey?" said Doctor Vokes. "I don't think I've sent anyone lately."

"None of them," said Doctor Herbert. "I'm here to consult with you about—about myself."

"Quit drinking," said Vokes, with a smile, pouring a liberal allowance of whiskey into a glass for the famous psychologist. "Give up smoking," he went on, pushing his cigarette case towards his friend; "and have your teeth, tonsils, and appendix taken out at once; take a trip to Bermuda, play golf more, raise violets, eat pineapples, and come back in three days and tell me how you feel."

But this facetiousness elicited only the feeblest of smiles from his famous friend; Doctor Herbert was twisting his pointed brown beard with his slender fingers, his face and worried eyes averted. Doctor Vokes went on, seriously:

"Stomach, Harvey? Liver? Kidneys? Something in my line?"

"I wish it were," said Herbert, with a sigh. "But I'm afraid it's—nerves."

"Consult the eminent neurologist, Dr. Harvey Herbert," said Vokes. His remark was really a question as to why the specialist had come to a general practitioner to confer upon a case involving his own specialty; and Doctor Herbert understood it so. He shrugged his shoulders and said in a tired voice:

"I've been to Dr. Harvey Herbert. The man doesn't do me any good." And then, after a brief pause, "Howard, you're the oldest friend I have." He paused again, and resumed, with a smile which made his face very attractive in spite of the ravages of his worry, "And, with the exception of my wife, about the best one, Howard."

The two men exchanged that glance of perfect understanding which is so much more eloquent than words. Presently Vokes suggested, "I suppose you've been down in the sub-cellar of the human mind again, hunting your ghosts—and one of them has turned on you this time."

"Something like that," admitted Doctor Herbert.

"You prowl into some queer, dank places," said Doctor Vokes. "They almost frighten me."

"This time," said Doctor Herbert, "I was frightened. I still am. I saw . . ."

His voice trailed off into a brooding silence.

"What did you see?" insisted Dr. Vokes.

"Myself," said Dr. Harvey Herbert.

He shuddered, took another drink, and presently began.

I'm hoping that when I'm finished (said Doctor Herbert) you and I may be able to get together and diagnose my case as something physical—but if we can't, at least I will have told everything to a friend. As a psychologist, I can assure you that there is sometimes great value in a sympathetic father confessor. And now that I've said that word, I recognize that I am really coming to you for the assurance of absolution—an assurance that I've not been able to give to myself.

It was about three weeks ago that I got the jolt I'm still staggering from. You remember Aunt Emma Hastings, who lived with us for so many years? Well, it was three weeks ago that Aunt Emma died.

She was distantly related to both my wife and myself, although Margaret and I are not related to each other. Although we both called her Aunt, she was really a second or third cousin of Margaret's grandmother; she was connected, even more remotely, with my mother's father. We were the only people left in the world who could by any stretch of the imagination be called kinsfolk. So we gave her a home, took care of her.

I don't mean that we took care of her financially. She was a great deal better off than I am. I've grubbed for knowledge, rather than money, as you know; always giving more time to research than to my practice. We took care of Aunt Emma Hastings physically; and not even our best friends have known what a strain it has been or how Aunt Emma tyrannized over us. Entrenched in invalidism, age, sentimentality, the habit of years, she was the very pattern of a petty domestic tyrant. Her death should really be a release and a relief to me;

but, for reasons which you will gather, it is anything but that.

The night she died Margaret and I had planned to go to the theater. We had dined early, and at a couple of minutes after eight o'clock I was waiting in the living room for Margaret, who was putting the finishing touches to her dressing. Getting out to the theater was more of a treat to Margaret and me than you might suspect, for Aunt Emma had grown increasingly querulous if one or the other, or both of us, were not with her. In fact, for some time had we foregone almost all social diversions.

Margaret came in from her room, her face shining with pleasant anticipation, and I picked up my top-coat and hat. "Ready at last!" she said, gaily.

But just then Miss Murdock entered. Miss Murdock was Aunt Emma's own attendant—nurse, companion, and maid all at once. There had been a long succession of these companions. Aunt Emma seldom kept one more than six or eight months, and she had had an astonishing variety. But they were all alike in one thing—they seemed to enjoy the tyranny which Aunt Emma exercised over Margaret and myself and to relish the opportunity to participate in it in a minor way. Miss Murdock said, with a prim exterior, but with a certain latent gusto:

"Mrs. Herbert, Miss Hastings sent me to inquire whether you and Doctor Herbert were going out to-night."

"Why, yes," said Margaret; "we're just starting. Does Miss Hastings want anything? I'll go to her if she wishes to speak with me."

Miss Murdock became a composite picture of the petty malice of all her predecessors as she announced:

"Miss Hastings said, in case I found you were going out, that I was to tell you not to do so."

"Not to do so!" I exclaimed. I felt a flush of anger, a sudden red rush of it

all over me. If my face looked like Margaret's, I showed what I felt. This was a little too much!

"That's what she said," returned Miss Murdock; and I saw the tip of her tongue run along her lips as if she tasted a creamy satisfaction. "She said, in case you were going out, you must give up your plans and stay at home."

With a triumphant glance, Miss Murdock started for the door. But she paused to give us her final thrust. "Since you will be here with Miss Hastings," she said, "I think I'll go out myself." She left.

Margaret and I sat in silent humiliation for a moment. The anger that had gone all over me seemed to culminate in something that writhed in my head—fluttered and writhed as if a grub were turning to a butterfly all in one instant somewhere among the convolutions of my brain. I rose, with the words forming themselves upon my lips, "Come on, Margaret, let's get out of here at once—she's gone too damned far this time!"

But I did not utter those words. I saw something, suddenly, that made me pause.

I saw another room, with Margaret and myself sitting in it. Listen carefully, Howard; for just here is the beginning of the train of events that has brought me to you.

I say I saw another room. I should have said I saw the room that we were in, or a part of it. Our own living room, and she and I sitting in it, dressed to go out for the evening, just exactly as we were.

I saw it as if I were looking into a mirror, only it was dimmer than that, as if a fine gauze were in front of the mirror. No, not so much a gauze as a light mist, a faint fog. A somewhat denser mist, a heavier fog, made a framework around the finer mist—a framework irregularly oval in shape. And through the medium of the fine

mist I looked into a room which was the exact replica of the room in which Margaret and I actually were. I looked into it and saw ourselves there.

Our apartment, as you know, is high up in one of the new buildings on the upper East Side. The east windows of our living room look out over the East River. The apartment, which is large, is one of the corner ones. The north windows of the living room overlook Fifty-Seventh Street.

My first flickering notion, of course, was that I was seeing the actual reflection of our living room in the east windows, as in a mirror. But that comforting thought lasted only the merest fraction of a second.

For I, Dr. Harvey Herbert, was standing up—and the man who looked just like me in the other room beyond the mist was still sitting down!

I sat down myself and covered my eyes with my hands. I have been, as you know, a student of the various phenomena loosely listed as hallucinations. I have had a certain amount of success in my attempts to analyze the mental states back of these phenomena. But I had had no previous experience of a personal nature. And I realized, in the moment that I sat there with my hands over my eyes, that it is one thing to attempt to diagnose the condition of a patient, and another thing to give an answer to one's own problem during the time when it is actively presenting itself. That wriggling grub, about to become a butterfly, was still stirring in my head, trying to flutter his new, feeble wings; and I thought when he went away, as he should in a moment, that would be the end of my aberration.

Margaret spoke, and there was a struggle for kindness in her voice—a struggle to regain the altitude of forbearance, love and pity, which was usual to her in her relations with Aunt Emma. I knew from her voice that she

was not sharing my hallucination with regard to that other room.

"Aunt Emma isn't so well to-night, Harvey," said Margaret, "or I'm sure she would have put her request in some other way."

"Yes," I replied, trying to imitate Margaret's spirit, trying to conquer the anger that possessed me—and that, no doubt, had brought on my queer vision—"yes, she's getting pretty old, and we must remember that she's very fond of us. We'll have to bear with her."

I had hardly finished speaking when I heard another voice—and it was Margaret's voice, but yet it did not have in it the Margaret I knew. It said:

"She gets more spiteful every day! She knows her power; and the more childish she becomes the more malevolent delight she takes in playing tyrant!"

And then a voice answered—a voice that was my voice, and yet not the voice of any Harvey Herbert I had ever visualized in the full light of consciousness:

"Cheer up, Margaret! It can't last forever; and if the old hell-cat doesn't change her will before she dies it means fifteen thousand dollars a year for us. That's worth a little trouble, isn't it?"

"A little trouble!" said the voice of the Margaret whom I did not know, with a passionate vibration which I had never heard in the voice of the Margaret I knew. "You're away, at your office or your lectures, most of the time, but I'm here at home with her day and night. A little trouble! It's killing me!"

I took down my hands and opened my eyes. The other room was still there. The Harvey Herbert in it, and the Margaret in it, were on their feet now and were facing each other with a bitterness of face and tone that, surely, my wife and I had never permitted ourselves in any of our rare outbursts of irritation.

The room was still there, but it was not where I had first seen it. I had first looked towards the east wall of our real room, where the windows were that overlooked the East River. Now I was looking towards the north wall, where the windows were that overlooked Fifty-Seventh Street. I turned and looked towards the west wall, which had neither door nor window in it. The other room was there, too. I stepped to the middle of the real room and looked at the south wall, which had two doors in it and no window. The other room was there. I looked above me, and I looked up into it. I looked at the floor, and I stood upon the verge of it, opening below me. And the two figures were in it, the figures of Margaret and of me, walking and talking independently of us.

Let me tell you just what it looked like again, Howard, so that you can realize something of the effect I got, no matter how I turned my head. A thin, fine mist, and around it, framing it, a denser, heavier mist. Beyond the thin, fine mist, the other room. The opening in the thin, fine mist, framed by the denser, heavier fog, an oval in shape. I walked towards the oval entrance, towards the other room. It receded before me. It kept about ten feet ahead of me. When I turned it was still the same distance ahead of me. I went to one of the windows in the east wall and looked out. The other room was out there in the night, overhanging the water front!

I came back and sat down by Margaret. She was brooding.

"Did you see anything peculiar?" I asked her. She moved her head with a brief negative gesture, without looking at me.

"Or hear anything?" I asked.

"Why, no," she said. I was sure she had neither seen nor heard. But she looked at me with a glance that was strained and puzzled, as if she had

almost heard and seen something, if you follow me.

The two people in the other room looked out at Margaret and me with a faint satirical smile upon their faces. I tried to ignore them, thinking maybe they would go away if I could get my mind off of them. No matter how much this interested me as a student, at the same time it was distinctly uncomfortable. I said to Margaret:

"What are you thinking of?"

"I was thinking, what a poor lonely old soul Aunt Emma is, Harvey."

And as if in answer to this, the man in the other room turned to the woman in there and spoke:

"Damn her! She'll live to be a hundred and ten!"

I made a gesture of repudiation—this creature, this vision, this person, whoever or whatever he was—did not speak for me, although he had somehow seized upon my appearance and my voice. I told myself passionately that I had never thought of Aunt Emma like that! And the man peered out at me with an immense, disconcerting knowingness.

I knew that Aunt Emma had come into the room before I saw her. I knew it by the actions of the people in the other room. They leaned forward eagerly, and there was a tense, rapid interchange of low voices:

"You see," said the man, "she stumbles!"

"She totters," said the woman; "she's getting weaker!"

Aunt Emma had, indeed, stumbled on the edge of a rug just within the door. Margaret and I ran to her and supported her to a chair and settled her in it. And as we did so, those other voices kept on:

"She's not really much weaker. She'll live forever!"

"Perhaps—the mean kind always do!"

Margaret, leaning over Aunt Emma in her big chair, said solicitously: "Shan't I get you a wrap, Aunt Emma?"

Aunt Emma lifted her petulant and sneering face and broke out in her high-pitched, feeble voice:

"You're mighty anxious about a wrap, Margaret! But you were thinking of going out and leaving me practically alone—with nobody but Miss Murdock!"

"But, Aunt Emma," I began, reasonably, "Miss Murdock is employed to—"

"Don't excuse yourself, Harvey!" she interrupted. "Can't I see you were going out? Can't I see your evening clothes?"

I could tell by the look Margaret gave me that she was schooling herself to gentleness—as she always did. I tried to imitate her.

Margaret said, "Aunt Emma, we're going to stay with you the rest of the evening—aren't we, Harvey? We'll go change to something else."

"No!" cried Aunt Emma. "Don't take off your evening clothes. I don't want you to! What do you want to take them off for? Are they too good for me to see? Ain't I as good as anyone you'd see if you went out? Eh?"

"But, Aunt Emma, I meant—"

"I know what you meant! You meant to slip out and leave me alone, both of you! It's lucky I caught you in time! It's lucky I have money of my own. I'd be left alone, to starve, if I were poor! I'd die of hunger and neglect!"

Margaret and I looked at each other helplessly. Aunt Emma put her hands in front of her face and began to whimper. Margaret tried to soothe her, to take down her hands and pet her, but Aunt Emma resisted like a spoiled and spiteful child.

In the other room the man murmured:

"This is to be one of Aunt Emma's truly pleasant evenings!"

The woman over there retorted with vehemence, "This sort of thing happens a dozen times a day!"

I looked over Aunt Emma's shoulder at them. They were regarding Aunt Emma with a frowning intentness.

"She's not really crying," said the man.

"Pretense!" said the woman. "She works it up at will."

"The old hell-cat!"

Aunt Emma lifted her head with a startled look, almost as if she had seen and heard; and a puzzled expression, confused and puzzled, flitted across Margaret's countenance. But neither of them had quite got it; it was for me alone that the full perception of this phenomenon was reserved.

"Aunt Emma," said Margaret, soothingly; "you know Harvey and I try to be good to you, don't you?"

"You try to be good to my money!" said Aunt Emma. "But I may fool you! I may fool you yet! It's not too late to change my will! It's not too late yet to leave it all to charity!"

She spoke with a cunning leer. The man in the other room nudged the woman beside him and said, "The old cat's capable of doing just that, too, Margaret!"

Aunt Emma lifted to me a disturbed and pitiable face. She took one of my hands, she took one of Margaret's; she took them in both of hers, and she clung to us. For that moment, everything dropped from her except the expression of her dire need—her need to be loved. Her gestures, her manner, were infinitely pathetic. They were a plea for genuine affection. It was as if she had said that she was an isolated human spirit on the brink of the unknown, and that she dreaded the next step which she must take; dreaded it, and must have our understanding, our kindness, to go along with her. What she really said was:

"Margaret . . . Harvey . . . you

really do care for me, don't you? It isn't all on account of my money, is it?"

I was profoundly touched. All religion, all life, all art, all expression come down to this: to the effort of the human soul to break through its barrier of loneliness, of intolerable loneliness, and make some contact with another seeking soul, or with what all souls seek, which is (by any name) God. She pleaded and she clung. She said:

"If you knew I hadn't a cent, you'd still be good to me, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," I said eagerly. And, "Yes!" said Margaret. Eagerly, and sincerely. And in that instant I know that both of us were grateful for the patience we had shown to the old woman through the years; grateful that we had been able to rise above our frequent exasperation, to trample it down, and act and speak from worthier impulses.

"If I lost it all . . . if I told you that I'd lost it all," said Aunt Emma, "you'd both still be just the same, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," I said unhesitatingly, still shaken with the vibrations of my own emotion and thankful that I was conscious of nothing in me that did not move spontaneously with my answer. "Yes," I said.

But the man in the other room said to the woman there:

"My God, you don't suppose she's really lost her money, do you?"

"No!" answered the woman. "This is just one of her cunning spells. She can be as crafty as a witch!"

This, while they looked out of their room at the old woman in her agony! I faced them sternly; I was minded to denounce them, these figures, whatever they were, that had stolen the outer aspects of me and of my wife and spoke from sentiments we had never acknowledged or acted upon! I was about to cry out to them that they did

not represent us, that they were not we. But I did not cry out. Again they turned upon me that faintly satirical smile, those faces informed with an irony drawn from—from what? From some ulterior deep springs of knowledge? I became confused, and did not speak to them.

"I'm hard on you at times," said Aunt Emma. I have never found it very easy to face expressed sentiment, and now the old woman broke down into a mood that embarrassed me. "I'm unjust," she said, and there was no doubt of the genuineness of her contrition. "I don't mean to be spiteful, but I know I am spiteful. When you get old, you get suspicious of people." I tried to avert my mind from her self-accusations; it is neither pleasant nor inspiring to witness any sort of dissolution, and she was dissolving into a self-pity that I found it harder and harder to face. "Suspicion makes us spiteful and unjust—and I'm suspicious of everybody," she went on. "Oh, I know I'm not easy to live with, Margaret!"

There wasn't anything to say to that—God knows she wasn't easy to live with! The man and woman in the other room grinned at me with a touch of frank malice. My pity for her, momentarily clouded by my embarrassment at her own self-pity, returned. Presently Margaret said:

"Don't you think you'd better go to bed now, Aunt Emma?"

At that she jerked herself up in the big chair she was sitting in, immediately all suspicion and meanness and snarling petulance again, and spluttered at Margaret:

"To bed? Why to bed? Why do you want to pack me off to bed? Oh, I know!" Her pinched countenance was a mask of cunning malignance as she went on: "I know why—so you can talk about me, talk me over! So you can speculate on how long I will

live! I know you! I know what you talk about when I'm not around. I know what you've been waiting and hoping for the last ten years!"

She began to cry again. She stretched out her arms towards us. Once more there was that terrible appeal in her manner, terrible to witness, terrible to have directed towards one.

"Well, you won't have long to wait now," she whimpered. "The time's almost come." The tears ran down her cheeks in silence for a moment—those daunting, weak tears of the aged who accuse us and the gods because death cannot be delayed so very much longer—and then she said, "You'll get the money soon enough."

Distressed, Margaret said, "There, there, Aunt Emma; you mustn't go on like this."

"You'll live ten years yet," I added. It is one of the things one says.

"If I thought she'd live ten years—" began the man who was peering out from the other room.

"Well?" cut in the woman beside him. "If you thought she would—what?"

"My God—ten more years like the last ten!" he said.

The woman who looked like Margaret turned upon him fiercely and shot at him a tirade that mounted from step to step of bitterness:

"You see it mornings and evenings; but I have it all day long—and every day! I've had it for ten years. I go nowhere. I see no one. I have no pleasures. I have no friends. I'm losing my youth. I'm losing my looks. Harvey, I'm losing my very soul! I shed my life's blood drop by drop to keep that querulous fool, that dying viper, alive—just merely alive! I'm tired of it—I'm sick of it—I'm wearied, wearied, wearied to the soul! I'm dying from her, I tell you, dying from her!"

She sank to a chair, shaken and pallid; and there came a silent moment. But something—a note that had been struck—the impulsion of occult wings . . . something . . . vibrated in the silence of that moment.

I say a moment. But what are moments? What is time? Some theologians, some men of science, say there is no such thing as time; that we live, always, in eternity. A moment is long, or it is short, because of the stuff that is packed into it. Can we, somewhere in illimitable space, somewhere in the valleys of infinity, catch up with old moments and live them newly again? Well, I do not think we can ever again take out of a moment what we have put into it, even though we should catch up with it again. Am I speaking foolishly, Howard? I want to cling to the moment before . . . before it had occurred . . . before what happened, did happen. I want to . . .

Listen: for all the events of that night I can advance as good a theory as most psychologists. There are rational explanations for the phenomena I witnessed, and was a part of. I know them very well. The man in the other room—I can write you a thesis on who and what he was, and why I saw him and Margaret did not; I can discourse to you, as cleverly as anyone, on every angle of this case.

But it isn't the mechanism of this thing that concerns me now. I am concerned with the things that lie behind the mechanism.

I want to cling to the moment before . . . before it had happened: what did happen. To the moment before what we call the conscience had become involved.

Margaret said, "Come, come, Aunt Emma, you really should go to bed."

"I won't go to bed," she said, with

the pettishness of a small child. "I won't go to bed until I've had my medicine. I want my sleeping tablets now."

"Where are they?" asked Margaret.

"In my bathroom," said Aunt Emma. And Margaret went out of the room for them.

"See here," I said to Aunt Emma, "didn't Miss Murdock give you one of those tablets right after dinner?"

"No," she said. And then, "I don't remember. I want one anyhow! My nerves are on the jump. You've got my nerves to jumping! I'll take one and nap here in the chair."

The man in the other room said in a low, speculative tone:

"I suppose if one ever gave her the wrong medicine by mistake it would be called by some ugly name."

The woman answered him:

"People like her never get the wrong medicine given to them by mistake, and never take it by mistake themselves. They live forever."

I turned and spoke to them, "There is a volition in your words," I said sternly, "that is not my volition nor my wife's volition."

"What did you say?" asked Aunt Emma, looking about in bewilderment.

"Nothing," I answered. The two figures in the other room did not reply to me. They looked at me steadily, levelly.

Margaret returned with a small phial. I took it from her and examined it.

"I'm afraid she had one an hour ago," I said. "I don't think it is quite right to let her have another one so soon. They are what Dr. McIntosh prescribed, and they have a powerful, depressing effect on the heart if taken in excess."

As you know, Howard, I did not treat Aunt Emma medically myself—you once had her case until you gave it up—and she has gone from doctor to doctor, always intimating to me that

she had little faith in me. That was one of her ways of annoying Margaret and me; but it was no real annoyance, as she did not come within the limits of my specialty.

"You did have one right after dinner, didn't you, Aunt Emma?" said Margaret.

"No! No!" said Aunt Emma. With a sudden monkeylike agility, for which I was not prepared, she reached and snatched the phial from me. She clutched it to her breast, in a childish triumph.

"I didn't have one," she said. "I will take one. You don't want me to get to sleep! You don't want me to get any rest! You want me to die!"

Her hands trembled as she hugged the bottle to her; her jaw chattered, and her lips shook; her victory in getting the bottle had made her all one tremor.

I took hold of her hands, and tried to take the phial away from her gently. She grasped it with her crooked claws until white spots showed on the knuckles, and rocked herself back and forth. Her fingers were interlaced about it.

"See here, Aunt Emma," I said; "you mustn't be stubborn about this. I think you did have a tablet right after dinner, and another one now might be dangerous."

I used a certain amount of force, and she whimpered and actually gnashed her teeth at me. Margaret interposed:

"Don't struggle with her, Harvey. Doctor McIntosh says the least strain is likely to prove fatal."

I knew that was true and released her hands. She had had a dilated heart some years previously, from which she had never really recovered. Emotional strain as well as physical strain was dangerous.

"You want me to die so you can get my money," she said, leering up at me from under her thin white eyebrows.

Tentatively, I reached my hand towards her again. She suddenly grasped it and sank her teeth into it. And then she pulled the cork from the phial.

I was in a quandary as to the right thing to do. If I struggled with her, I should almost certainly kill her. On the other hand, I was not absolutely certain whether she had taken one of the tablets previously or not. She had said she hadn't. I had heard Miss Murdock speak of giving her one; but I hadn't actually seen her take it. I wasn't sure.

I didn't know then what I should have done. And I did the wrong thing—I did nothing. It is easy enough now, Howard, to see that it was the wrong thing. It is easy enough now to say that I should have risked the struggle, risked killing her by the struggle. But I put it to you, man to man, how was I to know then that it was the wrong thing?

She shook two tablets from the bottle and put both of them into her mouth.

"Not two, Aunt Emma!" I cried. I actually tried to take them from her mouth, and I got myself bitten again.

The situation was now changed, in a way that no one could have foreseen.

Two tablets within the hour might not kill her; but three almost certainly would.

"Aunt Emma," I said, "you didn't have one before, did you?"

She had closed her eyes and sunk back into the chair, after swallowing the two tablets, as if thoroughly exhausted by such struggle as there had been. Now she opened them again, and looked up at me with a look indescribably impish—impish and foolish, and puerilely triumphant. She rocked herself from side to side, and she said:

"Yes!" And then, "I've had three, now, and I'm going to sleep—you hate

me—you both hate me—but you can't keep me from going to sleep."

And she leaned back in the chair again.

"I don't believe she did have three of them," said Margaret. "She's only saying that now to worry us."

"She says she did," I returned; "but she doesn't know. I think you're right—she's probably only saying it to irritate us. I know she didn't."

She opened her eyes a little, opened and closed them, with a blink of cunning.

"You know I did!" she murmured.

I hadn't known it—hadn't been sure of it—but evidently the man and woman in the other room had been sure of it.

"She did have one before," said he.

"Yes," said the woman; "I know she did."

Margaret and I stood and looked down on the old woman, whose shaking agitation was now leaving her, who had now begun to breathe quite quietly, in a condition that was strangely helpless; in a sort of suspension of the will-power. I can think now of several things that I should have done. But I give you my word, I could think of nothing then; the only thing that filled my consciousness then was the desperate, working hope that she would not die. And while I looked down on Aunt Emma's silent and shrunken figure I heard the man and woman in the other room speaking. Their voices were cool and quiet; they came to me clearly enough, but they seemed to come from a distance, too.

"Will she die?" said the man. "Shall I see her die?"

"I should hate to look on while she died," said the woman. "But she will die; she is dying and I am looking on."

"She was very old."

"She was very old. She will be better dead."

"She has not died yet."

"She is breathing very quietly. Old people breathe very quietly."

"Old people die very quietly."

"And she is dying."

I heard this monstrous litany, and every fiber in my being was in revolt against it. But, for a time, it seemed impossible for me to speak or to move. I tried to combat, in my own mind, what they were saying in the other room.

Aunt Emma stirred, feebly. Her eyes said that she wanted to say something. Margaret and I bent over her, and she whispered faintly:

"Margaret . . . Harvey . . . you . . . you really love me . . . don't you? You really . . . really . . ."

She relapsed, relaxed. Her head was slightly on one side. She did not speak or move again.

Margaret said, with a note of alarm, "Harvey, she's scarcely breathing! She does not seem to be breathing at all!"

"If I had struggled with her," I said, "it would have killed her."

The man in the other room spoke, "And now she's dead because there was no struggle!"

Margaret cried out, "'Phone for Doctor McIntosh! I'm alarmed!"

"Too late for any doctor," said the man in the other room; and the woman there echoed, "Too late!"

Margaret said to me, "Harvey, I'm afraid . . . I'm afraid that Aunt Emma has left us!"

"Thank heaven," I answered, "that we've always tried to be good to her. You've been like an angel to her, Margaret, and I've tried to do my best. Poor Aunt Emma!" For the pathos of her last words clutched at my heart. "Poor Aunt Emma!" I said. Somehow I could not stop saying it for a moment; I chattered it over and over again, "Poor Aunt Emma! Poor Aunt Emma! Poor Aunt Emma!"

"Fifteen thousand a year! Fifteen

thousand a year! Fifteen thousand a year!" chattered the man in the other room.

I turned angrily and faced him. I wanted to have it out with him.

For he was not I! Oh, I know what had happened—any man in my profession knows what had happened! In that other room I was seeing my other self. The part we all hide and deny, the ungenerous part, the selfish part, the hideous part if you will, had come up out of the caves of the underworld, out of the realm of the unexpressed, out of the repressed subconsciousness, and met me face to face. I need not dwell, in talking with you, on the mechanism of it—as I have said, the mechanism interested me far less than the things behind the mechanism. The man in the other room was compounded of all the unuttered things in my nature which I consciously disavowed, which I fought down, which I never permitted to get into the field of fact and deed. We have all fought them down or there would be no such thing as civilization to-day, not even the imperfect semblance of it which exists.

But I cried out within myself, and I cry out to you now, Howard, that the man in the other room was not and is not the real I! But he was saying that he was! He was claiming to be! It was his will that had triumphed here, for he had willed the old woman's death; while I, the conscious I, had fought against it.

I cried out and I still cry out against the monstrous injustice that he should be able to make the conscious I feel guilty because of a thing that was his doing! Are all the years when I was consciously kind, in spite of my exasperation, to count for nothing—all the years in which I fought down my irritation, all the years in which Margaret had acted, as I told her, like an angel? We had had our ungenerous thoughts,

our angers, our selfish impulses; but we had trampled them under our feet, and was that fight, that struggle, that victory, to be as if it had never been? Was not the better part of us, whose deeds were gentle and considerate, to be accepted as the real individual, the real ego? Were these cold and selfish usurpers to be able to pretend that they were we? Able to make us feel that, guiltily? Is the fight towards decency, after it has been won, after its victory has been sealed and signalized by deed and fact, to be lost again merely because of the sneering assertion of these creatures who come bursting up out of the unplumbed depths of life? Are the whispers and nods and looks of those cave men to impose on us and make us think that we are cave men again? I protested, and I protest, that this cannot be! It is not merely my own case that I have brought you, Howard; it is the case of all men, of all humanity.

I turned angrily towards the man in the other room with this protest rising to my lips. But again I was stopped from speaking. He was gazing down on the big chair in his room. Aunt Emma was in it—over there in the other room, beyond the mist. Her eyes were open, and she was looking out at me. On her face was the same faintly satirical smile as on the faces of the other two people in that room.

Margaret was bending over the big chair in our room, weeping. Aunt Emma, from the other room, gazed on Margaret's attitude with something like ironic amusement.

Doctor Vokes was silent for several minutes after Dr. Harvey Herbert

paused in his narrative. Then he said, "No, the case is scarcely in my line."

"Nor in mine," said Doctor Herbert. "When I have considered everything that comes within the province of the psychologist, the essence of it all escapes me—the thing behind the thing."

"Why should a sense of guilt cling to you?" said Doctor Vokes. "That sense should belong to the man in the other room. Can't you make him take it and keep it, and dive down with it into whatever strange and shadowy hell he came up out of?"

"He won't stay down there," said Doctor Herbert simply, and with a despairing gesture. "He keeps coming up again, asserting himself."

There was another silence; presently Doctor Vokes said, "And his assertion—" He hesitated; then murmured, "I suppose it turns upon the fact that, after all, he spoke and acted with a direct and vigorous candor."

Dr. Harvey Herbert repeated his gesture.

"I have thought several times I was rid of him," he said; "but he keeps coming back. To-day I knew certainly that I was not rid of him. I discovered it when I found myself arranging with my lawyer to turn over Aunt Emma's fifteen thousand a year to a charity, a home for old ladies."

"You did that?"

"Yes. For a few moments after the transfer was completed I felt a relief. And then there floated in front of me the face of the man who had been in the other room, with a quizzically sarcastic grin upon his lips. The expression said he knew just why I could never touch any of Aunt Emma's money—he knew, that grin said."



THE BLESSING OF THE BEDS

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

MAKE the bed,
And make the bed,
The sheets are smooth
And the blankets spread.

Back and forth
Round the bed we go,
I and the child
I do not know.

If it should be
A son I bear,
May he be wise
And kind and fair.

Or if a girl-child
It should be,
May the blessings on
Her bed be three.

The first bed
Is the marriage-bed.
May Joy and Tenderness
Stand at its head.

And when in child-bed
She shall lie
May Victory
Herself draw nigh.

And when at last
Comes the third bed,
May Peace bend down
Above the dead.

Ah, Love! ennoble
With thy breath
Bride-bed, birth-bed,
And bed of death!

Make the bed,
And make the bed,
The sheets are smooth
And the blankets spread.





THE SOVIET CHALLENGE TO CAPITALISM

BY CALVIN B. HOOVER

Professor of Economics, Duke University

The material upon which this article is based was obtained while the writer was a Fellow of the Social Science Research Council in Russia in 1929-30.—*The Editors.*

IT IS almost impossible to consider any aspect of life in Soviet Russia objectively. The world considers Soviet Russia emotionally or not at all. It is inevitable that this should be so, for this greatest of economic and social experiments has for its announced and determined purpose the creation of a new order of life not only in the one sixth of the world's land area which comprises the Soviet Union, but in the entire world. To create this new civilization it is proposed to destroy all classes of society except the proletariat. It is a human enough reaction on the part of the classes which are slated for destruction to regard such an incredible program only as a chimera utterly beyond the bounds of human possibility or to view it with horror and red hate. Its protagonists, as naturally feel for it the same fanatic enthusiasm which has been felt for other new religions which have arisen with the determination to conquer the world.

Russian Communism is a religion, but a religion completely divorced from theocracy and superstition. Russian Communism believes neither in gods, fairies, witches, nor the Devil. Russian Communism yields to no religion, however, in its fanatic enthusiasm, in its faith in its destiny, in its missionary zeal for the propagation of the Faith, and in its determination

to spread that Faith by the sword to the uttermost parts of the earth. Those who fall in the crusade to communize the earth cannot be promised a place in the paradise of Mohammed, but they are assured of canonization as Red Saints, and if they survive to the day when the new civilization has conquered the earth they may look to find themselves rulers of the newly won domains.

No one seems able to escape the moral point of view in appraising the net results of the October Revolution in 1917. It is always taken for granted that Russian Communism must be economically successful because it is right and good, or it is assumed that it is sure to fail because it is an unholy thing. It is possible in this way to account for the fact that American capitalists, who conclude that the economic future of the Soviet Union is secure enough to warrant making contracts with the Soviet government, always sagely state that Communism has failed in Russia and that the trend of events is toward the re-establishment of a modified form of Capitalism. Nothing could be farther from the truth, and nothing could afford more amusement to the Communists with whom they deal. Nevertheless, it is a normal human instinct. Not only is the capitalist convinced that only a capitalistic economic system can suc-

cessfully operate, but he also is convinced that Communism is innately wrong and, therefore, cannot possibly be successful. He is faced with the fact of the great program of capital construction in Russia which is already partially realized. His emotions will permit only one answer: Capitalism is being re-established.

European capitalists are not so naïve. A German manufacturer who operates a successful concession in Soviet Russia said to the writer, "We are traitors to our class. We are helping to instruct Communist Russia in capitalistic technic. We are serving a Frankenstein monster which will some day devour our class throughout the world."

But the vast majority of all classes in the United States have thought about Soviet Russia hardly at all. In October of this year it will have been thirteen years since the Russian Revolution. During this time public interest in the results of the Revolution has been intermittent and dependent upon the occurrence of events in Russia which were dramatic enough to arouse passion and prejudice. Whenever stories of extreme religious persecution have reached the outside world, for example, the result has been that a momentary interest in Soviet Russia has flared up, only to die again when the news value of these stories has worn away. Events in Russia seem too remote to have any significance for America. It has been unfortunate that interest in Soviet Russia should develop only at a time when it could be guided by emotion rather than by reason, and that this interest should be so intermittent as to prevent the growth of any cumulative knowledge in the public mind.

If one were to attempt to sum up the extremely vague and chaotic notions about the Soviet Union which characterize the public opinion of the western

world, one would be compelled to say, tritely enough, that a small section of the public regarded Soviet Russia as the incubator of a new Utopia, while the vast majority would consider that the experience of Russia had proved beyond doubt the depravity of all Communists, the impracticability of Socialism, and the infallibility of Capitalism.

The general conception of the organization and operation of the economic and social system in Soviet Russia crystallized immediately after the great famine in 1921, and the inauguration of the New Economic Policy. Since that time the public has remained uninterested or unimpressed by the course of events in the Soviet Union. It is extremely unfortunate that the famine and the establishment of NEP served to establish in permanency the legend of the failure of Communism. It is extraordinary that the world has continued so long to believe that the New Economic Policy was simply a confession of the failure of Communism, accompanied by the introduction of quasi-capitalistic elements into the Soviet economic system. Once this belief took root, the world has merely waited for the time when Capitalism will have peacefully or violently displaced Communism in Russia. If Communism has brought famine to Russia, and if capitalistic elements have had to be re-introduced into the economic system in order to make it function, then the rest of the world need not worry about the possibility of the spread of Communism outside of Russia. To such simple terms has the capitalistic world reduced the Russian experiment with Communism.

II

The legend of the failure of Communism was apparently substantiated by the series of events which attended the conflict between Stalin and Trotsky

and Trotsky's subsequent expulsion from Soviet Russia. The capitalistic world interpreted the struggle as a battle between the Left and the Right, and when the so-called Left was defeated, the complacency of that world found reassurance. It was assumed that the Soviet economic and social system would turn more and more toward the capitalistic model as conservatism triumphed in Russia. The recent writings of Trotsky have supported this interpretation of events. Trotsky still persists in considering the triumph of Stalin as the victory of Thermidorean Reaction over the Socialist Revolution, although events during the last year have shown beyond doubt that such an interpretation is entirely erroneous. Stalin won his battle inside the Party largely by his claim that the Trotskyists were Left only in phraseology, and that they concealed their conservatism and defeatism behind a screen of radical phraseology. Stalin's claim that he represented the truly militant and dynamic wing of the Party was to be proven a just one by the events which were to follow. During 1929 and 1930 Stalin carried on a struggle against the Right elements in the Party which was certainly more relentless than would have been the case if Trotsky had been in power. Bukharin, Rykov, and Tomsky, who were the leaders of the Right, were forced to recant publicly, and the Right was as completely crushed as the Trotskyist Left had been.

Trotsky had maintained that the establishment of a truly Socialistic system in Russia must wait upon the success of the World Revolution. Stalin declared that the World Revolution could be best forwarded by the establishment of a completely Socialistic system in Russia. There was never any real foundation for the comfortable assumption that Stalin had eschewed the World Revolution. Trotsky had

declared that the *kulak* (the so-called "rich" peasant) was gaining in wealth and that there was imminent danger that a class of conservative, land-holding peasants would develop who would constitute a serious menace to the development of Socialism. Pressed forward by the shortage of grain which for the last two years has reached famine proportions, Stalin and his supporters decreed that there should be forcible collection of grain from the peasants and that collectivized agriculture should replace peasant husbandry.

The opponents of Stalin in the Right wing of the Party had declared that the experiences of the famine of 1921 had proven that it was impossible to extract grain from the peasants by force. As it turned out, the power of resistance of the peasants was greatly overestimated. Wherever necessary a quota system was introduced, and all grain above a fixed minimum was taken from the peasant at a fixed price, just as had been done during the period of War Communism. Since the peasants were suspected of hiding their grain, it was customary to fix the quota while the harvest was still standing in the field. German peasants from Siberia who were waiting near Moscow for the chance to leave Russia during the fall of 1929 told the writer that an official sent out by the Soviet government set their quota at a rather low figure because there had been a crop failure. This official was arrested and another one sent out who doubled the original quota. In many instances the peasants were then under the necessity of buying in the private market enough grain to meet their quota, even though the price in the private market was many times the fixed price which the government in turn paid the peasant. If they did not deliver the required amount they were forced to pay a heavy fine, and if this fine was not paid all their possessions were sold,

including the cows, chickens, and household goods of the unfortunate delinquent. Such a man was branded as a pariah, and not even his own son dare give him shelter lest he, too, should feel the wrath of the Soviet power.

The campaign for forcing the peasants into the great collective farms was pushed forward at the same time. Many peasants joined the collectives since they saw that there was no future for the peasant proprietor if all his surplus product was to be requisitioned. But the majority resisted to the utmost. Their support during the Civil War had meant success to the Bolsheviks and defeat to the Whites. They had accepted literally the slogan of Lenin, "Peace and the Land!" Now the land was to be taken from them, so that they would have welcomed war, the return of a czar, even intervention from the hated Poles if only they could keep the land. They regarded the workmen from the city who were sent out to run the large collective farms with the same hatred which they had had for the landlord in the days of serfdom. Peasants, inspired by the *kulaki*, killed cows, sheep, and even horses, rather than turn them over to the collective farms. Nevertheless, the campaign for collectivization and effective nationalization of the land continued with unabated energy. Peasants were threatened with deportation to the northern forests for forced labor if they did not join the collective farms. They were told that the armed forces of the government would be sent against those peasants who continued to be recalcitrant. In other cases those who opposed collectivization were threatened with deprivation of irrigation water for their fields. Any peasant who opposed the campaign was automatically branded as a *kulak*. The *kulaki* were not permitted to join the collective farms even if they had wished to do so. Life seemed to hold

no possibilities for them, and they fought the movement for the nationalization of the land to the death. Thousands of *kulaki* were shot, in some cases for armed resistance, and in other cases for anti-collectivization propaganda.

Thousands of German peasants abandoned all their possessions and came to Moscow in the hope of being permitted to go to Germany, Brazil, Canada, the United States, anywhere outside of Russia. A few thousand were allowed to leave, but others were forcibly returned to the villages from which they had come, and all others were forbidden to attempt to leave the country. Only such measures prevented the emigration *en masse* of the several million German peasants in Russia. The Russian peasant, unhappily, had no country to which he could flee.

Finally, in December 1929, Stalin announced the policy of the "liquidation of the *kulaki* as a class." This policy meant that the land, houses, livestock, poultry, tools, furniture, and in some cases even the surplus clothing of the *kulaki* were confiscated. They were left only the clothing in which they stood. Thousands were deported to the northern forests for forced labor in getting out timber, and other thousands were transported to the more desolate parts of the Soviet Union. In May 1930 the writer met a trainload of these unfortunates, who with their wives and children were being sent in box cars from the Urals to Tashkent in Turkestan.

Driven by despair and hate, the peasants, during January and February, 1930, rose in desperation throughout the Soviet Union. They massacred hundreds of the proletarians who had been sent out to administer the collective farms. These risings were unorganized and disconnected, but they took place in such widely separated regions as Turkestan, the Caucasus, and

the district around Riazan. The risings were accompanied by frightful atrocities, such as have characterized the insurrections of Russian peasants since the days of Stenka Razin and Pugachev. Although these risings were drowned in blood, they frightened even Stalin for a moment, when there began to be cases in which detachments of troops refused to fire on the peasants.

These revolts led to an announcement by Stalin, in March 1930, of a mitigation of the policy of enforced collectivization. The policy of the liquidation of the *kulaki* as a class was maintained, however, and the process of collectivization received only a temporary check. Although the percentage of collectivization declined from 50% to about 30%, an enormous step toward the complete nationalization of the land had been taken. Stalin thus demonstrated his determination to carry out that nationalization of the land which had always been the dream of the Party, but which few would have had the ruthless determination to carry out at such a pace, and in the face of such resistance.

The requisitioning of grain and the enforced nationalization of land, accompanied in the village by a reign of terror, had its counterpart in the cities where the Nepmen were almost completely forced out of business, and great numbers of them sent into exile or to prison. Lenin had induced the Communist Party to permit these merchants to restore private trade as the central principle of the New Economic Policy. Nevertheless, they were always hated by the Communists who regarded them as exploiters and as a shameful survival of Capitalism. The fact that they were temporarily necessary to the Soviet economic system had won for them only the barest toleration. Now they, too, were "liquidated." Their property was con-

fiscated and hundreds of people were shot by the G. P. U.

By these acts Stalin showed beyond doubt that he was indeed more Left than Trotsky. It can also be seen how ridiculous it is to compare the situation in Russia at the present time with the period of the Reaction of Thermidor at the close of the French Revolution.

III

By the end of 1929 it had become obvious that the end of the New Economic Policy was near. In an address by Stalin given in December of that year, he declared that when NEP no longer served the ends of the Party it "would be thrown to the Devil." The decline in the relative importance of private trade had been continuing at an accelerated pace. From 1924-25 to 1928-29 the share of private trade in the total retail turnover declined from 43% to less than 20%. The share of private trade in wholesale turnover was negligible. By the spring of 1930 the share of the Nepman in retail trade had also declined nearly to zero. For a time during the winter of 1929-30 even the sale of produce by the peasants to housewives had practically ceased on account of administrative prohibition. Although this practice revived somewhat following the announcement by Stalin, in March 1930, of a milder policy toward the peasantry, the march of collectivization made it inevitable that even this primitive form of trade would eventually disappear.

The policy of encouraging foreign concessions in industry in order to obtain capital from abroad and to increase the productivity of industry, was a failure from the outset. No important amounts of capital were ever attracted by this method, and many of the small enterprises which had been established as concessions had been

liquidated by the summer of 1930. Consequently, all manufacturing of any importance is and always has been carried on by state industry. It is true that an important share of small-scale industry is carried on by the so-called producers' co-operatives. But "co-operative" associations are, in reality, only another form of state industry.

Co-operative associations in Soviet Russia were reorganized at the time of the inauguration of the New Economic Policy in order to bring within the orbit of the socialistic system those elements of the population which were not immediately connected with state industry. Thus the associations of producers' co-operatives were designed to include the small artisans of all sorts. The agricultural co-operatives were to include the peasants. The consumers' co-operatives united the consuming public and set up a system of distribution which was to rival, and eventually to supplant, the system of private trade introduced as the central principle of the New Economic Policy. During the last few years these co-operative associations have become completely dominated by their Communist membership, and have been more and more integrated with state industry and commerce. They cannot be considered co-operative in any real sense.

A great program of industrialization and capital construction has been drawn up and has been successfully carried out during the first year of this Five Year Plan. This program has been carried on at the cost of the greatest privation and suffering on the part of the population, and wholly without regard to their wishes. Great factories, railroads, and power stations have been built at a time when millions of the population suffered from undernourishment and in some cases from actual starvation. In order to obtain the necessary mechanical equipment

from abroad for this ambitious program, foodstuffs have been exported and sold on the foreign market at a price far less than the hungry populace would have been willing to pay for them. Never in modern times, at least, has so large a proportion of a nation's income been saved and reinvested. This circumstance partially accounts for the great difference between the standard of living in Russia as one actually sees it and the standard of living which one would expect to see from the reported statistics of the growth of productivity of Soviet industry.

Soviet statistics show that industry has been increasing its productivity at a tremendous pace during the last few years. During the Soviet economic year 1928-29 the productivity of large-scale state industry increased over 23%, while all industry increased its productivity by almost 17%. The productivity of large-scale state industry is to increase by 32% during the economic year 1929-30, if present plans are realized. The writer believes that these statistics should be heavily discounted, but even after this is done they compare very favorably with similar data for the United States, where the rate of increase in the productivity of industry is about 4% per year.

The quality of production remains unbelievably bad and will probably remain for a long time considerably below that of the capitalistic countries of the West. Emphasis is placed upon the production of mechanical equipment and the heavy industries are favored in every way at the expense of the light industries. Both the low quality of production and the emphasis upon production in the heavy industries rather than in the light afford an additional explanation of the apparent discrepancy between reported increases in production and the low standard of material well being. The policy of capital investment and of concentra-

tion of production in the heavy industries, while partially responsible for the present low standard of living, makes it certain that the standard will rise in the future if some catastrophe does not interrupt the development of Soviet industry.

Productivity in agriculture has remained low. The great pre-war exports of grain have never been attained. In fact, grain exports have been negligible, and in some years grain has had to be imported. The low productivity of agriculture has made the general standard of living much lower than it would have been had the standard depended alone upon the productivity of industry. Not only has the food supply been inadequate, but the scarcity of raw materials for industry, such as wool, cotton, and linen, has necessitated the use of substitutes which have been partially responsible for the incredibly low quality of the industrial output.

For the first dozen years after the Revolution, Soviet industry could only succeed in demonstrating that it could actually repair and operate the industrial equipment which was its inheritance from the capitalistic regime. During this period there was no possibility of attaining the degree of productivity which characterized the industries of the capitalistic world. The capitalistic world, observing that Communism had not attained a level of competitive productivity, overlooked almost completely the significance of the fact that a socialistic state had actually succeeded in carrying on the processes of industry, although for generations it had been solemnly denied that this was possible.

At the present time Soviet industry has reached an entirely new stage in its development. For the first time, a considerable part of production is being carried on with mechanical equipment which has been provided by a social-

istic economy. It is now being demonstrated that such a socialistic economy can not only operate industrial equipment inherited from Capitalism, but can also carry on the necessary social saving and construction required to replace and augment that equipment. It is indeed possible that such social saving in a socialistic economy could take place only under a regime of force such as characterizes the present dictatorship in Russia, but the fact remains that another of the supposedly insurmountable obstacles to the successful operation of a socialistic economy has been surmounted.

The present year is the critical one for the future of the Soviet state. The opposition of the peasantry to the nationalization of the land and the collectivization of agriculture has been so bitter that the individual peasants have refrained from sowing anything more than the barest minimum which they will require for their own use. The decision to "liquidate the *kulaki*" has meant that the productive services of millions of the best farmers of Russia were not available this year for sowing and harvesting the grain. It seemed possible, therefore, that the Soviet Union might be confronted by famine conditions if meteorological conditions were unfavorable this year. If a famine had resulted, it would probably have meant the end of Stalin's dictatorship, or might even have brought the end of the Soviet regime. First reports on the results of the harvest indicate, however, that it will be adequate.

The Soviet government strained every nerve to expand the sown area of the state and collective farms in order to compensate for the shrinkage in the sown area of the individual farms. If enough food is produced this year to prevent famine, it is almost certain that the agricultural situation will improve with each succeeding year. This year marks the last stand of the indi-

vidual peasant. His spirit is already broken, and if his passive resistance proves impotent this year, his attitude can be disregarded in the future. The *kulaki* have been the core of the opposition to the socialization of agriculture. They have now been destroyed as a class, and any effective peasant opposition could not be organized without their leadership.

By the spring of 1931 large numbers of tractors will have been produced in Soviet plants and still more will have been imported from abroad. The great dearth of horses this year, which was caused by the slaughter of work animals to avoid turning them over to the collective farms, will have been overcome. The new irrigation projects will have added considerably to the amount of the sown area. The increased production of cotton in Turkestan will serve to augment the supply of textiles on the home market, and also to relieve the intense strain upon the foreign trade monopoly which has been caused by the necessity of providing foreign *valuta* for the purchase of raw cotton abroad. The food situation will no doubt continue difficult for several years, for the problem of the supply of auxiliary foodstuffs, such as poultry, dairy products, and vegetables, cannot be solved simply by the introduction of large-scale methods of agriculture.

IV

It is almost impossible to comprehend the degree of insulation which the Soviet government is able to maintain between the communistic and the capitalistic worlds. From the point of view of the Communist, any contact with the capitalistic world must take place only with the assumption of an armed truce or of covert warfare between the two worlds. The Communist Party considers that the civili-

zation of Communism is irreconcilable with the civilization of Capitalism, and that it is the mission of the Party to bring about the overthrow of the abhorrent capitalistic civilization as soon as possible. During the period of armed truce it is not allowable that any information should reach the enemy which would in any way delay the destruction of Capitalism. This is perfectly understandable. No nation in wartime permits espionage. The proletariat can no more be expected to permit espionage in its battle with the international bourgeoisie. The success of the Soviet government in preventing espionage, once the point of view of the Communist is accepted, must win one's admiration.

The efficiency of the censorship which is maintained can be judged from the fact that the peasant uprising, to which reference has been made, never appeared in the despatches which the foreign correspondents sent from Moscow. In spite of the fact that one of the centers of these uprisings was in the district around Riazan, which is only a few hours by train from Moscow, none of the foreign newspaper correspondents made any attempt at investigation. It would have been perfectly useless to have done so, since no despatches would have been allowed to go out, and the correspondent would perhaps have been expelled from the country.

Since the exclusion from Russia of Scheffer of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, last fall, the correspondents understand that they are no longer confronted merely by the problem of getting their despatches through the censorship. If a correspondent attempts to send out too many unfavorable "stories" he is in danger of expulsion. Nor is this all. Even if one of the regular Moscow correspondents is transferred to an assignment in another country he is not free

to write of conditions as they really are, lest the result should be that his newspaper or agency would be refused the right to have a correspondent at Moscow. Moreover, newspaper editors are not interested in the true story of how it happened six months after the event. If the correspondent cannot send out information at once, he can make little use of it later.

The correspondents feel the restriction on their freedom of expression very keenly. They attempt to write their despatches so that their readers can read between the lines. It is hopeless, however, to expect the public to be so subtle. The result is, unfortunately, that the reading public accepts the despatches at their face value or else simply ignores them altogether.

Considerable numbers of tourists enter the country every year, and it would seem that under such circumstances it would be impossible to maintain the control over information about the Soviet Union which the Communist Party considers necessary. Certain special circumstances render this possible, however. The number of tourists who have any acquaintance with the Russian language is extremely small. Nor is even the barest minimum of knowledge of the language easily acquired. Moreover, every member of the Russian intelligentsia realizes that it is extremely dangerous to have any except the most formal and official relations with foreigners. The execution of several persons for no other reason than the fact that they were known to have had communication with English people at the time of the severance of diplomatic relations with England, and the constantly recurring cases of arrests by the G. P. U. of persons charged with imparting information to foreigners, have deeply ingrained this fear of relations with foreigners. Those who visit Russia should realize that they may be

innocently jeopardizing the life and liberty of Russians with whom they have contact.

The tourist is, therefore, compelled to rely upon interpreters and guides who have been carefully trained in showing the tourist what the government desires him to see, and in explaining away any unfavorable impressions which he may, nevertheless, have received. The point is emphasized by an amusingly ridiculous story which is current in Moscow. A tourist observed a long line of people in front of a bakery waiting for bread. He inquired of his interpreter why it was necessary to stand in line in order to get bread. The interpreter replied that it was not necessary at all, but that the Russian people had a passion for extremely hot bread, and had therefore lined up in order to have it hot from the oven. Soon the tourist saw another line of people waiting for butter. He inquired once more why it was necessary to wait thus for butter. The interpreter replied that the Russian people also had a passion for very, very cold butter, and that they were waiting in order to get it off the ice with the least possible delay!

The result of this careful shepherding of the tourists is that part of them feel that they have not had a real opportunity to see conditions as they actually are, and as a result they have a feeling of general discontent and suspicion and are driven into an unreasoning antagonism to the whole Soviet system. Others obtain an unfavorable impression on account of their inability to reconcile what they have seen and heard through official guides and interpreters with other things which they have observed around them. Still others, in tourist fashion, base their estimate of the economic and social system upon the prices charged and the service rendered in the hotels in which they stay. It is probable, however, that

most tourists believe what they are told without any attempt at analysis.

V

One is forced, then, to recognize the fact that world opinion remains either uninformed or misinformed about the progress of the greatest economic and social experiment in human history. It is not too much to say that the history of the world for the next fifty years, and perhaps for a much longer period, depends upon the result of events in the Soviet Union during the present year. If this year's harvest is successful, it is as certain as anything in an uncertain world can be that the great issue which will confront the chancellories of the European Powers will be the imminent danger of the spread of Communism from the confines of the former Russian Empire to other parts of Europe and Asia. In the face of such a crisis, the rivalries of France and Italy, the enmity between France and Germany, and all other disagreements between the Great Powers must sink into insignificance. It is another question, however, whether these disagreements between the capitalistic powers will disappear in time to permit the creation of a united front against a danger which threatens their existence.

When the problem of food supply and of raw materials has been solved, the increased productivity of Soviet industry will begin to affect more directly the standard of living of the Soviet worker. Quality of product will probably improve as the supply of raw material becomes more adequate. When the standard of living of the Soviet worker reaches a point where it is somewhat above that of the poorest paid half of the workers of Western Europe, the full significance of the results of the experiment in Soviet Russia will become apparent. The Western world will receive a rude awakening,

for in the face of propaganda for the World Revolution the capitalistic countries of the world will no longer be able to appeal to the self-interest of a large fraction of their population for support against the forcible spread of Communism. For it will be impossible to convince the masses that they are better off under a capitalistic regime when the communistic masses of Russia are visibly better circumstanced.

In Soviet Russia the New Economic Policy has been almost entirely liquidated. The policy of Stalin, far from being conservative and pacific, is extreme and militant. Within the next two or three years the land will have become effectively nationalized, and the agricultural difficulties which have prevented the complete development of Communism will have largely been liquidated. Communism will have demonstrated its ability to settle its agricultural problem to an extent which Capitalism might well envy. Soviet industry is increasing its productivity and will be able in the course of a decade to offer a standard of living higher than that of the more poorly remunerated workers of the capitalistic system.

It is a serious mistake to suppose that these developments will not affect the United States. It is no doubt true that this country would be the last stronghold of Capitalism if Communism were to sweep over the world. But the experience gained in the World War demonstrated the impossibility of remaining aloof during a struggle of the sort which would engulf all of Europe. It is likewise erroneous to think that the development of Soviet Russia may be of interest to future generations but not to the present generation. The first serious clashes between bourgeois civilization and Communism will take place within a decade.

In the last analysis the fortunes of this struggle will be determined by the

relative economic strength of the two opposing systems. Repression of the handful of Communists in the United States, stricter laws against Communist propaganda, police action against Communist agitators at the present time are futile and ill-advised. A recognition of the very real achievements of the Soviet system and a determination to adapt such experimental data as have been developed in Russia to the needs of our own country is all-important. If bourgeois civilization were to be entirely supplanted by that of Communism, the loss to the world would be incalculable. But if bourgeois civilization is capable of learning from the social and economic experience of Soviet Russia, then the Russian Revolution will have been as real a contribution to human progress as was the French Revolution.

The present misconception of the

status of affairs in Soviet Russia may prevent those timely measures of internal reconstruction which would enable capitalistic civilization to resist the spread of Communism. The social order, the standard of living, and the whole civilization of Communism in Russia would be repugnant to the intelligentsia, the rural population, and the upper strata of the laborers of the Western world, even after the improvement in production and in standard of living which is likely to occur in the Soviet Union within the next ten years. But unless the capitalistic order can find ways and means to improve very measurably the standard of living of its lowest classes of laborers, and at the same time to reconcile the economic rivalries between nations, a militant and fanatic Russian Communism will be hammering at the gates of Berlin by the end of the present decade.





OUR MUSICAL ADOLESCENCE

BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON

ART is an activity, not a product. We Americans seem to find it difficult to realize this simple truth, probably because our predominantly industrial life has given us a slant toward estimating everything in terms of production. We are good workers, but poor players and resters, since play and rest require a certain voluntary irresponsibility, not to say contented inefficiency. The amateur does not do things so well technically as the professional, but from his irresponsible and joyous doing of them arises a unique set of values. It is in this set of values that our wealthy and powerful America is pathetically poor, that we are indeed a sort of "poor little rich girl" among the nations.

In our attitude toward musical art, for example, to what extent was the Englishman right who said, "When we English get together for an evening, each one of us sings, dances, tells a story, acts in a charade, or does whatever he can to help amuse the company. You Americans each 'chip in' twenty dollars, and hire a singer from the Metropolitan to entertain you." Broadly speaking, has he not seized truly the contrast? Is it not a part of our national timidity and self-consciousness systematically to undervalue our own artistic activities, and to attempt, by the hiring of professionals, the impossible feat of taking our art vicariously? The sterile conventionality of our concert life in New York, for instance—what is it but the inevitable

result of taking all our music professionally, of paying the biggest salaries possible to the most world-famous conductors, demanding of them in return no interest in our local musical life, but rather the effective smothering of any possible faint stirrings of it by the imposition of a "standard" repertory of European music, played with the last degree of technical skill and brilliancy, and with personal "interpretations" sufficiently striking to afford plenty of material for gossip to people too passive and regimented to have any reactions of their own to the music itself? (Of this state of things the recent visit of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra to Europe, under Toscanini, was a striking example, almost a *reductio ad absurdum*. Among the flood of press comments, few noted that about this super-orchestra, with its foreign leaders, players, and repertory, there was nothing American but its dollars.)

And what, on the other hand, happens when some especially energetic and enthusiastic musician tries to get up an orchestra of his own to serve a local public? It was tried not long ago in one of our provincial New England cities, about the size of those German cities each of which maintains its own municipal orchestra. When the pioneer conductor, after heartbreaking difficulties in assembling, drilling, and educating his players and firing them with his own enthusiasm, appealed to his local public for their support, their

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reply was virtually that, since his name was not world-famous (and "nationally advertised") they were not interested in anything he could give them, and would rather spend their money on a single concert of the celebrated Blank Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of the unique Blank Blanksky, than listen to his entire series. . . . Our system, in short, consists on the one hand of a few professional stars who make all the music and get all the artistic delight, and on the other of a big, standardized, herd public who accept all the labels, pay all the bills, elude all the culture, and miss all the joy.

Out of this practical system spring certain peculiarities of ideology dishearteningly omnipresent with us—certain fallacies we repeat like parrots, and erect into added obstacles to any life-giving approach to art. There is, for instance, the fallacy that art is something old and queer. This beguiles us into strange crazes such as fads for antiques or for the imitation of the antique, as in Childs' Old England restaurants, or Alice Foote MacDougall's "Venice," "Florence," "Seville," or what not. Some of us even proceed to the fatuity of trying to make our electric bulbs (one of the few unequivocal successes of our age) look like the far inferior candles of our forefathers. Genuine artistic feeling avoids this spurious and hypocritical regard for mere age and is enterprisingly contemporary. We study the beauty of the past chiefly to help us make more beauty for the present and the future. And after all, our world to-day has in it much that is beautiful, such as some of our skyscrapers and many of our motor cars, power boats, and airplanes. Another and a kindred fallacy is that art is something far away in space. Europe is "artistic"; we are "inartistic"—opinions dictated, of course, by our early, not yet outgrown

sense of inferiority. Here, unhappily, the superstition tends to induce the fact. What is more pathetic than to see a New York Sunday crowd gape at the Egyptian objects of beauty in the Metropolitan Museum and then go out and scatter old newspapers and empty cracker-jack boxes over their own greensward?

Such fallacies are legion, but all of them proceed from supposing art to be something old, distant, and exotically strange, and not seeing that all vital art is contemporary, local, and as natural as breathing.

II

This devitalizing separation from spontaneous artistic activities of our own, formerly almost universal, and still responsible for the sterility of our orchestral concerts and other such traditional aspects of our music, is happily beginning to give place nowadays to a more cordial, informal interest in making music itself, a disposition to take it less as work and more as play. Like children long dominated by our elders and by our own timid notion of what is "correct," we are now healthily commencing to throw off conventions, to try things out for ourselves. We are in fact just emerging, so to speak, into musical adolescence. And we are overjoyed to find out what splendid fun artistic activity is, how well it is within the reach of all normal people, and how easily it does what nothing else can do to relieve our tensions, to relax the strains of modern life.

Naturally we are discovering all this first of all through singing, since many more of us can sing than can play an instrument. Practically all boys and girls can learn to sing, except possibly a few so-called "monotones"—and with modern methods of training even many of these. Under expert and sufficiently inspiring guidance they can sing some of the simple but most beautiful music

in existence, such as Bach's chorales, the folksongs of all nations (including our own, derived from the English, and among the most beautiful of all), and the less complicated works of masters from the sixteenth-century Palestrina to the twentieth-century Vaughan Williams. Just that is what our American boys and girls have actually been doing in the last ten or fifteen years, as a result of the school and college glee club movement so magnificently pioneered by Dr. Archibald T. Davison of Harvard.

There is a story that the Harvard Glee Club, in the early days of that transformation of it by Doctor Davison which has so profoundly affected our whole choral life in America, found itself one evening, after giving a concert in Detroit, in the railroad station with an hour to wait for the train. After a brief consultation it proceeded to amuse itself—and the waiting passengers—by singing Palestrina. Think of it, Palestrina, not in one of those peaceful medieval cathedrals where his music grew up so naturally, but in the Detroit railroad station! And yet, why not? For in so singing, these Harvard boys were finding three values emerging for them, such as always emerge, in any time or place, when people get together to sing great music.

To begin with, each of them was discovering the value we all find in doing something that appeals to us deeply, and that we can do in co-operation with our fellows, but not alone. This splendid social value was what the schoolboy had in mind who, asked what part he sang, tenor or bass, replied that he "sang quartet." Any good baseball or football player understands this peculiar value of team-work, knows that he is strong not by himself but in loyalty to his group. This social value, of which we always hear a good deal in discussions of the usefulness of choral

music to "Americanization" and other such social processes, is in little danger, important as it is, of being underrated. Rather the reverse; for, as we shall see, it ought to remain secondary to more purely artistic values, expressive and æsthetic, and cannot be made primary without defeating them.

Each of these singers was experiencing, in the second place, the relief, reacting through the whole range of his mental health, of giving spontaneous expression to feelings that but for this channel would have remained pent up and repressed. Children know frequently the relief of crying as well as of laughing; grown-ups less frequently because of what correctness imposes. Swearing can purge the soul, and whistling has often kept up a man's courage. The emotional satisfaction it gives is one of the supreme hygienic or therapeutic values of music, highly beneficial in a civilization which, as ours does, postpones most of its satisfactions (as in the case of everything done for economic motives). Most of our life is drab and immediately unsatisfying. Art presents us with immediate, intrinsic values, and thus calms the nerves and solaces the heart.

The third and greatest value that these singers were finding was the rare joy, painfully rare in a world where as in ours there is so much inescapable ugliness, of making something beautiful. Our æsthetic interest is brought to bear on such a bewildering variety of subject matter in our daily lives that we are prone to lose sight altogether of its presence there, and to fancy it held in reserve for special grand occasions. Yet it is omnipresent. The tiniest children like to build blocks into symmetrical shapes, to combine worsteds in harmonious colors, to intone stories in primitive rhythms, sometimes with rhyme. The humblest peasants love a plot of flowers or a bright window box. Even we, the

sophisticated, prefer the commodities we buy to be not only sound and pure, but prepared in pleasing colors, put up in pretty boxes, with the printing nicely spaced and margined. (And though we do not know it, we like sounds to be patterned for the ear in our sentences, like the *p*'s and *t*'s in that last one.) Well-nigh universal is the joy in beauty, that unique joy of which art is only our most purified and concentrated expression.

In Doctor Davison's insight, so fraught with promise to our musical development, there was something of the simplicity of genius. He did not make the mistake of the second- and third-rate men: he did not consent to subordinate the best thing in music, its beauty, to inferior effects such as its social stimulus or its emotional relief. He did not apologize for it, nor make it a handmaid to something else, nor attempt to prove its "practical" value by an appeal to commercial motives, nor, in short, give any of the thousand bad reasons by which stupid people habitually misrecommend good things. Uncompromisingly he took his stand on its highest value, beauty. People, he realized, whatever their social or emotional releases, cannot take permanent æsthetic satisfaction in mediocre music, such as has gradually sapped the enthusiasm of so many old-type college glee clubs and of the more recent "community singing" movement, any more than they can in mediocre motor cars or adulterated food-stuffs. He saw that the best in music—which is by no means the same as the most complicated—is the only thing good enough for sound American youth, that Palestrina, in fact, or for that matter Bach, Beethoven or any other writer of great music, is really just the right thing to sing in the station at Detroit, a city which has nurtured, besides Ty Cobb and Henry Ford, the Detroit Symphony Orchestra and one of the finest art museums in the country.

III

Doctor Davison and the others active in the movement which eventually embodied itself in the Intercollegiate Glee Club Association wisely made the most of the social motive by appealing to our American instinct for competition. The first intercollegiate contest was held in the spring of 1914, in the form of a concert in Carnegie Hall, New York. The contestants were Columbia, Dartmouth, Harvard, and Pennsylvania. A few years later a similar group of midwestern colleges organized a contest group in Chicago. By 1927 the system extended widely over the country. The concert that year was given by the combined glee clubs of Wesleyan University, University of Missouri, Yale, Columbia, Dartmouth, Princeton, Middlebury, Penn State, Furman, Fordham, New York University, Ohio Wesleyan, and the University of California. The music critic of the *New York Times*, Mr. Olin Downes, was so impressed that he devoted to the movement an extended article. The interest spread also to the preparatory schools, which formed their own groups and held their own concerts.

From all this activity fresh life has come into our music. Even for the audience a new and more living view of musical art seems to be encouraged by hearing their sons and daughters, nephews and nieces taking part in the production of it. It is brought from cold and distant professional altitudes into the warmer, more intimate circle of everyday life. The deadening fallacy that music is something to be paid for and endured rather than participated in, criticized, and enjoyed is revealed in its absurdity when we actually see and hear John and Jane singing before us. Mr. Downes, painfully familiar as critic of the *Times* with the perfunctory and snobbish attitude of the usual Carnegie Hall audiences, insists that

he has seldom witnessed an occasion "when the auditors as well as the performers were so earnest and so intelligently interested in what was going forward." He notes that hundreds of letters were received the day after the concert from a vast radio audience, and that their criticisms substantially agreed with those of the judges. And he ends with this impressive statement: "The audience listened and noted the results with an intelligence, sympathy, and absorbed interest in the proceedings not paralleled on the part of any other audience which supports music and opera in this city." (Incidentally, the phrase "music and opera" is worth notice.)

But of course it is the actual participants who gain most in vitality of taste. When a glee club is actually singing from day to day the best music of the world, it banishes from its mind trivial music and snobbish, pretentious music as naturally as light banishes darkness. When in addition, as the Harvard Glee Club is in recent years doing, it joins a great orchestra like the Boston Symphony Orchestra in producing masterpieces such as Bach's *B Minor Mass* and Brahms's *German Requiem*, it imperceptibly develops an enlightened and cultivated attitude toward art. . . . As these undergraduates grow up, they will unconsciously hold a different view of music from the stupid old one that it was an amusement for the women.

With this changed attitude will go important practical changes. "The American mixed chorus," remarked the critic of a *Schola Cantorum* concert in New York a year or so ago, "still continues to expose what our European critics point out as the prime failing in the cultural life of this country, to wit, that it is mostly limited to the women, because the men, all busied with the job of providing leisure, music lessons, and so on for their wives, have

no time for it. . . . Every mixed chorus reveals this gulf of the sexes. The women's voices show training, many of them. . . . Not so with the poor men, who are so truly fond of music that they are willing to attend tiresome rehearsals after the day's work. . . . As a rule, the men are inferior save in moral character. Their voices are not flexible. They don't know how to sing. They can read difficult music only with the herd." But nowadays this "gulf of the sexes" is slowly being bridged by the modernized glee clubs; choruses are spreading from the children to the fathers. This very spring there was held at White Plains, in the newly built county center, the sixth annual Westchester County Music Festival. Groups which had been rehearsing all winter in twenty-one neighboring localities were there joined in one huge chorus of nearly two thousand voices. The men, poor fellows, still came in for a few journalistic jibes. A New York City reporter, commenting on excerpts from Borodin's highly-colored Russian opera, "*Prince Igor*," stated that "there were luscious spots and extremely tame ones, for the males that hailed their supposed warrior chief do not drink goat's milk, and they ride not wild horses but New York Central locals." Nevertheless, he said of Bach's "*Break Forth, O Beauteous Light*": "Affording stunning proof of the way the salubrious airs of Westchester develop the lungs, even of commuters, the mighty continuities of Bach were sustained admirably, with effects massive and beautiful too."

On the work accomplished by the Westchester Festival in general, the comment of Mr. Percy Grainger was: "I count your endeavor the most life-giving of all the varieties of musical activity known to me." Secretary Wilbur brought the greeting of President Hoover in similar words: "You are to me the pioneers in the great field

of organized constructive recreation now so vital to our nation."

IV

After the young people in our schools and colleges have once formed the habit of singing good music in their choruses, the natural next step is for them to wish to play it also, in orchestras of their own; and this they have actually in the last few years begun to do. The animating spirit in this movement is Mr. Joseph E. Maddy, founder of the National High School Orchestra. The initial idea was to draw boy and girl players competitively from the high school orchestras spread over the country, and combine them into a single large orchestra for a few days of intensive training and playing. For the first three years, 1926, 1927, 1928, these meetings took place in April, in the cities of Detroit, Dallas, and Chicago respectively; and the orchestra of between two and three hundred young players was conducted not only by Mr. Maddy but by well-known symphonic conductors who had conceived a lively interest in the movement, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, Howard Hanson, Frederick Stock.

By 1928 it became evident that it would be worth while to organize a summer camp, to which students from all states might come for a month or two of musical experience in common, and the National High School Orchestra and Band Camp came into being at Interlochen, Michigan. Here each summer an orchestra of two hundred, a band of a hundred and fifty, and a chorus of a hundred rehearse two hours daily, and give symphony and popular concerts weekly throughout the term. Resident musicians teach individual instruments and ensemble playing. Thirty-four residence cottages, nine classroom buildings, two practice buildings, two clubhouses, assembly

halls, and other buildings including an outdoor theater seating 10,000—the Interlochen Bowl—are at the disposal of students. The National High School Orchestra, brought into being in this way, was drawn in 1930 from forty-two states, and consisted of 118 violins, 30 violas, 24 cellos, 23 doublebasses, 16 flutes, 12 oboes and English horns, 22 clarinets, 11 bassoons, 12 horns, 15 trumpets, 15 trombones, 5 tubas, 9 percussion, 6 harps, and organ. While we are thus marshalling figures, let us add that "all-state" high-school orchestras, and even district and county high-school orchestras, have sprung up as natural feeders to the central organization, until no less than 45,000 school orchestras are now said to exist in the United States!

It is inspiring to think what all this means in opportunity to young Americans to get into direct contact with great music—not merely to "listen in" to it over the radio, but to make it themselves. As the prospectus points out, there is being developed "a system whereby every member of every school orchestra may win his or her way through the various county, state, and sectional orchestras to coveted membership in the National High School Orchestra." "No movement in the history of the country," the prospectus goes on to claim, "has ever promised so much toward the musical development of the Nation," and adds: "We must look to the musical and artistic development of our citizens for relief from the lawlessness of to-day which is born in idleness and inspired by the monotony of present-day labor." Fine as is the ideal here expressed, we shall be put a little on our guard by the social rather than æsthetic form it takes, especially if we bear in mind the over-emphasis on the social motive we have seen ruin the old college glee clubs and stultify community singing, and if we note, as we cannot help doing, the quantitative

terms in which the movement largely describes itself. What, we shall be obliged to ask at once in the interests of the candid criticism that alone can guide such a movement to its highest potentialities—what is the *quality* of this playing? An opportunity to judge it for ourselves was afforded by a series of six concerts given early in 1930 in Atlantic City, Philadelphia, New York, and Washington. At the Carnegie Hall concert it was at once evident that the creation of a truly musical school orchestra is something much more subtle and difficult than that of a chorus, and that the inclusion of every citizen, however democratically desirable, is certainly aesthetically less likely to lift our society from the “monotony of present-day labor” than to degrade our art to a monotony scarcely less unrelieved. For while almost everyone can sing a little, and the admixture of a few crude singers may remain almost undetected in the mass effects of a chorus, by no means everyone can play, even a little, and an orchestra is so sensitive and transparent a medium that a few unmusical or crude individuals in it can disastrously coarsen its tone, and substitute a mechanical stodginess for that living flexibility of rhythm and phrase which is the very life of instrumental music. If you have ever flinched at the relentlessly literal way a youngster will thrum out his accents on the piano, you will think twice before you confide the *Allegro con grazia* melody in Tschaikowsky’s “Pathétique Symphony” to the graces of twenty-four conscientious cellos, thirty virtuous violas, and a hundred and eighteen enthusiastic violins!

A problem possibly even more subtle than the adjustment of quantity and quality is that of formulating purpose aright at the start, and then always keeping it clearly in mind as the guide to policy and organization. What is the true aim of the High School Orches-

tra? Is it to foster a genuinely amateur activity, in the fine sense of the word amateur we have been considering? Is its work to be undertaken for the direct joy of it, for what it means in delight and cultivation to the players themselves? Or is it to be allowed to sacrifice its unique possibilities by thoughtlessly aping the conventional and commercial policies of the professional orchestras—falling short of them, to be sure, in the technical skill which is their best achievement, but emulating and perhaps equalling their unadventurousness, their uncreativity of attitude? One is willing to concede a certain amount of organization, a plentiful use of publicity methods as probably necessary to a movement so widely extended. But remembering the universal American tendency to paralyze by over-organization all artistic activities, one noticed, in the prospectus, with some qualms the ambitious scope of this scheme of six concerts, and with positive distress the “proposed European tour.” It is good news that this has fallen through, as it seemed more suitable for the Philharmonic under Toscanini than for boys and girls who are being encouraged to enjoy their own music. And then one’s suspicions became certainties as one noted the program: Tschaikowsky, “Pathétique Symphony”; Liszt, a piano concerto with Mr. Ernest Hutcheson playing the solo part; Ernest Bloch’s epic rhapsody, “America.” A totally conventional, routine program, in short, such as would form an ideal exhibitory medium for Toscanini with the Philharmonic or Stokowski with the Philadelphia. But what sort of a program is this to give children playing for pleasure? How much spontaneous pleasure can ordinary healthy children take in Tschaikowsky’s melancholy introspectiveness? How can they form a wholesome taste on Liszt’s pyrotechnics and empty virtuosity? And as for the

pompous rodomontade of Bloch's "America," so immeasurably inferior to his earlier and sincere Jewish works, what normal youngsters would even sit through it, unless their æsthetic sense were overruled by obedience or paralyzed by "patriotism"? Why not let them have some Grieg or Bizet or even Moszkowski, or Brahms Hungarian Dances, or Dvořák Slavonic Dances? Why not give them some Mendelssohn, or some easy Haydn, Beethoven, and Schumann, or even a little Mozart, to acquaint them with the simplicity that is really difficult, and put them on their mettle? But alas, it is only too evident that this program was never made for children, but for advertising, for the blasé Carnegie Hall audience, and for the "proposed European tour." And it seems clear enough that so long as such confused counsels rule it, the National High School Orchestra cannot fully achieve its great work of making our people feel and think music spontaneously.

V

Yet even if it has not yet solved all its problems—being still not a decade old—the school-orchestra movement is undeniably both an evidence of the musical renaissance that is stirring widely in America, and a promise of splendid future growth. The main thing about it is that it is presenting children with the great music of the world, letting them, so to speak, shake hands with it and pursue its acquaintance. The rest will follow automatically. Any sensitive child who plays the two pieces often enough will see for himself that Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance March," let us say, though not beloved of the highbrows, is jolly, spontaneous music with which he can have no end of fun, while Bloch's "America" is behind its pretentious façade hollow and empty. The per-

ceptiveness of the young, in this way, once they are introduced to music and left alone with it, is almost uncanny.

Those not actually in touch with undergraduates in our present colleges do not perhaps realize to what a point their enfranchisement and enlightenment in such matters has proceeded. The change since war days is startling. Just after the War a young Columbia man came back from service telling how he had met there a Belgian poet of his own age with whom he had conversed, read, and exchanged confidences, and how he had finally been enabled to throw off his old American shame at confessing an interest in poetry. "Now I am happier than I have ever been," he said. "I am writing poetry, and not concealing it but glorying in it." Everyone over forty is familiar with that old shame of ours at confessing an interest in poetry or any of the fine arts. Many over forty still themselves suffer from it. But to an increasing number of the young to-day such a view seems hopelessly old-fashioned and queer. They have scrapped such Victorian notions, along with corsets and side-saddles. They sing in glee clubs, play in orchestras, write, sketch, paint, or model in a quite unashamed matter-of-fact way. If you overhear them conversing at dinner you will find that a play of O'Neill's, a novel of Dreiser's, or a composition of Deems Taylor's is apt to run in and out of their talk as easily and unself-consciously as football or dancing.

A year or two ago a dozen Barnard girls and Columbia boys got up a madrigal club, under the leadership of one of their number. They met from time to time to sing the beautiful old English and Italian madrigals. They had no organization, and received no college credit. They simply sang madrigals for their own pleasure as they might have played contract. The

prestige of the Glee Club in colleges is now quite equal to that of the more ancient traditional literary and dramatic societies; for Harvard's there is a long waiting list. In at least the leading colleges the student orchestras are beginning to share the cultural enlightenment and the consequent social prestige of these older groups. During the next decade we shall probably see great choral works with orchestra performed entirely, save perhaps for the soloists, by college talent.

And so, now that the youth of the country are thus sensitized to the appeal of music by first-hand acquaintance with it, it seems not unreasonable to hope that our country is beginning to emerge from the crudeness of its artistic infancy and from the self-consciousness and shyness of its awkward age. Perhaps we are even on the threshold of our maturity, and about to add the happiness of recognizing and of making beauty to the material power we already possess in such full measure.

WHERE THE DANGER LIES

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

*"NO lone woman
Should let in
A stranger, be he
Drenched to the skin,*

*Or parched or hungry.
If she drew a cup
Of cool well-water
Or gave bite or sup*

*Anything could happen!
Let her look to the latch,
And make night rounds
Of each window catch.*

*Snuffing out her candles
Let her creep to her bed
To pray for the daylight."
That's what they said.*

*Yet nobody warned me
When I turned a wife,
That I'd let a stranger
Into my life.*



THE ROMANTIC MAN

A STORY

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

PEOPLE were always wondering what a brilliant scientist like Paul Hammersmark could see in his pretty little wife. A year after their marriage they were still wondering.

"The matter with you," his friend Stillman told him, "is that your paternal and sex instincts got crossed when you married Rita."

Hammersmark, for some reason, thought this funny. Rita was very young. Hammersmark first met her in a small college town where he had gone to lecture. She was the daughter of the professor of geology, and she was impersonating the role of the fatal enchantress. She mowed men down, she devastated them, and her eye play would have taught things to a light-house with a thirty-second flash. Hammersmark, watching her with appreciation, had a feeling of warm content. Then he had fallen in love with her and married her.

He had spent one evening in thought as to the best means of attack and decided on a sudden rush. It was one of his private amusements that no one but himself suspected that that smashing courtship of his had been the child of cerebration. The enormous Hammersmark had come rushing down upon Rita and scattered her numerous admirers to the wind like chaff. He had brushed aside the man she was engaged to like a fly. His jealousy had been

gigantic. If a twittering college boy had come near her, Rita was convinced that he would have been crushed by Hammersmark's great fists. It had been a great courtship and Hammersmark a romantic figure.

Then he had married Rita, bought her a big house, and suddenly Rita had only to wish, to have anything she wanted. Once married, where was the enchantress, the woman of the fatal glance? Gone—gone over night. Rita was now a chatelaine and a devoted wife. Hammersmark had watched the sudden change with appreciation. Rita's new role had touched him at first, but after a year he had become accustomed to it and so had she. Lately she had become a little pensive.

"Rita needs to go out more," Hammersmark told his cousin Mildred Graham. "We've been married over a year and the little thing has been buried in the house listening to me talk. The psychological moment has come for a little mild flirtation."

"You mean the psychological moment for a baby," his cousin replied.

"No, not yet," Hammersmark said with tenderness. "The little thing's too young. She needs some romance which I can't furnish."

He glanced across the ballroom where Rita was sitting with a man whom Hammersmark sought to place and who vaguely reminded him of an Arabian snake charmer. Rita had

been dancing with him all the evening and there was a certain ostentation in her manner when she passed her husband. Once, when Hammersmark had rolled his good-natured bulk towards her, she had introduced Danton, but with a shrinking air as though she expected her husband to commit murder. When Hammersmark next danced with her:

"Paul," she ventured, "you don't mind my dancing so much with Danton, do you?" He stared down at her with innocent blue eyes.

"Mind?" he said, "*Mind*, Rita? Why, of course I don't mind."

"You know his reputation," said Rita darkly; "it is terrible!"

He knew he shouldn't have done it, he should have said:

"Let him try anything," with a fee-fi-fo-fum expression. Instead, he threw back his head, and rotund, satisfying, deep laughter boomed out across the ballroom. It was this inopportune laughter of his that was always making him trouble. He couldn't help it. He was always laughing at Rita. She was so inconsequential, so pretty, and so absurd. She afforded him unending diversion.

"My husband," Rita said proudly, "is a terribly jealous man," and she recounted the days of her romantic courtship.

"That," said Danton, "was before you were married. Has he ever been jealous since?"

"He's never had any cause," said Rita.

"Now he would be like all the rest," said Danton. "He takes you for granted."

She had used her fatal eyes on Danton. It was fun. She had forgotten all about how devastating she could be. In the meantime she kept a wary eye on Paul. Any moment he would come down upon her roaring and snatch her away from Danton. To her surprise,

she looked around the room and he was gone. She thought hopefully that perhaps he was too angry to speak to her. Maybe he had even gone home without her. But there he was, developing one of his theories with that everlasting bore, Stillman.

Hammersmark had watched her manœuvering with Danton, gazing at her with affection and loving amusement. Then, when he encountered Stillman, he forgot Rita in a discussion of the psychology of social gatherings and their relationship to mob psychology. Hammersmark maintained that each social occasion had its overtone created by the composite spirit of the people in the room. He branched out into a dissertation on the overtone of parties where only men were present, and forgot Rita so completely that she had to look for him when the party was almost over. She slipped in furtively. Hammersmark put his arm around her and drew her toward him. She looked enchanting.

In the car he went on developing the theory of the overtone of parties.

"Now this was a good party," he said; "it had an edge. It was on the verge of breaking into flame. I like that. The trouble with some parties where everyone drinks a little, is that they have the essence of orgy, you want to go on from there."

"Much you know about this party," said Rita, "off in a corner with Stillman all the evening. You might as well have been at home."

"Oh no," protested Hammersmark, "I could feel it vibrate. I could feel it getting to the point of an explosion. That's all right in big parties. But small parties where there are both men and women should be more philosophical than they are. People drink and get excited, they get to the point of orgy until someone passes out from sheer frustration."

Rita wasn't listening; she seldom listened. How could she when he talked to her so perpetually?

"Paul," she said seriously, "I hope I didn't make you uncomfortable to-night." With a wide good-humored gesture he drew her to him.

"Me uncomfortable?"

"I hope," Rita explained, "you were not jealous." Hammersmark roared. His deep laughter echoed into the night.

"Jealous of the handsome swordswallower!" he said. He laughed again.

"In that case," said Rita coldly, "I'll 'phone him I can have tea with him to-morrow."

"Now a party of two at tea," said Hammersmark, "a man and a woman who haven't known each other long and are a little excited about each other, has a peculiar flavor." Rita withdrew herself into the corner of the car.

"Tired?" Hammersmark asked sympathetically. He drew Rita to him again affectionately and put her head on his shoulder. She's bothered about something, he thought. He puzzled upon what was disturbing her. He remembered her furtive, almost guilty manner when she had interrupted his conversation with Stillman. Her embarrassment when she had introduced him to Danton. Poor little kid, he thought, she's afraid I'll spoil her fun by being jealous. He felt suffused with tenderness. She was adorable. He wanted to put his arms around her. He glanced at her. She lay relaxed upon his shoulder, her eyes closed. Poor kid, he thought, she's tired.

Rita was undressed first. She sat up in bed, looking at Hammersmark.

"You never would be jealous," she asked in a forlorn voice. He bent over her reassuringly.

"Never worry about me being jealous," he said paternally, "you can have all the sword swallows you want." Rita clenched her fists. That

was what Danton had told her. "American men," he had said, "do not understand their wives. Take your husband—he's buried in vast experiments which he makes profitable. They care for their wives less than animals for their mates. Animals are at least jealous."

Danton was right. And now, this final insult. Her husband had the assurance to tell her he would never be jealous of her.

She met Danton at tea the next afternoon.

"He wasn't jealous?" Danton inquired.

"Not in the least," said Rita. "He told me he never would be jealous."

"Romance," said Danton, "has gone out of the relations between married people in this country. And yet, romance is the most necessary thing in the world. Why are the women of this country so restless? They are starved for romance. It is as necessary as air. You yourself—" his voice trailed off. Danton painted for Rita an entrancing picture of love as it should be while the other side of his mind rolled over contentedly the knowledge of how much money Paul Hammersmark was worth. He probably lets her have everything she wants, he reflected. The afternoon sped by.

"There is an Englishman writing, Sydney Sunderland, who has shown how life can be lived. When I see you next time, I shall bring you a book of his," he said.

Time! What time was it? Panic seized Rita. Paul would be home and she wouldn't be there.

"I must go. I must go right away!" she said. Danton's ambiguous smile told her that, in his opinion, her anxiety was wasted. She got home just in time for dinner. Paul was buried in one of his books that Rita could not understand.

"Hello," he said. He stretched out a big arm and put it around her without lifting his eyes from his book. "Lord! But I'm hungry."

At table, Rita watched him observantly. How he ate! How luxuriously and yet how enormously. Romance? She was surprised that she could ever imagine there could be romance with a man like Paul. She saw a mountain of a man. Good-looking, yes. Distinguished, of course. But what was that when he engulfed food so prodigiously? He ate and drank Gargantuan meals. And he had always done it, only she had never observed before how revolting this was. She watched Paul curiously as though she had never sat with him before at table. For indeed he had a great gusto for life. He loved play and work and Rita with engrossing intensity. At present he loved eating. Rita turned away from him.

He had always seemed to her the man who had come swooping down on her, powerful and godlike, and carried her off without time for her to say "boo," carried her off from a small-college town life into an interesting world—from a world of modest ease into a fabulous world where, like a fairy princess, she had only to wish to make her dreams come true.

His hunger appeased, Hammersmark looked smilingly toward Rita.

"What are you pondering on so deeply?" he asked her.

"I was thinking how awful it is to live in a world where there's no romance," she said.

"Romance," boomed Hammersmark, "there's always romance. Romance is right here. It always exists, but like air in different altitudes in different places, it has its rarity and its density." He was off.

"No romance," he cried. "With the very face of the world changing under our eyes. With great empires

crumpling within a few years. With the new experiments in government being tried in Russia and Italy. Think of China—plunge your mind into it." By the time he was through he had imagined the marriage of Slav and the Asiatic, the suicide of Europe and a new culture rising, while a human yellow tide slipped softly, irresistibly over the surface of the earth. He pointed out to her that man's scientific knowledge had outstripped man's power to use it. The white races had unleashed power too vast for them. Suicide or salvation stood before the door, and no one knew which.

"Do you see nothing of romance in this?" he pleaded earnestly.

"I meant the romance of personal relations and the relations between men and women. You, Paul, are too engrossed in your experiments to realize what I mean."

"Engrossed!" he boomed, "of course I'm engrossed! The men of my generation are engrossed in a conquest of nature that may destroy us—or we may hit on something that will change the surface of the earth as much as the discoveries that led to the industrial revolution. As for human relationships, you might as well talk of the steam engine destroying the biological nature of man," he was off again. He explained to her patiently how the human drama of desire, hate, love, jealousy, the recurring drama of birth and death, went on unmindful of the incalculable forces changing man's life on earth.

"Why?" asked Rita, "are the women of America so restless? They are starving for romance."

He threw back his head with a copious laugh which boomed through the room. He shook the glasses. He rolled with laughter.

"Do you mean to tell me, Rita, that you think that the restlessness of American women is caused because we

have no more gentlemen under windows twanging on lutes? Then *are* American women restless? Which women? Ever since the seventeenth century, when the culture of the Middle Ages cracked forever, life has been in a turmoil, with a froth of women on the top of it bobbing like corks. Restless? Again, which women are restless? The bubbling froth or the cool, unchanging mass of women engrossed in their immemorial pursuits? You think there's no romance! Even in your sense of the word you can't go round the corner without running into it. Why, I know the story of a coal miner, an epic—to be classed with the great loves of history!"

"Oh, I know life could be beautiful even now," said Rita wistfully. Silence had fallen on Hammersmark. He puffed at his cigar, arose deliberately, his eyes fixed on some vague distance. He paused at Rita's chair, patted her shoulder with a big paw, lifted up her face, kissed her heartily, said "pretty girl" in an absent-minded voice. Rita sighed. She knew what had happened. Paul had an idea; now he had gone to his library and she wouldn't see him again before she went to sleep. Very likely he would be absorbed for days in the laboratory. She would see him only at meals and there would be no talk. His talk always made pictures for her. It did to-night; she saw blinding explosions and a soft yellowish tide of men creeping vastly over shattered Europe. She shivered. He was really too awful.

He emerged from his absorption a week later. Meeting Stillman on the street:

"Stillman," he said, "I've got hold of the tail of an idea."

"You get hold of the tail of too many ideas," said Stillman, "and while you're trying to catch ideas Rita is running around with that bounder Danton."

"She'll find him out," said Hammersmark easily.

"She'll find him out after he's pried a lot of money out of her."

"So? So?" mused Hammersmark. He had a vague memory of Rita saying that she should run the house and asking him to deposit the money for everything to her account. He walked home in good humor. Rita hadn't come in yet, and he felt a shock of disappointment. Now he was going to play and have a good time. He went up to Rita's room and sat down, meditating with satisfaction on Rita and her funny ways. He loved her. He picked up a book lying face downward. Its name was *The Summit*, and it was by Sydney Sunderland. There was an inscription from Danton. He dipped into it a little way. He read on, shaking with laughter, then he rose and telephoned the club where he knew he would find Stillman.

"Stillman, what do you know about this fellow Danton?"

"I know enough to land him in Sing Sing if I wanted the trouble of the beastly mess. Awful bounder. Got a fat wife and eight children in Chicago." He explained with some picturesque detail what he knew concerning Danton.

"I'll have to stop this," muttered Hammersmark. "Can't see the poor little kid's fun all spoiled." Rita greeted him affectionately. He sat down in an armchair.

"Come over here and sit on my knee," he said in a wheedling voice. Her good temper vanished. He treated her like a child. It was as bad as Nora in the *Doll's House*. She was a plaything to be picked up and put down. She perched herself on his knee, however. He stroked her hair. He had only to say, he reflected, "Danton has a fat wife and eight children in Chicago," and then her little soap bubble of romance would

evaporate. He couldn't do it. Got to fix it some other way.

The next morning early he rolled into Danton's apartment. Danton stared at him and drew himself up awaiting hostilities.

"Look here, Danton," he began with deep and shamefaced embarrassment, "it'll about wind me if you ask me to what you owe this pleasure. It's awkward enough having to come anyhow. You see how it is, though. I can't have Rita in a mess like this. Hang it all, I don't want her fun to be spoiled for her."

Danton opened his mouth.

"Don't," implored Hammersmark, "don't. Let me do the talking. It's really a favor to you. They've found out all about you. You'll have to get out, you know—that is, you understand, unless you want to be arrested." He was horribly embarrassed.

"You can't bully me," began Danton, "or bluff me into leaving town either."

"Bully? Bluff? Why listen here, Danton." Hammersmark recounted some of the details Stillman had given him.

"I don't want Rita annoyed, so I'm doing you a favor. Now, see here, you sit down and write Rita a romantic letter. Tell her about how you can't see her any more because she's too dangerous to your peace of mind, and about how if you don't see her again your love for her will always be spring in blossom, an eternal spring, see, and then you add that you've changed your mind about the money. What'd you want the money for, anyhow?"

"It was for a young sculptor. A year in Paris," muttered Danton.

"Well, you just tell her you've changed your mind about that. Something about her memory being too precious to let the thought of money be among your memories. Something like that. Now don't, don't," he

implored, "bluster. Be a good fellow and save trouble and go ahead, and then you leave for Chicago on the next train, of course, and don't try to see Rita or write to her or telegraph or anything. It won't be any use, you know. No use at all. You see it won't be any use," he said shamefacedly. "I've got a lot of beastly detectives that are going to watch everything you do. And anyway, if you stay, the police will get you."

He shook himself when he got into the street and, drawing a long breath, he thought:

"Gee, I feel just like a fellow in a comic strip. I bet that fellow up there is writhing around the room hissing, 'Foiled'."

His thoughts dwelt with tenderness upon Rita.

"Well, I saved her romance anyway," thought Hammersmark. "But now how is she going to get on?" was his next disquieting reflection. "Her appetite is just whetted, she's just tasted blood." He thought of Rita's longing for romance as a mild disease suitable for a young woman of her years which in time would run its course.

"She's got to romance with a nice chap," he thought. In his perplexity, he sought his cousin, Mildred Graham, who adored Rita. He told her the story of Danton.

"The matter with Rita," said Mildred, "is that she's arrived at the period when a young wife imagines that her husband no longer loves her."

"You don't understand Rita," said Hammersmark, "she can't think that. She knows I adore her. Rita's play-acting. Don't you remember when I first saw her how she was impersonating the fatal woman who was so dashed irresistible?—took me in, too. Then she gave a fine performance of the devoted wife. She's sick of that now. I saw it coming on. She wants a little mild

romance, as I told you before. Look at me, Mildred. Can I supply that want? Am I a romantic figure? Am I a Valentino?"

"You might be a dark Othello," Mrs. Graham suggested.

"Jealous!" he cried, "What! jealous of Rita? Spoil the poor little kid's fun and scare her half to death?"

"Paul," said Mrs. Graham, "you know about as much of psychology as a walrus."

At a tea a few days later at Mildred Graham's, Rita had never looked more lovely. Danton's letter was in her bag. The affair had ended perfectly, and she was glad to have him out of the way. He had been making her vaguely uneasy. Across the room sat a man, slender and dark-eyed, who had been staring directly at her ever since she came in. She had caught his eyes only once, but she knew he was looking at her. Presently Mildred introduced them. He sat down beside Rita.

"I've got to paint you. I've been looking at you all the afternoon, and I must paint you. Please let me tell you about it. Once in a very long time one sees someone one *has* to paint. I'm unknown, and it's an awful impertinence just to rush at you like this, but please think it over. Don't say no right away. You can't know what it'll mean to me!" He was sincere and eager and boyish. Rita promised. She was staying on for dinner.

"Do you think that Paul will like your posing like that for Bobbie Pierce?" asked Mildred Graham.

"He won't care," said Rita lightly. "He lets me do exactly as I like."

"Of course he lets you do exactly as you like," said Mildred, "but this is different. You don't understand. You happen to have made an impression on Bobbie. Do you think Paul will like your spending your time with a fascinating young man? Paul's older than you, and being proud he'd be the

last one to let you know if he were jealous."

"Paul, jealous of me?" said Rita lightly. "Paul isn't romantic enough to be jealous. He'd be just as apt to be jealous of the kitten."

"Paul could order your portrait painted, and that would be putting it on a business basis, and you could take someone along if you wanted to."

"And spoil everything," said Rita.

Paul's huge form loomed in the doorway.

"Paul," said Rita, "Mildred's positively mid-Victorian. There's a young painter wants to do a sketch of me, and Mildred thinks you won't like it. She thinks I ought to take a chaperon along. It's the young painter, Bobbie Pierce, you know."

"For heaven's sake, why?" said Paul, and he laughed. He added with a puzzled look at Mildred, "I think it's fine."

The picture was finished. Rita and Bobbie Pierce stood before it. Rita put her hand in his.

"I want to buy it," she said.

"Listen," said Bobbie, "don't let's talk about things like that. Not today. It's the last time you'll be here. Will you do one thing for me, Rita? I want you to have lunch with me here. Don't say you won't. Just a funny little make believe—as if you and I always had lunch together. Don't say no. It's already ordered. Please stay," his words tumbled up on top of each other. "It means so much to me. You don't know how much it means. This isn't a luncheon like other luncheons—it's a sort of ceremony."

"First," he said, "cocktails to drink to the success of the picture." Rita saw the cocktail was cool and frosted the glasses. It was intricately made, delicious and warming, not a hot, heady drink. It slipped down like sunshine. Bobbie pulled out an oak

table and put on it a Venetian cloth. He decorated it carefully and painstakingly. There were flowers and pieces of silver and old-fashioned, long-stemmed glasses. Rita watched him as he came and went. How quick he was and how deft. The thought of Paul crossed her mind. Paul, rolling huge and jovial into the room. Paul, with his sudden deep laughter about things that she didn't understand. She put the thought from her.

Something was rattling at the door of her memory, something that was very far off was asking to be let in. Then she knew what it was. She was a little girl sitting on the sand. Rocks towered above her in which there were pools where you could find sea urchins and shrimps and little fishes left by the tide. The sea stretched before her like a blue floor. She and a brown-eyed boy were arranging a luncheon, a white napkin for a cloth, shells for dishes. There were tiny, tiny sandwiches. It was an hour marked apart from the rest of life, solitary and beautiful. This moment was like that enchanted hour.

"You look happy," said Bobbie.

"Of course I'm happy," said Rita. She told him about the picnic on the beach.

"This is where we step out of life just as you did then. It's our moment, it's ours, and we belong to each other for an hour. Here's to our moment!"

They drank from the fairy glasses. It was a very gay luncheon.

Everything Bobbie said made Rita laugh. He was carried away on the tide of his own imagery. He worked on the theory that telling women how lovely they were made them more beautiful. As he talked Rita felt herself transfigured.

"Oh, what's the use of talking," said Bobbie. He walked to the picture. "I have it all there. It's beautiful, it's the best thing I've done. People

will stop to look at that picture, and every one of them will fall in love with you. Oh, Rita, you darling!" He kissed her.

The afternoon was over. Rita struggled to say a gay good-by. She reflected that this hour of innocent romance was like an unexpected gift to a child who had no toys. She felt sorry for herself. The days they had spent together, the things that he had said and the things that he had kept from saying had formed a bond between them. Something quite lovely had happened, and now it was over. The romance was finished. This afternoon was the last chapter. She would go home, and there would be Paul. He would dress to go to one of those scientific dinners of his, and she would go to the opera.

Tears came to her eyes, her shoulders drooped.

"What's the matter, Rita?" said Bobbie. "Why, you're almost crying." He put his arm around her. "Rita, you're unhappy. You've never told me, but I've always known it. It's awful to live with people who don't understand you." He had said this often before. It almost always worked. He always forgot that he had said it, and always felt as if he said it for the first time, for he adored philandering. He philandered charmingly, and it had no relation to the main purpose of his life.

"Why are you crying, Rita?" he implored, for slow tears were sliding down her cheeks. She had the sensation of acute homesickness.

"It's because it's over," she said forlornly.

"It's only over because you want it to be over," said Bobbie. "Rita, I love you." She gazed at him in silence. In a flat, incredulous voice she repeated:

"It's over only because I want it to be over?"

"You can step out from real life when you want to."

"I must go," she said sadly.

"Only because you want to," said Bobbie, "and when you want to come back I shall be waiting for you."

"Perhaps I'll come back to-night," said Rita. She smiled at him tenderly, mockingly, her head on one side.

"Rita," said Bobbie, "don't laugh at me. I mean it. To-night, to-morrow, forever—always you'll find me waiting for you." He kissed her solemnly.

"Good-by," said Rita. Bobbie held the door open as she went down the stairs. Then he walked to his picture. It had been a lovely third act to a comedy. Rita was adorable, he reflected. She had a true gift for delicate and light encounters. He reflected how few women there were in the world with her understanding. There were so few women to whom one could say the foolish things that a moment required.

As Rita drove home one thing emerged from the confusion of her thoughts. She must tell Paul. He would be furious. It would take her golden hour from her, but she must tell him. She needed to be protected from herself. There was Danton—there was Bobbie. She couldn't go on like this. She would make a clean breast of everything and then start anew.

Paul was in his study. This was forbidden ground. He went to his study to work. She opened the door of this forbidden room and Paul, like a bluebeard, turned toward her a shaggy head.

"Paul," she said, "I have to tell you something." He put up a protesting hand.

"Later," he implored.

"Paul, Bobbie Pierce—wants me to—come to him! He kissed me!" Paul looked at her blankly.

"Rita," he said, "I have an idea by the tail!"

He turned to his work. Rita walked softly from the room and shut the door behind her. She went to her own room and stared before her. The truth had stepped out and confronted her. She had always known it, she had refused to recognize it. Paul didn't love her. He didn't care what became of her. She couldn't stay another minute in this house where she could have everything but love. She had started to confess to him, and he hadn't even listened—he hadn't even cared. The thought of Bobbie came consolingly to her. She would go back to him. She could imagine the rush of surprise when she came in. But in fairness to Paul she would tell him. She went to her desk.

"Paul," she wrote, "*since you no longer love me I am going. Bobbie loves me and he is waiting for me. You could have stopped me, Paul, if you had cared.*"

She left the note where he couldn't fail to see it when he dressed for dinner. How awful he was, how awful! At a precise moment he would be called for dinner. Then he would drop his idea for which he had shoved her aside. She was filled to the brim with fury.

As she drove down Fifth Avenue she felt like an atom being whirled into darkness. Where? She didn't know. Then like an explosion she knew she couldn't do it. Who was Bobbie Pierce? A young painter who said pretty things to one. She didn't love him. In desperation she realized that she loved Paul, and Paul didn't love her. Now she had cut herself off from Paul. It was too late to go back. By now Paul would have read her note and very likely he would be glad. No, he wouldn't be glad, he would be disgusted. She hungered for someone who loved her and who could advise her. She tapped at the window and gave Mildred Graham's address. But

Mildred wasn't home. She sat down drearily to wait.

Hammersmark slowly left his study. He searched around in his mind for what Rita had said to him. He was full of tenderness for her. She must have been awfully upset, poor little kid, he thought, to rush in like that—and he hadn't listened to her. What was it she had said? Oh, it was about Bobbie Pierce having made love to her, and she had taken it seriously, wanted to confess to him. In spite of himself Paul laughed aloud.

He knew Bobbie Pierce with his philandering ways, which didn't interfere in the least with his work or his love for Mary Deane, to whom he was engaged. Still laughing, "Rita certainly has hard luck," Paul thought. Then he saw the letter. He read it and his laughter filled the room. He could see with what dexterity Bobbie Pierce would turn this aside.

"I shouldn't laugh," he thought, "but Lord, it's funny." He laughed while he dressed. While he was shaving, laughter swept over him again, irresistible, overwhelming. His hand slipped. He had gashed his throat, a bad cut, deep and bloody. The housemaid tapped and, receiving no answer, came in. She gaped at him in horror.

"I've cut my throat!" bellowed Paul. "The gauze, quick—over there!" The maid hesitated.

"God, it's worse than I thought!" Paul groaned. "You'll have to 'phone the doctor! God damn it!"

The girl was speeding downstairs.

The telephone in Mrs. Graham's apartment buzzed. Mechanically Rita answered. An excited voice came over the 'phone.

"Oh, Mrs. Graham, oh, Mrs. Graham, Mr. Hammersmark's cut his throat! Oh, come quick, Mrs. Graham!"

"Is he dead?" Rita managed to gasp. "Oh, no, he won't die, I got there in time! He was cutting it when I came in! And I saw Mrs. Hammersmark's letter open on his dresser. She's eloped! No, he won't die, Mrs. Graham! Oh, come quick!"

Rita hung up the receiver and started for the door, and ran into Mildred on the way out.

"Why, Rita," she cried, "what's the matter, what's happened?" With awful calm Rita told her what had happened. In silence they hastened into a waiting taxi.

"But I can't understand it," said Mildred. "Paul, *Paul* cutting his throat! And you running away!"

"Oh, can't you see, can't you see what's happened?" sobbed Rita. "I thought he didn't love me, but when he got my letter—he's been suffering all the time and absorbing himself more and more in his work so I wouldn't see it. Then when I—I left, I wrote him. And he read my letter—and he cut his throat!"

They arrived at the house.

"Go upstairs first, he may not want to see me," Rita said bleakly. As Mildred came in Paul was lying on the bed, a bandage around his neck.

"Where's Rita?" he asked; "has she come back yet?"

"Paul," said Mildred, "what happened?"

"She wrote me a letter saying I didn't love her and that she was going to Bobbie Pierce. I got thinking about it while I was shaving. I got to laughing so I gashed myself; slashed my throat open, I laughed so hard." Deep chuckles shook through him. Mildred said fiercely:

"Don't you ever dare tell this to Rita, do you hear me? You cut your throat from despair when you got that letter!"

"Cut my throat?" said Paul, "for heaven's sake why, Mildred?"

"Will you never learn anything?" Mildred answered. "That poor child has been thinking you didn't love her. What did you think Danton was about? What do you suppose Bobbie Pierce meant? She was trying to get some reaction from you! Now you've cut your throat for her she *knows* you love her! From now on you're the most romantic man in the world!"

Again laughter shook Paul.

"Me romantic?" he gasped.

"You idiot," said Mildred. "Rita's coming."

Rita crept into the room and knelt beside the bed.

"Paul," said Rita. A slight shudder passed through Paul. As though through the end of an opera glass he saw himself as the Romantic Man—forever. In the flight of a second, his

scientific imagination constructed the future. He saw grinning people turn to look at him—the Romantic Man. He heard them snicker—"He cut his throat!"

He saw the story permeating the scientific world—"Have you heard about old Hammersmark? Cut his throat! His wife left him!"

He felt he couldn't do it, for, like all men, Hammersmark hated ridicule.

Mildred was standing above him. He felt her eyes.

Rita was holding his hand tremulously. He loved Rita. They have to have Romance, he thought. His hand groped for Rita's head. He shivered again. The monstrous future walked before his closed eyes. He made his great sacrifice.

"My Rita!" he sighed.





SOME AFRICAN ANIMALS

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

AFRICA is the continent most remarkable for the number and variety of its large mammals. Where else can you see a hundred great aquatic beasts like hippos in one glance, find creatures, like giraffes, as tall as watch towers, see herds of a thousand heads—zebras, gnus, gazelles, and all the other various bucks—or hear the roaring of lions so often and so readily? Where else can one still discover big animals new to science, like the okapi, the giant forest-hog, or the strange hyena-like creature only this year sent back from Uganda? Africa boasts the largest of all living land animals, the largest fresh-water mammal, and two of the three lone survivors of man's nearest kin, the higher anthropoid apes.

Many have marvelled at this abundance of large life, so spectacularly displayed before his train windows to the traveler arriving from the coast; but why is it so?

We can marvel, partly because at home in temperate countries we have killed off all the big creatures until there is little left to marvel at. Partly, too, because Africa is tropical; for though in sheer numbers of animals temperate regions may rival the tropics, yet the tropics, with their richness and their permanent luxuriance, will always excel in variety. And partly because Central Africa, though tropical, is largely dry.

Where the tropics are not dry, all the solid ground in them is covered with forest. And forest is bad country

for seeing game. Game there may be in abundance; but it will not be in large herds, nor will it ever be conspicuous. But Africa east of the Congo basin and the western Rift is largely a dry country, with broad arid plains, three to five thousand feet above sea level. Here you can see any game there is to be seen. And though the grass may often be scanty, and much of it dries right up in the dry season, yet the extent of the country is so vast that the great herds can simply migrate from one plain to another, from open plains to river-banks, from river-banks to foothills, as the need arises.

The pampas and other plains of Eastern South America might show us a fauna almost equally amazing; but during the last Ice Age some strange fate overtook the great majority of its members, and the horses, the tank-armadillos, the giant sloths, the toxodons, and other queer ungulates of many types no longer found upon the earth, were all mysteriously extinguished, at most a few hundred thousand years ago.

But if climatic changes in other parts of the world have helped to leave the African zoo unique, man has also helped. He has cleared the lions out of the lands north and east of the Mediterranean, the elephants out of the North African littoral, the wolves out of England, the bears and urochs out of Central Europe, the bison out of the great American plains. And he has been at

it since the Stone Age; it is quite likely that the extinction of creatures like the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros is due as much to human destructive skill as to change of climate.

Whatever the multiplicity of causes, the East African fauna of large animals is unrivaled. May man at last turn preserver and destroyer and keep it in its full glory!

II

But in many ways the birds and small creatures of Africa are more remarkable than the large mammals and certainly less well-known. I will begin with a fact about flowers which links into animal life. Even the most casual observer in East Africa must be struck by the abundance of red flowers—not pink like our temperate campions or thrifts or pinks, nor mixed with blue to give a purple-red like our foxgloves or milkworts, knapweeds, or dead-nettles, but real red, pure scarlet or pure flame. The erythrina tree lights innumerable hillsides with its tufted fires of scarlet, all the more conspicuous because every leaf is shed before it blooms. Then there are the flame-trees and the flamboyants which make Dar-es-Salaam so violently bright in their season. There are the leonotus, common plants of the wayside, tall herbs with a series of round balls of flame-orange flowers; there are scarlet frizzy-headed lilies in Uganda woods; there are the magnificent hibiscus, big red trumpets with stamens and pistil protruding far and proudly like the trumpet's jet of sound made visible; red hot pokers, orange-red aloes, and many other red-flowered plants.

I had been struck by this riot of red, but had not troubled my head to ask myself why. However, I suppose the habit of looking for reasons gets so ingrained in the scientist that I had asked the question subconsciously.

Anyhow, one day the answer flashed into my mind unsought. It is because of the many flower-visiting birds, the abundant members of the family *Nectariniidae* or simbirds which get most of their nourishment from nectar, supplemented by the insects they find in and by the corollas. Now bees have eyes which are sensitive to some of the ultra-violet rays invisible to us; but to red they are not attuned—it is no color to them at all, but merely blackness. Birds, on the other hand, are sensitive to red; and whether they actually prefer it, or whether the flowers that set out to attract birds have developed a color invisible to insects so as to remain unvisited by creatures to which they are not adapted, and by which they cannot be fertilized, it is certainly true that, just as the generality of moth-flowers, destined to be visited at night, are white and scented, so the generality of bird-flowers are red.

And this scarlet of the bird-flowers, forced on them by natural selection, is in itself further dependent upon tropical conditions. For birds to exist whose staple of existence is provided by flowers, you must have a land where flowers can bloom all the year round. Not only that, but birds small enough to visit flowers must live in a warm climate, for in a cold one the relatively huge amount of surface which they expose would make it very hard for them to keep up their temperature.

If tropical warmth is one of the chain of causes which gives rise to simbirds, honey-eaters, humming-birds, and the red flowers with which their existence is bound up, it has other more direct and more serious consequences. It encourages reptiles and insects at the expense of birds and mammals. Birds and mammals share a peculiarity which is one of the triumphs of evolution: their tissues are

no longer subjected to the varying temperature of the outer environment, for they live in an internal environment whose temperature is constant. They possess not only their own heating system, but one whose heat is regulated. It is on account of this that mammals and birds can penetrate far up into high latitudes, while reptiles and amphibia cannot. To take but one example, the British Isles possess half a dozen species of amphibians, and all north central Europe only a dozen; East Africa, over 200. The difference of mean annual temperature between northern Europe and Central Africa is about 20°C; and as a result the mean annual activity of a cold-blooded animal is about six times as great in Uganda as it is in Yorkshire. Thus it is no wonder that mammals and birds, while pre-eminent in temperate latitudes, have to share their supremacy with reptiles and insects in the tropics.

It is perhaps the insects that impress one most of all in Africa—the mere numerical quantity of them (where but in the tropics could you have lights put out by insects and run the risk of suffocation by them, as is narrated of the lake-fly?), their appalling variety (the layman perhaps does not grasp the fact that the number of kinds of African insect is to be reckoned not by mere thousands, but is of the order of magnitude of a hundred thousand, nor that dozens of new species are being discovered and described every year), their ceaseless activity all the year round (for there is no winter, and the dry season is only a very relative check to their activity), and the number of them that are engaged in spreading disease, attacking crops, or otherwise damaging man and his property.

Africa's big animals have been photographed almost *ad nauseam*. I endeavored to get pictures of some of these smaller creatures. One should,

of course, have a great deal of time and patience for any sort of nature-photography but with a fixed program I had no chance of searching for subjects, and could only take the rare opportunities that presented themselves. And even these I sometimes missed. I bungled a fine chance of five dung-beetles making themselves balls of dung out of a single piece of excrement, and owing to sheer laziness (no one who has not walked a long way under an equatorial sun knows the distaste for further expenditure of energy which one can thus acquire in Africa!) I failed to walk a quarter of a mile to get my camera for a picture of a river—there is no other word—of driver ants, and another day another quarter of a mile for about two hundred butterflies of about twenty different kinds, all drinking at one little patch of wet mud. But a very large praying mantis having flown into the rest-house one night, I secured him in a glass and made a portrait of him next morning. The mantidæ are among the relatively few carnivorous insects—a fantastic epitome of miniature but cruel voracity. And later I got a photograph of a large caterpillar still crawling about though covered with the white cocoons of ichneumon flies and, therefore, eaten out inside to little more than a walking shell—another horrible product of Nature's amorality—refutation in itself of all the sentimentalism about a purposeful and beneficent Creator.

It is, however, the ants and the termites which are the most wonderful small creatures of the tropics; and I secured one or two pictures of these. One of the most familiar sights in East Africa is gall-acacia scrub. Gall-acacias grow in dry, barren country; they are pretty when in leaf, and still more when covered with their little scented flower-balls; but for most of the year they are nasty little trees, anywhere from three to thirty feet

high, armed with formidable spines an inch and a half long, and dotted over with peculiar black swellings the size of a large chestnut. These swellings are the galls, and they are almost invariably inhabited by living colonies of ants. Tap a gall, and out of the little entry-hole which they have gnawed there swarm a couple of dozen little black ants, to rush about angrily, with abdomen stuck straight up in air, looking for the intruder. There must be many millions of gall-acacias in East Africa; each acacia will bear scores or even hundreds of galls; and most of the galls will harbor dozens of ants.

There seems little reason to doubt that the ants help in protecting the plant. The thorns keep bigger animals from the leaves, while the ants deal with lesser enemies. There is also no doubt that the ants take on the role of guardians merely because they find convenient houses provided for them in the shape of the galls. But nobody knows for certain whether the acacia grows these structures unaided, or whether some irritation or secretion of the ants is needed to set the plant proliferating the gall, as that of other animals is needed for other galls. In favor of the latter alternative is the fact that now and again you see a gall-acacia without galls, though growing in the midst of gall-bearing trees.

Termites are more essentially tropical than ants; one has no idea of their prevalence till one goes to a hot country. Coming back from the Congo through western Uganda, we came round a corner into view of a plain extending several miles and apparently covered with corn-shocks. Corn-shocks—on the Uganda plains! It gave one a queer feeling of unreality; but then suddenly we tumbled to the fact that they were all termite-nests, hundreds upon hundreds of them, five or six feet high, spaced over the plain at regular intervals of about thirty yards.

These were comparatively small nests; other kinds of termites build nests fifteen feet high or more. One biggish nest was dug open for me. It was exciting to see their little underground gardens, chambers filled with the white mass of the special fungus which they cultivate. And most exciting of all was the royal chamber in which lives the bloated queen, repulsive beyond all belief in her flabby pink-whitishness. Her stretched skin is so translucent that you have a view of tubes and strings floating about in the liquid interior: one thanked God for the opacity of the human abdomen. By her side is the king, her spouse, not a hundredth of her bulk, but yet larger than any of the other misshapen specialists that make up a termite nation. The natives call him the *askari*—the policeman. I took the queen out and put her in a soap-dish for the night. She is so tuned up to egg-production that she cannot restrain herself; before morning well over a thousand eggs—little long-oval whitish things—had been laid by her.

Another peculiarity of ant and termite life in the tropics is that with the intensity of competition many species have taken to the trees, where they make compact nests either of rammed earth or of carton—chewed wood-pulp. None of the tree-termite nests that I examined had any of the typical soldiers, huge-jawed and massive-headed, which defend the ordinary ground nests. In their place there swarm out as defenders the most fantastic creatures, their heads swollen and drawn out like the neck of a phial. In point of fact, their heads *are* phials. They are filled with glands which secrete a horribly adhesive material, and their method of fighting is to squeeze some of this out at the hole at the tip of the phial-spout, thoroughly gumming up their enemies. They thus share with a few other insects,

modern men, and skunks the distinction of having invented chemical warfare.

All worker termites—another fantastic and rather horrible fact—are white and pigmentless and cannot stand the light of day. In order not to waste any working time, however, they build tunnels of wood-pulp down the trunk of the tree so as to get at decaying wood and other food in the ground below. Break open one of these tunnels and you will see the double file of these wretched gnomes hurry away into safe obscurity.

And protective coloration and mimicry, with the greater intensity of competition in the tropics, run to a pitch beyond what one is accustomed to at home. Gray-brown grasshoppers pulled out to look like sticks, green grasshoppers striped like grass-leaves, brown grasshoppers with their bodies and legs all distorted to give them the semblance of a dead leaf on the ground, bugs modeled to seem like thorns or like seeds, spiders like bird-droppings, spiders mimicking ants, with their pair of legs too many held out to simulate

the antennæ which they lack—the most casual search reveals wonder after wonder.

It is a matter of great surprise that more people in Africa do not take up some branch of natural history as a hobby. If you have the collector's instinct, there are still thousands of new species waiting to be discovered and described. There is always the chance of enduring fame—*ære perennius*—in having a new animal baptized *Smithi* or whatever your name may be. If you are more interested in the habits of living things and the meaning of natural phenomena, the unexplored field is much more vast and rich. And yet ninety-nine out of every hundred white men and women in Africa neglect all this, prefer to spend their superfluous energies on golf, tennis, and bridge, and when not pining for their next leave home make their lives as faithful a copy as possible of what they would have been in a London suburb or an English county town, instead of taking advantage of the unique opportunities which Africa spreads before them.



HELPING INDUSTRY TO HELP ITSELF

BY FRANCES PERKINS

Industrial Commissioner of the State of New York

FOR years government has tried by threat and coercion, by the use of such weapons as fines and revocation of license, to force industry to observe arbitrary standards of safety, health, and fair conduct towards its workers and towards the consumers of its goods. Government, with its fundamental duty to insure the health and happiness of the people, has the responsibility of deciding what is reasonable and necessary in the way of hours of work, fire protection, guards on dangerous machinery, sanitary work-rooms, and so on; and industry has been ordered to accept these standards.

Unfortunately, the continuance of this boy-and-cop relationship between government and industry has been made easier by the attitude of many government officials who have got into the habit of being policemen and rather enjoy the feel of a club in their hands. The officials, quite as much as non-co-operative employers, have helped maintain friction and misunderstanding between government and industry, holding us back from more civilized methods of solving the problem of regulating modern industry in the interest of us all. So long as government's only role in industry is the policeman, there is scant hope of permanent results. An intelligent relationship between government and industry, one which naturally presupposes understanding and integrity on

both sides, can result from the co-operative, or conference, method of industrial regulation. To one who believes that really good industrial conditions are the hope for a machine civilization, nothing is more heartening than to watch conference methods and education replacing police methods.

The conference method means, first of all, the establishment of professional standards in industrial management. A non-ethical industry is as dangerous to the community as a non-ethical doctor. But in most industries there is at least a small group of employers who have moral standards, men who are socially motivated in their dealings with other employers, with their workers, and with the public. The ethical position of such employers is now strengthened by the established fact that such practice pays. When government substitutes conference and voluntary agreement for the big stick, one of the first gains is in giving that enlightened group a chance to set standards for the whole industry.

Let me cite an example of the conference method and how it works from the industrial life of the State I know best.

In New York's canning industry the labor department, functioning as a policeman, has never been able to deal adequately with violations of the law regarding child labor, unguarded machinery, and hours of work for women.

The canning industry is by its nature a difficult one to regularize. The farmers come to the canneries at about three o'clock in the afternoon with tons of green peas, or corn, or string beans. The vegetables are likely to spoil if they are kept overnight. The machines and the women are ready. In the face of such a situation, few employers will tell the women to quit at six o'clock. Here was an industry long and futilely attacked by the big-stick method. The problem was no greater than those solved by other industries which have managed to iron out their steep production curves. Was there a chance for government to help the canning industry to become not only law-abiding but a positive social force in its communities?

A conference was called at the beginning of the 1929 season. Cannerymen and the Department of Labor officials went over the problem. They were not in agreement on the wisdom of the Labor Law as it applies to canneries. But in conference they came to an agreement on one point—to abolish voluntarily child labor in the New York canneries. The result—a canning season with an unprecedentedly small number of child-labor violations, and only one prosecution for a second offense. A further and more significant result was that the whole industry in its annual meeting, again in conference with the Labor Department officials, agreed to wipe out child labor completely and forever, and second, to start the new 1930 season with all machinery safely guarded according to law, and third, to make an honest attempt to comply with the regulations of the law in regard to hours of work of women. In the furtherance of this last they agreed also to study with the Department of Labor, and under the direction of an efficiency expert of the U. S. Department of Commerce, the causes of overtime, methods of produc-

tion, crop planning, etc., for the purpose of eliminating the long hours—illegal, unwholesome, and inefficient—which have cursed the canning industry. The conference method had made marked improvement in a difficult field.

Government, representing the general public, can hardly take the lead in developing technical experiments because it cannot afford the risks and the losses which are inevitable in any laboratory. But government can foster and encourage vigorous industrial pioneering. This can be done very simply and directly under the system in effect in New York, Pennsylvania, and Wisconsin, where, by the administrative order or code-making method of extending and revising the labor law, new provisions can be added without drafting a bill and pushing it through the legislature. The labor law defines the basic standards of human welfare below which administrative rulings may not go. But when improved methods and technics are worked out the State Industrial Board can, after public hearings and discussion, issue an order which will set up a new standard, based on the successful results of experiment and discovery. By the intelligent use of this procedure government often stimulates the development of simpler and more humane technics of industrial management.

The regulation of spray painting, for example, is a question that has been before the labor departments of most States for some time. The introduction of the spray brush into the painting trade has added a new hazard for those who are exposed to the poisons contained in many types of paint and lacquer, particularly lead and benzol. The spray method is a quick, economical, and effective way of laying paint on solid material, but in the process the air the worker must breathe is often polluted with particles of paint.

The resulting health hazard is much greater than anything the worker had to face under the old method of laying on paint with a brush. In trying to regulate spray painting for the protection of the worker, labor departments have found their efforts ineffectual because there was no known exhaust system adequate to remove lead and benzol fumes from the spray painting room without at the same time exhausting the oxygen content of the air, or creating a gale. The Labor Department of New York has held conferences on the subject, and the Industrial Board has tried to work out a satisfactory code. No opportunity has been lost to encourage industry in experiments in safe spray painting. And this long effort is finally bearing fruit. Within the next two or three months the Industrial Board will be able to make a perfectly reasonable demand on spray-painting employers for a method which betters the results and at the same time purifies the air which spray-paint workers have to breathe.

In New York, as in most industrial States, the great manufacturing plant is the exception and the little employer is the rule. New York has some 70,000 separate factory establishments, about 75 per cent of which employ fewer than 50 persons. When I think of the manufacturers of our State I do not think of two or three great, overshadowing industries employing thousands of men, with complex and well-managed organizations which include research workers, personnel managers, etc. As I know them, the manufacturers of New York are busy men with limited resources, doing business on a small capital, engaged in a highly competitive enterprise, and with neither time nor money to consult engineering and personnel experts on their individual problems. Their unit of production is too small to make it either

possible or economical for them to add to their overhead the cost of that kind of specialized service. It, therefore, becomes the duty of government to serve as a clearing house for information on the technics of industrial welfare and human relations. Through the State Department of Labor the best methods in these fields should be made available to all employers who may wish to take advantage of them.

When industrial law develops from the inside out, when, as the psychologists say, it is first "inwardly realized," it follows the same pattern as all nature and is harmoniously and successfully expressed in reasoned action. Good conditions obtained in an industry by the conviction that such conditions are both right and practical, and sustained by the joint opinion of associate and competitor inside the industry, are invulnerable and will not pass away as soon as the factory inspector closes the door behind him. A law which rests on the consent of the governed is always secure. It is, therefore, always worth the time and energy it takes for government officials to reason it out, even with the most obtuse and recalcitrant employer. The official who secures the voluntary co-operation of the group with whom he deals will inevitably make a more lasting contribution toward social progress than the big-stick man.

II

Sometimes the conference method includes industrial reaches that do not come within the boundaries set by law. Such a joint adventure is being shared by the New York State Labor Department and the construction industries of New York State in an effort to prevent the devastating disease of silicosis among men employed on rock drilling in foundation and tunnel work. This disease has long been recognized as the great hazard of these industries, and

many battles have been waged in this country to include silicosis among the occupational diseases for which workmen's compensation is paid. Excavation and tunnel work are not covered by the New York State Labor Law, in the code-making authority of the Industrial Board, as such premises are not factories. Nevertheless, the toll of sickness and death among workers in these trades was shocking. The percentage of men suffering from silicosis in the subway construction work has been estimated by responsible authorities at forty-five per cent. It seemed important to the health and welfare of the community to prevent this toll. No one had ever devised a method of collecting the silica dust in these open cuts and tunnels and keeping it out of the lungs of the workers. Similar processes in factories are under fair control. Grinding and drilling processes in factories where the same dust is created are far less hazardous because of the fact that under the rules of the Industrial Board such dusts must be collected by an exhaust system working on the principle of the vacuum cleaner and placed directly over the point of origin of the dust. A conference was called, including Department of Labor officials, excavation and tunnel contractors, industrial physicians, hygienists, and ventilation experts. The problem was stated and discussed. It was mutually agreed that it was highly desirable and necessary, first, to invent a method of keeping the dust out of the workers' lungs, and second, once invented, to require the use of such a method. A year of study and experiment followed. Engineers, employees of contractors who had never thought of this problem before, began to put their minds to the devising of mechanical and practical means of collecting the dust before it reached the workers' lungs. The problem was not simple because of the fact that the tools are in

constant motion and must be carried from place to place and used at different angles, dependent upon the lie of the rock. A number of devices were invented and examined by the committee, tests were made of their efficacy under all sorts of conditions, and now there is emerging after this year of study a good method of dust collection which is perhaps ninety per cent efficient for the fine silica dusts, and a set of rules for the use of such a device and the collection of dust which are to be adopted by voluntary agreement.

On the basis, therefore, of government leadership, the expert brains in the employ of the contractors' groups have carried on the experiments, met the standard of government responsibility for the health of the workers, and brought about the situation which will render this industry relatively free of an ancient evil.

In its broader relationship with industry, government has a chance to dramatize the social values in the right conduct of industry and to direct emotional drive into constructive channels. The New York State fire prevention law, as it applies to factories, was adequately written and enforced only through the emotion aroused by the ghastly tragedy of the Triangle fire. The driving power of common danger can be harnessed under adequate leadership, as it recently was in the dry-cleaning trades of New York. There the constant menace of fire and explosion led to the working out of a code for this hazardous and unorganized trade and to its unanimous adoption by the employers in a trade convention even before it had been accepted by the Industrial Board. The manufacturers of fireworks cooperated in building a code for the conduct of their industry which is now before the Industrial Board for adoption, and there is a code in process for the chemical industry.

This co-operative method of regulating industry, to be valid and trustworthy, must, of course, include full representation of the workers and their interests. Participation in such plans and conferences helps the workers to see the needs of various industries for safe practice, for sanitary precautions, and for practical programs of hours and wages, so that presently the whole range of industrial efficiency and welfare can be put on a participating basis.

Needless to say, I am not speaking of this kind of co-operation between government and industry as though it were more than a hopeful beginning. I can point from first-hand knowledge to a few examples of how it works. But there are many directions in which government and industry have not made even a start toward better technics because the ground must first be cleared by competent study and fact finding. There is almost unlimited opportunity for college and university departments, learned societies, groups of engineers, experts, and intelligent citizens in almost every division of human endeavor to contribute to the joint effort of industry and government to get factory production on a more socially desirable basis in this country. A number of important industries are already making valuable contributions in this field through research and experiment.

There is special need, for example, for a study of pension plans in relation to the employment of older workers, an economic as well as a business and human study. Some method must be worked out whereby the benefit of pension and group insurance schemes may be secured without jeopardizing the employment opportunities of men and women who have passed the age where they are cheap insurance risks. That has been one of the unfortunate and unforeseen results of well-intentioned effort to set up old-age pensions

and group life insurance in some of our most enlightened industrial plants. I am sure there are ways out of this situation, and someone must chart them for us. The General Electric Company announced last summer a new method of administering its pension and group insurance fund, to offset the discrimination against older workers. Middle-aged men were not being dismissed because of their age, but men in the forties were considered less desirable for filling vacancies because of the extra cost to the company's pension and life insurance plans. The revision includes a provision under which the employee over forty-five years of age pays the difference between the cost of carrying a man under forty-five and the cost of carrying an older man, or accepts inverse benefits. The premium thus remains constant, whatever the age of the individual. Whether or not that plan is adaptable to other industries or to other types of old age pension and insurance we do not know. Obviously, only investigation and study will make it possible to recommend to all employers a scheme of pension and group insurance which will not operate unfairly against the older workers in the community.

III

There is need for knowledge of safe work habits, the psychology of acquiring such, and for definite, accurate, understandable recommendations which are applicable to industrial conditions as they exist. My own department sponsors a little group of lecturers who travel around to the various factories and make speeches to the workers about the importance of safety on the job. But that does not go far toward solving the problem of industrial accidents. We need to know how to establish habits which make people automatically move in a safe way in relation to the machinery

they handle. Though we live in a mechanistic society, none of our bodily mechanisms is geared to the swift pace of modern machinery. All of us are unsafe in a machine-run world. It is comparatively easy to set up a safety habit which enables us to dodge automobiles or at least to watch for them. But people who are exposed to dangerous machinery day in and day out, month after month, during weariness and strain and all the ups and downs of human life have got to develop some new power of co-ordination which will enable them automatically to carry out their work in a safe way.

Not long ago a boy of fifteen put his hand down on the table of one of the guillotine paper cutters that are used on small stock work in the printing trades. No substitute for that dangerous type of cutter has ever been found for certain processes—it is a necessary machine. But when that boy absent-mindedly rested his hand on the machine, his hand came off. Why did he rest his hand on that table? There, of course, is the problem I am talking about. He had not been properly educated, and so he had inadequate co-ordination habits. He told me he knew there was a guillotine paper cutter there when he put his hand down, but he had forgotten for a moment where he was. The one fact he needed at that moment failed to register. In his mind the table was a place to rest his hand—and nothing more. Here is an area where industry and government must turn to the psychologist and the educator to work out certain definite but very simple habit principles which can be taught and which will to some extent cut down the margin of risk due to the "human factor" and his reaction speeds in industry.

How to make industrial life an educative as well as a productive experience for the individual suggests another unexplored field. One of the

most stimulating episodes of my youth was a visit to John Dewey's experimental school in Chicago. There I saw children who were learning by making all sorts of things out of clay—bowls, pitchers, candlesticks, animals, birds, houses—whatever seemed to them interesting and important. It was a new theory at that time that through the mastery of material, through making something with your hands, "creative expression," so to speak, comes real educational experience. I at once leaped to the conclusion that industry is, therefore, the best of all fields for education, because industry is fundamentally a creative process. But the potter with his clay is far removed from modern machine production, with no single unit conceived, planned, made and used by the worker. The educational aspects of industrial life to-day have not been considered or developed. But if so many of us are going to spend the greater part of our lives in industry, our working time should be a good time, not just an arid waste between brief periods of leisure activity.

Industrial leaders have themselves a great opportunity in working out improved industrial technics. Sometimes out of better methods of production have come great improvements in working conditions. Time and money have been lavishly spent, for example, to keep the air in film manufacturing concerns at exactly the same temperature the year around. The Eastman film works, at Kodak Park in Rochester, New York, is warm in winter and cool in summer. I know of no more delightful atmosphere in the world. But the even temperature and the exact degree of humidity have been worked out and are maintained for the sake of the films. It is only incidentally that the workers enjoy temperature and humidity that are almost ideal for their health and comfort.

Similarly, the steel industry has spent vast sums to get in its enormous storage warehouses an unchanging temperature and humidity because variation in temperature and humidity would injure the steel. American industry often accomplishes miracles for the improvement of its product, where human welfare comes as a by-product.

At this stage of our progress we can be thankful for that by-product, wherever and however we find it. Government's final job in relation to industry, as I know it, is to see to it that this by-product of human welfare is put on the market, that it is advertised, and, finally, that it is required for entrance into a civilized industrial society.

IT SHALL NOT MATTER

BY FREDERIC PROKOSCH

I T SHALL not matter whether the gray wind
Tears from its root each fragile thin-stemmed flower
Or bends these birches low; I shall not mind
This rain that flattens hour after hour
Its drops upon this pane, or the black sea
That sends its heavy rhythm through my bones.
Only these watching stars matter to me
And the small bits of lichen on the stones.
It is these things I find at evenings after
The wildness and the storm have gone away,
After the songs, after the shouts and laughter,
After the sun has dipped behind the bay.
Always these stones will lie here, calm and still,
Always these stars will look upon this hill.

The Lion's Mouth



LUNCH

BY EMILY HAHN

"MY FRIEND," said Lise, with a most ambiguous smile, "has a strange prejudice against Americans. You must convince him."

"Of what?" I asked.

"He hates what he calls Americanism. He knows no other word for it. I cannot explain it. It is an attitude. It is sometimes found also in Germany, sometimes in France."

"And even sometimes in Holland?" I suggested.

"Even in Holland," she admitted. "I cannot explain it. But if you wish, we will have lunch to-morrow, we and my friend. We will meet, yes?"

"All right. Where?"

"At Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese."

"All right. Twelve forty-five."

I was a little late. This was unfortunate, for others had arrived ahead of me. The general effect was that of any movie palace on Broadway at eight o'clock on Sunday evening. Eyed closely, however, these people had an unhappy expression. It was the complacent grief of the sardine. The pavement before the door was jammed with co-eds and matrons listening sadly to a guide, who held forth on the subject of Samuel Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith. I plunged into the crowd and

was almost throttled. My one impression of the floor, during the period that I floundered there, was of the "olde" sawdust, giving forth a very "olde" odor indeed. I found Lise crowded against the wall, next to a tall, melancholy young man with a chin and spectacles. She introduced us, and he nodded limply and handed me a cigarette. The little dumpy lady under my left elbow resented the cigarette, and jabbed me in the eighth rib while she remarked to the chubby man under my right elbow, "I don't think so much of this. I can do this any time, at home."

Spurred by the taunt, the chubby man reached out and plucked feebly at the head waiter's arm.

"In a few minutes, sir," said the head waiter. "Room for all in a few minutes. I 'ave you in mind, sir. Gangway, sir."

We shrank farther into the wall to let a boy walk past with a tray of soup. A man came out of the dining room and shouted up the stairs,

"Three pies. Waiting!"

Three girls suddenly tired of it all and decided to go home: they took one of my gloves along with them by sheer power of friction. Another little woman squeezed past us and asked the head waiter for one Mrs. Watson. He had no Mrs. Watson and he sent her away again.

"Waiting, tart!" bellowed the man up the stairs, and we all tittered. A tall paterfamilias made a futile grab at the head waiter and said, "Sh-h-h!" to his weeping family.

"Very soon, sir. I 'ave you in

mind, sir. If you'll please not to block the passage, sir."

Another boy went by laden with steak and kidney pie. We had been there for half an hour, and my feet were tired. Three school teachers came out wiping their mouths. . . . "My dear, did you see the jar with all the long pipes? Oh, Laura! Where's Laura? Laura, did you see those pipes?"

"It is not very interesting," said Lise to her young man.

"But it is," said the young man. "Why are they so eager to dine here? It is historical, this place?"

"Very historical," said Lise. "Samuel Johnson has eaten here also."

"Who," asked the young man, "is Samuel Johnson?"

"That I do not know."

He turned inquiringly to me. "Who is Samuel Johnson?"

A tall, heavy woman trod violently on my instep just then, and I answered viciously, "It doesn't matter. He never ate here anyway. His biographer never mentioned it; it isn't in Boswell." I spoke loudly, glaring about me, and my stomach growled menacingly. Three quarters of an hour.

The young man mused for a minute and then said decisively, "These English are remarkable. They are so fond of their history."

I protested, "These are Americans."

"So?" He stared at me. "There are no English here?"

"No English," I said firmly. Just then someone tried to puncture my lungs with an umbrella. I added, "It is a well-known game at English gatherings. Someone suggests that they all go down to see the Americans. With a cry of joy they come down to the Cheshire Cheese and peer through the windows, standing at a safe distance. A harmless little fad, very amusing."

"Extraordinary," said the young man, and felt for his notebook.

Just then there was a surge in the mass, followed by an overwhelming apparition. A glorious woman, majestic, colossal, impressively garbed in royal purple from her towering hat to her suede slippers, swept through the crowd with a rustle of silk, as if it were a mere bevy of bowing slaves. In her wake came a man, a large man in his own right, but dwarfed by reason of this Leviathan who owned him. He was a globular fellow with a clean-shaven face and a clean-swept head. This head he bowed submissively as he trailed the purple draperies. Her head was high; her face was as impassive as a Christmas pudding.

The head waiter ran to meet them and then retreated, bowing, murmuring, luring them to a seat in the corner, the very seat where Johnson supposedly had a few in the evenings, long 'ago. He sat them down and tucked them in with napkins and listened raptly while the Purple Royalty commanded him. Afterwards he came back to the wistful throng and announced proudly,

"They are millionaires. American millionaires."

"I must see," said our young man, excitedly. He craned his neck and added wonderingly, from the height, "Oh. Yes."

"They sleeps at the Savoy," the waiter continued, "and eats 'ere. All the time."

"My God," I muttered.

"I admire your American literature, however," said the young man. "It seems so continental. Your Sinclair Lewis is fine, and Dreiser—how I admire Dreiser!"

"I bet you do," I said.

"Oh, yes. But tell me, why is it—"

Lise cried feverishly, "He is beckoning to us, he is beckoning. We may go in."

We sat down at a table with three eager spinsters who were eating Ye Famous Pie.

"Tell me," said the young man, "why it is—"

Lise interrupted. "Let us order. I want the pie."

"I do, too."

The young man studied the card and said to the waiter, "Three Famous Pies. Now, tell me why it is that the Americans are so eager for the history of another country? Why do they come here to see relics of English history?"

"We want some history," I said, "and we haven't much of our own, so far. We need some traditions so we come over here to look at them."

"But why do you want traditions? I should not want traditions. What happiness to be free of them! They must be mad, your people. Why?"

"I don't know. In America it is called Culture. Culture," I said, "is a very splendid thing. I do not know just what it is."

"In our country, too," said Lise, "no one knows just what it is. But everyone speaks of it."

"Culture," said the young man thoughtfully, biting into his Famous Pie.

"A wonderful thing," I repeated.

He turned and looked again at the lady in purple, across the room.

"Extraordinary," he said softly.

"And now," suggested Lise, "let us hurry. We have yet to see St. Paul's."



TO MEN OF MODERATE MEANS

BY ANTHONY ARMSTRONG

FOR the man of moderate means life holds nothing more grim than a confident entry into a highly expensive restaurant under the impression that the place is just a

cheap dump. It is as lowering to the dignity as to the bank balance. It is sheer hell. Luckily in London and New York you are able to avoid this tragedy, for you can generally tell from the outside what class of restaurant the place is. London, for instance, leans to façades and commissionaires: the more expensive the fare inside the more imposing the façade, both of the restaurant and of its commissionaire. In New York, on the other hand, if you can get a free peep through the doorway, the magnificence of the waiters' livery or the shortness of the hat-check girls' skirts will provide the necessary clue. If, for example, you see food being served by what looks like an Azerbaijan vice-admiral, or hats being taken by a couple of sylphs showing the aggregate leggage of one show girl and two débutantes, you know for certain you won't be able even to pick up your napkin under a dollar.

Paris, however, is unfortunately quite different. The more expensive the restaurant the more unprepossessing its exterior. If you do see a thing that looks like an Oriental palace it probably serves a four-course lunch for five-francs-fifty, while places famous the world over are more like closed-down speak-easies than anything else. You actually hesitate outside, in doubt as to whether it is wise to go in. You hesitate equally on the next occasion you pass, but for a different reason. The third time you don't hesitate at all; you just pass—jingling two-franc pieces in a defiant manner.

Everyone, I suppose, who has ever tried to live cheaply in Paris—I am still speaking of the man of moderate means, and in the year following the break in the Stock Market there are far more of him than there were—has at one time or another been had like this. I remember years ago strolling into what I thought was a cheap little

dump (the name, say La Montagne, conveyed nothing to me) with only forty francs in my wallet on the lookout for a cheap lunch. The moment I was inside I had a vague suspicion that something was wrong, but by that time my hat had been furtively subtracted from me, and before I could do more than bleat "Er—" (in French) I had been plumped down at a table by somebody who looked like a Senator or a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. For all I know he may have been both. A lesser planet handed me an enormous food card, and then, supported by two minor asteroids, he backed away to a reverent distance as if to give me that religious quiet necessary for Composing an Artistic Repast.

I looked at the card—and when I had come to I looked for my hat. Had I seen it then, I think I should have risen with a courtly bow, said patronizingly, "Yes, that's O. K.! You may carry on!" and departed before they could recover. But I didn't see it, and so hurriedly I assumed my most supercilious air and frowned judicially upon the *carte* in the manner of one who has never seen such a list of offal in his life, but might conceivably just find something among the garbage that wouldn't actually make him sick.

Under cover of this expression I calculated that, adding in the tip to the waiter, the tip for safe storage of my hat, the cover-charge, and a residue to take me home, I should just be able to manage a half-portion of clear soup. Some of this I would of course pour into my glass instead of wine and thus frustrate the *sommelier* who, with a poised dictionary of wine, was now also revolving on a satellite orbit round my table. On the other hand, of course, I might order and eat and drink till I didn't give a damn and then let them throw my gorged and stupefied corpse into the street. Or again I might seize my hat, which I had now located

on a peg by the door, and, apologizing for absent-mindedness, explain that I had just remembered I had already lunched. Or I might even say I had forgotten my money, if I were brave enough. . . .

About then the satellites suddenly closed in on me. My time for solitary composition was up. A respectful forefinger indicated *Spécialité de la Maison—Le Coq au Vin Henri IV, Pommes Neufchâtel*. The price looked like an extract from Rockefeller's pass-book. I quailed. My toes curled up in my boots. I could see no way of getting out of the place without incurring as much scorn, derision, disdain, and contempt as a cock-eyed reveller who had wandered into a Middle West Temperance Meeting. Then, as a lady, lovely but unaccompanied, sailed down the fairway en route for the door, I had a flash of genius.

I dropped menu and napkin and stared after her with a fixed and fatuous look. "*Adorable!*" I murmured to the *sommelier*. I clasped my hand on my heart, rolled up my eyes and appeared to go into a brief trance from which, as the damsel reached the exit, I awoke with the dazed look of a pole-axed ox who suddenly sees all paradise.

"*Epatante! Merveilleuse! Vraiment angélique,*" I bumbled, half rising from my seat and breathing rapidly in and out.

It worked. I had not misjudged the Gallic temperament and love of romance.

"*Oui, oui, elle est bien jolie!*" commended the head-waiter, enchanted at this Anglo-Saxon approval of French loveliness. The table waiter was diagnosing it to a friend as love at first sight; the *sommelier* wore the look of one who tenderly remembers his hot youth. I laid my hand again on my waistcoat, and then kissing my fingers to the ceiling I stood up in determined fashion.

They made a delighted and approv-

ing lane for me as I moved dreamily to the door in the train of the siren. They sighed and turned their eyes upward. An impressionable young waiter sobbed with the sheer beauty of it all. The cloakroom dame softly handed me my hat like a mother who sees her son standing on the threshold of romance. I caught the whisper "*Vive l'amour*" from the *maitre*, as I passed out, an erstwhile luncher now led captive in the sweet chains of love.

I disappeared abstractedly from view in the charmer's wake, then turned briskly into a Duval restaurant and lunched for twelve francs with tip.

Vive l'amour! Should any man of moderate means find himself similarly placed, I can recommend my method. I didn't, in fact, even pay for the return of my hat.



IF BABIES WERE NOVELS

BY WORTH TUTTLE

"OH, Mrs. Newmother," the head nurse entered the hospital room filled with the reminiscence of ether and the scent of congratulatory roses, "I have something very nice for you! The delivery nurse has turned in her review! Isn't that swell? She has to be speedy—for fear of mixing them in her mind. But I know you're anxious to read what she says about your baby. All our mothers feel easier after they've read Miss Smith's report."

"But—I didn't know one got—a written criticism. I thought where so many are received, it is impossible for the—editors to give the authors . . ."

"Not here at Modern Maternity Method, Inc., nor in any really up-to-date hospital any longer. And it's a

grand thing, Mrs. Newmother! You can imagine how our system has helped to keep incompetents out of the profession—after the first mistake, of course. For I ask you, why should some women continue bringing out babies if they have no real talent? Aren't there enough second-rate people in the world already? Oh, yes, we insist upon reviews of every baby born. If it did nothing more than counteract the extravagant enthusiasms of maiden aunts and childless uncles it would be worthwhile! But I know you want to read the first dispassionate opinion of your child! Who knows, he might be the Baby-of-the-Month, or be selected by the Maternity Guild for its April offering!" And with a smile and a pat, the head nurse was gone.

Fingers trembling with eagerness, Mrs. Newmother turned back the protective sheet of foolscap. Here was an impartial, professional opinion of her perfect child, an opinion that would justify those nine months of proper diet, sleep, and exercise.

John James Newmother, Jr., by Margaret de Val Newmother. Modern Maternity Method, Inc. New York, 1930. In this thin little baby, weighing only six and a half pounds, Mrs. Newmother has managed to include all the objectionable features of her own and her husband's family—if one may judge by the representatives milling about in the halls prior to the delivery. The inheritance of his father's voice was noticeable with the first cry, the utter lack of personality one cannot but suspect derives from the maternal grandfather. As for the nose—but why go into details? One can only hope if the author of *John James, Jr.* and her collaborator insist upon another, they will make it a girl. Then Mrs. Newmother's penchant for the petite might show itself to better advantage. The infant seems normal.—N. R. S.

Three weeks later, when Mrs. Newmother was wheeled out on the convalescent balcony, where the sun shone and the sparrows twittered, it was

deemed safe to give her the verdicts of the doctors.

"But, Miss Nesbit, if you don't mind, I'd rather not see them. I'm still a bit upset."

"Now, Mrs. Newmother, you mustn't take such an attitude. It isn't hygienic. If mothers could harden themselves in the beginning, they would be saved much disappointment and suffering later." Miss Nesbit smiled brightly, and with "There, there" and "You'll be grateful to us some day," put a batch of papers in Mrs. Newmother's lap.

Mrs. Newmother made no further protest but waited until she had had her glass of milk and had seen the woman in the adjoining chaise-longue smile over a batch of reviews. If a little shrimp like that could produce a baby that got good reviews. . . .

She opened Doctor Sleeper's first. He had seemed pleased with her and her effort when she had come up out of the ether.

John James, the Second, but Why?

Mrs. Margaret de Val Newmother, though she embarked bravely on the actual labor of her undertaking, brought it to a somewhat disappointing conclusion in this her first baby. There is nothing out of the ordinary about this child. I felt this to be true in my first cursory reading, and my later ones have only increased my certainty. While I do not wish to imply that the young author of *John James, Jr.* is without talent, I do say that thus far she has given us no reason to think her the potential mother of a Prize Baby. Perhaps I should add that the infant is pleasing in appearance, with bright eyes and clear skin, and is easily handled.—B. M. SLEEPER.

Mrs. Newmother, hot tears in her eyes and a lump in her throat, made ready to tear up the remaining one—Doctor Rumson's. It was too short to be complimentary. It was numbered 19 in a column "Recent Babies in Brief

Review.' But she saw the other woman looking at her. *She* was chuckling aloud now, in pleased satisfaction, and was busily sticking her review in a scrap-book. So Mrs. Newmother smiled, too, and opened her last one:

Another first baby, *John James Newmother, Jr.*, is a somewhat unexciting infant, cried without treatment and had the suckling instinct well in hand. Why he fails to be convincing I cannot tell. One can only say that he is a promising performance and wait to see what Mrs. Newmother will do for us with her next.—N. Y. R.


"Oh, Mrs. Newmother—you are Mrs. Newmother, aren't you? I met you at the Doctor's Tea for the This Month's Mothers yesterday, didn't I? Don't you want to read my stuff?"

"Indeed I do," Mrs. Newmother said, rather too eagerly. Then she added, "They're rather—drastic, don't you think?"


"Oh, mine are fair—but not so good as my last ones. I think I tried too hard this time—took calcium and watched my diet. But they're already trying to sign me up for a contract next year!" and she handed over her scrap-book!

Another Star in the Maternal Firmament

With the arrival at Maternity Method, Inc., on April 1, of Barbara Ann, another star, whose presence we had long suspected, was definitely added to the maternal galaxy. Mrs. Jupiter Jones, who last year established a style of her own with the two-volume *Elizabeth and Leicester*, has now surpassed herself in this her third baby. Barbara Ann had to be slapped into breathing and coaxed into nursing. She has well-developed adenoids and tonsils that should be removed at three years of age, and, unless her diet is meticulously watched, rickets and future anæmia may be looked for. All in all, we can never be too grateful to Mrs. Jones for delivering these three valuable additions to the new generation.



Editor's Easy Chair



CONAN DOYLE AND THE SPIRIT-WORLD

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

ON July seventh Sir Arthur Conan Doyle died. His death was the chief item of news for that day and several days after, for the world had lost a friend with whom it was well acquainted, and whom it had an unusual variety of reasons for remembering and discussing.

No question about his being a famous man! He was one of the best known men of his time. He created a character of fiction that is better known than any other character of fiction of his day. Outside of the Sherlock Holmes stories he was a notable writer, particularly of books of adventure. He got the handle to his name by writing a defense of the British government in the Boer War. And then there was his spiritualistic activity! He went into spiritualism with all he had—a little science, a good deal of sportsmanship, an immense publicity, and a vast, tireless energy and experience of life.

One result of his coming out so strong for communication with the dead was that he was a going concern to the last minute of his life. In that movement Conan Doyle has been for twelve years or more the most conspicuous figure. Though there were other spiritualists, whom he considered more important than himself, Sir Oliver Lodge in particular, there was no one that compared with him as an apostle in active support of what is commonly called the

supernatural. No Wesley, no Moody, has been more earnest, more indefatigable to spread the faith. In his last decade and longer he was ceaseless and dauntless in his labors for spiritualism; and so while Sherlock Holmes might have got to be an old story and his other books might have faded out before the competition of new writers, his fight for a great, unpopular novelty really gave him a new start in life.

He came of a family of artists. His father was one. His uncle, Richard Doyle, drew the cover for *Punch* and was one of the best known illustrators of his day. Conan Doyle's father drew fairies, which made William Bolitho say that Conan Doyle's interest in fairies and in spirits ran in his blood. No doubt it did. Scratch a spiritualist and you are quite likely to find a Celt.

The real question about it all is whether the game of spiritualism was worth Doyle's candle. I think it was. Of course one does not know exactly where the spiritualistic movement is coming out, but it seems to be spreading, and quickening the minds of men in a notable degree, especially in England. To many people it comes as a revelation. It gives them an understanding of many things that were perplexing before. It gets the Bible up on its legs so that it walks along. It has done for thousands of readers what Swedenborg did for John Bigelow, who

after he had discovered Swedenborg in his writings, wrote for his family a little book called *The Bible That Was Lost and Is Found*.

The reputation that Conan Doyle bet on the spirits was considerably a sporting reputation. It hung loose and easy on him. He stood in no awe of it and worked it for what it was worth, enjoyed it, trafficked with it, but always lawfully. To a smaller man it would have been an obstacle to coming out for anything as hazy and unpopular as spiritualism. The ordinary man might have been troubled by what would be said of him. Not so Conan Doyle—reputation, respectability, sportsmanship were no obstacles to him if he felt a call to take up with a cause that was unpopular. He was a man not afraid of his shadow. That was fine of him but not surprising to anybody that knew him, for he was a big, tolerant, helpful man, always making friends, interested in this life and lucky in his dealings with it.

WHAT is the secret of this interest in spiritualism which breaks out nowadays in many notable men and especially in writers and lately in physicists? Perhaps it is that our world and mankind in our day need a new interest and that religion especially, which furnishes the interest that is expected to balance material activities and discoveries, needs the stimulation of new manifestations of the relation between the material and the invisible world. What has been accomplished by the domestication of electricity in various forms, by the immense addition to the power of man over materials, by the big ships, the tall buildings, the airplanes, the motor cars, the radio, the movies, and all that lot of things is marvelous enough, but still it does not support life, though it does illustrate it. Men can do a lot of things they could not have done fifty

years ago; they know a lot of things they did not know then. But how much more do they know about how to live; how much about the true aim of life; how much about the means to realize it? Those are all matters with which religion is concerned, and religion is very big and important, and though it thrives in a material way and builds and gathers and applies itself actively enough to improve human life, still it does not seem to enter into the life of the people as much as it did a century or even a half a century ago. Now spiritualism with whatever rubbish it is burdened, with whatever obscurities and difficulties it has to contend, still does seem to be bringing to religion something that it needs, and to be offering to human life something to think about besides ice machines in the refrigerator, gunmen, speed contests, and even money.

Conan Doyle came to feel that it was the most important study that was proceeding, and a great many other noted men, more than is generally supposed, have come to be of his opinion. They see something in it that promises to lead to a better understanding of life. That is what all the spiritualists and the eminent materialists, including Henry Ford, are looking for and trying to attain.

Somebody inquires whether interest in spiritualism is not declining and whether the passing of its leading advocate will not impair its news interest.

If such an activity is dependent on any one life its basis is indeed unstable. Of course Doyle will be missed. He was a great publicity agent, but modern spiritualism has a lot of facts, plenty of them, which are accepted as facts by competent people who know about them. The dispute is less about the facts than about what they mean; about the interpretation of them. That will not stop. The facts will keep on accumulating and the capacity to deal

with them, to understand and interpret them, will doubtless continue to increase as it does at present.

For the subject is interesting and especially so because of the present exceptionally disturbed and anxious state of human affairs. Mr. J. B. S. Haldane writing the other day in *The Nation* about what he believed, expressed himself as being strongly for the invisible world as the background of an inner life in us without which he thought our happiness would always be on a precarious foundation. The good of spiritualism is chiefly in its being a help to that inner life and so to our being less easily upset by the tumults and confusions of this present noisy world.

We seem to need in these times of change a loose-leaf atlas of salvation, wherein new roads, and changes in beliefs and allegiances can find record from year to year.

Since the War the old atlases of geography are more or less obsolete. Especially in Europe there are new states, new boundaries. On our own maps first the rivers were important, then the railroads, nowadays considerably the motor roads. Corresponding changes have happened about the various routes to what we call salvation. Some matters that used to be vital have lost their vitality; others that were less important have become more so. Religion is under constant discussion and its details subject to amendment; but what seems to be ahead is a great increase of confidence in old fundamental beliefs and especially in what we have been used to call Immortality. Every cult that lives, lives by what is true in it, and there are important truths in many of them that look queer. We are apt to judge them by their defects, which are usually plain enough—to judge them by their tares and overlook their wheat. But there are tares in all organized religion; perfec-

tion nowhere; but many working hypotheses by which as knowledge increases the paths to truth are straightened.

“AN ENGLISH poet once gave a praise to night ‘when silence comes like a poultice to heal the blows of sound.’” So said the *New York American* one day last summer.

But was it an English poet that said something like that? In a sense it was, since he wrote English, but it was one that was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1809, lived in Boston nearly all his life and died there in 1894. He wrote a poem called “The Music Grinders,” one verse of which runs:

But hark! the air again is still
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound;
It cannot be, — it is, — it is, —
A hat is going round!

That England should have a few cruisers more or less is nothing. As many observers now look at it, they will all be in the family anyhow. But nobody, however generous, should bestow Doctor Holmes even on England. His famous son gets notices galore, and deserves all of them; is flooded with admirations and all well founded; until sometimes one feels that the Doctor has been a little lost in the Judge.

But surely the father is worthy of the son. Even now one suspects him of being the best-remembered American poet. There are lines of his, dozens of them, that stay in the ear, and this one that the *American* miscredits, is one of them. Possibly there have been better American poets, but where is another that runs in the head so?

And as a prose writer The Autocrat still holds his own. The Long Path down the Common is still a path of sentiment. And then he was a doctor,

but mostly a lecturer to medical students. But his mind worked out of the beaten path even in medicine, for he was a progressive doctor; backed Eliot's innovations in the Harvard Medical School; thought things out as in the famous case of puerperal fever in childbirth.

The Judge is famous as he should be, but the delightful sounds and penetrating thoughts his father set agoing still reverberate and actuate and show no symptoms of stopping.

And after all, one of the Judge's notable gifts is his ability to handle language. He can express himself. He has a gift for words, their selection and arrangement, and can even take helpful liberties with them, so that his writings including his judicial opinions, so apt to be dissenting, make good reading. Where did he get that gift? The question needs no answer, the answer is on record ample and delightful both in verse and prose.

EFFORT is being spent abundantly nowadays to make bad things good. Doubtless it is always so spent with greater or less energy according as the times seem to need more or less medication. Just now there are many matters that call for improvement. Consider three of them—prohibition, prisons, and war. These are all bad things but not convenient at the moment to abolish, so that endless energy of mind and pocket is devoted to make them work better. No really thoughtful person of due experience is likely to maintain, for example, that prohibition is good *per se*. It is merely something contrived to abate a nuisance, but which seems to be on the way to be considered as a greater nuisance than the one it was contrived to abate. Of

course the real cure for rum from the lightest of wines to the most ardent of spirits is the combination of knowledge and self control. The millions of people, even Americans, who go through life without any need of legal prohibition get hardly enough notice because the very much smaller number of people who trip up on alcohol make so much noise that their wiser brethren are overlooked.

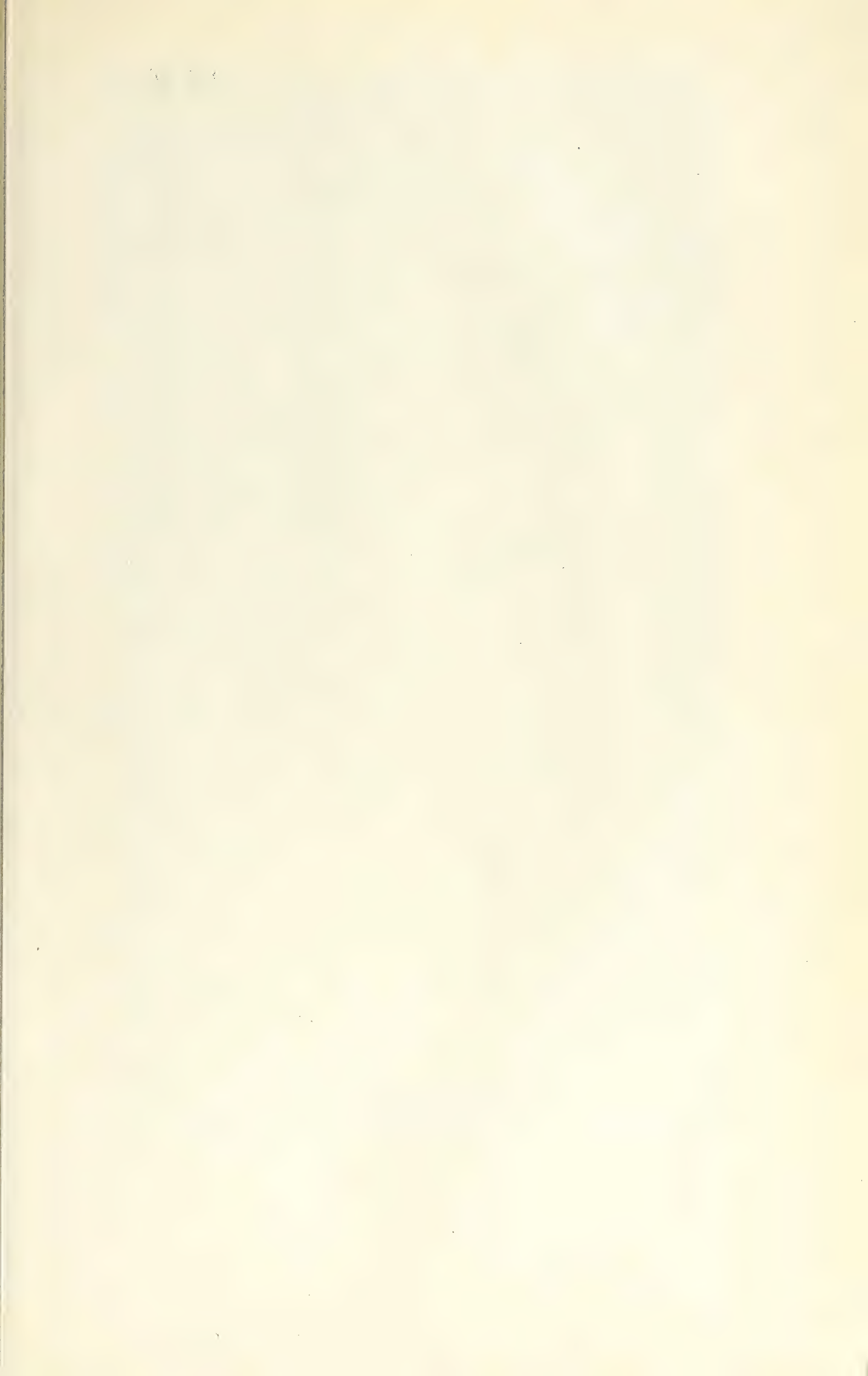
Put down prohibition then as a bad thing which it is arduously sought to improve.

Then there are the prisons, needing improvement extremely, and the target of the efforts of the well-intentioned.

But don't think of prisons as good. They are not good, they are bad. Nothing keeps them up except the widespread supposition that, bad as they are, it would be worse for us not to have them. And of course that supposition is reasonable. We cannot do away with prisons until we find something else that will do their work, and since for the present we have to have them, the best that can be done is to make them better and try to turn them into hospitals for the cure of crime.

But as for war it is a bad egg. Observers shake their heads at suggested improvements that would make it more polite and gentle, but still it is plain enough that our world has not yet worked out the problem of getting along without it. The nations, some of them, try to reduce armament and succeed in some measure and yet they are prepared for war on a scale that much out-measures what existed before the Great War. War is a hard nut to crack, but if we don't crack it, it will crack us and that is so widely realized that it makes for incessant effort to amend it or get rid of it.

See following pages for Personal and Otherwise





BARCAROLLE

By James McBey

Courtesy of the Knoedler Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

THE ENEMY OF PROSPERITY

OVERPRODUCTION: WHAT SHALL WE DO ABOUT IT?

BY STUART CHASE

A GENERATION ago the automobile industry was unknown. It has been created out of whole steel in the past thirty years, particularly and especially in the past ten. It is probably the most mechanized and most modern of all the world's industries. Ten thousand years ago farming was well known. Save hunting, it is the most ancient of all economic crafts. Motor car making and agriculture thus stand at the extreme left and the extreme right, respectively, of the economic field. Yet each suffers from the same handicap. Both are readily capable of producing far more units than the market can absorb, with resulting disastrous competition, wasteful selling effort, and chronic unemployment. In the massed ranks of other industries, reading from left to right, I can call to mind but very few in which the blight of overproduction is not

endemic. Throughout Western civilization—with reservations in respect to France—the malady takes a frightful toll, which is clearly mounting with the years.

In April, 1929, the automobile plants of the United States were capable of producing 8,000,000 units a year. Plant-expansion programs have gone forward since that date. Yet in 1929 the entire world bought only 6,295,000 new cars, including the output of all foreign plants as well as American. To make matters worse, in 1923 3,000,000 people in the United States became, for the first time in their lives, the proud owners of new cars, whereas in 1929, the potential market had been so far exploited that there were only 500,000 such persons. A lush virgin territory has been reduced to cut-over lands; a *new* market has largely given way to a *replacement* market.

Jumping now across the economic front to agriculture, we find that the basic problem of the American farmer lies in his "surplus." The government at the present writing has bought and holds in storage millions of bushels of wheat in a heroic and possibly calamitous attempt to keep the surplus from crushing wheat farmers altogether. Four factors, according to Dr. O. E. Baker, have speeded up the agricultural surplus in recent years, and promise, moreover, to speed it even faster in the future:*

1. Mechanized farming.
2. Better seeds, stock, soil treatment and land use.
3. Drastic shifts from less productive to more productive crops per acre—from corn to cotton in the South; from hay to fruits and vegetables all over the country, particularly in California.
4. The extensive shift from beef cattle to dairy cattle, hogs, and poultry—the latter producing far more human food per unit of animal food consumed. A man can be fed for a year in theoretical calories on two and one-half acres of hay stoked into milk cows, but to keep alive on beef steaks, he calls for *eleven* acres of grain, plus several acres of pasturage thrown in. Agricultural engineers are outdoing themselves computing these chemical and mathematical comparisons; farmers are following their logical and scientific deductions—and the surplus promises to rise to heights hitherto undreamed of.

In brief, the better we do things, the worse off we are. Or again the more potential goods with which we are capable of blessing mankind, the worse for us and for mankind. (That echo of a sardonic laugh is from the shade of William Morris.)

* As I write, a serious drought threatens the current harvests. Thousands of farmers face physical hardships and ruin. Yet because overproduction is even more ruinous to agriculture as a whole, the drought has been hailed on many editorial pages as a blessing in disguise. You will remember that in a Southern town there stands a statue to the boll weevil.

II

Overproduction, particularly in this year of world-wide depression, is on every man's tongue. What precisely does it mean? There are indeed distinguished savants who affirm there is no such thing. In one sense they are perfectly correct. Let us look into the term a little more carefully.

The actual overproduction of goods destined for the ultimate consumer, in the sense that they never reach him but have to be thrown away, is a reasonably rare phenomenon. Cases have been cited of shiploads of bananas and carloads of vegetables making gay the waters of Manhattan because they could not be given away, but the authenticity of such reports is dubious.

Far more frequent is a conflux of goods upon the market which can be absorbed, but only by a very painful lowering of the producer's price—often below the cost of production. The phenomenon is however a very ancient one; the consumer often secures some advantage from it, if not the producer; while the nation-wide policy of hand-to-mouth buying by both manufacturers and merchants, inaugurated after the depression of 1921, has tended to reduce the ravages of overstocked shelves and sacrifice sales.

The average wage in the United States is somewhere in the vicinity of \$1,500 a year. If the gentle reader has ever tried to support his family on that sum he knows the number—the very considerable number—of goods he would like to purchase but must forego. In respect to the whole body of finished goods, it is not so much *overproduction* as *underconsumption* which is the appalling fact. As a nation we can make more than we can buy back. Save in certain categories, there is a vast and tragic shortage of the goods necessary to maintain a comfortable standard of living. Millions of tons of

additional material could readily be marketed if purchasing power were available. Alas, purchasing power is not available.

Thus one horn of the dilemma is a money and credit system which does not throw off purchasing power as fast as factories can throw out vendable commodities. It is the more acute with the entrance of mass production upon the economic field. While average income creeps slowly upward, potential industrial output may increase at twice, five times, a hundred times the pace.

Which brings us to the other horn. The most immediately critical factor in the whole "overproduction" situation, to my mind, is *excess plant capacity*—which means more mills, more mines, more machines, aye, more farmers' fields—than can be used. Not only is this equipment almost always in excess of purchasing power, but frequently, if you please, *it is in excess of consumption requirements, granted unlimited purchasing power*. American shoe factories are equipped to turn out almost 900,000,000 pairs of shoes a year. At present we buy about 300,000,000 pairs—two and one-half pairs per capita. There is admittedly a considerable shortage of shoes, but could we wear out, or even amuse ourselves with, five pairs per capita? I doubt it. For myself two pairs a year satisfy both utility and style. Yet if we doubled shoe consumption—gorging the great American foot as it were—one-third of the present shoe factory equipment would still lie idle. There are more shoe factories than we have any conceivable need for, either here or in Utopia.

Whether the capital equipment exceeds money power to buy, or man power to consume, the hobgoblins in the picture are overhead costs. Taxes, insurance, interest, depreciation, obsolescence, repairs, the services of watchmen, executive and clerical salaries, general office expenses—all go

merrily onward whether a wheel turns or not. If few are turning, they will eat up the profits earned on those wheels, and keep the plant as a whole operating at a loss. The greater the plant, the greater the overhead; the bigger they come, the harder they fall. But nobody in his senses builds a plant with any idea except that of continuous, profitable operation. Rosy sunrises illumine every factory chimney which climbs upward. The promoter knows that, *granted continuous operation*, his overhead expense per unit of output can be kept to a minimum. The greater the volume, the lower the overhead cost; and of course the bigger the plant, the greater the volume. He never stops to consider—the American success saga does not permit him to consider—the reverse of the shield, to wit, the bigger the plant, the greater the costs of possible idleness.

Abnormally low costs when everything is humming. Abnormally high costs when everything is slack. As more plants and greater plants invade any particular field, the chances in favor of slackness are bound to grow. Unless, of course, purchasing power grows equally fast, which it does not. And there we are.

Why do plants so consistently outrun demand? The figures make it perfectly plain that they do, but why does capital take such gorgeous risks? Who, in the light of the facts just cited, would be fool enough to build a new shoe factory? The reasons are many. Promoters do not know the facts; indeed some do not seem to want to know them. A new device, an improvement on an old device, a happy advertising slogan, a new technical method of manufacturing, a rumor of great profits being made by those already in the field, a patent, a selling contract secured in advance—all offer the chance for rushing in where angels fear to tread. And rush we do; others may

have failed, but we shall succeed. It is all very human, and profoundly in accord with the American tradition. I bemuse myself sometimes in speculating upon the amount of new capital which has gone into dentifrices, cosmetics, and fat reducers simply on the strength of an advertising man's showing of copy in advance of any plant construction whatsoever. The plant may make money, lots of it, while the public craze for the article lasts, but it becomes superfluous concrete and steel when the craze subsides.

There seems to be no urgent social need for the 78 sizes of bed blankets now upon the market, or the 278,000 types of men's sack suits, or the 6,000 varieties of single-bit axes; or for numberless other over-styled commodities concerning which the American Standards Association can give you the most appalling information. Yet every style and size requires as a rule special equipment and added investment.

Untold plants, furthermore, have expanded to meet a peak demand—a demand which never comes again. Thus during the War new coal mines were opened right and left. After the War demand fell away by 100,000,000 tons, and will probably never climb again to the dizzy peak of almost 600,000,000 tons. The War is responsible for current excess capacity in many industries.

Lastly, and very much to the point in connection with our discussion of purchasing power, the margin between total costs and selling price has been so high in the well-situated establishments that an enormous amount of net profit has been available for new investment. The living expenses of the rich have absorbed only a small fraction of their total incomes. The balance has flowed into new enterprises, some of them extremely necessary enterprises, many of them only adding to an industry already overequipped. If more of the

gross receipts had been returned in wages, industry would have stood on a more solid base, with less loose capital seeking even looser investment. In brief, a bad distribution of income has done much to foster excess plant capacity. Instead of being used, capital has been abused. It used to be widely held that if profits were tampered with, "capital would leave the country." We might have been better off to-day if it had. We have altogether too much capital in relation to purchasing power.

III

Excess plant capacity is inescapable under the blessings of an economic system founded on the basis of free competition and *laissez faire*. Ever since James Watt put his first steam engine into a cotton mill it has plagued western civilization. But for a century or more it was held, with some show of reason, that the virtues outweighed the defects. If A had a monopoly and was making an undue profit, it was to society's advantage to have B build a similar plant, invade the market, and bring prices and profits back to normal. If C, similarly inspired, came in too late and had to scrap his plant, it was wasteful and unfortunate to be sure, but C's loss was overbalanced by A's, B's, and society's gains. A, B, and C furthermore were all individual entrepreneurs; little capitalists with little money, drawn from a limited investment field. The procedure was not unlike the ebb and flow of independent retailers to-day—the new shingles on Main Street about equalling the petitions in bankruptcy in any given year. The shores of the system were strewn with wreckage, but the wrecks were small, and the system *functioned*.

Now, however, in a great and increasing segment of industry, the day of the small capitalist, the little plant, is over.

Billion-dollar corporations are almost as thick as airplanes overhead. Even where the plant itself has not vastly expanded, one concern will operate a string of smaller mills. The ebb and flow of free competition, the rush of capital to the point of high profits—like levels of water in connected tanks—is not the fluid thing it used to be. Where it once took thousands, it may now take millions of dollars of capital effectively to invade a given field, particularly where mass production is dominant. No longer can we view with benign equanimity the operation of majestic laws. The units are too great, the investment too heavy, the employees too numerous, the possibility of waste and loss too enormous for us to look with anything but the liveliest apprehension upon bankruptcies, shut downs, part-time functioning, indeed anything but capacity operation of these mammoth structures.

If competition also had gone, we might have something to be thankful for. Great monopolies articulated to consumer demand, producing according to the latest findings of the technical arts, running at approximate capacity the year around, might mean monopoly profits (if unregulated), but would also mean no waste of capital, far less unemployment, no excess plant capacity, no overproduction—even as the Telephone Company now functions. But alas, competition, far from declining, has accelerated. While it is more difficult for the new concern to enter the field, the concerns already in it, by constantly improving their technical methods, introducing new machines, scientific management, research work, have enormously increased their potential output, and achieved the same result. Competition among giants is liable to be more bloodthirsty than among pygmies. Clans of giants, furthermore (under the general style of trade associations), move against

other clans in related industries (lumber versus bricks), while super-clans making essentials do battle with super-clans producing luxuries (motor cars versus food or housing).

All down the line competition has intensified. Out of the pressure has grown the Higher Salesmanship, "service," annual models, installment contracts, contact men, red and blue charts—the whole gaudy phenomenon of modern distribution. Generally speaking these efforts, while often effective to begin with, cancel one another in the end (as when all products are endorsed by the same stars), thus placing an enormous additional burden of waste on the mechanics of distribution, which must be added to the retail price, *and thus further limiting purchasing power.* To-day it is estimated that the producer takes but half the consumer's dollar on the average; the rest goes into advertising, selling, and transportation.

While purchasing power received some stimulation through the device of installment selling (to be precise, about six billions of stimulation), the bulk of it went into luxuries and semi-luxuries, creating a top-heavy industrial structure. With the present depression, the boomerang comes back. Laden down with installment contracts, the wayfaring man cannot buy simple food and clothing in the volume that would be good for him, and especially good for industry at this time. As the *New York Times* editorially remarks: "It is hardly unreasonable to suppose that when the glamour of full employment and exceptional business profits met with a sudden check, the mere continuance of payments on such installment contracts, made at the height of speculative enthusiasm, must have added to the public's inability to make new purchases." The mass production plants in the luxury fields, fed by the glass tube of install-

ment sales, are now particularly and dangerously exposed to the paralysis of overproduction. Some philosophers, like Mr. Paul Mazur, held that through high-pressure selling the formula for Utopia had been won. It now appears that the formula has only made confusion worse confounded.

IV

England, the mother of the industrial revolution, working in big units for specialized markets in coal, cotton, and shipbuilding, finds herself to-day on the verge of economic collapse due to shifts in market demand and the idle plant which has resulted. Two hundred thousand coal miners will never enter the pits again, while 2,000,000 workers are unemployed the country over. The total creeps steadily upward, with no relief in sight. Germany has now (July 15, 1930) 2,774,000 unemployed, with the promise of 5,000,000 by Christmas. Italy has nearly half a million out of work; little Austria 300,000; Poland and Sweden abnormally high totals. Indeed the only major exception to serious overproduction (in one or more of its definitions) and unemployment, seems to be France. France has not embraced mass production and big industrial units with any such loving solicitude as has distinguished her sister nations. She has clung to handicrafts, small units, peasant proprietorship. Her people work long hours for a low standard of living (measured in dollars if not in human satisfaction), but the blight of unemployment has largely passed them by. This calls to mind a shattering sentence from the pen of Mr. Virgil Jordan, sometime head of the National Industrial Conference Board, and so one of the leaders of American Big Business:

It is probable that the system of small agricultural holdings, and of handicraft

manufacturing which existed between the breakdown of feudalism and the advent of the industrial revolution, was the most stable of all the forms of economic organization that have been so far developed—although it did not supply as high a standard of living for parts of the population as has been seen since.

The penalty which an uncontrolled Machine Age exacts is overproduction and loss of economic stability. Mr. Jordan may stand convicted of heresy, but hardly of violence to the truth.

The United States has kept its nose above water until the present depression because of its enormous home market (denied to England), its prodigious natural resources (now beginning to fail), its mounting population curve (which is flattening out), the automobile, which created 4,000,000 jobs (and in the first half of 1930 was turning men away), installment selling (as a temporary stimulant), and the policy of the economy of high wages (which never went far enough). Overproduction has repeatedly cramped our style, but never really frightened us. As the white-headed boy of the West, the world was our oyster.

We are beginning to be frightened now. The professional optimists are fading from the front pages. The business temper is increasingly one of an honest facing of facts. Here are a few of them:

The New York State index of factory employment for June reached the lowest level ever recorded. Automobile production for the first six months of 1930 fell by a cool 33 per cent below the same period in 1929 and is now functioning at a small fraction of its capacity.

American oil wells are capable of producing 5,950,000 barrels a day, against a market demand of 4,000,000 barrels, according to the figures of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. This registers an excess ca-

capacity of 48 per cent. Better gasoline cracking methods will make it worse. Oil in storage mounts steadily and now stands at over 300,000,000 barrels. In only one year in the last seven has any draft (net) been made on reserve stocks. Meanwhile a California well is merrily shooting into space 75 million cubic feet of gas a day, enough to supply the whole city of San Francisco. Due to overproduction, fuel oil is dumped at low prices, "far below its equivalent value to coal on a thermal basis." This drives out coal, making for overproduction in that unhappy industry, and wastes potential gasoline. According to Sir Henry Deterding, United States oil producers average only $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on their investment; in 1927 the return shrank to one per cent. Small wonder that the industry is moving heaven and earth to circumvent the Sherman Law and eliminate free competition, overproduction, and its appalling waste.

In coal there is very little overproduction in the sense of mining before selling. Dropping the price, furthermore, does not stimulate sales—as with radios or frocks. Consumers of coal buy what they need and no more. The real problem is excess capacity. The mines of the country can produce at least 750,000,000 tons a year, while the market can absorb but 500,000,000 tons. Full capacity may be used for a week or so, but by and large, the miners average no more than 200 days a year in the pits. Excess capacity is roughly 50 per cent—and getting worse. Fuel oil, electricity derived from water power, natural gas, better technical methods in coal utilization, and mechanization in the mine itself are all factors tending to intensify the disease of overproduction. Finally there is a nasty little joker in coal not found in manufacturing industries. When a shoe factory is abandoned, the loss is measured by the building and equip-

ment. When a coal mine is abandoned, not only is the equipment lost, but also *all the unmined coal*. It can never be worked again. Here is where overproduction takes a malicious and deadly blow at an irreplaceable natural resource. The intelligent coal men, like the oil men, are trying to eliminate competition. Says one of their leaders, Mr. O. E. Bockus: "It is doubtful whether there is any other industry in which the supposed advantage of unrestricted competition in assuring low prices is offset by so many and so serious social losses."

In textiles the chaos is indescribable. Cotton mills have duplicated an already over-built investment in New England by spreading to the South, largely on the false economy of low wages. They have encumbered their structure, according to Mr. Henry P. Kendall, with mill agents, commission men, brokers, converters, outside bleacheries, and finishing plants. They have been forced constantly to add new equipment for ephemeral style purposes instead of sticking to the economies of standard lines. They have been torpedoed from the depths by the widespread practice of buying up bankrupt mills at ten cents on the dollar, and the consequent flooding of the market with goods bearing no capital costs. They have been enflamed by the sanguinary competition of rayon and silk. Has this helped the silk industry? Not at all. It boomed for a while after the War, whereupon skilled workmen, bankers, retailers, anybody with money to invest, rushed up little mills by the hundreds. (This industry does not require a large investment.) Style changes made fortunes for a few and reduced the many to nervous prostration. Plum color is the rage. Every mill starts feverishly to work. The rage is comatose before even a dent has been made in the plum-piled shelves. Woven figured silks pass,

and thousands of Jacquard looms stand in their stalls, with no purpose in life but to eat their heads off in overhead costs. The shift from plain woven to crepe scraps millions of investment. Last year, according to Mr. Thomas B. Hill, one company alone was equipped to produce all the taffeta the nation called for. The Wool Institute reported for 1927 a mill capacity of \$1,750,000,000 against actual production of \$656,000,000. Woolen mills, like shoe factories, are thrice too many.

An able management engineer, Mr. Wallace Clark, finds his clients normally operating at 40 to 60 per cent of capacity. The printing trades are 50 per cent overequipped, while paper mills are now suffering acutely from overproduction. The steel industry was rated in 1929 at 62,000,000 tons. Production in that abnormally busy year ran to 56,000,000 tons, yet extension programs for 1930 call for 4,000,000 tons of additional capacity. My guess would be that with 66,000,000 tons capacity in 1930, actual production will be not more than 42,000,000 tons. Overhead costs will continue relentlessly on the whole 100 per cent.

The machine-tool industry has operated at 65 per cent of capacity for the last ten years. Oil refineries do somewhat better at 76 per cent, according to Mr. J. E. Pogue. Plants manufacturing gas function at 66 per cent. Flour mills, says the Federal Trade Commission, utilize only 40 per cent of their capacity on the average (due partly, of course, to peak demands in grinding cereals).

There is plenty of chance to quibble as to the exact meaning of "capacity" in the above recital, but none at all as to the alarming extent of excessive plant and equipment in industry after industry. The normal definition of capacity is eight hours' operation a day, for 300 days in a year. Obsolescence confuses the issue, particularly in tex-

tiles, where many New England mills possess batteries of venerable and completely outmoded looms. Perhaps such plants should be excluded from the capacity computations altogether—though one can hardly exclude the financial troubles and unemployment of their owners and operatives. Certain industries, such as lumbering and canning, are profoundly affected by the seasons, and under present methods of storage can hope to operate but a few months in the year.

But with all due allowance for such factors, the acute presence of overproduction throughout industry, even as we noted it in motor cars and agriculture at the beginning, is only too manifest. It is needless to document it with additional figures. Every other business man you meet on the street is lying awake at night trying to work out a plan to come to terms with his competitors; to formulate an agreement, legal or illegal, whereby price cutting may be mitigated, territories divided, marginal mills closed down, and some sort of order and reasonable security established in what is now a roaring chaos. In the last month I have happened to be an innocent bystander in the formation of three such agreements. The whole merger movement, basically, is a flight—often with all the earmarks of panic—from overproduction.

The dilemma in its simplest terms is that the credit system has not kept step with the technical arts. We cannot buy back what we make. This is good in that we have been estopped—some of us—from choking ourselves with unnecessary luxuries (say two radios per family), but bad in that we have (at an average wage of \$1,500 a year) been forced to forego many needed essentials. It is bad because of the wasteful piling up of half-

utilized plant, with the resulting financial spasms—peaks, depressions, unemployment. It all leads back to unlimited freedom of competition, a naïve faith in the automatic benefits of *laissez faire*—eighteenth-century ideas, in the twentieth-century world of a billion horse power.

Is there any way out?

We can always drift with the tide. This may mean years of acute depression, a quite possible lowering of living standards, terrible unemployment, and, one suspects, a retreat to the French formula of self-sufficiency. Or it may mean a temporary boom in the United States (induced let us say by drastic retail price reductions), another little ride with the Prosperity Chorus ringing bells and dropping nosegays, and so to a more resounding crash. Mounting overhead and mounting distribution costs are not things which can be permanently overcome by ringing bells and thinking the right thoughts.

Under a policy of drift, all signs point to a situation increasingly critical. Owing to the growing interdependence of industry—what I have called elsewhere technological tenuousness—overproduction in one field automatically calls it forth in other fields. Too much motor car capacity forces too much steel, rubber, glass, and accessory capacity. Too many oil wells engender too many filling stations and refineries. Too many acres of cotton call forth too many textile mills. Again, much of our capital investment has been erected to meet the demand of a country with a rapidly growing population. Now it appears that the population curve is flattening out toward perhaps a dead level in another generation, thus tending to make the burden of excess capacity even more pronounced. As virgin customers in new commodities (radios, electric refrigerators) give way to replacement customers, demand is bound to slacken,

the time interval of turnover to increase, with the inevitable and lamentable effect on overhead costs. I realize that Jeremiahs, however logical, are frequently undone by the final triumph of the policy of muddling through. But just how we are to muddle through this impasse escapes me altogether—even as I failed last summer to see how the stock market was going to muddle through. Our rise to industrial dominance has been compounded of energy and luck. The luck is running thin, and the energy will but build more needless plants. Only brains can save us.

If we prefer not to drift, various constructive suggestions are in order. Can the credit system, like Newcomen's monstrous pumping machine, be modernized by some financial Watt? Messrs. Foster and Catchings have already presented their credentials. Mr. Scoville Hamlin is about to present his in a forthcoming book, *The Menace of Overproduction*. Others are in the offing. The details of the several plans lie beyond the scope of this essay, but there is unquestionably much to be said for a deliberate, nation-wide fostering of a high-wage policy, and a better distribution of income. There is always the danger that a rush of new purchasing power would promptly be taken in charge by the high-pressure fraternity and devoted largely to luxuries and non-essentials, even as was the little pool accumulated through installment selling. Furthermore, high wages, while enormously helpful, would furnish no guarantee against overproduction in its upper registers. Wasteful over-equipment might still continue. As we have seen, the shoe industry is already beyond salvation by increments in purchasing power.

It has been proposed that we sell our surplus abroad. Unfortunately this has also been proposed in all other nations, many with the same kind

of exportable surplus. Doubly unfortunately, all follow, or propose shortly to follow, our spirited lead in penalizing imports by a tariff wall as high as the Tower of Babel. If these walls by mutual agreement came tumbling down, the situation would certainly be ameliorated but hardly liquidated. The United States, for example, exports only about 10 per cent of its total output, and even if this were doubled by unlimited free trade, the effect on industries now overequipped by 50 to 300 per cent would not be marked. More powerful medicine is needed.

In my judgment the only final way out lies through planned production. We have got to scrap a large fraction of *laissez faire*, and deliberately orient productive capacity to consumption needs.

In Russia they build no more shoe factories than are necessary to supply Russians with shoes. The Kremlin is attempting scientifically to articulate supply to demand, and the results so far under the Five Year Plan have given the whole world pause. Our ways are not Russian ways, but have we less in the way of brains, human wisdom, and human foresight? I am enough of a patriot to doubt it. But I am cursed with sufficient prophetic sense to be profoundly sure that if we do not embark upon a program of industrial co-ordination after our own fashion, and that shortly, we shall be driven some day, after God knows what suffering and bloodshed, to the Russian formula. The challenge presented by overproduction in the age of a billion horsepower is, to my mind, just as ominous as that.

This essay is an attempt to state a problem. The details of its solution are unknown to me, unknown to any

individual. It will require a pooling of the best brains we possess to work out the needed blueprints. My function here is to call for those brains. Some may hold that I have unconsciously darkened the picture to add urgency to the call. Perhaps. But overproduction is a double-edged sword, striking the worker through unemployment, the business man and the farmer through overhead costs, and so cutting its savage way through every social class. It gathered momentum during the whole "prosperity" period. From many points of view it is fortunate that prosperity has come to an end, shocking us into a realization of our true condition; forcing us to terms with the invader.

For America, industrial co-ordination must probably take the form of a drastic revision of the anti-trust laws; an alliance between industry, trade association, and government to control investment (*i.e.*, plant capacity) on the one hand, and to guard against unwarranted monopoly prices on the other; a universal system of minimum wages and guaranteed hours of labor to frighten off fly-by-night entrepreneurs and to stimulate purchasing power; and finally, and perhaps most important of all, the setting up of a National Industrial Planning Board as a fact-gatherer and in turn an adviser to Congress, President, industry, trade union, banker, state government, on every major economic undertaking in accordance with a master blueprint.

Mr. Hoover once made a gesture in that direction. If any President ever does it in earnest he will go echoing down the aisles of history as one who served his country as greatly as did Washington or Lincoln.



A PRISONER OF MEMORY

A STORY

BY WALTER GILKYSON

MR. MENDENHALL KENT didn't like Judge Kenderline. Three years ago the Judge had reproved him for taking up too much time in the trial of a case. And so, when he met the Judge in the hall at Rennyson Hobart's Wistar party, he bowed to him with the courtesy which he kept for people he didn't like and then walked upstairs without paying any more attention to him.

Wistar parties were among the rare occasions which took Mr. Mendenhall Kent from his Spruce Street house at night. The two Assemblies, the Legal Club, the meetings of the American Philosophical Society, and these after-dinner parties of gentlemen made up his social life in Philadelphia. It had grown steadily narrower since the death of his wife until now, at the age of sixty-eight, he found himself keeping up mainly through habit and a desire not to lose all sight of his old friends.

A slender, fragile figure, he walked with short, precise steps into Rennyson Hobart's upstairs library. There were twenty or more gentlemen standing about, and he greeted them and then went over to the sideboard.

"I presume, of course, that the liquor is pre-war," he remarked to Judge Mitchell of the Superior Court.

"Certainly. I always presume that without asking; then I'm safe." The Judge lifted a shrewd eyebrow and surveyed Mr. Kent.

"Quite so," said Mr. Kent absent-mindedly. He had noticed a new Albert Ryder on the opposite wall. When the opportunity came he went over and looked at it.

"Modern," someone said in a disagreeable voice, and he straightened up and confronted Judge Kenderline, who was standing behind him.

"No," he suggested firmly, "it's not at all modern, Judge."

Judge Kenderline flushed. "It looks it."

"I'm sorry, but it doesn't resemble the modern work in the least."

"You talk like a connoisseur." The Judge's dark face was warm and his small, uneven eyes were unpleasant. "I suppose you collect pictures, like Mr. John G. Johnson?"

"Not at all. I'm afraid I don't resemble a leader of the bar in any respect. I have had occasion to look at pictures, that's all." (This scowling young man with his Indian face and lank hair should be taught a lesson.) "I believe the law is an art and as such is germane to the other arts, and I see no reason why a lawyer shouldn't understand pictures, just as he understands literature and history. In fact most of them do." He smiled with gentle reproof, and then folded his hands across the buttons of his white waistcoat.

"You think the law is an art, do you?" His little lecture had evidently

hit the mark. "Come up sometime to 657 and see how much art you find!"

"I have been in 657," said Mr. Kent. "I tried cases in 657 at a time when, I daresay, you were going to school."

The Judge stared at him. He was plainly angry, now. "Your kind don't come into the criminal courts—"

"We should. That is, conceding I belong to a different kind, which I don't. I often regret, Judge, that I have no occasion to go there. No one of us is good enough to be exempt from the rough and tumble of the ring. I have sometimes thought, with my knowledge of Italian—"

"You speak Italian?"

"I lived in Italy."

"And you like the wops?"

"I know the Italians and I've been entertained in their homes. I don't call them wops."

"No?" Judge Kenderline's smile was cynical and amused. "If you like the Italians so much I'll give you a chance to prove it. I'll appoint you to defend an Italian who's been indicted for murder."

Mr. Kent closed his lips, and his fingers tightened across the buttons of his waistcoat. He drew a deep breath and then swallowed deliberately. "I shall be happy to accept any appointment you may send me," he said. Then he bowed, and walked over to the sideboard with short precise steps and poured himself a drink.

That remark about knowing Italian had done it, he decided, as he walked home when the party was over. All day, consciously and unconsciously, his mind had been upon Italy. It was spring, and these soft days of late April always brought back memories of his wife and the lake and Balbianello. Virgilia had loved Italy and their home on the lake; because of his father they had been graciously received by the Italian aristocracy, and their life together had been very gay, very much

like living in an illustrated history book. Only once had he gone back in all these forty-five years, and then it had been unbearable.

Virgilia would have approved of his replies to the Judge. She had always shared his affection for the Italians. If Judge Kenderline sent the appointment he would see that the prisoner, whoever he was, had a vigorous and painstaking defense. He didn't try many cases now and he hadn't been in a criminal court for fifteen years. But whatever he lacked in skill, he would try to make up for by diligence and sympathy.

In the morning, at precisely ten minutes to nine, he walked down to his office in the Land Title Building. His assistant, Mr. Clarkson, was helping Miss Mildren sort out the mail, and he told them both about the appointment, feeling a little pleased at the look of pride that came over Miss Mildren's face. She and Clarkson were his only office companions; he had always preferred a small organization of his own to an association with other lawyers. His practice was largely in the Orphans Court, and he didn't need anyone but Miss Mildren and Clarkson, who was an excellent accountant, to help him. He sat down at the desk and picked up the opinion of the Court *in banc* in Hodges Estate, which the Court Clerk had just sent over. The Judges had quoted very largely from his brief and had cited three of his earlier cases involving the Estate. It was a sound opinion, quite in line with the precedents that had grown up around Hodges Estate. He put the opinion away in the cardboard file on the top of his desk. It was generally recognized by the bar that he was the authority in Hodges Estate.

When Miss Mildren knocked at the door an hour later he was hard at work. "Here's your appointment," she announced. He glanced at it, feeling a

little startled at seeing his name so close to that of the Criminal Court.

The prisoner was one Alessandro Benvolente. In English that would be Alexander the Well-wisher. For a moment Mr. Kent wondered whether Alexander the Well-wisher was guilty. Then he dismissed the thought. It was his duty to believe Alexander innocent until the contrary was proved. He rose, took his hat from the tree, and opened the door of the outer office.

"I'm going to the jail to see our new client," he said.

On the way up he realized that he was not appropriately dressed for an interview with a person in jail. The morning coat and striped trousers and cloth-topped patent-leather boots which he invariably wore might be unsuitable for the occasion—might, in fact, cast some reflection upon the condition of his client. He believed in dignity and the preservation of form; there had grown up an informality at the bar which he greatly disliked. Men who ought to know better had taken to wearing loose tweeds, colored collars, unseemly ties, and soft, shapeless hats, and to calling one another by their first names in a very familiar manner. He had always stood out against such customs, but now—he gazed in the mirror of the jolting taxi at his bat-wing collar and impeccable tie with the small polka dots—now he wished there were something younger and more athletic-looking about his clothes.

The man at the door was very polite, however, and after a moment's examination of his appointment turned him over to another officer, who took him upstairs to the part of the jail where Alessandro Benvolente was confined.

"He's a quiet one," he said, as he unlocked the door of the cell. "I'm leaving you alone with him, Counsellor, for half an hour." He swung open the door and then shut it behind Mr. Kent with a vicious clang.

Alessandro Benvolente was quiet, Mr. Kent thought. He didn't move or speak but remained sitting in the straight chair by the bed, his eyes turned toward the door, a shaft of light from the high window at his back falling over his shoulder. His gentle, recessive face and long mustaches looked luminous behind the light; with his drooping pose and calm, vacant gaze he had the air of a Chinese saint engaged in meditation. Mr. Kent was moved. The innocence, the unstudied artlessness of the man filled him with compassion.

"I am your lawyer, Alessandro," he said in Italian.

Alessandro rose politely without speaking and offered him the chair.

"I have come to defend you." Mr. Kent waited for Alessandro, who had seated himself on the bed, to speak. He remained silent, and Mr. Kent began to feel embarrassed. The man is afraid, he thought. I must reassure him. "The court is interested in your defense and has appointed me to serve as your lawyer." He smiled, hoping Alessandro would reply, but his face didn't change; he only continued his mild, impassive scrutiny.

Mr. Kent, resolved to be patient, looked away, then undid his briefcase and took out a pad of manila paper. "You can talk to me freely," he said. "I shall ask you questions, if you prefer, and you can answer them."

Alessandro either didn't hear him or didn't understand. The man is an innocent; he is a simple Sicilian shepherd caught in the toils of our civilization, Mr. Kent thought.

"Where were you born, Alessandro?" he asked.

"You talk to Giorgio Monti," said Alessandro. His voice had a surprising quality, as if some rich instrument had remained long unused. "You call up Giorgio Monti at the Restaurant Calabrese." He nodded, as if to re-

assure Mr. Kent, and then relapsed into vacancy.

"But I don't know Giorgio Monti!"

"You call him. He knows everything—everything that I shall say in court. Please!" He leaned forward, pressing the palms of his hands together. "Giorgio Monti at the Restaurant Calabrese. He will tell you all, *Signore*, that you want to know."

"But I must talk to you—"

"I cannot talk." Alessandro sighed; then his face grew impassive and he stared into space. He had withdrawn from the scene, leaving Mr. Kent baffled and alone.

In the twenty minutes that followed all Mr. Kent could learn from him was the address of the Restaurant Calabrese. When the turnkey came Alessandro rose with simple dignity and held out his hand.

"Thank you, *Signore*," he said.

He bowed to the turnkey who gave Mr. Kent an enormous wink.

As soon as Mr. Kent returned to the office he told Miss Mildren to telephone the Restaurant Calabrese and ask Mr. Giorgio Monti to call upon him without delay. And at half past two, just when he was feeling a little drowsy from lunch, she knocked at the door and said that the Italian had come.

"Send him in," he said, swinging round in his chair so his back would be to the light. He mustn't appear sleepy, but the shad roe at the club had been very large. It might be better to take down the questions and answers himself. Miss Mildren was naturally delicate-minded, and without any experience in the more degrading aspects of life. This case was likely to prove unpleasant . . . Then the door opened and a short, stout man with blackberry eyes and a big sagging mouth came rolling into the room.

"Signor Giorgio Monti?" Mr. Kent asked, and the man stopped, his eyebrows arched with amazement and

delight. "You speak our language!" he exclaimed, plunging toward the chair with outstretched arms, as if he were about to embrace Mr. Kent.

"Yes," said Mr. Kent. "Sit down, please." He felt he would be more comfortable if the man sat down. "Naturally I speak Italian. In my youth I lived in Italy."

"How beautiful! Imagine! Think of it!" Signor Monti eased himself into the armchair in front of Mr. Kent. "For pleasure—to absorb the beauty of our scenery, and our glorious history, and to spread the limbs in our sunny warmth?"

"Well, yes, among other reasons." In order to show his interest in the case it might be necessary, at the expense of good taste, to impress Signor Monti. "My father was the American Minister to Italy at one time."

"How beautiful! Think of it! What a distinction!" Signor Monti's fat hands flew back and forth. "I am from Naples myself. It is an honor to sit in the presence of one who has represented the great country of my adoption at the court of Mussolini. Rome the Eternal!" He raised his right arm in a Fascist salute. "And America, the land of my adoption. America is better." His small, shrewd mouth closed with a faint smack.

"In some ways, yes." Mr. Kent wondered whether he hadn't better correct Signor Monti's impression that he had been Minister to Italy, and then decided to do it later. "My purpose in sending for you is this," he said, handing him the appointment. "Alessandro Benvolente refused to talk and referred me to you."

Signor Monti glanced at the appointment. "Your stenographer told me you had been requested by the court to defend my poor unfortunate friend. I had already employed Milliken Benn but I shall discharge him immediately. With your knowledge, your distinction,

and above all your love for our country, my poor unfortunate friend could not be in better hands."

Mr. Kent felt uncomfortable. "My experience in criminal cases has not been large," he began.

"That is unimportant." Signor Monti's eyebrows flew up, and he lifted his arms in protestation. "There is not a jury in the world that would find my poor unfortunate friend guilty. He is the victim of a conspiracy. A humble proprietor of a cigar store, he was unfortunate enough to incur the jealousy of a young Italian woman. It is an affair of love." Signor Monti's blackberry eyes became soft. "The young woman, enraged by love, is the only witness against Alessandro. Out of the pain and disappointment in her heart she says she saw Alessandro shoot Francesco Gillardoni at eleven o'clock at night from the pavement at the corner of Ninth and Christian Streets. Cold-blooded murder! You know, Your Excellency—you have seen Alessandro Benvolente—you know that that is impossible!"

"He looked like a very quiet man," said Mr. Kent. "But I'm not Your Excellency; it was my father who was Minister to Italy."

"No matter." Signor Monti shrugged his shoulders as if dismissing a needless interruption. "I have thirteen witnesses for the defense," he announced. "Alessandro's aunt and four cousins, who will prove the insane jealousy of the sole witness for the State, a young woman who disgraces the land of her birth and of her adoption under the name of Dina Malezzi." He scowled, then patted his large stomach consolingly. "I have eight witnesses who will prove that at the precise moment of the killing Alessandro was in his cigar store, fulfilling his humble duties to the citizens of Philadelphia. The young men are all of good reputation and known to me who am

the proprietor of the Restaurant Calabrese." He reached in his pocket, took out a card, and handed it to Mr. Kent. "Whenever you wish to see the witnesses I shall bring them to you. You are an instrument of justice, and my poor unfortunate friend has at last found good fortune. The man who was killed was an evil character, a bootlegger of the worst reputation, and it would be a calamity if my innocent friend should suffer for his death. I am the protector of the weak and ignorant in my community, and I shall undertake for you the complete preparation of your case. Until we meet again, Your Excellency." He lifted his broad black hat with a flourish, placed it on his head, and then rolled out of the room.

Mr. Kent felt slightly dazed. He looked down at the manila pad. The man had talked so much that he hadn't made many notes. It seemed like a good case. An alibi established by eight witnesses, and an aunt and four cousins of the defendant to prove the jealousy of the sole witness for the State. The man who was killed was a bootlegger and, therefore, a criminal. Alessandro certainly wasn't a criminal. Mr. Kent sighed, thinking of the old days in Sicily and of how Virgilia had always loved to talk with the Sicilian shepherds. She would have understood Alessandro. He would not have remained so fearful and shy in her presence.

The witnesses who appeared with Giorgio Monti the next day turned out to be just as good as he said, and at the close of the examination Mr. Kent felt very confident of his case. So a month later, when he crossed over to City Hall on Tuesday at eight o'clock, surrounded by Giorgio and nearly twenty Italians, his step was elastic and his heart, although beating too fast, was light. He was on the right side and he could use all his powers of persuasion and in-

dulge all his natural sympathies in the coming trial.

When they reached the sixth floor of City Hall Mr. Kent decided it would be better to leave Giorgio and the witnesses in one of the anterooms of 657, so that the District Attorney shouldn't see them before they took the stand. He had no doubt of the truth of their testimony; but it was always better, if possible, to surprise one's adversary. He explained this to Giorgio, who without demur shepherded the flock into one of the side rooms. Then Mr. Kent, alone, pushed open the swinging doors of 657 and walked down the aisle to the chairs reserved for members of the bar.

It had been such a long while since he had attended criminal court that he couldn't help feeling a little nervous. The room was nearly full, and the court officers, with their accustomed brusqueness, were pushing the spectators into seats. A tipstaff was arranging papers in front of the Judge's empty chair, and in the space below, between the rail and the bench, the District Attorney and the Court Stenographer were talking together. The District Attorney was a young man with spectacles and a thin face. Mr. Kent didn't know him. He didn't know any of the lawyers in the court. They seemed to be of a different class from the criminal lawyers of fifteen years ago.

The Court Crier rose, and his voice went over the room in a long, wailing cry. Mr. Kent stood up. Judge Kenderline was coming through the door behind the bench. He was going to preside; that might be fortunate or unfortunate, Mr. Kent couldn't tell. The Judge had a reputation for fairness. He had probably forgotten the incident of last month. The District Attorney was talking to him now, so Mr. Kent sat down. At the far door to the left a man from the Sheriff's

office came in with Alessandro Benvolente. It looked as if the case were going to be called right away.

The Judge glanced over the lawyers until his eyes rested upon Mr. Kent.

"Are you ready?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Any motions?"

"No, sir."

The Judge began sorting over the papers on the bench. "Call a jury in Commonwealth *versus* Benvolente," he said to the tipstaff.

Mr. Kent took his seat at the defendant's table and beckoned to the officer in charge of Alessandro. "Let him sit here," he suggested. Alessandro sat down. He was neat and clean and quite undisturbed by what was going on. Mr. Kent felt a glow of pride as he patted him on the arm. Alessandro, he felt sure, would impress the jury.

With the jury list on the table before him, Mr. Kent very carefully put down the proper number after the name of each man as he was called. Then he rose politely and interrogated the juror, being careful to elicit any prejudice he might have against Italians, Latins, or even foreigners. The untraveled citizens of Philadelphia, from among whose number the jury was necessarily drawn, might through ignorance be possessed of some racial antagonism, some unworthy suspicion, concerning persons of another land and speech. Such contamination he must be zealous to discover and avoid. Alessandro, a helpless stranger, must be tried by citizens of an impartial mind. That was the glory of the law and the privilege of his client. As an officer of the court, he had a sacred duty to perform.

Every now and then he challenged a juror peremptorily, because of some gesture, expression, or trick of speech that seemed dangerous.

It was afternoon when the trial

actually began, and not until the next morning did the material witnesses for the commonwealth take the stand.

Alessandro, it appeared, had been found in New York by the police the day after the murder. When discovered he was hiding in a tenement house on Second Avenue.

Upon cross-examination Mr. Kent showed there was no evidence of when Alessandro had arrived. He had visited the tenement house before; as far as the witnesses knew, he might have come any time that day.

Francesco Gillardoni had been seen at Alessandro's cigar store half an hour before the murder.

Warily Mr. Kent cut around the testimony. There had been no altercation between the two men. They had not been seen leaving the cigar store together.

At about eleven o'clock that night Alessandro had passed the corner of Eighth and Christian Streets with Francesco Gillardoni.

There was no evidence of a quarrel. The witness, an elderly Italian, was by no means a good judge of time. In the tests which Mr. Kent put to him, watch in hand, he thought five minutes was half an hour.

The silver top of a flask, marked "A. B.," was found by the police near the gutter on the southeast side of Ninth and Christian Streets. In the preceding months Alessandro had purchased a silver flask from a pawnbroker, who testified that the initials engraved on the top were "A. B."

With this testimony the court adjourned, leaving the cross-examination of the witness until the following morning.

Mr. Kent gathered up his papers and put them in his bag. That last piece of evidence had raised an unpleasant doubt in his mind. It would be hard to explain away such a simple and damaging fact. But it was equally hard to

imagine Alessandro buying a silver flask. Alessandro was not given to ornament; he wasn't even adorned with a collar and necktie. There must be some explanation for the presence of the flask.

"I shall come to the jail and talk with you later, Alessandro," he said.

Then he joined the witnesses and Giorgio in their place of concealment, and together they returned to the office.

Giorgio, when Mr. Kent told him about the flask, was surprisingly calm.

"Your Excellency, I am familiar with that transaction," he said. "As Alessandro will tell you, he purchased that flask for the benefit of one Aristideo Bertini, who in turn gave it to a young man who has since returned to his native country. If you will permit me, I shall bring to your office now the said Aristideo Bertini, who will unfold to Your Excellency the complete history of the flask."

Mr. Kent was relieved. There was something reassuring about the very name Aristideo. "Giorgio, you are a great help," he said.

It was precisely as Giorgio had stated. Aristideo, a most reliable looking young man, had bought the flask from Alessandro and then given it to an Italian who had just returned to Italy. When Mr. Kent questioned Alessandro later, he corroborated in every detail the story of Aristideo. Notwithstanding his apparent ignorance, Alessandro had a remarkable memory. Mr. Kent felt strengthened for the coming ordeal.

The next morning, after fixing in the jury's mind the date of the sale of the flask, Mr. Kent turned the witness over for re-direct examination.

"That's all," said the District Attorney absently. He was hunting through the papers on his desk.

"Dina Malezzi," he called.

Mr. Kent sat up. He knew that his real battle had begun.

Dina was young and pretty, and she made a good impression on the jury. She had seen Alessandro, at eleven o'clock on the night of the murder, running away from the corner of Ninth and Christian Streets, where, a few minutes later, the dead man had been found. She also testified that there was a pistol in Alessandro's hand.

As the District Attorney turned her over to him for cross-examination Mr. Kent made a quick decision.

"You wouldn't have recognized the defendant that night, in the dark, if you hadn't seen him before, would you?"

"No, sir."

"So you knew him well—you had been to his house?"

"Yes, sir."

"Many times?"

"Yes, sir."

"And for quite a long while you had known him?"

She paused.

"A few years, maybe?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you hadn't seen him—" Mr. Kent hesitated, then decided to take the risk, "You hadn't seen him for a month, say, before the night of the killing?"

She paused again, as if thinking.

"I don't think so, no, sir," she answered.

"That's all," said Mr. Kent, sitting down.

The District Attorney looked at him with surprise. Judge Kenderline swung up to the bench, his eyes sardonic and inquiring. "Call the next witness," he said, his eyes fixed upon Mr. Kent.

"That's our case," the District Attorney answered, and the Judge glanced across the room at the clock.

"We have time for your opening speech, Mr. Kent. After that we'll adjourn, and you can put on your witnesses to-morrow morning."

When the speech was over the crier adjourned the court.

"May I see you a moment?" the District Attorney called, and Mr. Kent walked over to the bench.

"How long will you be to-morrow?"

"We ought to finish sometime during the day."

Judge Kenderline nodded. "You ought to finish by noon, at the rate you're going. That was a good piece of cross-examination, if you'll permit me to say so. Between your skill and your client's looks he could get away with murder before the jury."

The Judge must think Alessandro was guilty, Mr. Kent decided, as he walked down the aisle and across to the anteroom where Giorgio and the witnesses were concealed. That was unfortunate; the Judge's belief was the result of a natural bias which came from trying so many criminals. But at any rate he was fair. Not once during the trial had he been anything but fair. And to-morrow—Mr. Kent thought of the fourteen witnesses, and his confidence returned. To-morrow would certainly be a field-day for Alessandro.

The next morning at ten o'clock he opened his case. To remove any doubt in the jury's mind about the flask, he put Aristideo Bertini on the stand and asked him to tell what had happened. The evidence which Aristideo gave was unstudied and surprisingly complete. The District Attorney couldn't lead him into the slightest contradiction. His modest demeanor and quiet certainty bore the earmarks of truth.

Alessandro's aunt took the stand next and was followed by each of her daughters. Their testimony was perfect; the witness Dina Malezzi had sought to marry Alessandro and had been repulsed. Each woman had seen at least one frantic incident in Alessandro's long and determined retreat from love. They testified earnestly, with

graphic gestures, their deep, appealing voices resonant with truth. They were unshakable, and at the end of the cross-examination the District Attorney grew peevish. Mr. Kent saw one of the jurors nodding to the other. It was a good sign. The tide of battle was flowing toward Alessandro.

After the eight men had testified and been cross-examined, Mr. Kent felt certain of the result. Alessandro's alibi had been proved; the District Attorney had been unable to shake one single witness. There remained only Alessandro himself, and in a few minutes his testimony was over. Mr. Kent listened anxiously as the District Attorney began his cross-examination. Then he sat back with a little sigh of relief. Alessandro, in spite of his innocence, could take care of himself.

When the cross-examination was over the District Attorney beckoned to Mr. Kent, and together they went round the railing to the bench.

"I'd like to adjourn, if your Honor please, until to-morrow morning," the District Attorney said. "This defense has come as a surprise and I want a chance to investigate the defendant's witnesses."

"That's an extraordinary request," said Mr. Kent. He looked sternly at the District Attorney and then at the Judge. "The cost of this court to the Commonwealth, if your Honor please, has been estimated at three dollars a minute. I can see no reason for delaying the trial and keeping the jury locked up over night to allow the Commonwealth to prepare its case."

The Judge frowned. "The case ought to go on, Harry," he said. "Have you any evidence that these witnesses aren't telling the truth?"

"Not exactly, no, although I suspect—"

"That's unworthy!" A flush came into Mr. Kent's cheeks. "Unless you have evidence you have no right to

suspect my witnesses. You are exceeding your duties as an officer of the court when you entertain such suspicions without evidence."

The District Attorney looked down. He wasn't a very aggressive young man.

"If your Honor please," said Mr. Kent; "once, three years ago, you criticized me for taking up too much time in the trial of a case, and I have been careful not to repeat that error to-day. I object strongly to the adjournment suggested by my learned young friend; I am ready to go to the jury now, and I see no reason why, when the life of a man is at stake, his agony should be prolonged while my learned young friend satisfies some vague suspicion that he himself admits is without foundation and should not be maintained."

The Judge smiled. "I did criticize you once but I thought you'd forgotten it. Harry, there isn't any real reason why this case should be held up, and you'd better go on. I doubt if you'd find anything, anyway. The Italian's a good actor; he always puts on a good show." The Judge leaned back in his chair and pulled the robe up over the lapels of his coat. "We've got a big list and you ought to be able to try these cases as they come."

Mr. Kent returned to his seat. That was the end of that! "We shall finish to-day," he said to Alessandro. The District Attorney was standing before the jury, beginning his summing-up speech. Giorgio Monti leaned over Alessandro's shoulder and touched Mr. Kent on the arm.

"When this is over we shall have a great celebration in your honor," he whispered.

As Mr. Kent stepped forward to make his closing speech to the jury he felt inspired. Behind the logic of his argument a white flame of memory burned. The silence in the court

room, the sympathy on the faces of the jurors, the thought of Alessandro, whose life was dependent upon these few faltering words, unloosed his imagination and set free all the deepest emotion of his heart. The past was rising up in him, forming his sentences, adding its burden of sorrow to his voice; Alessandro, Giorgio Monti, all the witnesses were mere shapes through which breathed the lost enchantment, the incessant, changing delight, of his years in Italy. It was youth crying out in him, proclaiming each memory and each experience that he had cherished for forty-five years. By some strange magic all that he valued had been put upon trial, and he was defending it vehemently.

When he sat down the courtroom was silent, and the jurors avoided one another's glances, as if afraid of showing how they felt. Alessandro rustled in his chair, then nodded shyly, looking more than ever like a Chinese saint. Behind him Giorgio Monti was ejaculating under his breath; he was greatly moved by the address. Then the District Attorney began his last speech, and Mr. Kent settled down to listen.

As soon as the speech was over the Judge charged the jury, so fairly that Mr. Kent only took one exception to the charge. Then the jury filed out, and the crier adjourned the court, and Mr. Kent, after saying good-by to Alessandro, left the witnesses in the anteroom, and went back to his office.

An hour later Miss Mildren told him the jury had returned and he hurried over to City Hall. A verdict in such a short time must mean an acquittal. He could hardly conceal his elation as he entered the room.

The Judge was on the bench, and Alessandro, in charge of an officer, was standing at the bar of the court.

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury, guilty or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," the foreman answered.

Giorgio Monti was upon Mr. Kent, wringing his hand. Alessandro had taken the other hand and was kissing it, while the Judge looked down at him, frankly amused.

"Congratulations," he said.

Then two newspapermen came up with a camera, and Mr. Kent posed for them between Alessandro and Giorgio.

"At eight o'clock, in the Restaurant Calabrese, we shall have a great celebration in your honor," Giorgio cried. "It is now six; I shall call for Your Excellency at precisely quarter of eight."

When Giorgio arrived at Mr. Kent's house two hours later it was evident that the celebration had begun. His gestures were even wider than before, and he filled the hall with an odor compounded, as far as Mr. Kent could tell, of excitement and Scotch. For an instant Mr. Kent quailed. He was very tired; there was a heavy numbness at the base of his spine. The prospect of several hours of Italian felicitation in a noisy café was distressing.

"I shall not stay long," he said, buttoning up his dinner jacket and wrapping his white scarf around his neck. Hinkle, the butler, was looking at Giorgio with disapproval. Hinkle mustn't be rude. "I shall be back soon," he said to him severely. Then he opened the door and descended the steps to the taxi.

According to Giorgio, it was only a few blocks to the Restaurant Calabrese. Mr. Kent had never seen the place before nor did he ever remember having been in the Italian quarter. Like everything else in Philadelphia, it must have grown rapidly during the last few years. The street down which they had turned was filled with blinking signs and open doorways and gesticulating crowds of men. There was an air of noisy leisure about the street, as

if everyone were waiting for something to happen. Mr. Kent sighed. Giorgio Monti was noisy. He had talked steadily all the way without once stopping for an answer.

The bright sign of the Restaurant Calabrese spelled itself in and out across the corner. There were a lot of men standing around and they took off their hats as Giorgio and Mr. Kent got out of the taxi. Giorgio positively swaggered; his wide black hat was tipped over to one side. Through the window in front of him Mr. Kent saw a blaze of mirrors and a multitude of small round tables filled with people.

"My restaurant!" Giorgio cried. "Every night it is thus, Your Excellency."

"Indeed!" There were so many people, and they looked so thick-haired and perspiring. One of the waiters, standing near the window, was opening a round red bottle, wrapped half way up to the neck in straw.

"The entrance to the banquet hall is here, Your Excellency." Giorgio rolled out of the light, and Mr. Kent followed him through the doorway on the left and up the stairs. They were steep, and the walls on either side were dirty. From the floor above came the sound of lusty singing.

Giorgio flung open the door, and the singing stopped. There were at least thirty men in the room, standing round a long table. The table glittered; the bunting tacked to the walls threw a purple shadow over the ceiling; the coils of tobacco smoke drifting under the light turned the tablecloth blue and veiled the faces of the men in swarthy repose. For an instant Mr. Kent felt trapped. The vitality in the room drained him of strength. Then he carefully removed his hat and bowed to the men.

"Behold our savior!" Giorgio cried. There was a ring of triumph in his voice. The men filed up to shake

hands with Mr. Kent. They spoke Italian and smelled very strong; with a ghost of amusement Mr. Kent found himself wondering why they hadn't earrings in their ears.

"Sit down, Your Excellency." Giorgio pushed his way to the head of the table. Alessandro was there; he had on a stiff shirt and a long gold collar button instead of a collar and tie. Mr. Kent shook hands with him. Alessandro had survived the metamorphosis of the banquet. In the midst of his formidable friends he was still the gentle Sicilian shepherd.

Mr. Kent sat down between Alessandro and Giorgio. Then the rest of the men sat down, and in a moment the singing began again. Mr. Kent remembered how the peasants had sung in the *trattoria* on the lake, and he tried to feel happy. Possibly it would be better if he drank something. There was Chianti in the red straw-covered bottles and a liquor that tasted like Scotch. Giorgio poured him out both. The wine was familiar; it was surprisingly good; turning round the bottle, he found that it came from Siena.

"Plenty of that!" Giorgio exclaimed, with a vast wink. "Plenty of that, Your Excellency!"

"I suppose so." The young woman putting down the *antipasto* in front of him smiled. Mr. Kent half turned and looked at her. He had seen her before. Good Lord! His fork dropped against his plate. She was one of Alessandro's cousins, one of the witnesses at the trial!

In silence he surveyed the room. Through the drift of smoke he saw the large, pleasant face of Alessandro's aunt, standing near the door. She was supervising the waitresses, and the rest of Alessandro's cousins were moving about the table. One of the men flung his head back familiarly as a cousin bent over him. Mr. Kent tried

to put his fork through a piece of tomato. Then he turned to Giorgio.

"I see the witnesses are waiting on the table."

"In Your Excellency's honor," Giorgio answered, his mouth full of food. "They insisted on serving Your Excellency as a token of their appreciation."

Mr. Kent nodded. That might be true, but he didn't feel convinced. "They work here?"

"Yes, Your Excellency." Giorgio took a big drink of Scotch. "All Italians work here, sooner or later."

One of Alessandro's cousins removed Mr. Kent's *antipasto* and gave him a big plate of *minestrone*. Down the table the singing was noisier now, without concert, and interrupted by shouting. Two men were quarrelling, and Giorgio half rose and glared at them with fierce, red-rimmed eyes.

"Carlo! Giuseppe!" he shouted. The men scowled, then turned away from each other.

"Beasts," Giorgio muttered. "Give an Italian an inch, Your Excellency, and he takes an ell."

"You command like a Tzar," said Mr. Kent with an attempt at gayety. He was trying to eat his soup but he couldn't. This suspicion that he strove to put down, to drive away, paralyzed the nerves of his stomach.

The men were shouting for music, and Giorgio beckoned to Alessandro's aunt and whispered something to her. Mr. Kent began talking to Alessandro, who answered his questions briefly, with an air of reticence and shy pride. Every now and then some man at the table toasted Alessandro. It was evident that he was very much of a hero. They also toasted Mr. Kent, and he invariably lifted his glass and responded with a dignified nod.

The orchestra was coming in.

"From my restaurant downstairs," Giorgio explained.

With a quick start, Mr. Kent gasped, then his fingers tightened on the edge of the table. He forced himself to look at the orchestra again. He felt ill. The noise and smoke closed round him in a gigantic bubble. In the center his heart was fluttering painfully.

There were eight men, and each man was bowing to him politely. They were sitting down now, moving their instruments about and putting their music on the racks. It was grotesque. He must be losing his mind. It was that Scotch. These men were only distorted shapes of reality. They were the creatures of fever.

Every man in the orchestra had been examined by him in court.

It was the orchestra that had established Alessandro's alibi.

"In your honor," said Giorgio, with a lurch that splashed the wine out on the cloth. "I have taken them from my restaurant to play in Your Excellency's honor. When necessary they can go to court in Your Excellency's honor, or in Alessandro's honor, or in my honor. Ha!" He plunged back in his chair and clapped his hands on his knees. "Your Excellency! What do you think of that?"

"Admirable," said Mr. Kent in a weak voice. His head was whirling round and round. These changes came so fast that he didn't seem able to recover himself.

"*Signori!*" Giorgio was struggling to his feet. "Silence! I command silence! I am about to make a speech!"

The room was quiet and the orchestra faced about in polite attention.

"*Viva the Ambassador!*" someone cried out but was instantly silenced.

"My friends," said Giorgio. His square body swayed toward Mr. Kent and then righted itself. Mr. Kent gazed up at him, hypnotized. The man's face was demoniac, colossal.

His eyes were black sparks. He was inspired. "My friends!" Giorgio threw out his arms in a magnificent gesture. "This man loves us. He has lived amidst the grandeur of our mountains and has drunk in the sublime patriotism of our people. For a lifetime he has been the Ambassador from the great country of our adoption to the holy land of our nativity. He loves us and he hates and despises our enemies. If that renegade Francesco Gillardoni were here our beloved friend would tear him in pièces!"

The room crashed and rocked about Mr. Kent in waves of frantic applause. He felt strangely exhilarated, as if he had become a bodiless atom whirling without thought in the midst of a great light and noise. Giorgio was looking down at him. A damp hand was upon his shoulder. There were tears of affection in Giorgio's eyes.

"I propose the last tribute!" he cried exultantly; "The evidence of our undying regard, of our love for our great protector! The supreme gift!"

He thrust his hand into his pocket and pulled out a small black pistol.

"Take it," he said in a broken voice. "Keep it, Your Excellency, as a memorial of our unworthy affection. It is the instrument by which Alessandro revenged the treachery of Francesco Gillardoni. Take it, Your Excellency, and may it always preserve you from harm."

He sat down and buried his face in his hands.

The emotion that swept over the room was too great for any sound.

Alessandro shyly touched Mr. Kent's arm. "For you," he said, "it is good luck."

Mr. Kent rose, the pistol in his hand. It was slippery and heavy, and he didn't know how to hold it. He ought to point the barrel up, toward the ceiling. They were waiting for him to make a speech. The room was quiet

and heavy. Through the smoke the men's faces tipped up, then dropped away. He was dizzy. He couldn't think in Italian. The words stopped in his mind, disappeared, swarmed back into meaningless English.

Giorgio lifted his head, then shot out his arm at the orchestra.

"*Giovanezza!*" he shouted. "Play '*Giovanezza*' and we will march!"

The men rose in a thunderous rush about the table. Giorgio swung Mr. Kent around, shouting violently at the men in front of him. They pushed forward, leaving a vacant space in front of Mr. Kent. Giorgio's hands were upon his shoulders. Dimly Mr. Kent knew that he was going to march. Possibly they might make him shoot off the pistol.

The music began and Mr. Kent started forward. He held the pistol in front of him as if he were carrying a flag. The music was exhilarating; the full, strenuous rhythms cleared the dizziness from his brain. The men were singing; the great volume of sound rolled melodiously above the tramping of their feet. It was a beautiful and inspiring song that they sang.

*"Giovanezza, giovanezza,
Primavera di bellezza."*

The great chorus lifted and crashed like surf through the room. Mr. Kent was singing now at the top of his voice.

It was a beautiful song. "Youth, fair youth, the springtime of beauty." The words warmed his heart.

Quite transported, he marched boldly, a slender, fragile figure at the head of his company, with a small black pistol held barrel upward in his right hand. He had forgotten everything, now, but the singing. They were singing melodies that he knew. He was on the lake, and the old tidal songs of the fishermen were weaving contrapuntal harmonies in his brain.

"King Barbarossa, and his red, red
beard—"

The azaleas were red; they were flowing in scarlet waves down the slopes of Balbianello.

"You are a rose, and the wind will scatter your petals—"

He was young again. He could march this way forever.

As he approached the doorway once more, he became aware of a change. The next instant he caught sight of a large figure leaning against the wall. He faltered, and the song died in his throat. He broke step, stumbled forward, holding the pistol to his side. The singing continued behind him. They hadn't seen—

He dropped into the nearest chair. It was impossible to look back at that door. His heart was beating furiously and he was drenched with sweat.

"You are not well?" Giorgio asked, bending over him anxiously.

"Tired," breathed Mr. Kent. He closed his lips firmly and glanced toward the door.

The policeman was still there. His large boots and blue trousers were visible between the legs of the men.

"Do you wish to go home now?" Giorgio asked tenderly. "Stand back!" he shouted at the men who were crowding around.

"Home?" echoed Mr. Kent in a faint voice. He could scarcely get his breath. A vision of Judge Kenderline, sitting on the bench, came before his eyes. What could he possibly say to the Judge when he was brought into court?

"Mike!" Giorgio called out sharply over his shoulder. "Run down and get a taxi for the gentleman." The heavy boots and blue trousers shifted around and disappeared.

"If His Excellency will arise I will attend him to his house," Giorgio said.

Mr. Kent got up. Dimly he wondered whether he was going insane.

There had been a policeman there. The policeman had gone to get him a taxi. It was fantastic!

Alessandro gently lifted his hand and kissed it. Then he took the pistol from Mr. Kent's fingers and dropped it into the breast pocket of his dinner coat.

"Safer there," he whispered.

"Yes," said Mr. Kent.

Alessandro held his overcoat for him, carefully tucking in the white muffler under the lapels. Supported by Giorgio and Alessandro and followed by the silent group of men, Mr. Kent got downstairs and out on the pavement.

The policeman was holding open the door of the taxi. Our public servants have acquired courtesy, Mr. Kent thought vaguely. He must keep Giorgio from coming home with him. He really couldn't bear any more excitement.

"I should like to rest in the taxicab, so you needn't come, Giorgio."

"I understand." Giorgio's bow was delicacy and comprehension itself.

"Good-by, gentlemen," said Mr. Kent, with a fluttering wave of his hand toward the group on the pavement.

They took off their hats and murmured in a low, musical chorus.

Giorgio stepped back, then embraced Mr. Kent and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Our protector," he proclaimed solemnly. Then he took Mr. Kent by one arm while the policeman took the other, and Mr. Kent climbed into the taxi.

"Good-by again," he said, leaning out of the window as the car started.

The light from the sign above the Restaurant Calabrese flickered over his face.

With one accord each man on the pavement raised his right arm in a mute gesture of farewell.



THE DESPOTISM OF POLLY ROSS

CHILDREN, THE NEW SCHOOLS, AND THE OLD ADAM

BY ALICE BEAL PARSONS

IT WAS one of those languid, gently breathing summer days when one plans for the future the more readily because both future and any sort of activity seem far away. Separated from the deeply shaded lawn by a sunny pasture, half a dozen fair-haired babies were bathing in a little natural pool bordered by overhanging trees and made to look more lifelike by an old rowboat tied up to an equally old moss-grown pier. Small, prematurely yellow leaves floated through the quiet air to shine like small gold coins on the deep plush of the lawn. Summer was full and abundant, taking its ease, and not yet casting regretful backward glances.

The mothers of the six children stirred the amber liquid in tall glasses, clinking ice thinly against cool thin glass.

"Miss Morgan wants to experiment with some children, and I want mine to be experimented with," one of them observed liberally, her glance on the little bodies flecked with forest shade.

She is an intelligent person, a poet of some distinction and a practical worker in a delightful craft. In the intervals between these two vocations she does her housework very competently with one hand, while she gardens both æsthetically and practically with the other. Her name is not legion, so many gifts are not usually united in one person. But as I looked at her I remembered with some

dismay that the names of parents eager to have their children experimented with is legion and that, like this lady, many of them represent the best we have of brains and energy and intellectual achievement. Their children are among the best fruits of a generation, and they are being liberally offered up to the god of educational experiment.

New gods come when old ones fall from their former estate into the category of devils. It takes years to topple the old ones off their pedestals, and much good work with pick and crowbar. It takes so many years, and so much bitterness grows out of the sweat and fury, that finally just to be unlike them is considered godlike. If the old god demanded mental discipline, the new one pronounces that the only good comes from undisciplined, that is to say, uncorrupted, nature. If the old god demanded craftsmanship, the new one turns primitive and demands guts.

For many years magazines have been filled with the fine things the new schools are doing. School-teachers' conventions are told of the fine things the new schools are doing, parents are told of them, the public is told of them, including the mother who was stirring her tea.

We believe the more readily because the old system is so patently bad, and because the new teacher is usually an engaging creature. She is often better educated than the old, she is frequently

better paid, she treads buoyantly because she has a mission, or because she knows she is in the advance guard of a movement. She is much more likely than her predecessor to be young and pretty and jaunty and chic. Hers is a great field, and she has rushed into it with enthusiasm.

"Are you sure you want them experimented with?" I said to the mother, who was reflectively tinkling the ice in her glass, thankful, I knew, that her children had been born in an enlightened age.

"Wouldn't you?" she asked me blandly, but with a hardening in her manner, as if to say, "So you are against Us."

"At any rate I did," I said. "Now, after ten years, I'm sending her to a conventional school."

"And why?" she asked, maintaining her blandness with an effort. "I should be interested to know."

Straightway I was the victim of the sort of confusion that occurs when one is asked to put one's philosophy into a nutshell, or to describe a wreck at sea in a few well-chosen words. This was a tea party, not the lecture platform. My mind scurried breathlessly through the great forest of modern educational theory.

"There is the tyranny of the herd," I said. "Of course it's one of the beliefs of the new educators that the individual should be allowed to develop freely, and so in many schools the authority of the teacher is largely removed or concealed. My daughter's school abhorred piddling, half-way measures and it removed the teacher's authority as completely as possible. She remained in attendance ready to suggest or perhaps even to stimulate, but seldom to interfere."

"And how did it work?" the experimental mother asked, a trifle absentmindedly.

"Someone always runs a gang," I

said. "In this case it was Polly Ross, a very decent, tomboyish sort of youngster with tremendous verve. She could run faster than any boy in the class. She excelled in all their games. And she was a good sport. A very decent sort, all things considered, to be a boss. It might have been just some youngster with a flair for politics and intrigue, as in another class I know."

"I see you don't like the devious processes of democracy," the experimental mother observed blandly.

"It wasn't democracy," I said. "It was the benevolent despotism of Polly Ross operating instead of the benevolent despotism of the teacher . . ."

But at this moment a fearful wail arose from the pool. Someone had ducked someone else, and someone had thrown mud at someone else. Miss Beers, the English governess, was overwhelmed by the violence of the American fray, and four mothers, newly hobbled by long skirts and corsets, made such speed across the rough pasture as they could. Since no child of mine was implicated, I stayed discreetly behind and pondered on the despotism of Polly Ross.

II

At ten years old she was an extraordinarily good scout, but limited. Among her limitations was a keen lack of interest, in fact a spirited contempt, for any sort of self-expression other than that to be found in games. One of the leading doctrines of the left wing of educational theory to which this particular school belongs is the validity of natural creative impulse. Keep from restraining them, keep from destroying their confidence by criticism or advice, and children will express themselves vigorously and delightfully in the arts, they said. And in proof they regularly exhibited the certainly

vigorous and often delightful paintings and modellings of their free children.

The class to which my daughter belonged was no exception. At five their drawings were indubitably extraordinary. At six various fond parents were beginning to look forward hopefully to brilliant artistic careers. But at nine the impulse began to weaken, and at ten the class was producing almost nothing. Such rash infants as did persist in daubing colors on canvas were apt to see their works torn from their easels and kicked derisively about the schoolroom floor. Possibly owing to their devoted adherence to the tenets of their new gospel, it took the educational experts of the school several years to connect this phenomenon with the predilections of Polly Ross. In fact, so completely convinced were they of the freedom of their children that it took them an equal number of years to discover that Polly was a despot. Anyone who ever visited the class could easily forgive them this apparent dullness of perception. Only under conditions of complete freedom, one would have thought, could so much noise have been made, and so many rings within rings of conflict have been staged.

The despotic rule of children maintains itself by as varying means as the despotic rule of adults. There are bullying children and intriguing children. There are children with a talent for organization and children with a talent for leadership. Almost the only sort of child in whose existence I'm inclined to disbelieve is that sainted one trailing clouds of glory, who, if left to himself, would develop all his own best qualities and sternly repress all his own undesirable ones. But all varieties of rule are more individual than typical. Polly Ross, although she could bully, if necessary, and organize quite brilliantly, and although she had an undoubted talent for leadership, dis-

played all these excellent qualities in her own way.

She was a blonde, thin, lively child, always in motion, with violent congenital likes and dislikes whose soundness she never questioned herself nor permitted others to question. She came especially to dislike painting, modelling, and sketching, possibly because she had no talent for them, but more likely because they all involved sitting still; and sitting still bored her intensely. If Emily Truman had disliked painting as much as Polly did, she would have started a whispering campaign against it. And if Roger Whitefield had disliked it equally, he would have suggested that there were other more important things to do. Either method might in the course of time have considerably weakened the devotion of the class to the arts. Polly was more direct. When boredom overcame her she leaped out of her chair and began walking about the room. As she went she gazed disapprovingly at one after another of the paintings adorning easels. "Such funny legs," she said. "Who ever saw legs like those? Look at this head. It's put on crooked. Look here, kids, this head is put on crooked."

One day, a fateful day for the future of the plastic arts with the Ten Year Olds, though nobody knew it then, she stopped thoughtfully for a moment in front of the picture most commended by the visiting painter who looked at the class productions once a week. Doubtless she had often had to watch her own paintings passed by, and other, silly looking ones commended—she who could throw any boy in the school and who was always chosen first when sides were counted out. But I suspect that as she stood there that fateful day looking at a blue horse, she was thinking more of the dreary boredom involved in sitting still while others painted than of her own deficiencies.

With a sudden movement quite unsuspected by the artist, she tore the painting from the easel, tossed it into the air, and kicked it neatly across the room.

"But, Polly," the non-interfering teacher remonstrated in spite of herself.

"It's cuckoo," Polly said. "Come on, kids, let's play soccer."

The boy to whom she kicked the painting had kicked it to a friend, who kicked it to another friend. They lingered over this sport the more gloatingly because the Ten Year Old whose work they were thus desecrating was watching them with somber eyes. If she got mad enough she could put on a wonderful show. "Anne, Anne, garbage can," they called at her to aid the process.

"Come on, let's play soccer," Polly yelled back from the doorway. She never bothered to bait anyone when she could think of other things to do.

A room had a way of turning dull when she left it. The three boys clung stubbornly to their sport, even after the others ran whooping after Polly; but for some reason the game had lost its interest for them, and soon they were trailing after the others. They found a lively altercation.

"It's the day to play basket ball," Ruth Burson said. "We've played soccer all week, and yesterday you promised to play basket ball to-day."

Ruth Burson came as near to being a rival to Polly as anyone. She played games almost as well. Like Polly, she was a match at wrestling for any boy in the school. But she was a little debauched by intelligence and, therefore, not so completely sure that she was always right. Besides, as her qualities came out, Polly had promptly disarmed her by making her her closest friend. To do this, to be sure, she had had to dethrone a previous closest friend; but Polly was impersonal about people and quite unweakened by sentiment.

"All right then," she agreed now amiably. "You kids play. The doctor said I couldn't raise my arms to-day. Go on, I'll be umpire."

But Polly was the Captain of the Greys! Without her they wouldn't have a chance.

"Oh, make it soccer," they cried. "Don't be mean, Ruth, make it soccer."

Ruth looked at them and looked at Polly and gave in. That amiable despot was standing in the middle of the field, already energetically kicking the ball about in practice, a slender, fair-haired youngster who would probably be very pretty in a few years. She limped a little from a strain she had suffered when she had fallen from the roof of one of the school buildings a few weeks ago. The school had an outside staircase, low balconies and projecting first story, all offering places for the sort of climbing in Follow the Leader that its principal remembered from the lost paradise of small-town days. When Polly fell not a whimper was heard from her, although she fainted before they succeeded in carrying her into the nurse's room. She had won her leadership by honorable means. As I looked at her, standing there in the yard, I admired her too and liked her, and her subsequent fate stirred not a little partisanship in me.

For when it was discovered that Polly was a despot, and when it was further discovered that the falling off in the class's artistic production was due to the fact that she comprehensively called all paintings "cuckoo," she was consigned to outer darkness with a speed and ruthlessness more autocratic pedagogues might have envied.

"She is not the sort of child who is adapted to our type of education," they told her mother sympathetically. This lady was somewhat bewildered. Up to that time she had been periodi-

cally congratulated on the delightful qualities of her child.

I think they would have done better if they had said, "Polly is not the type of person we want to run this class. And since our system of education requires the teacher to abdicate her leadership to the class, and since Polly is strong enough to make the class abdicate its individual freedom to her, we can't have her around." But they didn't say this, and her mother spent many a sleepless night over the notion that Polly wasn't fitted for a free type of education. They couldn't mean that the child was lacking in initiative, because they had often congratulated her on Polly's initiative. They couldn't mean that she wasn't a good sport. They had often narrated with pride all the details of Polly's gameness under adverse fortune. They couldn't mean that she was mentally deficient, because Polly ranked in the middle of the class. Could it be that there was something worse than these possibilities, something the teachers were too polite to mention? I think they would have done better to say that Polly was being dismissed for qualities that until then had been eagerly praised.

The modern spirit is begotten by toleration out of curiosity. It is the exact reverse of the cut-and-dried formalism of barbarism. It is artificial and civilized, and it may possibly be opening the way to another great blossoming of the human spirit.

It is because they want the human spirit to blossom that the new schools have come into being. They see that the old method, wrongly applied, has too often squeezed the juice of life out of its pupils; that the apelike learning of numerous facts too often stultifies natural intelligence. They see that the human being is infinitely more various and interesting than any system that can be framed to enclose him.

And so they say that their children shall be free; and as a first step to freedom they remove the authority of the teacher.

This first step plunges the class at once several centuries backward into barbarism, and effectually banishes freedom from the classroom; because the society that the little child is able to achieve is one comparable to barbarism, and it tolerates no divergence in the individual from the tribal concept of normality. In fact, the tyranny of a childish gang is an infinitely more stultifying tyranny than that of the most autocratic and narrowminded of teachers. Even a narrowminded adult has, by definition, a broader mind than a little child. And children are less vitally affected by an alien tyranny than by one set up by their fellows.

The human mind sees clearly only occasionally. The originators of the new schools saw clearly that the old system of magisterial control turned out, in so far as it was successful, stultified intelligences, and that in so far as it was unsuccessful, it didn't count very much for or against enlightenment. They saw that a free intellectual environment was desirable, even for the young; but they did not see that the substitution of the tyranny of Polly Ross for the tyranny of the teacher was far from being a step toward freedom.

III

We must be forever grateful to them that among the things they saw clearly was the extremely important one that the excessive cramming of facts into youthful heads impoverishes intelligence, if only because it leaves it little time and energy to operate. They looked with horror on periodic examinations, and presently many of them threw overboard what had come to

seem to them the whole silly baggage of systematic instruction. Let the child wander delightedly hand in hand with his own awakening perceptions through the smooth public parks of knowledge, they said.

When definite instruction was patently necessary, as in mathematics the learning of certain formulæ, the instruction was disguised as play. Each of the classes of Do-as-they-please Hall found its introduction to mathematics in the keeping of the school store. Possibly because we are a mercantile people, store-keeping has always been an absorbing play to our children. The Eight Year Olds enjoyed their store, more at first of course than afterwards, and with serious reservations as to the bookkeeping. They were proud of the small profits they made in the course of the year and they certainly learned a little about figuring. How much they learned is a matter on which opinions differ. In numerous papers written about the methods of the new schools by their proponents, the claim is made that their unconventionally instructed children get better marks on such examinations as they occasionally take than the poor little machine-made products of the conventional schools. But when free children pass on to other schools the teachers to whom they are intrusted often have occasion to doubt these claims. When my daughter reached the sixth grade I transferred her to another modern school. It examined her work and stated that as far as mathematics was concerned she was just ready for the second grade.

Another accomplishment which obviously requires some practice is handwriting. Instead of resorting to anything so stupid as writing drill, the school evolved a delightful play for the class. At eight years old they had kept store. At nine, it was explained, their project would be to print all the

school notices. Some of these were done on a real little printing press, which greatly delighted the class; many others were hand-lettered. The children were taught to rule off spaces an inch or a half inch high on cardboard, and by the end of the year they were turning out almost professional notices.

These two projects, the keeping of the school store and the printing of school notices, consumed the major efforts of the class for two years. It would doubtless be a carping critic who should observe that at the end of that time they could have qualified neither as competent store clerks nor as professional printers or sign-makers; but it seems to me very much to the point to know that neither their arithmetic nor their handwriting—the two accomplishments supposedly being acquired under these pleasant disguises—had profited as much as they might have from a small proportion of the time required by this elaborate method of instruction.

In short, a chasm occurs in the thinking of many of the new educators between the clear-sighted theoretical discovery that the cramming of facts is intellectually stultifying and their practice. The practice begins excellently by taking essential information or drill out of the province of dissociated learning and putting it where it belongs in the practical world. It then proceeds very badly, I think, by trying to sugar-coat the fact that the given information can be secured only by drill. Drill can be an absorbing game in itself.

This particular part of many of the modern programs, the sugar-coating of the act of learning, proceeds on what seems to me the quite erroneous assumption that children don't like to learn. On the contrary I think they have a quite enormous zest for acquiring information, and that when they shy away from instruction it is because

the instruction is lifeless and unrelated to the things they know.

That they found the mental pabulum offered to them in my daughter's first school very thin, seemed to me proved by their growing insubordination, if it is permissible to speak of insubordination in a school where the conviction reigns that everyone is his own master and the teacher only a camp follower.

At five they were delightedly engrossed with the ingenious toys provided for them; at six they built block-houses amiably; at seven some three or four of them who liked to hammer and saw were entranced with the idea of building a real little house in the school backyard. Most of them didn't like to hammer and saw for more than a minute or two. Especially Polly. She pounded her thumb more often than the nail, and didn't like it. "What's it for?" she asked rhetorically, pointing her battered hand contemptuously at the house. "No one can live in it. Building houses is all right for babies like the Sixes." And off she rushed about the halls and playing yards, followed by all of the others except the three or four who really liked to hammer and saw. These became odd, to Polly's mind. At eight many of them were interested in the store, but internal politics and certain weighty sex information surreptitiously acquired by one of the girls occupied more of their time. At nine, when they were spending their hours making large letters on cardboard, they became definitely a handful; and at ten the educational experts of the school devoted many perplexed hours to them. The rather obvious explanation that they were insufficiently nourished mentally seemed never to occur to these experts. Weren't the new schools in open revolt against the Cramming System? So the Ten Year Olds, with all the world of knowledge

waiting for them to explore, went on straining at their bits.

Meantime they amused themselves by baiting the two or three among them who were most unlike Polly Ross.

IV

It has taken the modern world a long time to kill the devil, and there are those who rashly assert that when man finally accomplished this he killed God as well. It has taken educators a long time to kill the Bad Child. The fact that so many bad boys turned out to be able, energetic men, and that so many good boys were never anything but dry-as-dust automata failed for a century or two to make a dent on educational practice. As a result initiative, energy, originality were too often penalized in school rooms, and lazy or timid conformity was too often rewarded. The modern educator performed a great and useful feat when he killed the Bad Boy. It is to be regretted that many of the new educators show a disposition to set up in the place of that horrific creature a new and much more blackly damned offender, whom they call the Odd Child. Foremost among the goals of attainment which the new schools have substituted for the classical three R's is the ability of the individual to function happily and constructively in his social environment. The Odd Child is one who for one reason or another doesn't seem to be able to do this.

At this point of the discussion it may occur to the reader that some of the qualities which prevent the Odd Child's adapting himself to his environment may be excellent, and some of them distinctly anti-social, and that if an adult were running the class instead of Polly Ross, a distinction might profitably be drawn between the excellent qualities and the anti-social ones. The mere drawing of this distinction,

one might think, and the making it patent to the children might be of great educational value to them. But in the highly endowed, expensively staffed, and fervently operated school I am describing such an interference on the part of the teacher in the natural promptings of the children's hearts would have been severely frowned upon.

There were twenty members of the class, and during each of the six years my daughter belonged to it there were several odd children in it. She was classified among them because she was tall, and another child because she was short. I was not without advance warnings in the matter, and as I looked at the unsuspecting mother then engaged in restoring order by the pool, I remembered how lightly I had taken them.

When my daughter entered Do-as-they-please Hall the principal told me sadly and inexorably that she would probably have difficulty with her social contacts because she was too tall. Nancy was five years old at that time and had never had difficulty with her social contacts before. Yet the principal proved a true prophet. The school was an exceedingly earnest one. Frequent staff meetings were held in which all the mental and physical characteristics of the children were thoroughly ransacked. In these meetings Nancy's height was discussed with sad shakings of the head and sad prognostications of woe. No teacher ever looked at her without thinking, "She will have difficulty with her social contacts because she is too tall." This attitude eventually communicated itself to Nancy. For the first time in her life she became self-conscious. She wondered if people liked her. She decided they didn't. She planned campaigns to make them. Entrenched in their theory, the school was sadly determined to have her

odd, and if she had remained there much longer she might actually have become so.

There was never very much onus attached to being a Bad Child. The other children usually sympathized with the one who was stood in a corner or subjected to corporal punishment. Often they looked on him as their dauntless standard-bearer. But it is quite a different thing to be odd. The odd child or man is outside the human pale. He is an outcast from human sympathy, from the ordinary human joys and woes. If five fingers were considered odd, most children would cheerfully chop off one in order to resemble their four-fingered companions. One and all promptly abandoned all characteristics and preferences not acceptable to Polly Ross.

She was a charmingly matter-of-fact young person, and her followers grew up hard-boiled. No flights of fancy ever disturbed her. When in the midst of a story Nancy stopped to say that wet tree trunks after rain shone like shiny new rubbers, Polly fixed her with an amused and indulgent air. "You always were a funny kid," she said. "Isn't Nancy a funny kid? She's just a baby." The non-interfering teacher would never have dreamed of seizing the opportunity to point out that Nancy's observation was delightfully exact, and Nancy's natural inclination to observe trivial things of the sort shrank back within her for a time, just as Anne's desire to paint shrank back, and Ruth's desire to read, and Rachel's desire to sit alone and think.

V

The modern schools are much interested in various new psychological theories. One of the best known in New York resorts for its guidance to psychoanalysis. Another, which considers itself more realistic, sits at the

feet of behaviorism. Most properly, they consider the child as a complete organism, not as a receptacle for receiving arithmetical facts or biological facts or geographical facts. They make elaborate physical and mental examinations and tabulate results. They can tell you to a dot whether the child's achievement equals or excels his capacity. My own child's achievement was for four years reported to be exactly equal to her capacity. Since I knew that she never studied, even after reaching an age when preparation was required for her lessons, this slightly surprised me, and I tried a little experiment of my own. I kept her out of school for four months. During two of these I had her tutored exactly one hour a day in two of her four subjects, with the result that when she returned she was ahead of her class in both, and that she received higher marks in both than ever before. If she had done as well as she could before, and if now she was doing immensely better, although she worked only an hour a day—but the problem didn't come out right, and I gave it up.

Possibly because being able to tell me to a dot that Nancy's achievements were exactly equal to her capacities took elaborate investigations and comparisons and faculty discussions, the school was not able to follow the actual achievements in much detail. This was her second school, famous for its use of a method to save those large quantities of the children's time wasted in ordinary schools by their indiscriminate lumping together into classes, where the clever must sit wearily listening to the stupid drone through their lessons, and the stupid must sit biting their nails while the teacher and the clever travel over their heads. Although any teacher in the school could tell me the results of Nancy's intelligence test, no one seemed to know that she had been able to see her

mathematics teacher only two or three times a month, and that she usually turned in a full month's assignment of problems before she could secure even those coveted audiences, sought for by the children as eagerly and gained as arduously as ever were audiences with king or minister. Nor did anyone discover that the same difficulty dogged her in the realms of French and science. A really well-equipped modern school is such an elaborate structure; it has so many cogs within cogs, that both child and studies can fall through some unregarded hole without their absence being soon discovered.

The schools' psychological devices are in quite a different category of importance and in no danger of being lost. Those as to achievement and capacity, whose value if intelligently used I should be the last to question, are the mere *a b c* of their psychological work. Often each teacher is an amateur psychologist and leaps with joy upon an opportunity to practice her new information acquired from the latest books by the disciples of Jung and Freud and John Watson. A case in point is that of the fifteen-year-old daughter of a friend of mine who was sent to a particularly expensive and well-equipped summer camp. It especially prized the services of an itinerant psychologist who journeyed from camp to camp. One day my friend received a telegram, advising her to come at once to her daughter, who had been sent to a Boston hospital for mental diseases for examination by a noted psychiatrist. When she arrived at the hospital in such trepidation as one can easily imagine, she was reassured by the psychiatrist, who informed her that he found nothing wrong with her daughter. She took the next train to the camp to learn why such a course had been pursued. The girls were lodged in small separate cabins. The anxious scientists of the

camp staff had soon learned that every night Anne's light was to be seen issuing from her cabin and disappearing into the woods. The fact that it promptly returned did not mitigate their fears, nor did they waste time on other interpretations, or in questioning Anne. They had hit at once upon the fearsome fact of sleep-walking. Continued sleep-walking, they knew from their books, was caused by continued mental disturbance. Promptly and efficiently the child was shipped off to a hospital for mental diseases. That such an experience might be seriously unsettling to her mentally, no one seemed to have considered. And they listened with surprise to the rather simple and naturalistic explanation of this major anxiety. The child's light had in fact issued from the cabin every night, but it had not been carried by a sleep-walker or an incipient mental case.

It would be ridiculous to condemn the various attempts now being made to apply new psychological discoveries to children in school because of one such painful absurdity. Over against it can be set stories of extraordinary benefits conferred on children in their care by properly trained and astute psychologists. One of the most delightful concerns a boy about to be dismissed from a Brooklyn public school for mental defect who entered college with honors a few years later. The entrance of the properly trained psychologist and the properly trained physician onto the school scene is of inestimable importance to the welfare of the child; but only a little reflection shows the danger of too exuberant or hastily considered psychological experiment with any human beings. We would never offer our children to be operated on by unskilled medical students; yet even the most sophisticated parents have been cheerfully offering them up to the subtle and far-reaching dangers

of psychological experimentation. All the jolly girls and boys just out of college who man the staffs of the new schools can't possibly be experts on all the extra-curricular subjects with which they deal so confidently. It is just possible that their inexperienced scalpels will inflict lifelong scars.

It would be equally absurd to condemn the new schools root and branch because some of their tenets have led them into dangerous bogs. I think them still, as I thought them ten years ago, most hopeful and fruitful experiments; but I realize now, as I completely failed to then, the dangers run by the objects of their experiments. These, I believe, are greater than those run by the child under the old system because they strike at more vital aspects of his being.

On the whole, much more intelligence goes into the new schools than into the old, but in their ardent desire to rectify at once all the major defects of the admittedly bad old system, they have undertaken so many innovations simultaneously that they are unable to form an adequate opinion as to how these innovations work. Moreover, their reforms have not been launched without much acrimony and smoke of battle. This being the case, their best energies go to proving that their innovations are good, and very few are left over for the impartial weighing and assaying that experiments of the sort so urgently need. No manufacturer puts a machine or even a part of a machine onto the market until he has subjected it to every test that his ingenuity can devise. These educators launch a whole new system for training the infinitely various and suggestible young mind. Having done this, too many of them form themselves into a professional clique of approval, and regard with unconcealed hostility any critical eye turned on their work.

Further, being in the forefront, as

they believe, of educational theory, they are naturally disposed to absorb other new theories afloat. Almost all knowledge directly or indirectly concerns the developing child. Many of the schools gleefully incorporate theories into their system as rapidly as they are hatched. In the vulgar phrase, they have bitten off more theory than they can chew, much less digest. It is no wonder that in their efforts to apply all these theories at once they almost lose sight of the child himself; that is, of the child as an actual being, instead of the child as a theoretical storm center. Almost any competent teacher of the older schools would have discovered Polly Ross's despotism several years before our new school experts sleuthed it out.

The new schools are here to stay, I hope. Unless I thought so I should hesitate long before I took the risk of weakening their position by drawing attention to what seem to me to be their weak spots. For too long a time education has been in the main a cut and dried affair; for too long it has been assumed that the acquisition of any kind of knowledge by any kind of means is desirable. Knowledge maketh a full man, the theory runs, and students have been turned out full. I know one thriving institution which, during a three year course, pumps into its students almost nothing but long discarded exegesis on the Old Testament. They come forth full, and scatter their pitiful sawdust on the heathen of China and Africa.

Into the house of this old complacent theory have come bursting the disciples of Dewey and Kirkpatrick, far outstripping their masters in their zeal, huffing and puffing with all their might to blow the house down. Not all facts are worth remembering, they say, and some that are are more important than others that are. Facts are less impor-

tant than intelligence, they say; and intelligence in young children is a tender plant that can be dwarfed or killed by an injudicious administration of facts. Natural impulses are more important than facts, they say. They come bursting into the house, huffing and puffing, and the walls begin to fall down. Having begun, they fall faster than the walls of Jericho. The danger now is no longer that the brave outposts of the new schools will be routed; it is rather that their theories will sweep the whole field before they have been sufficiently tested.

VI

Peace had returned to the group by the pool. No one was ducking anyone else and no one was throwing mud at anyone. The English governess had resumed her seat on the grass, and a distant appearance of serenity. The four mothers were hobbling back across the rough pasture. The liberal one, eager to offer up her children for experimentation, resumed her seat by my side.

"You were saying you didn't like the new schools," she said. "Perhaps it's true that liberty is only for a chosen—for certain types of children," she corrected herself graciously.

I counted ten. "Liberty is good for everyone," I said, "except possibly lunatics and imbeciles. The question is, do the new schools give it?"

But the experimental mother was following her own line of thought. "Have you seen the really wonderful painting and modelling they do?" she asked. "The work of five-year-olds is really amazing."

"Isn't it, though?" another mother agreed heartily.

So her child, too, will go to school to Polly Ross, I thought.



THE VANISHING SINNER

BY RALPH W. SOCKMAN

OUT from the Connecticut Valley, where Jonathan Edwards once held congregations terrified with his famous sermons on "A Sinner in the Hands of an Angry God," emerges in our time a college professor to tell us that the word sin should be dropped from our vocabulary. It is losing its scarlet color. Church congregations no longer see red when the pulpits denounce it. There is a change going on within the sanctuary somewhat comparable to that outside, which may be symbolized by the contrast between Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter* and Ellen Glasgow's *They Stood to Folly*. If one were to listen intently at the door of the modern meeting-house he would not hear the old-fashioned agonizing of conscience which caused Walt Whitman to pay his tribute to the dumb beasts in contrast:

They do not sweat and whine about their
condition;

They do not lie awake and weep for their
sins.

The three hundredth anniversary of John Bunyan failed to catch the ear of the Church, as was planned, because motor-minded churchgoers of to-day seem unable to comprehend the road troubles of Christian in his journey to the Celestial City. The Reverend William A. Sunday is touring the lesser towns. Camp-meeting revivals are not the success they once were. In short, it is about as hard to get a conviction of sin these days in the courts

of God as it is to get a conviction of Volstead violation in the courts of New York.

The traditional terminology of the Church in this matter of sin has been a courtroom vocabulary. We speak of "the Judgment Seat of God," "the bar of conscience," "the guilt of sin." The Westminster Shorter Catechism defines sin as "any want of conformity unto, or transgression of, the law of God." We speak of sinners as "under conviction"; and to bring them to this state has been the task of the evangelist. Our historical concept of sin is court-colored. And to-day we are finding it harder and harder to secure verdicts. The reasons for this become apparent when we look below the surface of the modern mind. The courtroom scene no longer has a part in the world view of the man in the street.

In the first place, the idea of God as a Judge sitting to sentence individual miscreants is difficult for man to grasp in this universe of immeasurable spaces and innumerable suns. Anthropomorphic deity is obliterated by this vastness. Even to those who can retain a vivid sense of divine personality the business of keeping track of individual wrongdoings seems too petty to ascribe to a God who has the Milky Way on his hands. Moreover, when the definitions of divinity are devitalized into "the *élan vital* within the evolutionary process," or "the sum total of the laws of nature," the average man can hardly understand the personal

focus of the Psalmist's soul-wracking confession:

Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,
And done that which is evil in thy sight.

If a hand be held in front of a single light, it casts a very definite and clear-cut shadow upon the wall. But if the light be a hundred feet away the shadow would be dimmer and less definite in outline. And if the light is diffused from a hundred sockets or radiated by indirection, the shadow tends to disappear altogether. This is a parable of the vanishing sense of sin due to the changing conception of God. The Divine is no longer thought of as the close-up being before whom man's misdeeds cast the old sharply-defined shadows of guilt. The Creator Spirit, "whose dwelling is the light of setting suns," is more pervasive but less personal. It is difficult to vision him on a judge's seat, holding court.

A second obstacle in securing modern convictions of sin is the seeming uncertainty of the divine laws which the sinner is accused of violating. It is on this ground that Professor Barnes would have us dismiss the whole case of sin, for he argues that sin is defined as a violation of the laws of God, and no longer can we be sure that we know what those laws are. This sounds very plausible to the legalistic mind. As man looks back over the three thousand years of the Hebrew-Christian tradition he sees how moral codes once hailed as divine edicts have been changed, and he begins to wonder where finality is to be found. Then, too, his enlarging outlook reminds him that other parts of the earth have also cherished sacred books containing commandments interpreted by them as divinely sanctioned. Moreover, his imagination reaches out to ponder the planets and disturbs him with the thought that they too may support races with religions of their own. Where amid all these

known and unknown codifications is he to be certain that he has found the laws of God?

To vindicate one's honor with sword or pistol in a duel was once the mark of a gentleman; to-day it is outside the pale of moral and criminal law. To have more than one wife is called a sin in Christian countries, but Solomon with his seven hundred wives was condemned by the writer of Chronicles on the ground of his polytheism not his polygamy, and there are lands to-day where a man's hope of eternal bliss is enhanced by the number of his consorts. Is monogamy then a matter of chronology and geography? Almost every vice in our present American moral code has been held a virtue somewhere at some time. It is not surprising that many jump to the conclusion that morals are merely customs which have been sprayed with the odor of sanctity.

Thereupon the man who thinks in legal terms agrees with Walter Lippmann that, "A human morality has no such sanction as a divine. The sanction of a divine morality is the certainty of the believer that it originated with God. But if he has once come to think that the rule of conduct has a purely human, local, and temporal origin, its sanction is gone." When he regards moral codes as man-made, the legalist can be convicted of unconventionality, but not of sin.

The modern mind is lacking also in its labelled exhibits of sin. In a courtroom the effectiveness of exhibits is of that imponderable nature which creates atmosphere and speaks more loudly than words. Likewise, the consciences of our grandfathers were stirred to repentance by the visible reminders of sin which surrounded them on every side. Insanity, epilepsy, blindness, and various forms of disease; earthquakes, floods, tornadoes, and other violent physical upheavals—these were inter-

preted as the divine punishment of perversity. Now we look for the causes of disease in germs not in sins; and while we still have some preachers—"hard churchmen" they have been called—who see the wrath of God in Florida hurricanes and Japanese earthquakes, they forfeit public respect, and even their own followers begin to doubt the directness and authenticity of their divine communication when they see Wall Street skyscrapers standing unscathed. Once the Black Death sent people to their priests praying for forgiveness; now a scourge of typhoid causes us to call in chemists to test our water supply. When, therefore, the moralists talk about the punishments of sin the attesting evidences are not so concrete and close at hand as once they were.

George Jean Nathan, in words which reveal his emancipation from the fears of his fathers but not from the traditional courtroom psychology of sin, tells us that while there are still some benighted souls in "the boll-weevil belt" who tremble at the predicted consequences of sin, these are outnumbered a hundred to one by those in other geographical centers whose attitude is one of "irreverent snickers." He says, "These men, looking back over their deplorable lives, have noticed that, for all their disobeying of grandpa's injunctions, the devil somehow hasn't got them yet, that sin, far from being its own punishment, has been rather jolly. . . . The result of their unholy meditations is not so much an open scoffing as a private conclusion to break the rules until they are caught. . . . If an apparent levity seems to insert itself into these observations, it is simply because the whole business has itself become enveloped in a measure of levity."

To those who thus think of sin in terms of law violations and concrete consequences the subject resolves itself

into a matter of "getting by," and thereupon human prudence becomes the scientific age's substitute for Divine Providence. Whereas the pulpit moralist once stood in the midst of hurrying men with all the seemingly visible authority of a traffic officer, now he stands on the more or less vacant corner lots calling out his advice. To say the least, he seems less arresting.

II

Another fact observable in the situation is that the denunciation of sin has lessened in passion and volume. As long as men retain the legalistic psychology this fourth fact follows naturally the other three. When pulpit and pew lose the vivid sense of a personal God, with his definite laws and visible punishments, there is an abatement in the tone and temperature of their discussion of sin. The modern man, of course, feels that he must show some interest in social evil and crime waves. He expects and endorses sermons filled with general indictments of these. But in the court of God, as in a court of law, men are not convicted on general charges. It is safe to assume that Sunday-morning discourses on America's lawlessness or the gambling spirit or the jazz age do not send many sinners home in agony of conscience. It is an equally safe assumption that few if any souls are stirred to searching repentance by the congregational repetitions of the line in the Lord's prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses." Yet this is about the nearest to a confession of sins that the average Protestant churchman comes to-day.

It would almost seem that the modern humanitarian attitude serves as a sort of protective coloration against any disturbing sense of personal sin. "Bull sessions" in college fraternity houses and their counterparts in Pullman smokers may prolong the

discussion of religion and morals far into the night; but too optimistic, indeed, are those ecclesiastical spokesmen who maintain that these give indisputable evidence of a heart-hunger for righteousness. The contributions to these discussions are not made in the mood of the confessional. The sophomore voicing his views on sex or the sophisticated traveling salesman raising questions of business ethics are remote from the spirit of the Hebrew worshipper who cried, "When I kept silence my bones wasted away." Often the motive is more that of airing their vices than of cooling their consciences. As an illustration of Mr. Lippmann's supreme virtue of "disinterestedness," I know nothing to surpass the attitude toward personal sin exhibited by some who are most voluble in religious discussions.

The frankness of informal discussion and the new insights of biology, psychology, and sociology have lifted the subject of sin out of the atmosphere of personal guilt into the objectivity of social and statistical science. The individual shifts his focus from self to situations. Since conduct is so largely determined by hereditary and environmental factors, high-minded and socially-minded persons feel a sort of complicity in the general moral situation. They carry a heaviness of heart in the presence of the world's wickedness, as did Gilbert Murray when he walked about the quadrangles of Oxford during the War, weighed down with the thought that noble lives were being sacrificed in his behalf and on account of a negligence in which he shared. Yet even such sensitivity is far less poignant and personal than was that of Alexander Whyte, saintly Scottish preacher, who was wont to say as he beheld the most abject sinner, "There but for the grace of God goes Alexander Whyte." The sons of the psychological era recognize the inter-

relatedness of evil but they do not call it original sin. And while the finest natures take it to heart with real concern, the ordinary attitude is to dismiss any feeling of personal guilt with the thought of society's responsibility. This is manifestly the prevailing tendency at present. The shortcomings of society serve, for the individual, as an excuse rather than a challenge. "What is everybody's business is nobody's business."

Thus tending to lift the burden of guilt from his own shoulders, the individual feels inclined to repudiate the old rigid moral judgments in regard to others. The old classification of sinners on the basis of single sins is questioned. If a person is caught in an act of stealing, the word thief springs to one's lips; if detected in a lie, the word liar. But when we recognize such statements as forms of the ancient oriental inference that he who has sinned is a sinner, we hesitate to make the general assumption. Our recognition of mixed motives within and conditioning factors without brings with it a new charitableness of judgment. "Judge not" has become a most popular commandment in the clubable atmosphere of mutual exoneration. "To err is human" and "Everybody does it" form a defense which can stave off almost any conviction of sin. As Hocking of Harvard puts it, "The sense of sin, which is at home in the solitude of individual conscience, can hardly survive in the universalizing atmosphere."

The delineation of sin has thus undergone a transition somewhat similar to that which has taken place in painting. The old clear-cut lines have given way to an impressionistic indefiniteness, the black-and-white contrasts to low-toned grays. In this the Church officially has played a part, not only for the reasons mentioned above, but for another which Professor Coe

has recently brought forth most cogently. He says that the Church has lightened the old darkness of natural depravity because it cannot by contrast demonstrate an actuality of regeneration. The so-called products of conversion do not reveal a sufficiently distinctive righteousness in our industrial order for observers to identify them as redeemed. Therefore, the churches have adopted a hush policy regarding the doctrine of depravity and are becoming "a fellowship of natural amiability." A rotarian gospel takes the place of repentance.

Having thus sketched the way in which the concept of sin as a violation of the law of God has lost its convicting power, are we now to say that the task of the moralist is to continue in the role of the Lord's sheriff, attempting to arrest the vanishing sinner and to bring him back into the divine courtroom and into a state of obedience to the divine authority? According to Mr. Lippmann, that is the function of those who believe in the Church's God. He puts it plainly, after showing at great length how the ancestral order has been dissolved: "The choice is fundamental and exclusive, and it determines all the conclusions which follow. For obviously to one who believes that the world is a theocracy, the problem is how to bring the strayed and rebellious masses of mankind back to their obedience, how to restore the lost provinces of God the invisible King. But to one who takes the humanistic view the problem is how mankind, deprived of the great fictions, is to come to terms with the needs which created those fictions." Then he adds frankly that, since he cannot believe in the old authoritative God, he takes the humanistic view.

I shall be equally frank in saying that I take the theistic view of this universe. But I refuse to admit the validity of the distinction that the theist's prob-

lem is to recall rebellious men to obedience while the humanist's task is to come to terms with the needs and nature of man. I deny that obedience has to be made the slogan for all theism and that the authoritarian label has to be pinned on all theists. I agree with the humanists that authority and obedience are not words by which we can work our way out of the moral and religious chaos of modernity.

In fact, I will go farther and say that even if we could restore the old-fashioned beliefs in divine authorities we could not guarantee obedience in our democratic age. This is a point which many humanists seem to overlook. They appear to assume that men would obey if they could be made to believe in the old sources and evidences of a morality handed down from above, but since this is impossible, they must find human sanctions. And the theists so often reply by assuming that divine authority restored means obedience secured and, therefore, they begin their answer to humanism by arguing about authority. But does history demonstrate that the societies and nations which have held the most unquestioned belief in divinely revealed authority have attained the highest moral status? And do we not realize that the democratic temper of our time would not call a code moral, even if the ink of God were still wet upon it, unless that code proved itself to be for the welfare of man? Minds trained in a democracy demand service even of sovereignty. The present difficulty of law enforcement in America amply illustrates the truth that laws do not command obedience merely because they carry the label of authority. Therefore, though we be theists and wish to bring men to an understanding of our God, we must, like the humanists, start with human nature and its needs.

And beginning there, it is not feasible

to feature the ideal of obedience, however strong may be our belief in the beneficence of the law which the sinner has violated. Calling men to obedience is not at best a very stirring challenge. Freedom, self-expression, initiative, originality are the notes which modernity loves to stress, and they appear at the opposite end of the scale from obedience, which sounds too close to conventionality, standardization, tameness, and timidity. Our generation has been indoctrinated with the dangers of obedience. To try now to exalt obedience simply as obedience into a virtue of the first order, or to turn men from sin on the mere ground of disobedience, is to run counter to the currents of contemporary thought.

Much of the moral confusion of to-day, apparent even in the writings of distinguished diagnosticians, is that their emotions are not fully emancipated from the legalistic psychology. Emotionally they still feel themselves culprits mindful of the law, but seeing no policeman. Intelligence bids us alter this attitude rather than try to restore the policeman.

Moral discriminations must be made on the basis of something more magnetic than external codes. Instead of starting with the object of holding men to our traditional standards, we should begin by looking for the objects which hold men. It was said of the Nazarene that "he knew what was in man"; and the first insistence of his ethical approach was always upon human responsiveness.

III

When we leave the courtroom categories and go out to find the sanctions which the modern mind recognizes, we find several which hold much promise for moral progress. One is the intense and increasingly intelligent interest in health. Men are discovering with a new passion the possibilities of enjoy-

ment resident in healthy bodies. The attention given to sports, to medical research, to public health is eloquent of the underlying concern. Certain movements have made health the very core of their religion, and the recent episode of the Malden Cemetery is a pathetic reminder of the popular hunger to be made physically whole.

Not only is the modern man coming to crave the thrill of good health but he is coming also to recognize the duty of it. The eugenic emphasis is reminding him that he owes it to his children to provide them with a healthy paternity. The euthenic interest is convincing him that he owes it to his group and generation to radiate a healthy man's glow and spirit. He no longer tries in futile fashion to trace back certain diseases to their causes in sin against God, but he is beginning to look ahead to see that any illness due to carelessness, indifference, indulgence, or ignorance is an affront to society. This concern for health might of course end in mere prudence, which has long been used under the old authoritarian morality to restrain men from bodily excesses—a restraint which to some seems pretty largely negated by modern medical devices, but to others seems more forcibly portrayed by the new biological considerations than by the old theological warnings.

This interest, however, can be, and is being, spiritualized. As we are coming to understand better the co-ordination of mind and body, we appreciate the importance of healthy-mindedness. Lowes Dickinson makes one of his characters in *A Modern Symposium* say, "Thanks to Europe, America has never been powerless in the face of Nature; therefore has never felt Fear; therefore never known Reverence; and therefore never experienced Religion. . . . Religion in America is a parasite without roots. . . . Their healthy and robust intelligence confines

itself to the things of this world. Their religion, if they have one, is what I believe they call 'healthy-mindedness.'" We on this side of the Atlantic may challenge the conclusion and the premise by which it was reached, for "healthy-mindedness" is not an adequate definition of America's religion either past or present. But certainly the modern mind is applying it as a test both of morality and of religion; and if moralists and churchmen are wise enough to apply this test to contemporary conduct they will reach the modern mind at points now untouched by the traditional legalisms.

In the eyes of modernity there is no appellation more damning than that of "unhealthy" or "unwholesome." Attach either of those labels to a personality, and we cause an instinctive avoidance, almost a loathing. We can quarantine attitudes and influences with them which we cannot arrest on the ground of violating statutory morality. Recently a friend, describing a certain conspicuous scientific figure whom I had admired by reputation and whom he had known in intimacy, said of him that he had an "unhealthy personality." The expression conveyed a more sinister connotation than any time-honored category of sinfulness of which I can readily think. It is a test, moreover, which penetrates those sins of the mind which our Puritan morality so largely overlooked, for the Puritans centered their attack upon the bodily passions and in conquering their physical temptations often lost their dispositions. It is a test which sifts conduct not by the outworn negations of asceticism but by the incoming affirmations of athleticism.

Another modern opening for moral discrimination is the widespread insistence on intelligence. The youth of to-day have reversed Charles Kingsley's pious counsel, "Be good, sweet

maid, and let who will be clever." They would far rather be called bad than stupid. This attitude is the natural one in a generation which is the product of an educational process almost completely secularized. Talk as we may about the morons of campus and crowd, the fact remains that, however small the degree of intelligence, people are mighty proud of what they have.

A few months ago the Wisconsin University *Daily Cardinal* published an editorial article under the caption, "Don't Be Silly." The writer related that in a Paris café an American had made a comment which a Frenchman interpreted as an insult. At once the Parisian jumped to his feet and challenged "his enemy" to a duel. Whereupon the American grinned at him across the table and said, "Don't be silly." The article went on to say that presently one nation feeling insulted or intensely defensive would be met in effect by the rejoinder "Don't be silly." And, as Professor Millikan suggests, it does look as if science has made war so suicidal and history has shown force so ineffectual that the counsel "Don't be silly" will do what the old commandment "Thou shalt not kill" has failed to accomplish in all the centuries of moralizing.

And war is by no means the only situation wherein the ridicule of stupidity is tremendously efficacious. Take this matter of "the new freedom." The freshman comes to college. He becomes intoxicated with the electiveness of everything around the modern campus. Unsupported by earlier disciplines of study, he wobbles uncertainly toward the semester examinations. Irregular hours and loose living cut down his general efficiency. The dean discovers him and issues his warning. The college chaplain may preach a sermon to freshmen. But most salutary of all is the upper-classman's

admonition: "Don't be silly." The rapier of ridicule can often get under the helmet when the bludgeon of the moralist has little effect on the breast-plate.

Left on the low plane of mental pride, the appeal to intelligence is not a satisfactory substitute for the old moral convictions. But it can be lifted from mere pride of intelligence to a passion for truth. Falsity or sham strikes the sensitive scientific mind with a sharpness akin to a sense of sin. The lover of truth will fight a wrong belief as valiantly as the lover of righteousness will fight a wrong deed. And are we not making moral progress as we tend to break down the old distinction between wrongness as a deviation from truth and wrongness as a deviation from rectitude? We are coming to recognize the moral obligation to be intelligent. It is one thing to be moral enough to tell the truth as one sees it; it is a better thing to be moral enough to try to find out the truth before one tells it.

This insistence on truth gives a new edge to ethical tests, which enables them to cut into intellectual circles not now disturbed by traditional moral injunctions. Moreover, it may be made to stir a sense of uneasiness in those sheltered precincts of conventional church morality where the Founder's attempted union of alert intelligence with good intentions has been broken. Because religious devotees have too often been content with veracity rather than truth, with a study of rules rather than of results, the observation may yet be made that "the sons of this world are for their own generation wiser than the sons of the light." If the moral duty of intelligence and accuracy will be taken as seriously in the sanctuary as in the laboratory, we shall see morality show a speed of advance similar to that now being made by science.

IV

A third point of approach to the "hard-boiled" conscience of our generation is the sense of honor. Mr. John W. Harvey of the University of Birmingham, speaking for Britain, writes: "'Gentlemanliness' and 'Sportsmanship' are perhaps the most prevalent moral categories in our country to-day; moral because used to convey judgments upon conduct, however unsystematic and casual these may be."

When we of America behold the "mucker pose" so much in vogue with us, we may question the popularity of the "gentlemanly" ideal here, but we can hardly doubt that of the "sportsman." In most circles of our acquaintance the label of "good sportsman" seems more desired than the label of "Christian." And even the old guard have a saying, "He is a Christian and a gentleman," which carries the implication that the latter appellation adds something to the former.

The element common to these two ideals, which accounts most largely for their appeal, is what we call honor. A recent English writer has essayed to show that honor is a Gothic contribution to character coming in through feudal chivalry. Such interpretation, however, would seem to give too much credit to the Gothic, for honor is an element which preceded knighthood and outruns the Christian tradition. On "the field of honor" there would seem to be no region which can be called "no man's land." Under all cultural crudities and all external immoralities there remains some kind of a code of honor. It is the embodiment in character of man's æsthetic instincts.

The individual items of this code may vary but almost always are to be found such ideals as the following: "Standing by a comrade," "Doing the decent thing," "Playing the game." To be sure, these are often vaguely and

narrowly and statically conceived by those who hold them, but the most promising line of moral advance to-day lies in bringing these concepts of honor out of their indefiniteness into definiteness, out of their narrow class boundaries into larger circles of brotherhood, out of their static defensiveness into dynamic usefulness. To expand the ideal of "standing by a comrade" with the new elasticity of racial and social sympathy; to show that progress demands not only playing the game according to the rules but also a willingness to change the rules in the interest of improving the game; to apply the new insistence on truth so that a "gentleman" will not be content merely to stand by his word but will make his word worthy to stand by—these are some of the directions in which the sense of honor can be capitalized to reach modern minds now deaf to the legalistic denunciation of sin.

And here again the new emphasis may react to revise the Church's traditional codes of morality, which have not made enough of this matter of honor. They have too frequently thrown away Plutarch's *Lives* in taking up the New Testament. They have failed to follow the Founder of Christianity in recognizing that the robust qualities which made strong men before He came were to be retained in the canons of conduct established in His name. In many cases what makes conventional Christian morality suffer in comparison with good sportsmanship is that its adherents have tried to approximate the distinctively Christian virtues without first appropriating the pagan virtues which Jesus took for granted.

V

When a person has lost his appetite it does little good to show him a picture of emaciated Chinese famine sufferers

and remind him of the fate which awaits his continued abstinence from food. Such a picture may convince him of the logic of eating but it does not create in him the sense of hunger. More effective is it to set before him a succulent vegetable and a juicy steak. When we find the modern mind unwilling to accept the old moral admonitions, are we to continue trying to "bring the strayed and rebellious masses of mankind back to their obedience" by legalistically showing the divine punishments for their refusal, or are we to "come to terms with the needs" of men by presenting moral appeals which stimulate the appetites for soundness, truth, and beauty? To those ecclesiastics who will be inclined to criticize this as an emasculated moral appeal, it may be said by way of reminder that the Founder of Christianity interpreted his function as that of inviting men to a feast.

For the intelligent no courtroom terminology is needed to supplement the distaste for emptiness and unhealthiness, for untruth and insincerity, for the ugly and the dishonorable. Morality does not need to be driven back into outworn categories. Nor does it have to surrender to humanism as being without divine sanction if it seeks that sanction by going more deeply into the hearts of men rather than over their heads. If historic Christianity had been willing to trust the inwardness of authority as stated by Him who said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," it would not have called in the traditional hierarchy of externalities to convict men of sin. Delving down into the nature of man, we find how much of morality is man-made, but we go on to find some hungers and satisfactions which are not made *by* man but are created *in* man. Even the "acids of modernity" will serve to reveal the etchings of eternity.



PITY THE POOR ATHLETE

BY FRANK SCHOONMAKER

A YEAR has now passed since the publication of the Carnegie Foundation's justly celebrated Bulletin 23, and almost a year since fourteen athletes at the University of Iowa were permanently barred from participation in intercollegiate athletics for having borrowed, from a university trust fund, sums ranging from fifteen to eighty dollars.

And now autumn has come round again. Once more the sporting pages are filled with football ballyhoo, and once more the college athletic associations are proceeding with the distribution of some twelve or fifteen million tickets at approximately three dollars each.

Has this year, one wonders, this year so remarkably rich in sensational disclosures, in investigations, in charges and counter-charges, brought us any nearer to an adequate solution of the problem of amateurism? Or rather, has the athletic babel become more pronounced, its myriad inconsistencies become more numerous and more obvious, the situation as a whole become even more intolerable? Certainly the layman, seeking in this confusion some basis for an intelligent attitude toward sport, can find in such a maze of laws and by-laws, of rules and various interpretations of rules no very firm footing.

Bulletin 23, issued by the Carnegie Foundation after three years of study and investigation, was perhaps the most sensational document dealing with American athletics that has ever

appeared in this country. It stated, and brought forward incontrovertible evidence to prove its point, that professionalism was rife in American college sport, that one intercollegiate athlete out of every seven was subsidized, that recruiting among promising secondary school athletes was generally practiced by an astonishingly large number of our institutions of higher learning. The report as a whole received the publicity it deserved; practically every newspaper in the country published an extensive summary of its findings; the president of Lafayette College stated that, in his opinion, it would "end all backstairs gossip." One cannot help feeling, in view of what has happened since, that the president of Lafayette College was perhaps a little sanguine.

To the layman, who cannot pretend to the special knowledge of a salaried investigator, let alone that of a salaried officer of an amateur athletic association, it would appear, first of all, that there was lacking an unequivocal and satisfactory definition of the word "amateur." Miss Maureen Orcutt, for example, is an amateur in excellent standing with the golf authorities. During the last summer she has been writing, for the *New York World*, reports of golf matches in this country and abroad, including those in which she herself participated. Mr. William T. Tilden is also an amateur. For doing exactly what Miss Orcutt does with impunity he was accused of profession-

alism and suspended, a little over a year ago, by the United States Lawn Tennis Association. At the same time Mr. Tilden's expenses (approximately twenty dollars a day, if we can believe newspaper reports) are paid, openly and, as far as the rules are concerned, legitimately, by the various clubs in whose tournaments he plays. Albie Booth, the spectacular Yale quarterback, is an amateur. If the University were to pay for his special training-table food, he would be, according to the Carnegie Foundation, an amateur no longer. Mike Farroh, captain-elect of the University of Iowa football team, borrowed some fifty dollars from a trust fund to help defray his college expenses. He is, therefore, a professional. All this is a little bewildering to a simple-minded person, accustomed to go to a dictionary rather than to an athletic rule book for his definitions.

Since we are concerned at the moment with football, it seems rather too bad that, up to the present, there should have been made no comprehensive and at the same time sympathetic survey of the situation. The Carnegie report was obviously comprehensive, but this writer has never had the opportunity of examining any document less sane and less sympathetic. The investigators had questioned everything—the good faith, even, of certain university presidents; apparently it had never occurred to them to question, or even study objectively, the A. A. U.'s definition of an amateur athlete.

The decided bias of the Bulletin as a whole can be, I think, quite easily demonstrated. By far, from the layman's point of view, the most significant statement in its 311 pages, was hidden away in the middle of a chapter and given no publicity whatsoever. "In no institution," it says, and it is well to remember that one hundred and thirty schools and colleges had been

studied, "are subsidies granted [to athletes] in excess of the cost of tuition, food, lodging, books, supplies, and incidental fees." The Bulletin then goes on to stigmatize the granters of such subsidies as "the Fagins of American sport." The inference is obvious. But no one, not even Dr. Howard J. Savage, will ever succeed in making us believe that a boy who plays football, clean football in return simply for an education, should be classed with the juvenile criminals of Fagin's school—pickpockets and sneak thieves. This is so patently unfair as to make us distrust the other conclusions of the report, many of which, I will say most of which, even, are quite justified.

A layman who wished to give to this situation, and to the problem which the professional amateur presents, the serious study which these unquestionably deserve, would do well to ignore, at first, the lesser contradictions and inconsistencies, and climb instead to the top of some convenient hill from which he could look out over the whole vast panorama of intercollegiate athletics. But since football is the most characteristic, the most popular, the most profitable and, therefore, the most commercialized of intercollegiate sports, we may well confine our modest investigations to this single field. Let us then ask ourselves four questions: Is football still a sport, or has it degenerated into an autumnal circus? Is its commercialization real or imaginary? Are the athletically inclined young men at our larger universities being exploited, or are they not? Where, in this matter, do the college authorities stand?

II

Whatever our personal feelings on the subject may be, we cannot deny that the men behind intercollegiate football have shown in recent years a business acumen that would have

carried them far in the industrial world. Since 1905 the trustees of American universities have constructed or allowed to be constructed twenty football stadiums with an average capacity of 50,000. The Yale Athletic Association showed, during October and November, 1929, a profit of very nearly one million dollars; at least a score of other colleges did half as well. New York University scheduled a game last fall against the University of Georgia, to be played in a New York ball-park: the Southern team asked and received a guarantee of \$50,000 for its trip North. Notre Dame, the greatest box-office attraction in the world, receives, for games away from home, an average of sixty per cent of the gate receipts—and last year, pending the completion at South Bend of a colossal stadium, Notre Dame played every one of its nine games away from home. All this may sound more like the day-dream of a professional impresario than like amateur sport; nevertheless we can scarcely expect a business as large and as profitable as intercollegiate football to be carried on by nit-wits or philanthropists.

These points and these statements have, of course, been brought forward many times before. The answer which they inevitably call forth from the defenders of present conditions has at least the virtue of extreme simplicity. The vast profits from intercollegiate football do not, we are assured, flow directly or indirectly into the college treasuries. Instead they are dispensed, *in toto*, by the college athletic boards, thus making athletic equipment—tennis courts, swimming-pools, gymnasiums, etc.—available to every undergraduate.

It would require a far finer legal mind than that of this writer to grasp the subtlety of this distinction. One is rather at a loss to understand why, if it is quite ethical for a college to spend

the earnings of its undergraduates on athletic equipment, it would be considered disgraceful for an institution of higher learning to spend these same earnings in equipping, for example, a new chemical laboratory. Certainly when Mr. Edgar Palmer gave Princeton the money to pay for the stadium that bears his name, his donation was regarded by the public at large (and, I venture to say, by the Princeton trustees also) as a gift to the University, rather than to the already solvent Princeton Athletic Association. And are we expected to believe that if this Athletic Association found itself unable, in any given year, to pay for the upkeep of the college tennis courts the university treasurer would stand quietly by and let them grow up in weeds?

That college athletics, and the participation of the largest possible number of undergraduates in some form of intra-mural sport, are good, I think no intelligent person will deny. Whether it is necessary to spend to this end some four hundred dollars per undergraduate per year, as does the Yale Athletic Association, is another matter, one that is scarcely relevant at this point. Suffice it to say that, if college athletics do not form an essential part of the college curriculum, Yale is obviously misspending approximately one and a quarter million dollars a year; but if they *are* essential to the well-being of the college (and this seems to be the opinion of most American educational authorities), the University clearly owes to the undergraduates who earn for it by their efforts these necessary hundred thousands, some special consideration. This, it seems to me, can scarcely be disputed by anyone who looks at the matter with an open mind.

However, before we write this down as one of the first articles of our athletic credo, let us examine the benefits, real or imaginary, which a young man receives by engaging in intercollegiate, as

opposed to intra-mural, sports. We have already put ourselves on record as believing intra-mural sport to be a good thing; can we say as much for as dangerous and time-consuming a game as intercollegiate football?

III

No one, I think, who has ever studied at first hand the training and conditioning of a varsity eleven, who is familiar with the hours which the players are expected to keep, who has watched young men report early in the afternoon six days a week for gruelling work which continues, in some cases, until long after dusk on a field illuminated by arc-lights, who has heard a coach advise his charges to "think football" as much as possible in their "spare time" can regard intercollegiate athletics as anything but an added barrier to a young man who wishes to secure, in four short years, the ground-work of a liberal education. A football-playing undergraduate may very well be able to keep up in his classes, to graduate at the end of his course with a satisfactory mark; but his outside reading, his non-required work in the college library, his general interest in things of lasting importance, are bound, by every law known to the human mind, to suffer. And doubly so, of course, if the boy happens to be poor and is forced, in addition to playing football, to devote a certain number of hours each day to earning his way through college.

Second, and this is even more serious, the varsity football player gambles with injury at odds that few of us would consider fair. The Carnegie investigators studied, in twenty-two American colleges, the percentage of players injured in the course of a single year. Out of nearly three thousand young men engaged in intercollegiate football, exactly 525, or over seventeen

per cent, sustained "serious" injury. In other words, let an undergraduate play football throughout his last three years at college—he has less than an even chance of getting away unscathed. Of the 525 seriously injured, 11 suffered internal injuries; 132, concussions. How many of these boys were forced to leave college, how many were partly, or even wholly, incapacitated for life, unfortunately no report can tell us. We know, however, that in such cases the various college athletic associations, despite their huge football profits, neither make nor are expected to make any restitution whatsoever. There is no compulsory state insurance for the varsity football player.

When it comes to the other side of the ledger—the benefits to the undergraduate from participation in intercollegiate sport—one is rather at a loss to find a single possible entry that cannot be legitimately challenged. As far as physical condition is concerned, tennis and swimming will surely do as much for a young man as football. The lessons of sportsmanship may be learned as well in inter-class games as before eighty thousand people. The college man cannot, except in isolated instances, profit financially, after his graduation, from the athletic training which he has received.

Nor is it possible to look with altogether favorable eyes on the wide publicity which a prominent varsity athlete enjoys during his college career. There is no glory more fugitive than that of the athlete; and a boy who has been for a time something of a national celebrity is likely to find the obscurity of his post-college years not altogether easy to endure. Where are the snows of yesteryear, and who remembers the All-Americans of 1910?

It has been amply demonstrated, I believe, that American colleges, or college athletic associations—and the two, after all, are for all practical pur-

poses but one—gain materially and gain hugely through intercollegiate football. That as much can be said for the football players themselves seems, on the basis of the facts we have, decidedly improbable. Aside from the purely arbitrary rules of amateur athletics, it would appear, therefore, that no reasonable grounds exist for doubting the correctness of our earlier conclusions: the colleges, receiving funds (necessary funds, if you will) from the arduous and often dangerous efforts of certain of their undergraduates, owe in return to these undergraduates special consideration of some sort.

IV

This brings us quite logically to the question of athletic subsidies. Are such subsidies ever justified? Do they invariably involve, as the Carnegie Foundation experts would have us believe, the betrayal of an athlete's honor? Would it not be possible to work out some equitable and above-board system whereby an impecunious young man, with a talent for football rather than for newspaper work, could earn, as do the members of university press boards, enough money to help defray, at least, his college expenses?

Let us remember that, even according to the dark picture which the Carnegie Bulletin paints, athletic subsidies in no case exceed the sum total of such expenses. Let us remember, too, that even under the present system of rule-evasion, the granting of an athletic subsidy rarely if ever involves a cash transaction. A few examples may help to clarify these points.

Harvard, like Princeton, Columbia, Pennsylvania, Colgate, Georgia Tech, the University of Chicago, etc., was numbered among those colleges at which the Carnegie investigators found unfortunate traces of professionalism. Of what, in this case, did the "profes-

sionalism" consist? Of nothing, certainly, over which the layman is able to feel any extraordinary indignation. It had been, until recently, the practice at Harvard to parcel out to the more indigent members of the varsity teams the various concessions at Soldiers' Field—thus enabling certain athletes to earn, through the sale of peanuts, hot-dogs, and programs to the crowds that their fellow-athletes drew, a small fraction of what they paid the college for tuition. So far as I know, it was never charged that these boys received for their work any higher wage than the vendors at a professional baseball game receive for similar work. That they, in preference to other impecunious undergraduates, were given these positions, constituted, in the opinion of the Carnegie investigators, a form of professionalism. At any rate, the practice has been discontinued. May we point out, before citing a second example, that Harvard's football receipts for 1929 totaled in excess of four hundred thousand dollars?

At Northwestern University, which, incidentally, possesses one of the largest stadiums in the Middle West, a different but somewhat similar system was in vogue. Certain students were able, by taking care of the University's vast athletic equipment, to earn a few dollars a week; for this work they were paid at varying rates which averaged in the neighborhood of fifty cents an hour. The Carnegie experts, however, pointed out that these positions, instead of being filled by lot, were turned over by the various coaches to the needier members of the varsity teams. Professionalism (for any subsidy, in the eyes of the A. A. U., constitutes professionalism) would seem to the layman a rather strong term to apply to this sort of thing.

Princeton, too, was barred from the strictly amateur paradise of intercollegiate athletics by a single detail.

Eight out of the 332 scholarships annually awarded by the University were, at the time of the Carnegie investigation, given to men who, in addition to being good scholars, were good athletes as well. (The terms of award were precisely those under which, each year, ninety-six young Americans receive Rhodes Scholarships at Oxford.) President Hibben has since pointed, with pardonable pride, to the fact that these eight "athletic scholarships" exist no longer. Princeton, free at last of professionalism, has joined what certain sporting writers have called the "lily-whites." It seems somehow too bad that President Hibben, while on the subject, failed to add that athletics, during the past college year, brought into the treasury of the Princeton Athletic Association some \$375,000—or more than three times the total value of the 332 scholarships.

It is rather remarkable, in this welter of professionalism, to find listed among the "lily-whites," those colleges at which even the keen eyes of the Carnegie experts could see no evil, so famous and so athletically distinguished a university as Yale. It is the boast of the college authorities at New Haven that no athlete, not even the star varsity halfback who rates front-page headlines in the New York dailies, receives, either in the matter of scholarships or from the University Employment Bureau, any preferential treatment whatsoever.

Before we go any farther, let us determine, as accurately as we may, the amount that one of these ingenuous young men actually earns for his Alma Mater during three years on the Yale football team—or, if you prefer, on the football team of the Yale Athletic Association. The Yale team, with its substitutes, comprises a total of perhaps thirty boys: these thirty boys, upholding the tradition of fair play, of clean, hard football, which preceding

teams at Yale have scrupulously built up, earn for the college in three years very nearly three million dollars—or approximately one hundred thousand dollars apiece.

That the star player has an additional money value cannot be doubted. The Dartmouth-Yale game, for example, had never until last year drawn to the Bowl a crowd of over 55,000. On November 2, 1929, solely because of the presence of Albie Booth on the Yale eleven and Alton Marsters on the Dartmouth team, an additional twenty thousand turned out at four dollars a head. Booth's financial contribution to the college treasury amounted, for that afternoon alone, to at least fifty thousand dollars. Should the diminutive Yale star (who, by the way, is earning his way through college) play in the future as he has played in the past, should he remain uninjured (as Alton Marsters did not) during three years of varsity football, he will, before graduation, have earned for Yale some three hundred thousand dollars.

Is it surprising that college presidents can say, as did President Hopkins of Dartmouth not long ago, that ". . . as a result of the selective process [*sic*], it might easily be true that we should have an increased number of men of athletic ability; I confess to a hope that this may come to be so"?

What, one wonders, must be the thoughts of a broad-shouldered and impecunious young man at Yale when, after having devoted three hours a day for nearly three months to football, after having competed for the university scholarships on even terms with other young men able to give these three hours to study, after having waited his turn at the University Employment Bureau and having very possibly refused one or two positions because they conflicted with his special training hours—when, after all this, he puts on a blue jersey and trots into the

Bowl, and realizes that there is something better than three hundred thousand dollars "in the house"? Does he, at such moments, doubt the existence of an all-seeing and beneficent prexy? Or does he merely hope that, if he is injured, he will not lose the job that enables him to make fifty cents an hour in the evenings after football practice is over?

Faced with this situation, it is easy to feel, as did the Carnegie investigators, a certain righteous indignation. It is difficult to see, however, by what mental acrobatics these investigators were able to select as the object of their vituperation a system which enables impecunious boys to receive (and rarely in cash) an insignificant percentage of their own earnings—to ig-

nore, at the same time, one of the most obvious exploitations of youth in the history of this country.

It is easy to conceive of a society in which a talent for football would open no doors. But here is a nation that is spending millions each year on football tickets and printing millions of words concerning football stars. Why, under these circumstances, it should be considered dishonorable, let alone dishonest, for a young man to profit by his natural talents to the extent of the books, the food, the tuition necessary for an education is an eternal mystery. And why, if it is dishonorable for the young man to do this, it is honorable for his university to profit far more greatly by these talents, is a mystery deeper and more unfathomable.

NETTLE DANGER

BY RUTH FITCH BOYD

*"Out of this nettle Danger
We pluck this flower, Safety"*
—Henry IV.

SNATCHING this nettle danger with both hands,
I made a reckless, wanton, crazy choice;
And little, stinging, purple reprimands
Prickled my fingers, and every cautious voice
Of foe and friend alike combining cried
That I would hold the dry weed of regret
And feel the itch of sorrow till I died—
But, oh, sad friends, exultant foes—not yet.
This flower of safety that I plucked has lost
Not one fringed petal in a lengthening year;
But you wise gardeners who compute each cost,
Tell me what seeds you buy with coins of fear;
Your joys are dwarf nasturtiums, crippled things,
That never climb life's bright and perilous strings.



AN UNWRITTEN STORY

A STORY

BY J. C. SQUIRE

IT WAS the first time that Wilfrid Evans had ever been a member of a rather large house party in a rather large house, although he had described many such parties in his novels. Competently too: he was intelligent, well enough bred and well enough educated; and he had sufficient sense and imagination (he flattered himself) not to deduce a whole upper class from the occasional specimens whom he had met when some more enterprising, if not raffish, brother of his craft had taken him to a cocktail party in a mews, a semi-smart night club, or a late supper on the more elegant of the coasts of Bohemia. Some of these were eccentric, some of them had to scratch where they could for a living, some were disreputable. Some were *déclassés*, making the best of things, some were parvenus, painstakingly languid, arrogant, and æsthetic, and some were merely amusing themselves by an occasional dive into the London of the snob-columns from a quite different plane. No: Wilfrid Evans was not deceived, and he was aware of his own percipience. He saw life steadily, he thought, and saw it whole; he missed very little indeed, and thoroughly agreed with kindly critics who commended his "eye for fine shades." Why enter into further details? He had at all events (as he frequently with some legitimate complacency told his friends) come to the

conclusion that human nature and the distribution of good and bad were much the same in all classes, that nobody could be quite so vile as the aristocrats in Mr. Nokes's books, and nobody quite so epigrammatic as those in Mr. Stokes's. And, in the best quarters, his reputation was immeasurably superior to Nokes's or Stokes's. He continued, without having lived among the established rich, to describe their habits, conversations, loves, hates, and surroundings in a manner which satisfied that intelligent minority among them, almost all women, who ever read novels at all. What did it matter that enemies sometimes accused him of a too deferential, not to say sentimental, attitude towards the prosperous? The wisest and subtlest of the dowagers, who had seen much and remembered Mr. James, Mr. Meredith, and even Mr. Jowett, were pleased with him. "A relief after all that rubbish!" they said, then looked him up in Burke, thinking that he was probably somebody's second cousin, and found that he was not. It was through the latest of his dowagers that he was now at Milstead.

She had written to him, with charming apologies ("perhaps you will forgive an old woman . . .") for the intrusion, a month after the publication of his last book, *The Poynings*; and his reply had led to an invitation to tea in John Street, Mayfair. He naturally

went. The house was small, and the door was opened by a middle-aged maidservant, with long service clinging like an aura around her. He was shown upstairs into a tiny empty drawing-room and waited. There was a bookshelf full of good old literature, a few philosophic and religious books included, and a table on which were all the recent books of which anybody thought anything. He strayed awkwardly about, touching the dark Chipendale and the Dresden shepherdesses, and finally took to gazing at himself in a round, convex Empire mirror, surmounted by gilt eagle and ball, studying with interest the shrewd, wrinkling eyes behind the horn-rimmed spectacles and the firm, rather ironic mouth under the little dark mustache. The door softly opened; he turned with a slight start, and there was a little old lady in black, thin and hook-nosed, but with cheeks that still had color, eyes that still sparkled, and a voice which was girlishly silvery as it greeted him. Soon he almost forgot that she was not really a young woman, so quick was she, so sensitive, so keenly interested in everything contemporary, so gaily humorous, so pleasantly complimentary to himself. Afterwards a candid friend told him that it was the art born of long experience that enabled her, over the tea-cups, to draw him into so candid and even eager an account of himself and his hopes; but at the time it was as though two minds and two hearts were fully opening, quickened by each other, for the first time. Then, at last, there came a knock at the door, momentarily annoying. He cursed silently, and felt himself closing up. "Lady Hunter," said the maid. "Elizabeth!" said the dowager: "Mr. Evans, my niece Elizabeth."

It did not take long for Evans's annoyance to pass. Lady Hunter had not her aunt's wide cultivation and would never move with such certainty.

But her instincts were fine, though she was diffident and flushed easily, at first because of the occasional exposure of her lack of information and slowness to take allusions, and then, as the triangular talk warmed up, and Evans was tempted to an eager fluency, from pleasure at his whimsicality or at the reflection of thoughts she had known but never formulated.

"What a charming woman!" he thought to himself as he walked away from the house, "and how well we got on"—recovering the picture of her tall, graceful figure, her neat, light-brown hair, and straight features, direct gray eyes, and swift smile, her modesty, responsiveness, and fundamental gravity which at moments seemed even tinged with sadness. "I am sentimentalizing her," he said to himself. "She is a healthy countrywoman of forty who looks less because an easy pheasant-shooting husband gives her everything she wants. Novelists ought to be more detached and keep their eyes fixed on things as they are!"

Three months afterwards, when the old lady had twice taken him to lunch with Elizabeth Hunter and the very ornithological and very kindly Sir Francis in Bryanston Square, he was asked down to Milstead for a week-end. "My aunt," wrote Lady Hunter, "says that you won't mind our asking you, and we feel that we really know you quite well through your books. I'm afraid that you won't find any material for further stories in our humdrum household; perhaps you'll enliven us by telling us one after dinner." He was to meet (for the list was given save that several young women were not individually specified) a number of delightful people, whose dignities ranged from the Marquise of the Glasspools to the captaincy of a certain Geoffrey Poole.

So there he was at Milstead, a house full of rugs, skins, and heads, the first

down for dinner, standing in front of a great stone Tudor fireplace, endeavoring to sort out in his mind the names and faces of sixteen strangers, whose cars had intermittently swept up through the autumn twilight, half of whom he had never heard of before, though they all, old and young, evidently knew one another extremely well. Echoes of many scraps of greeting and conversation rang softly in his head: "Diana!" "Mary!" "We both liked your last novel so much." "Geoffrey, you're a perfect scandal." "Such a good speech, I thought." "It'll be another month before the leaf's off properly." "No, there's a new Master; Bill couldn't afford it any longer."

He could quite well invent such a mixture of flimsy remarks—he had, in fact, often done so—they were natural, indeed, inevitable. But it was one thing to describe a milieu and invent personages who resembled those who existed, and another to invade the milieu and guess at the relations of a number of actual individuals. The world of his novels was like this world; but which of his characters did these particular people resemble? In the world of his novels painful things were hushed up and deplorable things were known within a certain small society and remained a complete secret to the population at large. He had heard to-day a girl in low tones saying something to another about "Booby and Edith." Who was Booby? Who was Edith? For that matter, who were Pinky, Foxy, the Badger, and Pumps, to whom he had also heard reference made? This actual small nation of people was as removed from him as Sweden or the Argentine so far as knowledge of personal characters and ties were concerned. It was not his society, and he had, he told himself with a little pride, no ambition to step into it, preferring his homelier club and

the conversation of one or two people at a time, people with his own tastes and familiar with his own surroundings. But here he was and he should certainly keep his end up. He was not very shy and not immoderately humble. He would, he knew well, come through without clumsiness. With Sir Francis he had felt thoroughly familiar from the first, the friendly old country baronet with a hobby might have walked straight out of one of his own books. And, after all, there were one or two rather striking and attractive faces among the others, which should make the visit worth while. There was, for instance, the lean, deep-socketed, sunburnt, intelligent face of Captain Poole. He was curious about that man; if he saw him a few times they would probably become friends. There were marks of suffering, he thought, in that face; then, as his habit was, he pulled himself together and reminded himself that effects could also be produced by late nights or malaria.

Food and wine had come and gone; they had been served with fruit, and the port was going round. Evans, seated three from his hostess on the right, had kept going not so badly with his two ladies. His neighbor on the left, Mrs. Fitzgerald, plump, blonde, and fifty, was easy; musical up to a point, an inveterate and not stupid theatergoer who knew everybody, including all the senior litterateurs, and drew him, especially after three several wines, into an almost flirtatious exchange of mildly malicious gossip and criticism—nothing is so unifying as a joint, half-suppressed titter. The girl on his left was not so easy; she was twenty, looked with a dutiful profundity into his eyes as he tried her with subject after subject, was really roused when he mentioned hunting, but became a shade more tepid when it became evident that he knew no more

about foxhunting than a Zulu. However, she was obviously consoled by the knowledge that he was a celebrity of *some* sort, and had easy relief with a young, rounded, curly-haired, fair-mustached, jocular man on her left who was patently an intimate.

Evans felt mellow and at his ease, as a conversation *à trois* between these two and a cleverish, hard-looking girl, Diana Spurway, beyond, developed and left him for a moment free to listen, watch, or lapse into brief reverie. The general babble grew dim, as he gazed at the light shining through his wine, at the long, polished table, the napery, the painted china, the shining silver, the shadowed shirts, and faint-gleaming buttons of the men-servants, the curtains which shut out dark lawns, dark trees, an infinite, mysterious countryside under the cold sparkle of the stars. The chatter returned and, unobserved by any, he discreetly allowed his eyes to roam from end to end of the table. Lord Glasspool's serious, horselike face with the small side-whiskers was half visible beyond Mrs. Fitzgerald, whom he was instructing in the economics of the sugar-beet. Lady Hunter, cool to the gaze in a soft blue gown and a single pearl pendant, was talking with interest to Sir Michael Strode, one of the youngest and ablest diplomatists in the Service. Mrs. Bulfinch, a pleasant blonde American widow of forty, in red, was vivaciously engaged with Captain Poole, Evans's immediate vis-à-vis. As Evans's eyes lingered on this pair, particularly on the mobile, expressive, dark face of Poole, there was a light laugh from Lady Hunter at the end of the table. Poole shot a swift, responsive glance towards her, and the thought flashed across the novelist's mind: "That soldier admires our hostesses as much as I do!"

Then he rapidly tried to fix the characters of the others: somebody's daughter, round, flaxen-haired, giggling

but shrewd; somebody's husband, fat, bald, clean-shaven, monocled, fifty-eight, also giggling, also shrewd; an elderly indeterminate spinster on his right; Colonel Fox, dark, hard, cynical, rather repellent. Beyond him, Lady Glasspool, an evident sock-knitter, was getting on very unaffectedly with dear old straightforward Sir Francis, with his untidy hair, twinkling eyes, ruddy complexion, dawning second chin, and protuberant shirt-front. Sir Francis was doing all the talking: the subject, therefore, would certainly be the habits of birds. Between Sir Francis and Diana Spurway, hardly visible unless he craned his neck, were Strode's colorless wife and the far from colorless Lord Queenstown, a jovial Irish peer of seventy who had lost all his estates, had no money, and doubtless divided his time between his club and visits to the houses of old ladies whom he had known in the hunting-field in youth and with whom he could now chuckle over ancient scandals. And then Diana Spurway. Brains, yes: but he had never seen so resolute a face in a young woman, and there was a tinge of bitterness in her expression which had struck him when they were first introduced, and which had even seemed to give a hidden, vague irony to her first "How d'you do?"

They were varied, he thought; they oughtn't to make a bad audience for his story, if they really remembered to ask him for it; though it would probably be too subtle for most of them. . . .

"A penny for your thoughts," whispered Mrs. Fitzgerald roguishly in his ear. He felt himself flush because of his unintentional rudeness and said he wasn't thinking of anything—then, remembering that truth sometimes makes the most amusing conversation, corrected himself, "No, that wasn't quite true: I was thinking of the characters of everybody round this table."

"Not mine I hope," laughed Mrs. Fitzgerald, "but I wonder how far you got them right. Character is destiny you know, and you might be able to tell us something." His powers of repartee might have been unduly taxed, but at that moment Elizabeth Hunter rose, and the ladies filed out of the room.

Sir Francis changed ends; the men closed up towards him; the decanters passed. Except that Lord Queenstown occasionally murmured a jocular aside to the fair young man, the conversation was monopolized by the three at the table's end: for Sir Francis, after an attempt on the birds of the Balkans had fallen rather flat, insisted in his bluff Englishman's manner, on pumping Strode about the situation in the Near East. There was comedy in it for the listener: Sir Francis honestly trying to measure a hideously intricate situation with his few honest notions about fair play and foreigners, Sir Michael endeavoring to indicate the complications of the position without indicating the ignorance of his host, and Glasspool reducing everything to wool with a second-rate politician's cautious but sonorous platitudes. Evans caught gleams, now of quick interest, now of amusement, in the eyes of Geoffrey Poole who, he gathered from a casual remark, had spent in the Near East his leaves from India; but the other seemed bored, and Colonel Fox flicked the ash from his cigar in a manner which suggested not only boredom but disdain—some of which Evans felt to be unreasonably directed towards himself. How he hated these conceited men! . . . A last refusal of port, and they moved to join the ladies.

In size and character it was more like an Elizabethan Hall, long and warmed by two huge fireplaces in one wall. By the door was a billiard-table, and yards had to be walked before they reached the comfortable end where the nine ladies, two of them already knit-

ting, the others conversing in small groups, were scattered about on chairs and sofas. In the far left corner Evans noticed a great high-backed chair, dominating the assembly. "Well," he thought, "if I am to tell them a story that is where I should obviously sit."

There was dispersed conversation; Evans exchanged badinage with several of the ladies, condoled earnestly with Lord Queenstown about the state of Ireland, and asked Sir Michael for news of a personal friend of his own who was Vice-Consul at a Roumanian port. He felt a little chagrin when, during a lull, he heard Sir Francis suggest bridge. But the ladies had not forgotten. Amid a chorus of feminine assent, Mrs. Bulfinch took the floor. "No, Sir Francis," she said, "we're all agreed we'd like another form of entertainment to-night."

"As you like," he replied gallantly. "What is it? Forfeits?"

"No, Frank," came quietly from his wife, "we've a famous novelist here, and I've told Mr. Evans that if he only would, we'd all like him to tell us a story."

"Good idea," said Lord Queenstown, Geoffrey Poole, and Mr. Fitzgerald. "Admirable," followed from Sir Michael. "Rather," said the fair young man. Evans was aware of what he felt to be the sneering silence of Colonel Fox and the yawning silence of Lord Glasspool, but after all, he was not going to be cowed by men like those. "Oh, please," he stammered with becoming modesty, "don't think I want to be professional at the week-end. Do play bridge. I'm sure everybody'd rather!" This did not work, nor did a tentative effort to allege that he could not open his mouth in public—for Mrs. Bulfinch had heard him lecture "divinely" at a Woman's Club in Boston. With head diffidently bent he was led to the high-backed chair, while the elder ladies smiled complacently and

the younger tittered with flattering excitement. "Come and sit by me, Geoffrey," he heard Diana Spurway say to Poole in that puzzlingly malevolent voice. "I believe that girl's in love with that man," he thought; then, endeavoring to concentrate on his task, he surveyed the circle (Lord Glasspool was obviously preparing for immediate discreet slumber behind a brow-supporting hand), hemmed, and broke the oppressive new-born silence.

"I am not," he said smoothly, "a story teller out of Arabia. I haven't a repertory. I can't, in talk, even tell one whole story with all its detail of circumstance. If I *must* bore you, it can only be by giving you the vaguest sketch of a story I'm thinking of now, which I suppose will be the next that I shall write."

The elderly indeterminate spinster spoke for once. "Is it a sad story?"

"Not exactly," said Evans, smiling at her. Peggy Strode joined in, "Is it about real people?"

"I should think not," he replied indignantly. "This modern trick of pillorying real people, whether one's friends or acquaintances or strangers, in works of fiction seems to me thoroughly disgusting and caddish. I'd rather stop writing than do it. For what this is worth I've certainly made it all up out of my own head."

"How lovely," gushed Miss Strode, "and we shall hear it before anybody." "S—sh, Peggy," came from her knitting mother across the room. Anyhow, that was attention; the studied indifference of Fox and the somnolence of Glasspool didn't matter with all the rest so eager: Lady Hunter all sweet encouragement, her husband all sturdy attention and admiration for a world beyond him, Geoffrey Poole so intelligent and so obviously friendly.

"You see," he went on, "I don't know how other people work; but for myself a situation comes into my head,

and then a few main characters involved in it, and then the background and minor developments of the plot, most of which I know nothing about until I start writing. The result is that all I can do virtually is to tell you what the story is about."

There was a rustle, a match was struck, and silence returned. "It's an odd thing," he resumed, "just at this moment, but it happens to be about a house-party and about a novelist reading a story to them after dinner."

"You rogue, you've made it all up!" said Mrs. Fitzgerald.

"That isn't fair; it really isn't," he went on, with a touch of warmth, "I don't get ideas as quickly as all that. This thing I first thought of ages ago, long before I ever dreamed of coming here. Well, it's like this, and though I don't want to boast"—he laughed—"I must say I think it's rather ingenious."

"There's a country-house—any kind of a house, Tudor or Georgian, or modern, it doesn't matter—and a week-end party. This novelist—who might be me, but I hope I'm not quite so simple as I mean *him* to be—is asked down not knowing a soul except his host and hostess, and not knowing the relations between any two or more members of the set into which he is accidentally drawn. Well, what I'm going to do is to make him tell a story which will apply to some of the people in the room. Everybody there will become gradually embarrassed as they realize this, only he will never realize it himself, having no clue to the secret."

There was a pause as the party turned the notion over in their heads. Then, with determined curiosity Miss Spurway's voice was heard, "Haven't you thought out any details of the embarrassing story that he's going to tell?"

"Well," said the narrator, stroking his chin with his knuckle, "I have

roughly, but only roughly. It's like this: you know how one frequently hears things one's never guessed at about people one's known for ages, and then finds that all sorts of others have known all about them all the time?"

"Yes," was the general murmur.

"It's obvious of course; there will be one thing my novelist unfortunately won't have heard about. There's going to be what they call a triangle."

"How thrilling," came the hard voice of Diana Spurway, while something like, "What, one more?" seemed to come from Lord Queenstown.

Evans took no notice and continued. "Three people are involved, and a special point is that they're all nice." Colonel Fox's eyebrows, he thought, suggested that there was a departure from life here.

"There are a husband and wife (let us say the host and hostess, for drama's sake, though it doesn't matter) and another man." A log fell on the hearth with a thud. Lady Glasspool's needles clicked. "The husband is kindly but older than his wife; she has an immense affection for him, but when she married him she was too young and mistook her admiration for him and liking for his decent company for the real thing. The other man she will have known in youth, perhaps; then he will have gone out of her life for years; then he will have returned, and they will have fallen hopelessly in love with each other, but will for the husband's sake run no risk of his finding this out. There may (though I haven't made up my mind) be a further complication with another woman who is in love with the man. The novelist will innocently tell this story; but the whole party, except the husband, will know that it applies to these three people in the room, and they'll all know that all the others know, for it will have been whispered about for years."

Mrs. Bullfinch lighted a cigarette, and then, with what seemed to Evans a rather ill-mannered endeavor (after being particularly pressing originally) to rob him of the chance of filling in his outlines, remarked heartily, "So that's that; quite a good plot."

"Yes," drawled Colonel Fox, "thanks very much." It was rather insulting, thought Evans, for these fools to suppose that he was capable of telling anything which might be awkward in mixed company. Happily, help came.

"No, but do let him go on," said Diana Spurway, sweetly. "He must, mustn't he, Geoffrey?"

Poole's smile was set and cryptic. "Yes," he replied, "there are lots of things one wants to hear about." "Yes, Geoffrey," came the even, bell-like voice of Lady Hunter, "but do get my embroidery from the morning room first, and then Mr. Evans can go on." Poole left the room; there was some talk in constrained undertones; Mrs. Bullfinch half began to speak to Evans and then checked herself. When the work had been brought, and Elizabeth Hunter's head was bent over it, Evans took up his tale again.

"Now," he said, "as I've summarized it, I daresay it sounds a pretty crude and simple tale. But I don't mean it to be that; there is to be some subtlety and grace about it. Neither the actual pair nor the imaginary pair in my novelist's story are to be engaged in a mere vulgar and deceitful intrigue."

"How are you going to manage that?" asked Sir Francis, with a genial laugh.

"Let me explain. What I mean is that for the husband's sake (or, if you like, for honor's sake) they refrain from what is called technically guilt."

"Doesn't sound like flesh and blood to me," said Sir Francis, "but go on, sir, go on."

There was a tense silence which was interrupted by the level and deliberate

tone of Strode, staring straight at Evans, "I think I understand."

"I know it may be difficult to make the notion plausible," Evans answered, "but I am convinced that there are, however rare they may be, some people whose natures are so fine that they are able to split the difference as it were between renunciation and surrender. My couple may not even kiss each other; or perhaps they may have just once when their first certainty of each other's love forced them to utterance. It will be frightfully hard for them, of course. It will be all the harder for her because she has no children and now no hope of any; for him because his youth is just passing and he knows that he is dedicated to old and lonely bachelordom, and is perpetually agonized by the thought that if time could only be turned back he could so easily put things right. I do so hope you will realize the sort of characters I mean them to be: both of them so very sensitive and scrupulous, and the husband such an absolutely perfect old dear that, after they have first compelled themselves to face the situation they simply never even toy with the idea of letting him down—apart from everything else, they know they'd be haunted ever afterwards if they did, but they don't really think of that. No, it's not easy. But they do get something out of it. Rather than part completely or do what they have decided to be degradingly furtive or unforgivably cruel, they will control themselves and make the best of such consolations as they can snatch."

"Do tell us what those might be," said Diana Spurway.

Evans closed his eyes. "I can't tell exactly what my imaginary novelist would say. I haven't thought it out. But there'll be things like these. They'll be happy when in company to know that they're thinking the same thoughts about everything around

them, and they'll occasionally catch each other's eye and smile with understanding. They'll both know that if they're ever in difficulty or trouble there will be one absolutely safe comforter and confessor for them. They'll meet openly everywhere as friends, not caring what people say so long as they have no good grounds for saying it. And sometimes they'll have meetings alone, natural or stolen.

"I see them sometimes," he continued, aware that now he held his audience to an utter hush, "leaning over the parapet of a terrace, looking at the blue distance together, or walking in a wood together, saying nothing, needing to say nothing. And now and then they'll have quiet meals together in London, talking commonplaces with the utmost intimacy. He'll be left happy, perhaps, with a bunch of violets or even—for strength goes often with the most girlish sentiment—a handkerchief."

Evans heard Poole's voice, very gentle, as though it were expressing the common feeling of the audience, "And they never have more than that?"

"Yes," he replied, "I think they must have just a little more than that. I think that just once, when the man is staying with the others in the country, they must be stirred to an unusual pitch of emotion. Anything may do it: an event, such as his being ordered away somewhere, or some brutality of fate to one of them, or a mere accident such as the presence of a happy young pair of lovers, or even the influence of a serene moon." He paused, and spoke slowly and impressively, the artist sure of his spell, "They will both be restless perhaps. Long after everybody has gone to bed, she will think she hears somebody outside, look from her window, and see his dark form against a balustrade, staring over the moon-mottled park with its motionless elms and lawns and sleeping cattle; and,

with her heart fluttering but her lips set, she will throw on wraps and steal down the great staircase, and open the door softly, and he will hear her feet brushing the stones, and see her pale face with a finger at her lip and wait for her; and they'll stay there for an hour, cheek against cheek, clasping each other's hands."

Diana Spurway spoke, "I thought you said they were only to kiss once."

"What does it matter," said Mrs. Fitzgerald impatiently, "this only makes twice."

"I call it rather a fatuous story anyhow," commented Diana.

"Well," remarked the American lady, emphatically, "I call it rather a *noble* story."

"Excellent, excellent," droned Lord Glasspool, pretending to be awake.

"What do you think, Geoffrey?" Miss Spurway went on.

Poole appeared unconcerned. "It seems to me quite ordinary and possible, and I think Mr. Evans told it very well."

"Daresay, daresay," was Sir Francis's remark as he rose, "though it sounds a bit complicated to me. But I never professed to understand the present generation."

Whisky, soda, and glasses were remembered. Everybody stood up, preparatory to retiring. The ladies gathered their work and their books and good-nights began to be exchanged. Lady Hunter, who had not spoken for a long time, stepped up to Evans and looked at him so closely that he was rather bewildered. "I must thank you," she said, "for your charming story. It's pleasant to find an author," she added, with a little laugh, "who realizes that there is a certain amount of delicacy and honor left in the world."

Evans blushed: he felt very highly complimented. She moved to the door. "Good-night everybody," she

said. "I hope you'll sleep well, Mr. Evans; good-night, Geoffrey, don't read too long."

"Good-night, Elizabeth, rather not." Poole joined Lord Queenstown and the fair young man in their session with the whisky.

Colonel Fox came up to Evans and scrutinized him keenly. "D'you mind my asking," he inquired, "did you say your novelist man will never discover the howler he made after he has inflicted this dreadful evening on all these people and even risked giving the show away?"

"Good Lord, no, sir," replied Evans, surprised to find that this supercilious-looking man had been listening at all; "it would spoil the whole yarn if he discovered his bloomer."

"I see," said Fox, "and is the old husband to have the scales removed from his eyes?"

"Certainly not, and I don't see why he should. After all he's a simple old thing who has never had the least suspicion of his wife, whom he adores and who is sweetness itself to him. Why it would be quite tragic if I made my story end by breaking his heart."

"Quite right," said Fox, "it would be. Good-night to you."

Wilfrid Evans thoroughly enjoyed his week-end. His hostess and Geoffrey Poole were particularly kind to him, and Lord Queenstown seemed to relish his company immensely; while Sir Francis, who thought him "a very clever fella, though a bit odd," obviously liked him.

When Monday came Evans went away without suspecting anything.

Nor, happily, did Sir Francis suspect anything.

As for Sir Michael Strode, he went off to the Near East, sighing because involved problems did not always work out so easily.



THE JEWISH WORLD CRISIS

BY LUDWIG LEWISOHN

AMONG those humane and liberal people who concern themselves with such things at all, Zionism has been thought of as a movement, half philanthropic, half idealistic, which was set in motion by Theodor Herzl in answer to the Russian pogrom waves, and which received an official international stamp through the Balfour Declaration in that half mournful moment of belated idealism which touched a few minds at the close of the World War. This common conception of Zionism is neither unkindly nor unintelligent. It is held by Jews as well as by Gentiles. It did not reveal its tragic danger until, on the occasion of the Arab massacres of August and September, 1929, the so-called liberal press, especially in America, while mourning with us over the innocent dead of Hebron and Safed, turned definitely against the Palestinian experiment in Jewish colonization and was concerned chiefly over the Palestinian Arabs' right to self-determination.

In Zionist circles there was and is grief and dismay over this situation which has undergone no marked change. Yet the turning against us of our supposed friends should have caused little surprise. As everywhere and always these two thousand years and more, the dice were loaded against us. Everybody knew of the doctrine of "self-determination"; everybody felt that it was a handsome and generous doctrine, especially when applied to small and weak nationalities. And

everybody was and is quite right. Our cause, alas, could not be summed up under this or any other formula; it could be likened to no class of phenomena; it could, therefore, count in its hour of trial on no ready-made sentiment or process of thought. It had, like ourselves, like all that concerns us, the initial misfortune of being *sui generis*, of being unique. It was quite natural that people had conceived of Zionism in such conventional terms as they could and judged its supposed successes and its supposed failures in the light of this conception. If any substantial justice is to be done, if anyone desires, be it only on purely human grounds, to understand why an ancient and gifted people faces once more a tragic disaster, it is necessary that some faint comprehension of Zionism, the latest attempt of the Jewish people to save and emancipate itself, be spread abroad.

Zionism, then, is a body of more or less fluid doctrine that has arisen during the past three-quarters of a century out of the living experience of the best, the wisest, the most sensitive Jews of all lands. The content of that experience which has not varied through the years is the failure of the emancipation to heal the ills of the Jewish people or to solve the Jewish problem for the world. Let us remember that the emancipation of Jewry, the admission of Jews to equal rights and normal citizenship, is even on paper but a little over a century old. Yet almost

at once, in spite of the jubilation of the liberated communities, in spite of the hectic and brilliant plunge into Western civilization of the majority, there were those who foresaw or—if one may use the word—forefelt, the new difficulties, the more intricate problems that the emancipation would create. And the march of events has justified those prophetic souls. Antisemitism has survived the emancipation; it has survived Jewish co-operation in Western civilization; it has survived self-immolation, patriotism, the sacrifice of battle, the unheard of sacrifice of the Jewishness of millions of Jews. It is as powerful as ever, though under other names and upon other principles. But this is not all. Nor is this the phenomenon which the Zionist regards as most vital. To him the decisive fact, experience, observation is the spiritual devitalization of emancipated Jewry; its failure at balance and dignity of life; its repudiation of its essential goods; its hopelessness despite some wealth and much self-deception; its irremediably false position with the attendant subterfuges, falsenesses, neuroses; its glitter of talent and failure in creative force—the whole detestable and tragic coil of people who are vain oblations upon alien altars, unwanted guests, unwilling suppliants. When a Jew denies the truth of this picture the Zionist knows that denial to be but a symptom—the gravest of all—of the diseased condition. Nor is he to be put off with the common saying: look at New York! Great mass settlements, if undispersed over a long enough period, may indeed heal some of the ills, moral and spiritual, of the people. But that is precisely what no one needs to tell the Zionist—except that he can never regard a mass-settlement by accident and on sufferance as tending toward a true normalization of Jewish life. It has happened before; it has

led to little. Zionism at its core is a negation of the *Galuth*, the Diaspora, the exile of Israel. It knows, alas, that the Diaspora will and must remain, that the overwhelming majority of Jews must continue scattered among the nations; it holds that the first step toward moral sanitation is in the philosophical act of negating the *Galuth*. Thereafter constructive attempts at auto-emancipation and the creation of Jewish values even on alien earth may come. It believes, secondarily, that auto-emancipation and the creation of Jewish cultural values are the only hope of normalizing the relations between Israel and its fellow-peoples.

Zionism is a philosophy and a way of life. It existed before the Balfour Declaration and can survive England's breach of her word and pledge. That breach, if it is, as we dare not yet believe, a reality, is in truth the ultimate proof of Zionist doctrine and Zionist experience. If England, supported by the faith and word of all the enlightened nations of the West can, while protesting her good faith, whittle down her solemn obligations and undertakings toward us until nothing is left but a blunder and a shame—if that is conceivable, what hope is there for us anywhere or at any time in any outside force or power or influence? That there is no such hope, that salvation for us and the solving of our problem for the world must come from within—that is precisely the center of Zionist doctrine and Zionist experience. This fundamental thought was present in 1862 when Moses Hess wrote *Rome and Jerusalem*; it was clearly defined by Leon Pinsker in his famous pamphlet "Auto-emancipation" in 1882; it has been raised to a system of philosophical and ethical character looking toward the re-creation of the individual Jewish soul and so of the soul of the people by Martin

Buber. In brief: the building of a national home in Palestine is both a postulate and a necessary consequence of Zionism. It is not coextensive with Zionism either as a doctrine or a way of life. Zionism is primarily the recognition of the ultimate unassimilableness of Jewry, the philosophical negation of the *Galuth* or exile in its present form, the conviction that the Jewish people is in need of redemption and that its redeemer must be itself.

II

The men who came to the conclusions here outlined in the third quarter of the nineteenth century did not turn to Jerusalem and hit upon Palestinian colonization by accident or by a constructive effort of thought. They simply returned to their fathers' houses, to their memories of childhood, to the very instincts of their blood and being. The emancipation was a thing of yesterday, barely of yesterday. They returned in spirit to the nearly twenty previous centuries of exile; they returned to and revaluated those long ages during all of which the Jews had formed sociological organisms of their own and had by that unpremeditated and constant act shown themselves to be a people. This people had never relinquished Palestine. At every Passover it had rejoiced over the liberation from Egypt and the conquest of Cana'an; on every ninth day of the month of Ab it had fasted and wept over the destruction of the Temple of God. Wherever, during all those centuries, two Jews had parted from each other in either grief or hope, they had said: "Next year in Jerusalem!" Nor had these things been, in the Christian sense, religious gestures or religious symbols. The thing that is so hard for our Gentile friends to understand is that the Jewish religion is an historical religion. Metaphysics plays but a

small part in it; righteousness alone suffices for salvation. The pilgrim of old who went to Jerusalem is not to be likened to one who fares to the shrine of a saint, but rather to one who, born of pioneers or colonials in a far land, returns to the mother-country of himself and all his people to hear the speech, to see the graves, to behold the earth and the sky of his fathers.

The people had never relinquished Palestine—*Eretz Yisra'el*, the land of Israel—either in thought or in practice. In the year 63 B.C. Pompey conquered Palestine and sold thousands of Jewish prisoners of war into slavery at Rome. Four years later Cicero was called upon to defend the Proconsul L. Valerius Flaccus, who was accused of having embezzled "the gold of the Jews"—the voluntary gifts, in brief, which the manumitted Jews of Rome and those exiled in Asia Minor sent annually to the Temple in Jerusalem as the cultural center of their scattered but homogeneous folk. And Cicero, who had imbibed a good dose of special antisemitism from his Professor at the university of Rhodes, Appolonios Molo, author of the first of all anti-Jewish pamphlets, used arguments as old as history and as fresh as this morning's paper. "Every state has its religion," he said, "ours has its own. But even when Jerusalem was still standing and the Jews lived in peace, the rites they practiced were abhorrent to the splendor of our empire, the gravity of the Roman name, and the institutions of our ancestors." And almost in the same breath Cicero complained bitterly of the Jewish "mob" at Rome. "Thou knowest," he said to the judge, "how numerous that mob is, how it sticks together, how much influence it can exert."

Here, then, we have in the year fifty-nine before the Christian era the classical situation: the Jews were driven by force from their own country. They were

hated for their qualities, real or supposed, in the country to which they were driven. But they were not permitted to return to their own country, and the money which they sent to that country was embezzled by an imperial official. If the reader will ponder this statement and this situation he will see that it represents fairly the entire history of the Jews from the day on which Cicero pronounced his oration to the latest meeting of the Mandates Commission in Geneva and that it constitutes virtually an invitation to the Jewish people to commit national suicide. Now it may be a pity for all parties that this solution of the Jewish woe and the Jewish problem is not possible. But evidently we have not the power of disappearing. And so history repeats itself with extraordinary patness. We are not liked nor truly wanted where we are; we make an attempt to go back to our own land, and every true obstacle is exaggerated and every fancied obstacle emphasized and the scarce-concealed sympathy of liberals goes, after lip regret, to the Arabs who murdered few but old men and women and defenseless schoolboys.

It is no wonder, then, that the people all through the ages never relinquished their claim to the land of Israel. Devastation of the land followed devastation and conquest followed conquest, and still we felt, having no other, being given no other, that the land was ours. Nor did ever a half-century pass but what some Jewish attempt at re-settlement in Palestine was made, nor did any false Messiah or true leader of the Jewish people from David Reübeni in the sixteenth century to Theodor Herzl in the nineteenth ever dream of appealing to that people on any other plea than on that of redemption from exile and return to the land of the fathers. A detailed examination of Jewish history during the last twenty centuries will bear out

these statements with an amazing wealth of detail both from the personal lives of Jewish men and women and from the instinctive and more or less corporate life of the nation as a whole. We have here, in other words, the oldest and most venerable historical claim existent in the world; and it was, of course, a realization, however brief, of the validity and venerableness of this claim that inspired the Balfour Declaration and the agreement and resolutions of the consenting governments.

The early Zionists, then, the proponents of auto-emancipation and self-redemption did not *choose* the re-settlement of Jews in Palestine as the first practical result of their philosophy and view of life. The task was given; it had never been wholly interrupted except by overwhelming force; an historic continuity was merely emphasized in a more modern spirit; an historic process was revitalized; what had never for one moment left the consciousness of the people was re-interpreted in the light of the present. Practical Zionism, which is two thousand years old, was drenched with the post-emancipatory Zionist philosophy and way of life. From that drenching, quickening blending has arisen the contemporary renaissance of the Jewish people and their culture. A people is ready to redeem itself. The outer act and necessary symbol of that redemption can be no other than the settlement of a portion of that people in *Eretz Yisra'el* and the establishment of a cultural and pacifist nationalistic center of power there from which currents go forth to the farthest ends of the Diaspora to upraise the oppressed, to purify the corrupted, to be a light to all those that walk in darkness. And the currents have gone forth; the light has shone. The difference in human quality among common and humble people, between the Zionist and the non-

Zionist is so great, so vital, so decisive as to give us hope for the possibilities of our common human nature when deeply stirred and genuinely quickened by a rational ideal. Our work of recent years in Palestine, from which our bitterest foes have not been able to withhold their unwilling wonder and admiration, has been made possible not by the grudging gifts of the few rich men who are among us, but by the contributions of hundreds of thousands of poor men and women everywhere in the world. A people is redeeming itself. Shall that redemption be brought to naught?

III

It is at this point that the instructed reader, however benevolent, will say, "All this is admirable and may be true. But did your Zionists know or did they not know that Palestine was conquered by the Arabs in the seventh century and that the country is inhabited to-day by more than six hundred thousand Arabs who regard it justly enough as their homeland and also, despite Jewish and Christian memories, regard Jerusalem as one of the holy cities of their faith?" The answer is this: the Zionists were thoroughly aware of the facts and the problem involved. For the solving of the problem presented by the facts they counted on two things—the character of their philosophy and its embodiment in action and, secondly, the condition of the land of Palestine and the economic and social structure of Arab society. And one must add at once that they have lost faith in their solution no whit, that they are profoundly convinced of its ultimate success, provided they be not unduly bedevilled, harassed, undermined in all they do by factors from without, including the vulgar antisemitism of the local officials of the Mandatory power.

The modern Zionists went to Palestine as convinced pacifists and humanitarians. The lessons of history had truly gone home to them. They did not prate about brotherhood; they practiced it; they practice it to-day. They have not only knowingly committed no injustice; they are convinced as practical men in a world of men that injustice would invalidate their ideology and ruin their cause. They knew and know that, theory apart, their final success demands that they suffer injustice rather than inflict it. Neither political resistance nor crude fanaticism nor the cowardly slaughter of the young students of Hebron have changed the minds or activities of the Zionists. Their clinics are open to the Arab population; their hands are stretched out in help; when the Mandatory power at last condemned three of the scores of Arab murderers to death, a concerted Jewish movement both in the Diaspora and in Palestine addressed itself to London with a view toward commutation of the capital sentences. We do not say that the Arab of to-day can even comprehend our ethical principles; we believe that by our continuous presence in Palestine Arab generations will arise which can comprehend these principles and perhaps even share them.

It was in this spirit that we returned to the land of our fathers. And we knew, as all the world should know, that it was a half empty land. Not only is the Arab civilization a stagnant one, but the feudal lords who own the land and wring their wealth from a starving and enslaved peasantry had no interest in reclaiming swamps or dunes or introducing modern farm implements. The average holding of a fellah, or peasant, in West Palestine is 50 *dunam*, the *dunam* being roughly one-fifth of an acre; the average holding of an effendi is 22,000 *dunam*; one hundred and twenty families of the

aristocratic and priestly class own 3 millions of *dunam*. The temper of the great Arab landlords is well illustrated by the fact that the Arab Council protested vehemently against the law of 1920 according to which the sale of land can be forbidden if the owner or cultivator has not left or be not given enough land for his subsistence. In brief: before Zionists acquired land in any quantity a law was promulgated to protect both owners and cultivators. It was the Arab landlords who protested against that law. To-day the crucial land situation is as follows: only 20% of the total area of Palestine is under cultivation. By a generous estimate the present population could cultivate an additional 15%. That leaves, when all deductions for irreclaimable waste and desert have been made, a total of $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions of *dunam* of cultivable land which will lie idle as it has for centuries unless the Zionists acquire it. For "cultivable" in Palestine is a term with a special meaning. It means malarial swamps that can be drained, sand dunes that can be made to yield, wastes that can be reforested, and naked rock to which the soil can be coaxed back. By whom? The Arab effendis? They have let more and more land lapse back into the waste through the centuries. Only by the self-sacrifice of our pioneers, who are willing to die, and have often died in the effort to reclaim this stubborn and bitter soil because it is their own.

Now how has the Zionist Organization acquired its land? By paying exorbitant prices for it in the open market. Thus a number of effendis have grown richer than ever by taking our money and others have sat back and watched the value of their lands go up in equity. The cry recently raised of Arabs evicted by Jews is of an indescribable absurdity. Anyone who knows Palestine is aware of the fact

that the effendi's attitude to the peasant is about that of a seventeenth-century Russian noble to serfs on an estate he had never seen. The Zionists, however, took their precautions. On all the lands acquired by them in the course of the years only 750 Arab tenants have been displaced. These have all been re-established by us on better lands and given a compensation additional to their new land of \$250 each. The annual budget of these fellaheen before displacement was \$150. Thus have the Zionists acquired the lands they have bought. No wonder that Mr. Henry Snell, one of the members of the Shaw Commission on the Palestine Disturbances, declared: "I can say definitely that no suspicion can attach to the business arrangements made by the Jews in their purchases of lands from the Arabs."

In addition to acquiring land by purchase, the Zionists have acquired a few stretches by reclamation. Of these the most famous is the *Emek* or Valley of Yesre'el. This valley was for many centuries a poisonous swamp. The Arabs regarded it with terror and superstition. They called the western spring *Ain Samune*, Poison Well. Pestilence steamed from the earth here, and the Arabs were quite right in their belief that whoever drank of the water would die of malaria. Our pioneers entered this valley nine years ago. It is to-day the most modern, the most fertile, and the most salubrious of farming communities in the Near East. Mr. Snell may be quoted again: "The Jews applied the latest methods of science and progress, and the very improved use they make of the land is a source of anger to the effendi class who had left the land derelict for centuries."

But not their deepest source of anger. The immigration of the Jews into Palestine, the forty-five million pounds sterling they have spent there, the

personal self-sacrifice and technical skill they have exercised have raised the standard of living of the Arab peasantry and raised their wage-scale by one hundred per cent. The Arab feudal lords and priestly aristocracy—a group of interlocking families—cannot forgive us for our gradual liberation of their peasantry and its introduction to a human way of life. The power of the aristocracy is threatened unless it imitates our methods and pays our scale of wages. The astuter of these feudal lords see, doubtless, that under the peaceful onslaught of modern technic and Zionist humanitarianism they and their methods are anachronistic. The Middle Age is fighting for life on one of its last frontiers of the world in Palestine.

The tragic circumstance is, of course, that the peasantry is even more deeply sunken in medieval superstition than its masters. Hence, in 1929 the masters raised the cry not, be it remarked, of expropriation, for there had been none, nor of the Jews having brought harm to any Arab; for the contrary was too obviously true. They raised the cry that the Jews wanted to destroy the holy places of the Mohammedan faith, that they were about to lay hands upon the Dome of the Rock, that their ancient right of praying at the Wailing Wall was an impiety against the horse of the Prophet! They invented an apocryphal legend, found in no ancient Arab document, to substantiate these matters for their wholly illiterate peasantry. And so they inflamed both the fellaheen and the Bedouins with fanatical fury; and tall Arab warriors with naked swords broke into the Talmudic university of Hebron and slaughtered the young students who were defenseless in fact and on principle, their ethics commanding non-resistance and peace. And then our liberal friends babbled of self-determination for the Arabs.

But where were the British officials in Palestine? The Jews besought these to issue an order against the dissemination of false rumors which would inflame the fanatical passions of the Arabs. The government issued such a proclamation three weeks after the massacres—three weeks too late. Many months later the Shaw Commission was sent to Palestine to investigate the causes of the disturbances. We were exonerated from any blame. But the tone of the *Blue Book* is cool toward us; it is concerned over the fears of the Arabs in regard to their land. Not a single evicted tenant could be scared up by the effendis to testify before the commission. The facts stated in this article and confirmed by Mr. Snell, the Labor member of the commission, were patent to all the world. But such is British tenderness toward the feudal lords of Palestine that yet another expert is being sent to the country to investigate the land problem, pending whose findings the immigration of Jewish pioneers has been suspended. And meanwhile, though before the Mandates Commission the British emissary has nothing but praise for both the work and temper of the Jews of Palestine, the local British authorities in Jerusalem and elsewhere have treated our *Yishuv*, our settlement there and its people, with every circumstance of coldness, obloquy, and petty injustice.

IV

Hence, the Jewish world crisis is a spiritual crisis. For the renascence of our people, for its self-redemption from the hurts and dangers and degradations and futile self-immolations of the Diaspora the Palestinian resettlement is the fundamental necessity. We have declared that that resettlement would be made in the spirit of the Prophets. We have kept our

word. Let it be remembered, if it be not already clear, that the Jewish people has made no money on the Palestinian re-settlement. The *Yishuv* is not economically self-sustaining; it will not be for many years. It is this circumstance that renders so profoundly absurd the cry that we are bringing in more people than the country's economic capacity can absorb. That cry is a trick. The country's economic capacity is a thing created by us. It has no other. What was the economic capacity of the Valley of Yesre'el for the last ten centuries? It was nil. We created an economic capacity where there was none and gave money to the landlords and higher wages and hospital treatment and a brotherly attitude to the poor and downtrodden of the land to boot. We have poured millions of dollars into the land and are prepared to pour millions upon millions more and to reclaim and restore the land not only for ourselves but for all mankind. We have kept faith in the spirit of the Prophets with ourselves, with the powers that guaranteed us the establishment of a national home in Palestine and with the Arab population. Yes, with the Arab population. The considerable pre-war Arab emigration from Palestine has become negligible; among the many Arabs who testified before the Shaw commission there was not to be found a single evicted tenant (and what would the Arab Council not have given for one!) nor a single Arab demonstrably injured in his vital interests. There were vague and malicious accusations and innuendoes; there was always, symbolically speaking, the Prophet's horse.

These things being so, and no man really denying them, why can we not obtain a minimum of fair play, a minimum of respect, a minimum of honorable intention? In this tragic "why" is summed up the world crisis.

No wonder that with a rather feverish eagerness Lord Passfield, Minister for the Colonies, asked the other day: "Is there a single reason to believe that the Labor Government has betrayed Zionism? Why this panic that has made the Jews lose all sense of proportion?" There is, alas, every reason to believe it, and the Jewish panic or crisis is only too justified. The single crucial example of the land problem will suffice. We cannot, as Lord Passfield begs us to do, remain unmoved and await the report of Sir John Simpson. For there is, in his sense, no land problem in Palestine at all. The waste land and the purchasable land is there: the economic capacity of the country to absorb people is what we make it, if the terms of the mandate be loyally observed. The whole "investigation" is useless, is downright folly, is an intolerable playing to the Arab galleries. There was never the slightest just motive for suspending labor immigration. In view of the physical Arab menace, which is a mob menace at this time, almost a hoodlum menace, there was every reason for bringing in as a moral support to the *Yishuv* as many healthy young men as possible. For the Arab mob last August and September was much warier of attacking the pioneer colonies and settlements than the unarmed residential quarters of cities and the purely religious and non-resistant communities of Hebron and Safed. The particular "problems" raised by the Mandatory power are in themselves the symptoms of the betrayal which we fear and hardly dare believe.

Let it finally not be thought that we are unaware of subtle and ultimate problems. Doubtless the Palestinian Arabs would have preferred to remain in the land alone; doubtless they are disturbed by the jolt of contact with Western civilization. Side by side on the Mediterranean shore lie the Arab

city of Jaffa and the Jewish city of Tel Aviv. Jaffa is filthy with the inconceivable filth of the East and rotten with poverty and disease and picturesque and ancient and holy. Tel Aviv is one of the most modern communities in the world—social-minded, hygienically impeccable, remarkably well governed, without any rich men, with very few poor, without a jail; Tel Aviv is not very beautiful nor very religious. It has a well-equipped book shop for every two thousand inhabitants. Jaffa sees Tel Aviv and is not psychically happy. But is not the whole march of the world, the inevitable march precisely the march from Jaffa to Tel Aviv? Will it harm Britain or mankind if, with all possible care and respect for the bread and peace of our Arab neighbors, we help that march to be accomplished in Palestine?

From this profoundly exact symbol it will be clear, too, why the Palestinian Christians are not our friends and why the Latin, Greek, and Assyrian patriarchs are so concerned over the Arabs. The monks who give one another bloody heads in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre over an inch of pavement—are they not also living in a spiritual Jaffa? Must they not also feel that same subtle discomfort? We are willing to do all we can to soothe these susceptibilities, to respect as best we can the horse of the Prophet and the pavement of the Church. We want, heaven knows, to interfere with neither the Prophet's horse nor the pavement. We want model farm-

ing communities, cities without jails, schools, libraries; we want to nurse the new Hebrew literature, drama, philosophy, way of life that are already arising among our people in Palestine. These Jews of Palestine have no criminal record; the Palestinian Arabs have a higher criminal record than any Western people. We want to help them on the road from Jaffa to Tel Aviv, the road that they must ultimately tread in any case. We hope in the far distant future for a neutral pluralistic state in Palestine. But we are an old people and can wait. What we ask to-day of the Mandatory power and of the enlightened opinion of the world is little and is less than justice, but it will suffice: the active recognition that we are in Palestine, as the nations have solemnly admitted and declared, as "of right"; that we have done everything in the world of both moral and economic values to confirm, to sustain, to re-win that right; that we be not dragged into the mire of medieval controversy because the Arab landlords find that a convenient weapon; that, so long as we treat the Arabs, as we have done and shall go on doing, with justice and with generosity, we be recognized as the bearers of peace and true civilization, of the values in human society that must and do prevail.

We want it recognized, in brief, that our self-redemption is an essential part of that larger movement by which, from age to age, all mankind seeks to redeem itself.



A PATIENT LOOKS AT DOCTORS

ANONYMOUS

WHEN I was a small child living in a town of thirty thousand inhabitants "Oledoctorames" was as much a part of the family tradition as he was the town's leading citizen, philosopher, and proudest boast. How he managed his enormous practice, which extended through every class in the community, accomplishing cures which brought him state-wide renown and a reputation that has survived his death by twenty years, no one ever knew. But in spite of the demands upon him, when I was five and terribly ill he managed to spend a day and night of crisis by my bedside, sustained only by coffee, and to wrest me from death by what seemed sheer force of will. The consciousness of this rescue, which became something of a town legend, colored my whole youthful attitude toward the medical profession, and until I was quite grown up any disparaging remark directed at doctors was sure to arouse a defensive reaction on my part. Later, when we moved to a city of half a million and acquired a new family physician, I transferred to him the confidence and admiration that had gone out to his predecessor. I do not know just how he would have rated in some super-medical examination, but over a period of years he pulled the various members of the family through a variety of sicknesses and operations, never failing to make clear to us just what was the matter and why. Though I am sure he had never read a line of Freud, Jung, or

Adler, he was quick to distinguish the physical from the neurotic symptom. He had something of the intuitive insight of the true psychiatrist, and for a persistent headache was as likely to recommend some change in the family relationship as a change in diet or the purchase of spectacles. During our rare periods of affluence his bills were inclined to be large. But during the more frequent periods of depression they were either small or non-existent. Even if a tradesman had to wait, they were always paid. But his chief virtue, I think, was his accessibility. Except in the periods of his short yearly vacations, when an associate attended to emergencies, he was always to be reached somehow.

This is no attempt to draw an idealized portrait of the "old-time family physician" or to sentimentalize over his rapid disappearance from the medical scene in our larger cities. That disappearance is due in part, at least, to social changes over which it would be foolish to repine. It is rather a picture of a doctor-patient relationship which has, I believe, conditioned the natural approach of most of us who are now adults toward the medical profession. Our almost instinctive attitude toward the doctor is that of respect and confidence and, while we may not expect infallibility or omniscience from any human being and can make allowances even for the occasional medical blunder, the belief persists in almost all of us that when

we have summoned a physician—any reputable physician—we have done the best that can be done in any medical emergency. It is an attitude which gives to the medical profession an immense advantage in its practice, and no doubt it has helped to build up in it that hyper-sensitivity to and resentment of lay criticism which mark so much official medical literature and the discussions of all medical conventions. It is also upon this traditional relationship which I have pictured, and which most of us have experienced in our youth, that appeals in behalf of the *status quo* of medical practice are being made, and it is in contrast to this intimate and friendly picture that the horrible specter of any form of socialized control with its chilly impersonality is so frequently drawn.

Just recently, while returning from the office of a New York specialist where I had been one of a crowded roomful of patients awaiting treatment, I read a newspaper statement by a prominent American physician on the general subject of health insurance. He was unalterably opposed, he declared, to any such "socialistic" scheme because, among other things, it would destroy that subtle and intimate relationship between doctor and patient which is indispensable to successful medical practice. I thought of my morning's experience. My appointment had been for ten-thirty, and I was finally called into one of the five little treatment rooms at twelve. The specialist's associate performed the preliminaries and then, after a fifteen-minute wait, the eminent man himself appeared. It was my sixth visit, but only by glancing at my case card did he know who I was or what I needed. He was kindly, brisk, impersonal—a first-rate man who worked under heavy pressure. I had every confidence in his ability but, after one shy manifestation of curiosity at my second visit, I

should no more have had the courage to question him about my condition than I should have had to question God in the process of creation. I was an insignificant part of so much nasal and aural material that passed through his hands each day. That "subtle and intimate relationship" so essential to the successful practice of medicine had no more existence in that office than it would have had in a socialized soviet clinic or a German public health station. I have had a wide experience with capable and busy specialists in the past two and a half years in an effort to repair the damage done by one of their colleagues. To have expected any intimate interest on the part of these high-pressure men in my personal problem would have been simply silly. I paid my money and received the best attention they were able to provide.

But this is not a diatribe on the evils of specialization nor an argument in behalf of any special medical solution. The contrast between the general practitioner of my youth and the eminent specialist of my maturity is not drawn to illustrate the superiority of the former. The extensive development of modern medical science has made certain types of specialization necessary, and no intelligent layman, even while suspecting that its over-emphasis may not be due entirely to scientific zeal, fails to appreciate the greater skill and accuracy it insures. Nor does it matter particularly that the sentiments surrounding our relationship with the friendly practitioner of the past should be summoned in behalf of an increasingly impersonalized system of practice to which they have no actual relation. What matters, for the purpose of this article, is the fact that, in spite of our natural predisposition to confidence in the doctor and in spite of our general recognition of the altogether miraculous advances in modern medical skill and knowledge,

there is obvious everywhere a growing sense of irritation on the part of the public generally toward present medical practice. Though still somewhat vague and inarticulate, it is already reflected in the increasingly defensive attitude of the profession toward the public, an attitude most marked in the discussions of the last American Medical Association convention.

This dissatisfaction and disillusion on the part of the layman is unfortunately not to be measured by any statistical evidence, but it is obvious wherever two or three are gathered together and the conversation turns to medical experience. Undoubtedly the growing tenuousness in the relationship between patient and doctor—which medical specialization and the growth of great, unindigenous city populations have brought about—is partially responsible. There is little opportunity for doctor and patient to sit down quietly and talk out their respective problems. If they could, I think that those of us who have been caught up in the web of modern medical costs and have found ourselves helplessly entangled in a snarl of medical ethics, private-hospital interests, professional inadequacy, and our own unavoidable ignorance of the devious and complicated rules of the medical game might say something like this: That while medical science has been striding ahead in seven-league boots, medical organization has failed both economically and physically to adjust itself to the changed conditions of modern life; that it has failed to meet the medical situations which arise for large numbers of people in our increasingly urban existence; that it has failed to educate the public in either its rights or its duties in relation to the medical profession, and that medical ethics are still jogging in a phaeton along a country road, with a social outlook born of the amenities of two

village competitors. For the family doctor is no longer a general solution, and organized medicine has failed to provide an adequate successor. The emergency clinic is no answer to the needs of persons who neither want nor are properly qualified to receive charitable care. Nor is the medical directory in the hands of a stricken layman of any assistance. To assume that any medical graduate is equal to any medical situation is to invite possible disaster of which I can furnish a striking example. In short, I believe that the ever-growing dissatisfaction of the modern layman with the whole machinery of modern medicine is based upon experiences similar to my own. It has arisen not only out of the failure of the American medical profession to bring to the problem of doctor and patient that scientific disinterestedness which has so advanced medical science in laboratory, hospital, and clinic, but also from the lack of ordinary common sense in organizing this relationship.

II

If this were merely my own story there would be no point in telling it, for then the thing that happened to me, physically and financially, would be only one of those strokes of bad luck which have no general significance. But during the past two years I have, without looking for them, encountered enough situations similar to my own to realize that my own experience was unique only in detail. Ruling out the hypochondriac with a chronic grievance and making allowances for the tendency on the part of all human beings to dramatize their sufferings, I have found among intelligent, normal men and women sufficient evidence of medical misorganization to indicate an all too common condition. If I dwell at greater length upon my own case than upon corroborating illustrations, it is

because I know my own case best and because I believe that it illustrates not one but several aspects of the modern city-dwelling patient's dilemma. In a sense, to be sure, I was a victim of an unfortunate set of circumstances; but those circumstances were at least abetted by conditions within human control. They would not have arisen under a more socially effective method of medical organization than the competitive one we now enjoy or if the medical viewpoint were as *socially* ethical as that of firemen, lifeguards, and seamen.

I was a perfect example of that class whose medical situation is the subject of the Wilbur Committee's five-year survey and of countless newspaper and magazine editorials. I was a professional worker receiving—for a woman—a fairly decent salary which I supplemented slightly by occasional articles in newspapers or those journals of opinion whose editors consider the prestige of appearance in their pages of more value to the contributor than cold cash. With one dependant, and the cost of living in New York being what it is, my bank balance never exceeded three hundred dollars, and after some such expense as a heavy dental bill or new winter coat it occasionally descended to zero. I had no radio, no bootlegger, no car, no expensive furs—all of which have been blamed recently by a number of doctors for the failure of the middle classes to pay their doctor bills. Like thousands of other young men and women who pour into New York each year, I lived by myself in a modest apartment. I had the usual Manhattanite's wide circle of acquaintances, but my intimate friends were few and busy. Since my arrival in the city three years before I had had only one contact with the medical profession. Once I had tried to get a young social worker in my office into a pay clinic established by one of

the large universities especially for people of her sort, only to be informed that she must obtain for admittance a recommendation from her "personal physician." As she had no personal physician and no time to waste on preliminaries, it ended with her going to a doctor she had heard was "reasonable" and paying by installments a fee she could ill afford.

Then suddenly toward the end of a particularly trying winter's work, I awoke before daylight one morning with a sore throat, a temperature, and an earache. The sore throat and temperature I diagnosed correctly as tonsillitis. But the earache worried me. Within an hour the dull, throbbing pain of it had progressed to a sharp, recurring knife stab. In two hours, despite hot-water bottle and aspirin, I was clenching my fists and tensing every muscle to keep from screaming. I realized then that I needed a doctor and that I didn't know one. There was, I remembered, the gynecologist I had met just once, socially. The thought of rousing a prominent gynecologist from his slumbers at daybreak to ask his advice about an earache would have normally outraged my sense of fitness, but finally in desperation I telephoned his home. There was no answer. My two closest friends were my next thought. The first call supplied the name of a general practitioner. When I finally got him he recommended a specialist, who, in turn, said it would be impossible for him to see me until sometime in the afternoon, as his morning was filled with operations. It was probably a boil or abscess. . . . Dry heat was the thing. . . . I was to stay in bed with the hot-water bottle. . . . Could I, perhaps, come to his office, say, about two o'clock? (His office was just sixty-four blocks from where I lived.) Well, he would call me back after lunch.

There may be people in the world

who would have had the fortitude to wait until "sometime in the afternoon"; but now, without a trace of temperature, I doubt it. I have spent sixteen hours in the labors of childbirth under a physician who apparently considered anæsthetics unnecessary to obstetrical practice, but in spite of that experience the sensations of that morning, alone in that small, dim bedroom, seem to me now wholly incredible. More frantic telephoning at last put me in touch with my other friend.

"You can't stay alone in that apartment," she said immediately. "You should be in a hospital. The Blank, where I had flu last spring, is just a few blocks from you. They have small, inexpensive rooms and they can get you a good ear man. I know the house doctor and will 'phone over that you're coming. Bundle up well, and I'll be down in a taxi in fifteen minutes."

A cool, clean bed, nurses, a specialist, all the confidence-inspiring trappings of the modern hospital, the prospect of immediate relief! What layman, under the circumstances, could resist? And what layman, in heaven's name, with a temperature of one hundred and three would stop to investigate a hospital staff?—a course, I have since been told in all seriousness, I should have pursued in such an emergency. By ten o'clock I had been given chloroform, the staff ear, nose, and throat man had punctured my ear drum, and I was staring up, more or less comprehendingly, at the triumphant face of my friend who had stayed "to see me through."

With luck, perhaps, that would have been the pleasant end of an unpleasant story. For the Blank Hospital was one of those 6,605 accredited institutions recommended by the American Medical Association, and young Doctor Brown, who had opened my ear, was a duly qualified specialist. He was obviously inexperienced, and his

manner by no means inspired confidence. Later, I discovered that his surgical reputation was none too good. But had my trouble been the simple abscess he supposed, he would, no doubt, have been amply qualified to deal with it.

But I did not get well. In a few days the pain returned—steadier though less acute, and my temperature shot upward. There followed a succession of days heavy with the monotony of nurses' comings and goings, of the house doctor's visit in the morning and my specialist's visit in the afternoon, of realities that intruded upon delirium and delirium that intruded upon realities and, as a background for it all, the monotony of dull, constant pain and the horrible sickness of a poisoned body. At the end of three weeks it was as obvious to the two intimate friends who tiptoed in to see me each day as it was to me in my lucid intervals that neither the house doctor, who was administering medicines, nor Doctor Brown, had the faintest notion of what was happening. Finally, at the insistence of my friends, who realized I was dangerously ill, I threw financial caution to the winds, summoned up my courage, and told Doctor Brown I thought another specialist should be called in for consultation immediately.

"I think I've got mastoiditis," I ended.

"You're a long way from mastoiditis," he replied curtly. "If you want to be reassured, however, I'll call in Doctor Allen. He's one of the best ear men in the city."

Doctor Allen, who, I afterwards learned, *was* one of the best ear men in the city, arrived very late that night brisk and businesslike. His examination was quick but thorough. It was not necessary for him to make any of the usual gestures to inspire confidence. His touch was that of a man who

knows what he is about. The verdict was "a serious case of mastoiditis—an operation first thing in the morning." Doctor Allen and Doctor Brown had both gone before I had recovered from the shock of having my suspicions confirmed. I turned to my two friends who lingered in the room.

"I want Doctor Allen to operate," I said. "No one else."

"We'll see that he does it," they promised. "Do you think we'd let Brown touch you now?"

Had I known then what I know now about medical ethics I should have had both doctors recalled to the room. That simple action would probably have saved me weeks in which I oscillated between life and death, would have rendered unnecessary a second operation infinitely more hazardous than the one I faced, and have avoided a whole series of other complications that have resulted in partial deafness, a permanent injury to my heart, nearly two years of semi-invalidism, and enormous debts.

Much of what follows is pieced together with the testimony of my friends. They telephoned Doctor Brown and told him it was my request that Doctor Allen operate. He plainly resented the call, but gave vague assurances that ended, "Everything will be all right. She will be taken care of." Alarmed, they called Doctor Allen. He, too, was reassuring, but said that he was not attached to the staff of Blank Hospital and could not actually operate there unless requested to do so by Doctor Brown. It was very late at night, and the matter was allowed to rest there. The next morning my two friends arrived early at the hospital. They waylaid Doctor Brown as he came in, informed him again of my request, and demanded his word that Doctor Allen would be asked to operate. He was coldly polite, made a brief statement or two that anyone but

a trained lawyer would interpret to mean that Doctor Allen would do the job, and edged toward the elevator. Doctor Allen arrived late. When my friends approached him, he assured them that after what had been said to Doctor Brown everything was sure to be all right. The matter would be made clear among the three of us as soon as he arrived upstairs. Assured of my own insistence as soon as I saw him, and realizing that, being unrelated to me, they had no right to "fire" my doctor and hire another one, they let him go.

But at that moment I was on the operating table barely conscious. The anæsthetician, the nurses, stood ready. Once the anæsthetician approached me with the cone, but I pushed it away. "Not till Doctor Allen comes," I managed to say. Suddenly I heard, "Here he is," and saw a hazy shadow in the doorway. I breathed a sigh of relief, and the cone came down.

Weeks afterward I learned the truth. It was a pale and wilted consultant who came down from the operating room and reported to my waiting friends.

"I did not operate," he said. "Doctor Brown did not request it." Then to their outburst, "You must understand my position . . . a thousand times harder to stand by and watch than to do it myself . . . but she's all right, I'm sure—a good job. There was a moment—that large vein . . . but it's all right now. She'll pull through."

He left them, no longer brisk, my friends tell me, but mopping the perspiration from his face.

Again I did not get well. But it is not my purpose to saturate these pages with ether, to take the reader through miles of hospital corridors and what seemed to me an endless succession of doctors' offices. If it had been "a good job"—and I wonder now if

Doctor Allen really believed that—the serious infection which led to so many complications probably would not have occurred. One subsequent incident is worth recording in the light of the fact that I was afterward informed that these complications may have resulted from a lack of skilled attention after the operation.

At a critical moment, at someone's insistence, Doctor Allen was called back once to the hospital to see me. Doctor Brown failed to meet him in my room at the appointed time. Doctor Allen waited impatiently.

"But can't you look at it, anyway, Doctor?" my nurse asked him, timidly.

"I can't remove another doctor's dressing," he informed her. At the end of fifteen minutes he left. Even then I did not know that he had not operated. It had been agreed that because of the possible effect upon me I should not be told. To have moved me to another hospital might have been fatal.

III

Recently I talked over this experience with an official of a medical association. His reaction probably expresses the professional attitude. It was all, he assured me, my own fault. To begin with, I should never have been without a personal physician—and this applied to everyone, everywhere. One of my first duties after settling in the city was to have made a contact with a neighborhood doctor to whom I could have turned in an emergency. Having failed to do this, I could have telephoned—between nine and five—the office of the county medical association, which would have supplied me with the names of several physicians near my home. My major mistake, however, was to have entered a hospital without first being committed there by a physician. For, with the exception of the free hospitals

—for which I was not a proper candidate—hospitals, though incorporated, are private institutions, and in entering one voluntarily I became in a sense its private property. A physician not affiliated with it could operate in it only by special permission. Furthermore, there was no assurance that similar consequences might not have followed the work of another, more experienced man (though, of course, I was entitled to that chance). Lastly, medicine is not organized to meet emergencies.

There is some logic in all of this. But much of it, I think, shows a failure to face the facts, both of human nature and of modern living. If it is the duty of each of us to retain a physician at all times, then the profession has failed in its task of educating the public to the need for such preparedness—a task calling for as widespread publicity surely as our anti-tuberculosis campaigns and, considering the maze of specialization, hospital etiquette, and financial considerations involved, for much more specific information. Granted that medicine is not organized to meet emergencies but that emergencies have a horrid habit of happening, I am dubious about the second piece of advice. A call to a medical association or an information bureau in my own case might have drawn the name of Doctor Brown. Only the profession itself can protect the public from incompetent or dishonest practitioners—as it has to a great degree from the medical quack, the amateur, and the witch-doctors generally.

A recent experience of a young man of my acquaintance in another city illustrates this point. Being a healthy person, he didn't know any doctors. He was taken suddenly ill one night with acute appendicitis. Being an intelligent young person and not wishing to alarm his friends in the middle of the night, he looked in the telephone

directory for the number of a medical service bureau which he had once heard existed for such emergencies. Explaining his dilemma, he was given the number of a doctor. The doctor arrived within half an hour and packed him off to a hospital for an immediate operation. It was a private hospital with a rather bad reputation among physicians, although he did not know this at the time. He was given a spinal anæsthetic, and the operation began. Just in the middle of it the insufficient anæsthetic wore off. The operation was hurriedly completed. The shock may be imagined. During his third night in the hospital the other occupant of his "semi-private room" began signaling for a nurse. Over an hour passed without response. My friend, seeing his roommate's distress, pressed his own button without result and then, realizing that the other man was having a hemorrhage, began calling for help. Finally the man arose from his bed and staggered toward the door. He died at the foot of the bed as the nurse entered. In spite of its reputation, this hospital is usually crowded with emergency patients. The physician who answered my friend's call is a member of his local medical association.

A similar misadventure occurred in the case of an acquaintance who did possess a regular medical adviser. During the summer vacation period, while her doctor was away, she also was stricken with acute appendicitis. Realizing the folly of calling at random any name in the telephone directory, she appealed to the nearest druggist to get her a physician. The elderly gentleman who appeared diagnosed her condition as some obscure stomach complaint and wrote out a prescription. Had it not been for the subsequent arrival of a friend who insisted on calling another doctor, she might not have survived. She was fortunately in suf-

ficient possession of her senses to be able to discharge the first doctor, thereby permitting the second to function. I could multiply these illustrations by five.

Such situations may, of course, be classified among the unfortunate accidents of life in a great city. No doubt many individuals caught in similar circumstances have been lucky enough to secure the right man at the right time and to receive, if necessary, the best hospital care. But should the element of luck play so large a part in such a vital matter, especially in cities where the proportion of physicians to the population is so high and where magnificently equipped hospitals afford at least every physical advantage for correct treatment? Medicine is of no interest to the layman as a pure science. Its real progress can be measured only by the degree to which its laboratory triumphs and its skilled training are accessible to human need at any time. And taking for granted the crowded, transient city life which so many of us lead, in which the known and trusted practitioner is not to be found around the corner, in which the average person hasn't the faintest notion of how to get the type of medical attention he needs, and in which he is as likely to draw a high-priced specialist he doesn't need and can't afford as some incompetent who barely passed his examination, it is up to the profession, or failing this, the State, to organize some means whereby the element of chance is reduced to a minimum. The education of the public is not all that is needed. The extent to which medical ethics and hospital etiquette can stand between the patient and his immediate requirements indicates the extent to which medicine is regarded professionally as a private business rather than as a public service. It is an attitude which, together with the prohibitive costs of illness, is convincing so many people

that medical aid can best be organized as a public business, like education and fire prevention.

The problem may be fundamentally an economic one. A person of wealth might, under unusual circumstances, be caught in some such situation as I have described. I know of an instance where something of the sort happened. But as a rule, such a person has sufficient contacts to enable him to extricate himself before serious damage is done. The very poor person, accustomed, perhaps, to seeking clinical aid, would turn, as a matter of course, to Bellevue or similar institutions in other large cities. While the theory that the free charity patient is as well provided for medically as the one of wealth is quite fictitious, he at least knows where to go and what to do without first worrying about whether or not he can afford it.

But to those of us who are willing to pay our way, if that way is not prohibitive, the thought of public aid is extremely distasteful, even if it would occur to us at all. With a hundred and fifty dollars in the bank on the morning that I awoke with a bad earache and with an adequate weekly salary, the thought of a clinic never entered my mind. Nor, with such a bank balance, should I have felt justified in entering the city's best hospital and commanding the services of the best specialist obtainable. That I was later willing to mortgage several years of my future by borrowing money to cover the most pressing expenses of the long illness that followed illustrates, I think, the length to which most people of my class will go in order to keep away from public assistance. The exploitation of the doctor in hospital clinics by people who can afford to pay for private aid, which has for so long been the grieved complaint of the profession against the public, undoubtedly exists, but it has, I feel sure, been exaggerated. I

am convinced from personal observation that there are more people, struggling under a mountain of debt and worry to pay slowly the mounting costs of private practice, who should be receiving free or partially free treatment than there are persons of adequate means receiving clinical aid. The conditions surrounding the latter aid are frequently so disagreeable that anyone not hardened from childhood to such an atmosphere would turn to it only as a last resort, perhaps after experiences in private medicine have left them "broke" or embittered.

IV

The profession, of course, has not been totally blind to the growing difficulties of the public nor to its increasing resentment. Here and there individual physicians have foreseen and have even had the courage to advocate as an alternative to the obviously inadequate individualism of American medical practice, some such system of State control or assistance as has already been adopted by twenty-eight civilized nations. There are individual physicians who, in spite of loyalty to their profession, with its generally high standards and its splendid achievements, can understand and appreciate the patients' point of view. In a recent address before the public health section of the Commonwealth Club of his city, Dr. Ralph Arthur Reynolds, a prominent San Francisco physician, declared:

"The public is awakened to some appreciation of the value of preventive medicine. It is educated to know the value of good hospital and nursing service, of complete laboratory tests—in short, of the best accepted methods in diagnosis and treatment. The layman knows of preventive medicine but finds very little of it being applied to his case. He knows the accepted

methods—but he finds the cost of them exorbitant. Distressed at his inability to keep well and his inability to pay the cost of illness, he turns on the doctor, saying in effect, ‘It’s all your fault.’ Whether or not it is the fault of the medical profession that the layman is dissatisfied and health condition none too good, it is at any rate the logical task of the profession to seek earnestly for a solution to the problem.”

A beginning at a search for the solution to the economic aspects of the problem, at least, is evidenced by the participation of the American Medical Association in the work of the Wilbur Committee on the Cost of Medical Care. The bogey of socialized medicine as a possible outcome of the public’s dissatisfaction with present meth-

ods and the physicians’ continued financial losses due to the inability of so many people to pay their medical bills have accomplished this much. In the light of my own experience and those of which I have been aware, I believe that for an adequate solution the Committee will need to widen the scope of its investigation to take in the whole question of medical organization and its relationship to the public, to recommend, perhaps, some revolutionary changes in the medical point of view toward the public and in the methods of medical and hospital practice. For if private medical practice will not of its own free will meet the needs and the emergencies of the average citizen, some type of socialization will inevitably result.

THE MAGUEY

(The maguey is cut down before it blooms and the sap used for pulque, a common drink.)

BY ELIZABETH MORROW

I BEAR no blossom; no sweet requiem
 Of seed is mine; this fountain in my blood,
 This flame of sap avails not; for no bud
 Breaks into beauty on my towering stem.
 Cactus and thistle are not cursed, bees part
 Their gaudy petals; roadside bushes bloom
 Unravished, but a thousand throats consume
 My wreath of summer and drink dry my heart.
 Seven years’ growth is mine for barren leaves,
 Green-spiked to guard a giant plume, torn down,
 Despoiled, a bleeding cup for thirsty thieves.
 God of the seasons who will not deny
 The meanest weed a color-spattered crown,
 Grant me but once to flower against the sky!



BORDERLAND

A STORY

BY ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY

MARK walked slowly along the upper fringes of the beach, kicking savagely at the low hummocks of drooping grass. To think that he had ever *liked* coming to this place! . . . He found some comfort in remembering how long ago that was—years and years ago, when he was only a child, content to sit all day scooping out walled cities in the damp sand. Now, before long, he would be going to high school. The very thought of this pushed back the boundaries of life. A fellow couldn't be expected any more to take much interest in sand and rocks and these stupid waves that came endlessly crashing against the shore.

It was an added grievance that it wasn't even summertime. In summer, of course, people had to go *some-where*. But what in the world possessed mother to want to come down here *now*, in the late fall, when at home he and dad might have been going to football games?

When dad had called him into the study that night a few weeks ago to tell him of the plan, Mark could scarcely believe it at first. And then, "What about school?" he demanded, though this was far from being a usual preoccupation of his.

"Mother thinks maybe she can find a tutor for you down there."

"What's that?"

While dad explained, Mark sat tracing with his fingertips the outlines

of the patch of light where it fell from the reading lamp on to the shining wood of the table.

"I don't think I want to go, dad," he brought out finally.

Dad reached across the table to lay a hand on his arm.

"But you see, Mark, mother thinks she needs the change. And of course *I* can't go down there now. So that just leaves *you* to look out for mother and Charley."

Mark knew well enough that mother didn't require any looking-out-for from *him*; but at least dad's putting it that way made it easier for him to say, "Oh, all right then; I guess I'll go"; and perhaps it was just this that dad had wanted.

Well, they were down here now; and mother did seem better for the change. At home she was usually tired. "Don't bother me about that now, Mark; I've got a headache" was the response to most of his enthusiasms. Down here at Capistrano she was much more of a chum. It was fun to go walking with her along the beach in the early morning, when she wore her short khaki skirt and carried her limp straw hat in her hand, and the wind loosened curls of her bright shining hair and brought them blowing across her face.

Oh, there were *some* nice things about Capistrano. The *place* would be all right, Mark thought, if it weren't for the *people*. Those uneven rows of

cottages that stood sheltered behind the dunes and went straggling up the slopes among the pines were the homes of people whom mother called "artists," but whom Mark thought of as "nuts."

Although there were newcomers now and then in the ranks, most of these men and women Mark had known since babyhood, seeing them summer after summer, and growing more and more, as he became more conscious of them as individuals, to resent their deviations from the normal—as this was established for him by dad and mother and the people one knew at home.

But mother *liked* these people down here. "It isn't just the sea air; it's the *atmosphere* of the place," she always said when she was accounting to a stranger for her exhilaration at Capistrano. Mark had thought that air and atmosphere meant pretty much the same thing; but mother explained that atmosphere was people, and that's what she liked down here. They had endless disputes about it. Any little thing would start the argument all over again, especially if Mark spoke of these people without the tone of respect that mother demanded.

She might ask, "Whom did you see down on the beach this morning?"

And if he answered, "That old fool Keldon" he would have to listen for half an hour to her outraged championship of Capistrano's poet.

"But his coat is dirty. He spills things all down the front of it," Mark might put in when he had a chance; and then mother would inform him angrily that there were things that mattered vastly more than this, and that he was a stubborn, foolish boy always to be criticizing these people instead of making the most of this chance of being among them. Mother went back again and again to this point—of what he could *learn* from these people;

and Mark tried conscientiously, on many of his solitary walks, to think out what they had to teach him, but so far without any result.

The only one of them that he could even like at all was Lanthier, the gaunt, black-haired musician, who sometimes took him for walks deep in the pine woods. But having invited him to go and having then, as they set out, asked a few perfunctory questions and paid no attention to the answers, Lanthier would seem to forget all about him and go striding furiously among the trees, humming bits of tunes, so that Mark was hard put to it to keep him in sight. He liked these walks; they had the savor of adventures. But what he could *learn* from Lanthier was not at all evident to him. Unless it might be bad manners. For if anyone, in Lanthier's presence, mentioned the music of some man by the name of Wagner, Lanthier at once began shouting and waving his arms, as violently as Charley did in his "tantrums."

And then there was Miss Verley, who painted trees so that you could count every leaf on them even if they were a mile away; and there was Pernet, who painted portraits of all the others, so that it was fun to guess who they were, with their faces and bodies flat like the sides of a house; and there was Gillam, who was said to be writing a book and who was always reading aloud bits of his exclamatory prose. Mark had been hearing of this book for a great many years now, but hadn't even seen the covers of it yet.

No, Mark thought, as he came to the end of the beach and began scrambling up the rocks to the Point, they might be all right for mother, these people, but they didn't mean much to *him*. And the worst of it was, one couldn't get away from them. All through the day some of them would be lounging or strolling on the beach, and at night everyone went to the hotel. If it was

cool they sat inside, where a great fire of logs burned on the hearth; if it was warm they sat on the porch. Inside or out, there was endless talk, most of which seemed to Mark much more silly than the prattle of the smallest children on the beach. The children, at least, talked of understandable matters, while these people said things that had no meaning whatever and then laughed loudly with a laughter as empty as their words.

It made Mark very uncomfortable to see how completely mother became a part of this life. He didn't like to watch her when she was with these people, and yet he couldn't look away. At the hotel at night he would try to make himself be interested in the dancing or in the play at the shuffleboard; but before long he would be back where he could look in or out a window or door and see mother again; and as he watched her with the others, wretched little shivers and fevers ran about his back. Many of the men called mother, Dorothy; they drew their chairs very close to hers while they talked; they leaned nearer sometimes and touched her hand lightly; and she would be listening intently and nodding eagerly from time to time and looking back steadily into their eyes. When it came time for good-nights some one or other would hold mother's hand so long at parting that Mark could feel the blood beating behind his eyes and his fists clenching painfully at his sides. Walking home, mother would tell him and Charley excitedly how this one or that had explained to her all about the new work he was doing, and how interesting it was, and how proud she was to be told of it; and Mark, kicking at loose stones beside her, would blurt out, "He's an old fool!" And then there would be nothing but scolding for him until they got home.

It was a comfort, these days, to think of dad and of the grave talks one had

with him at home at night in the dim-lighted study. Dad wouldn't like these people, Mark was sure. Indeed, he could remember how when dad came down for a few days in the summertime they scarcely saw these people at all. They would have a boat those days and go far out on the bay, fishing; or they would get horses and go riding, all four of them, way up into the woods. Mark remembered that one night mother had said dad *ought* to go to the hotel with them; and dad had smiled and said, "All right," and when he was there he had shaken hands with all the others. Mark had been very proud of dad, standing there straight and smiling quietly, among all those fussy people. But they didn't talk so much to him as they always did to mother; and they didn't seem to like him, Mark had noted resentfully. He had overheard Gillam say something to Lanthier about "having the plutocrat with us." He didn't know what plutocrat meant, but he thought they were talking about dad, and the tone made him angry. Afterwards, he had looked up the word. Plutocrat meant a man with a whole lot of money. It was foolish to call dad that; just because he worked for a bank it didn't mean that all the money was *his*. Why, mother often told dad that they had almost *nothing*! . . . Mark, as he climbed up over the rocks, imagined dad being here with him now to agree with all his opinions. "They're a lot of nuts, dad," he said; and dad answered, "They do seem a bit queer, son."

And now there was this new fellow, Hugh Wayman. As Mark came to the level path along the Point and turned out toward the seaward tip, he began thinking about *him*. He *looked* all right; there was no question of that. In his snug flannel shirt, with the sleeves rolled back to the elbows of his sun-bronzed arms; with his bared head of short dark hair and his smiling gray

eyes, he looked like a fellow that Mark could *like*. And then he had to talk like all the others!

They had encountered Wayman on one of the first mornings after their arrival. Mark and Charley, with mother between them, were running along the beach where the sand was wet and hard, and the spent waves sent their frothy tongues stealthily up to catch at one's feet. They had run laughing and panting almost as far as the Point when they saw old Keldon coming down toward them from the rocks and a stranger with him.

Keldon hadn't seen mother since they arrived, and he greeted her with that comradely tone that Mark hated.

"It's a happy mother who can be a sister to her boys, Mrs. Treadway."

Mother gave her two hands into his which he held out and smiled back into his eyes and said, "Youth must be battled for, you know."

That's the way people talked at Capistrano. Now what was the sense in saying things like that? Mark turned away in disgust to where Charley had found a withered starfish. But then he heard Keldon call out, "Hugh" and looked back to see the stranger coming nearer.

Keldon introduced him floridly and Mark caught some of the phrases. "Living with me . . . writing plays . . . great promise."

The new young man made a low bow over mother's hand.

"I've already heard a lot of Mrs. Treadway," he said.

"I was telling Hugh," Keldon put in, "that you come like sunshine to Capistrano, to warm our budding talents."

"And some of our poor frail buds," Wayman added, "need such a *lot* of sunshine!"

Mark turned his back squarely on them, to saunter away to Charley. If they insisted on talking like *that*, a

fellow couldn't be expected to listen. But mother, when she presently called them back to her and turned toward home, was happy and excited.

"Wasn't that a nice thing that Mr. Keldon said about me?" she demanded.

When Mark only brought out a "Huh!" mother went on gaily, "It makes me very happy to think that I can be a little . . . inspiration to people who are doing these wonderful things."

Mark stooped to pick up a shell and flung it widely from him. "I never heard dad talk about inspiration and all that nonsense," he muttered.

Mother seemed angry. "For one thing," she said sharply, "it doesn't take *inspiration* to make investments for a bank."

"I bet it takes a lot more sense," Mark answered; and he had the satisfaction of the final word, for mother only looked at him and shook her head hopelessly.

Well, that had been about a week ago, and all the days between had been about the same, and here he was this morning, strolling out on to the Point and less conscious of the glittering, heaving sea beneath him than of his dissatisfaction and his longing to be away from all this, back at home with dad.

"Hello there, Mark," he suddenly heard someone call from the rocks above the path.

It was Mildred. He stood quite still. He felt very warm all over, but there were little shivers running under the warmth.

"Don't you want to come on up for a while?"

He could see only her head up there among the rocks. He began to mount toward her slowly. Slowly as he went, his breath was quick and heavy in his throat.

"You're a great one for always

staying by yourself," Mildred greeted him when he came to her in the sun-flooded nook. She had spread a blanket there on the rough sand and sat back against a rock, with books scattered about her.

Mark dropped on to a low stone and bent over to examine his shoe. "Yeh," he said, and pulled painstakingly at a minute sliver of leather. When at last he looked up to her she met his eyes for an instant with a bright smile and then turned from him to watch some seagulls flying.

Mildred Newell. How strange it was that words like these could mean, at different times, such very different things. For many years they had meant only a long-legged girl who used to come and watch the younger children at their play. Mark remembered that once she had kicked down his sand castles, and he had thrown shells at her ankles. Then all at once she had ceased to play among the children. She became more sedate and sat among the elders. And then, by another sudden transformation, she was one of those young ladies who didn't seem to find anything better to do than stroll endlessly with young men along the beach. Mark, in these later years, had scarcely separated her in his thoughts from the other strolling and dancing and swimming young ladies. Her one distinction in his mind was that she was one of those rich Newells who lived in the great house among the pines above the Cove.

And now, this year . . . Mildred Newell . . . there were no words he had ever heard that could stir him like these. There was no happiness he had ever known to compare with being beside her. And yet it was a happiness torn by strange flurries of unrest. When he talked to her, at any moment his words might be cut off by that odd feeling that tightened his throat and sent the hot blood flooding his cheeks.

. . . But now she had taken up her book again, and he didn't have to talk to her. He could sit silently beside her and watch her unobserved. He looked at the shadows that fell from her lashes to darken her brown eyes. He followed the intricate weavings of her dark massed hair. He let his slow caressing gaze pass along the outlines of her face, down from the brow along the straight clear line of the nose, then the sweet out-curving of the lips, and the chin, and the throat, down to where the warm skin was lost under soft folds of delicate and mysteriously fascinating fabrics. His whole body was trembling now. He was throbbing with the desire to throw himself down there beside her, with his fingertips reached out to touch her hand. He wanted to lie there and never move away. Nothing could soothe the turmoil in him but to lie there through the ages, to be beaten with blows and chilled with cold as he lay there, and never to draw away his fingertips from her hand.

Suddenly her eyes came up from the page to meet his own.

"You're a funny boy, Mark. What are you thinking of, all the time?"

"Thinking . . . thinking . . . ?" Whatever thoughts he had were whirled tumultuously away.

Mildred laughed lightly. "It's almost lunch-time, isn't it? We'd better be getting on toward home."

He helped her gather up her books and shake out and fold the blanket. Then he walked with her, carrying all the burden loosely and once in a while dropping a book. It was a little easier to talk now, walking beside her. Mildred wanted to know what he thought of some of the people, and he didn't hesitate to tell her that they were "nuts."

"Have you met Mr. Wayman yet?" she asked.

"Yes."

When he didn't say anything more,

she went on, "And what about *him*?"

"Oh, he looks all right," Mark told her, "but he talks as foolish as the rest of them."

"That's expected of people down here, you know," Mildred explained, laughing. And by now they had come to the gateway of heavy logs where her road turned in. Mark never went with her beyond this point, for Mrs. Newell had a way of scrutinizing a fellow as if he were some strange and not altogether trustworthy insect.

At home he found mother and Charley already nearly through with their lunch.

"Where you been?" Charley wanted to know.

"I've been . . . talking to Mildred Newell." The room seemed to him to fill with music as he spoke her name.

"Huh!" And Charley bit deep into his jelly-laden bread as one who knows the desirable things of life.

Mother filled his cup with fragrant, steaming chocolate and then she said, "I've been waiting for you to come, Mark, to tell you both what I'm planning. I'm going to get Mr. Wayman as a tutor for you."

Mark set down his cup sharply. "Oh, mother, no . . . not *him*!"

"What's a tutor, anyway?" Charley demanded.

"He's going to come and help you with your studies," mother explained patiently. "I think we're very, very lucky to find someone like that."

Charley's round, fat little face was contorted with disapproval. "Oh, gee, mother! I thought we came down here for some *fun*! I met a kid this morning who told me where there's lots of abalones, and he says there's a fisherman at Three Mile Beach that takes kids out in his boat. And now I suppose I've got to sit around here all the time *studying*. Don't you remember, I got a headache once last year from studying?"

But mother was smiling on in her secure way; and Mark, on his side of the table, was making up his mind to be so maddeningly stupid that that fellow wouldn't last for long. A half a dozen times in the afternoon and evening Charley went marching through the few rooms of their cottage, his hands before his mouth as if they held a horn, shouting, "Toot-er, tooter-er, toot-er!" in tones of deep derision; but even this insult had no power to keep their destiny from them. At ten o'clock in the morning Wayman was there, and it was understood that he was to hold the boys to their studies until noon.

Though Mark had carefully prepared his stubborn defiance, he found it very soon yielding to his growing liking for the man. Wayman quickly revealed the intelligent and human point of view that studies *were* a good deal of a nuisance, to be got through with as expeditiously and pleasantly as possible. He even admitted that grammar was nonsense. After that Mark couldn't help respecting him. And Charley responded warmly to the personal yarns that he mixed among his teachings. But when mother asked at noon how things had gone, they answered with flat unenthusiasm, "Oh, all right." It was as near as one could come to graceful acceptance.

Every morning Wayman came to them now, and gradually more and more lanterns were lighted along the dark ways of scholarship. Mark would have found increasing satisfaction in these studies if only it weren't for mother. She was acting toward Wayman now as she did toward all the Capistrano people, with that air of intimate understanding that distressed Mark so greatly. He couldn't see why she should want to smile into their eyes as she did and sigh and exclaim over their confidences and suffer their comradely closeness. Mark always

wanted to shout out at her when he saw her this way. It made his face burn; he felt humiliated, as if she were displaying a lightness somehow to his own discredit.

Hugh Wayman usually came to the cottage in the morning some time before the beginning of lessons; and then he and mother, in the sitting room or on the porch, would talk in low tones, while Mark paced restlessly through the rooms waiting for ten o'clock to strike. Once or twice when he had grown too impatient and had gone to them, mother had said, "It isn't time yet, Mark" so sternly that he knew he wasn't wanted there.

Wayman was writing a new play. He had told the boys so. Maybe that's what he and mother found to talk about so long. Maybe that's why mother leaned near to him, with her eyes on his as he talked, and murmured, "Splendid!" and "Oh, that's wonderful!"

Pretty soon Wayman began bringing bits of the play to read to mother. Then the lessons didn't even begin at ten. One day Mark went in and out of the room a dozen times, and they didn't even seem to see him there. Finally he took his stand in front of them and brought out hoarsely, "Aren't we *ever* going to have lessons this morning?" They jumped up at once then, laughing gaily together. And when it was found that Charley had taken advantage of the delay to make good his escape, mother wasn't angry at all, but only laughed more merrily than ever.

To go away from home these days to the sunny nook in the rocks and to find Mildred there was like throwing off cares and finding blessed soothing. He would sit for long and watch her as she read, and sometimes his eyes would grow misty with tears. Again and again he would say her name to himself. Mildred, Mildred. It was like a gentle hand laid upon him. He wanted

to say it thousands, tens of thousands of times, to keep on and on murmuring to himself, Mildred, Mildred—and then no hurt could reach him.

When they talked it was of trivial things. Mildred insisted upon asking often about his studies. She seemed to like to hear even the most unimportant details.

"You like Mr. Wayman better now, don't you?" she said one day.

Mark's tone was so doubtful when he answered slowly, "Yes . . . I like him all right," that Mildred looked over to him.

"You'll like him better the more you know him," she said briskly, as if to balance his own lack of ardor; and after a moment she added, "Your mother thinks he's fine."

Mark looked deep into her eyes for the misted glint of meaning that was hidden there when people meant more than they said; but Mildred's gaze was frank, and he looked away again quickly, with a little shiver of relief.

One day when he came to Mildred in the rocks he found Wayman with her there, sprawled out comfortably on the spread blanket. Mark hung back a moment, while a harsh flurry of resentment and distress ran through him.

"Come on, Mark," Mildred called out to him, across the last low barrier of rough stone.

Wayman, with his head propped on his arm, blinked drowsily at him. "I guess Mark sees enough of *me* in the morning."

Then Mark went forward to them slowly, and Mildred was especially warm with her welcome; but Mark felt ill at ease until Wayman got to his feet, stretched largely, mumbled, "See you folks later," and went whistling away from them.

Then Mildred seemed a little cross, accusing *Mark* of crossness. "You act just as if you didn't like him," she said.

And all that Mark could answer was, "I don't know."

His spirit was darkly clouded with this failure to know, to understand this new world that was drawing about him in place of the old world he had known. There was even no joy in being with Mildred now. Soon he left her and went among the dunes on the far side of the Point, where there would be no people. He wanted no one near him until his mind was cleared of this echoing "I don't know . . . I don't know."

Just a year ago life had been so simple; and now, wherever one turned, there was only confusion and doubt. It wasn't fair! It wasn't fair, he cried out within himself. A fellow was entitled to some reasonable treatment at the hands of life. He should be allowed to go along clearly marked paths, as he had always gone before, instead of losing himself in all these tangled coverts of uncertainty.

Coming home from this troubled walk, it was comforting to find everything quite unchanged. One had had a torturing fear that suddenly the tumult within one might seize hold on all the stable things of life. But here was mother, setting the supper things on the table; and here was Charley, trudging relentlessly after her to tell just exactly where and how the jellyfish was found.

When they sat at table, a little later, Mark suddenly heard himself saying, "I don't think dad would like Mr. Wayman very much." He was at once filled with a great terror of the effect of his words. He drank water in short gulps until the glass was empty. But mother did not seem even to have heard; and Charley, of course, went on quite undisturbed with the pleasant labor of eating.

In the evening they went to the hotel. Here, invariably, Mark felt his great disgust with the place flowing

back over him. A year ago all this babble of voices had been only so much noise to him; but now certain elements of the talk were beginning to disengage themselves, and more and more he hated it all. If people hushed their voices when he came near, he knew they were talking about Miss Merrill and that man in the cottage next to hers. The hush even more than the words he overheard made him feel that he was in the presence of ugly things. And now to-night the thought suddenly came to him: what if he should hear mother's name spoken by these veiled voices?

He jumped up from his place on the stairs and went at once to find her. "Come down to the beach with Charley and me," he urged, and urged so desperately that mother, laughing back at the group he took her from, let herself be led from the room and down the steps and along the wooden path across the dunes.

There was a low bit of moon that sent its light across the dark water and the wet sand. Charley at once began investigating that path of moonlight, but Mark held close to mother's side.

She was impatient with him for bringing her out here. "You're getting so fussy these days, Mark. I can't understand it."

"I don't like it down here," he murmured.

"That's nonsense!"

"I wish we could go home . . . to dad."

"Well, you can just get that idea out of your head!"

He pressed closer to her. "Don't lean on me that way," mother said.

But he stayed close beside her. He felt that he wanted to throw both arms around her . . . to protect her . . . against what, he didn't know. Mother seemed to feel his need and presently her arm came about his shoulders. Then he pressed his face against her,

and his eyes grew foolishly moist . . . and of course the moisture had to go through mother's thin dress, so that she held him quickly away from her, to see his eyes glinting in the moonlight.

"Why, you funny boy! What's the matter?"

"I wish we could go home," he said once more.

And this made mother cross again. "We've had enough of this moping out in the dark," she said and called Charley to them and led the way back to the hotel.

Next morning Hugh Wayman was there even earlier than usual, a good half hour before lesson time. He began reading bits of his play to mother, while Mark walked unhappily down to the dunes and back again, down to the dunes and back. Once when he came near the sitting-room window he did not hear their voices and went quickly to the porch to look in. Mother and Wayman were standing there together in the middle of the room. He held one of her hands, and mother was looking into his eyes and saying in a low voice, "I'm very happy about it, Hugh. I'm very happy."

Mark scraped his feet noisily across the porch and went striding in to them. They were still standing there, but a little farther apart now.

"It's way past ten o'clock," Mark announced accusingly.

"I guess it is, all right," Wayman said, with a nervous laugh.

Mother went out to find Charley, and soon the three of them were at work in the little room. But lessons were not much of a success this morning. Mark couldn't remember from one minute to the next what the arithmetic problem was about; and Wayman's voice repeatedly trailed off to silence in the middle of an explanation.

Finally he stood up. "Let's call it a day. What do you say, boys? . . . I can't seem to keep down on earth."

Charley needed no more to send him galloping out of the room; but Mark sat there, huddled over the table, until he heard Wayman, sometime later on, go down the steps and away.

That afternoon Mark walked again among the dunes on the other side of the Point. He couldn't even go to Mildred now. He wondered if all his life he must be alone like this with his unrest. He wondered if people were always shut off from those about them by doubts and fears. When his legs grew weary from tramping in the heavy sand, he found a little hollow where he lay in the sunshine . . . and when he woke it was almost evening and quick-moving masses of fog were drawing their shadows about him.

Then, after supper, it was time for the hotel again. He begged to be left at home; but mother said he needed something to cheer him up!

He sat apart from the others, leaning across the railing, looking out to the pale moonlight on the sea. Strollers passing along the porch behind him dropped bits of talk into his ears. Here was Pernet, with his head close to Lanthier's. Of course they wouldn't see him, huddled there in the dark.

"And now our charming Dorothy . . ." Pernet was saying; and what might have come next was lost in Lanthier's mocking laugh.

Mark held his clenched hands firmly to his sides and waited till they were well past before he slipped down from the porch, under the railing, to the soft sand. His face was burning so hotly that even his eyes felt afire. Mother's name now, mixed up in this hateful talk!

He went on blindly and found himself before long following the path that ran out along the Point. Moonlight brightened the path and silvered the water far below, but the rocks were black and monstrous in the shadows. When he came to the verge of the

headland, where the cliffs drop sheerly to the sea, he sat on a ledge that he knew, with his feet braced against the rock, and looked down into the pale wash of the waters. He looked and looked, and it seemed to him at last that he saw his own white face looking up to him from the froth of the waves.

The slow tears were moving down his cheeks. There didn't seem to be anything for him to do but go down there into the water. Then there would be an end to this burning distress. . . . And no one would care. He was just a nuisance to them all. He tried to remember every single time that anyone—dad or mother or Charley—had been out of patience with him. There was a grim satisfaction in the thought that no one would care. He could see very clearly how his cold, wet body would be drawn from the water, with the heavy hair clinging about his face. Perhaps they would cry a little, then, but they wouldn't really care.

Leaning forward a little on the narrow ledge, he groped behind him till he found a small stone, that he tossed down from the cliff to see where anything would fall. It struck the dark water and sent up a little jet of white. He leaned forward farther . . . and just then a heaving wave broke at the foot of the cliff and the outrushing water of its subsidence left bare a jagged rock, straight below, with its black, wet edges grim as steel in the moonlight.

Mark's hands tightened spasmodically on the rock. He threw back his weight from the edge. A dizzying sickness caught his senses. When he had crawled back higher among the rocks and lay there gripping them still with straining fingers, a cold sweat broke from all his body. He lay shivering and weak, with the sound of the sea in his ears, beating on those rocks.

It was a long time before he gained

courage to move. Then he crawled slowly up to the path. He felt ashamed to go home but eager to be there. He found that mother and Charley hadn't come in yet; probably they hadn't even missed him at the hotel. He got quickly into bed to be there before their coming; and bed was like comforting arms about him, so that very soon he fell asleep.

Waking in the morning to see Charley's round, red face stuffed into its pillow and to hear mother's humming in the kitchen was like coming back to life from beyond the gates of death. He was filled with a new urgent tenderness toward them. All day he could scarcely let them out of his sight. Again and again mother scolded him for "treading on her heels" all about the house; and when she summarily ordered him forth and he sought out Charley at play, he clung so closely that Charley began grumbling, "I don't see why you've got to hang around *me* all the time!"

But Mark's unrest through all the next few days could be soothed only by being constantly near them. He was oppressed with the sense of approaching calamity. He brooded over his doubts and fears until he could see no outcome for them but sudden disaster. Every vague word he heard at the hotel at night became the center of new suspicions. Every look he saw exchanged between his mother and Wayman burned deep into his consciousness. He was alert and tense with watching; so it is no wonder that it took a very little thing to bring him to the breaking point.

One mid-afternoon when he and Charley came into the house mother wasn't there. Often she was not there when they came in, but this time all Mark's fears came crashing about him. Something in him shouted, "Now it has come!" He went from room to room

calling "mother!" in such a strained voice that at length Charley caught his panic and came trotting beside him with anxious round eyes. For all their searching, mother was not to be found. Then Charley, from the sitting room, called out, "Here's a note."

Mark sprang toward him. "Give it to me, Charley! Don't read it! Give it to me!"

His heart was throbbing in great leaps. He snatched the folded bit of paper from Charley's slow fingers, while Charley mumbled, "Well, you've got a nerve."

Though he held the paper close to his eyes, Mark couldn't read it. There was nothing here but blurs of shadow and jets of darting light. Only gradually the words emerged. "I'm going over to Mrs. Newell's for a little while. If you're hungry, there's custard in the cooler."

Mark dropped into a chair and covered his eyes with his hand. Two long, deep sobs broke from him.

"What's the matter, Mark? What's the matter?" Charley began to whimper.

Mark held the paper out to him. While Charley read slowly he sat looking hard at the floor, fighting back those sobs that crowded his breast and tightened his throat.

Pretty soon Charley began to laugh, loud and scornfully. He took his stand directly in front of Mark, to make his scorn more fully felt, and went on laughing.

"I'd like to hear *you* ever call *me* a crybaby again!"

Mark waited until Charley's derision had spent itself; then he got up slowly and left the house. He wanted to find some place where he *could* be a crybaby. All this turmoil in him *had* to find some vent.

As he went among the dunes, searching out some hidden nook, he came within sight of the Point; and there,

high up among the rocks, he saw a glimmer of white that must be Mildred. He had avoided her lately. He had felt compelled to be alone with the confusion of life. But now, suddenly, a great need for fellowship flooded over him. Now he knew that it would be no comfort to throw himself down in the hot sand and let these prisoned sobs escape. Now he must go to Mildred. Mildred had meant to him this year all the new beauty and mystery of life; and if life had now grown threatening and harsh as well, he must find the soothing from Mildred.

He felt none of the usual embarrassment when he came to her. The grave matters of life left no room for lesser emotions. But all the words that had come thronging to him as he climbed over the rocks, the words that were to be poured out to her to make her help him understand, all these were gone from him now. He could only sit beside her and look out over the sea to where a round white cloud was coasting along the horizon.

He felt her hand on his arm. "You haven't been very happy lately, Mark."

He swallowed hard and answered, "I don't like it very much down here."

"But is it as bad as all *that*?" she said, with her gentle laugh.

"I hate these people here," he burst out hotly.

Mildred made no answer to this and presently he went on, "Mother's always saying how fine they are, but that's just because she's so silly about them." The words were coming back to him now, with a rush. "Mother never acts that way about people at home. I can't see what she wants to make such a fuss over these fools for. It makes me feel . . . kind of ashamed. And Mr. Wayman . . ."

When he paused he could feel that Mildred's eyes were fixed upon him, but he would not turn to meet them.

After a moment she asked quietly, "What about Mr. Wayman?"

But Mark couldn't answer for a while. The sense of loyalty to mother was asserting itself again, stronger than all the other feelings.

"What about Mr. Wayman, Mark?" Mildred presently asked again.

"Oh, he just comes there all the time and they keep talking, that's all."

Mildred sat silent and very still for a few moments and then she said, "I want to tell you, Mark . . . Mr. Wayman and I are engaged."

He faced sharply about to her. "You're going to get *married* . . . to *him*?"

Mildred laughed lightly. "Some day. . . . Not right away, of course."

Mark started to scramble to his feet, but Mildred's arm came about him and held him close. He felt no tingle of exaltation but only a pervading ache.

"Listen, Mark," Mildred was saying, "we haven't told you about this before, because it's a secret from everyone, you see. We don't want it talked about because we may not be married for a long time—not till Hugh gets really started with his work. And you know what a great place this is for talk. We don't want to be mixed up in *that*. Your mother is the only one that knows. She and I have been such good friends for years. And I had to tell *some* one. . . . That's what Hugh and your mother find to talk about so much, I guess. He says he *must* talk to someone about me."

And now, when her quiet words came to an end, Mildred lifted her hands to his face and turned his face about to her and kissed him on the forehead. And then Mark jumped up and went quickly away from her, down across the rocks.

Mother was there when he got home. He burst into the room where she sat

and ran across to her and dropped down beside her on the floor to bury his face in her lap. He could feel her hands in his hair, trying to turn his head so that she could see his face.

"Mark! . . . What's the matter, Mark?"

After a while he turned his face, still pressed against her, only enough to let him speak.

"Mildred's going to marry Mr. Wayman."

"Yes, Mark."

"She told me just now."

"Yes. . . . She said she wanted to tell you soon."

"She told me . . . and then she kissed me."

"Mildred's a dear girl."

"I don't see what she kissed me for."

Mother's arm tightened about his shoulders. Her other hand was in his hair.

"Mildred likes you, Mark."

"But she likes *him* better!"

Mother's only answer to that was the slow stroking of his hair. Mark raised his face a little more from her lap.

"I don't see why people always have to be that way—doing things they don't really mean—kissing people when they like somebody else better . . . and talking to people as if they liked them more than they do . . . and . . . and always acting that way. And Mr. Wayman was always coming here, and you were talking to him like that, and . . ."

Her hands were on his shoulders and she was shaking him roughly now.

"Mark! What do you mean?"

"Well, he was always coming here, and I didn't know he liked Mildred, and you were always talking to him that way, and I couldn't help thinking . . ."

She lifted him up to face her, and he saw the confusion and distress gathering in her eyes.

"Mark!" She gave his shoulders another shake. "You didn't think *that!*" Then she laughed brokenly and caught him fiercely to her. "Oh, you funny, funny boy!"

She held him now with his cheek pressed against hers, and he felt that her cheek was wet. He tried to pull away, but she gripped him closer. Her breath came in hot little bursts against his neck.

"Don't, mother, don't," he pleaded.

Still she held him close, and he could feel the pressure of her lips against his hair.

"I guess something's been the mat-

ter with me," he mumbled. "My head's been kind of funny lately."

"My poor, funny boy!" she whispered.

He drew far enough out of her clasp to turn and pat her wet face.

"Let's go home, mother."

"Yes. I want to go home too, Mark."

He looked deep into her eyes.

"Sure and honest, mother?"

"Yes, Mark. I want to go."

He jumped up and ran to the door.

"Charley!" he shouted. "Where are you, Charley? Hooray! We're going home!"

THE LITTLE THINGS

BY JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

I *MIGHT* as well give up,
I've found at last—
*Life is too huge,
And Death too vague and vast
For shoving into words.*

*I shall give up
And write
Of little things instead—
Black ants and pointed ginger flowers
All brown and furry red,
Or of an acorn digging down
In black earth where it fell,
Digging down and splitting out
And shoving off its shell.*



MISSIONS AND THE LIFE OF AFRICA

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

THE Mission field is dangerous ground for an outsider to tread; yet missions have been, are, and will continue to be important elements in the development of changing Africa. Without the missionary spirit we should never have had Livingstone: without Livingstone the exploration and opening-up of Africa would have been long delayed (perhaps with beneficial results—one thinks of the Congo atrocities—Livingstone begot Stanley, Stanley begot the Belgian Congo); without Livingstone the ghastly crime of the slave trade would have lasted many decades longer. The early missionaries were undeterred by tropical diseases in days when even the bare facts about their transmission were not known and tropical hygiene was yet unborn. They were undeterred by physical hardships or by the very real dangers from savage and hostile negroes.

In the unsettled conditions of these early years, the missionaries played a vital role. At that time the country was just being opened up. Many tribes were still unsubdued, hostile, dangerous. Arab slavers and equally unscrupulous white traders were eagerly exploiting the natives. In that early stage the missionary was the much-needed antithesis to the slaver and the unregulated trade-adventurer. Even when settled government began, the missions for a long time supplied a large number of the administrations' defects; any education or medical serv-

ice which the natives received was provided by them; they imported useful plants and trees and taught useful arts.

But conditions change rapidly in Africa. To-day the various African dependencies, governed by an admirable staff of administrators, are rapidly becoming organized states with their own patriotisms, their own life. Slavery and tribal war are no more; alien trade and settlement are carefully regulated; there are State medical, agricultural, forestry services; scientific discoveries, unknown in their pioneer days, are being requisitioned to build the foundations of health and prosperity; railways, steamers, and motor buses speed up transport; the natives themselves are anxious for education, and the breath of ideas is stirring among them.

The period since the War has been characterized by a new spirit in African affairs—the desire to find and lay down principles of native policy which shall be acceptable to the general conscience of civilization and shall promote both the development of African material resources for world use and that of the African peoples towards a fuller life. The exact issue is not yet decided; but we can safely prophesy that the history-books of the future will record as one of the special characteristics of the present half-century the fact that it fixed the broad lines along which the destinies of Africa were to develop.

What part are the Missions to play in this new, stabilized Africa? That is

the question at issue. They are a powerful body. Missionary effort is now better organized than many businesses. The income of the various Protestant Missionary Societies has risen steadily from about two and three-fourths million pounds in 1895 to nearly fifteen million pounds in 1925. In the latter year they had over 7,000 ordained ministers in the field, and claimed a total of over 8 million converts, with over three and one-half million communicants. Figures do not seem to be available for the income of Roman Catholic Missions, but their effort is of the same order of magnitude, since in the same year they boasted over 8,000 European priests in the Mission field, and about seven and one-half million native converts.

The influence of Missions in primitive countries is far greater than can be reckoned in terms of converts. It is subtle and pervasive. The missionaries are often the chief or only source of the light of Western learning and ideas; their converts play a disproportionate part in the life of the country; Missions are usually entrusted with all or the major part of education in primitive regions and entrenched in their privileged position by sanctions and subsidies from the local governments; in backward territories, where the natives have as yet no real power, they may constitute one of the three estates of the realm, on an equal footing as regards influence with the personnel of government and the unofficial white community of commercial men and planters.

II

The chief difficulty in discussing the role of Missions is the enormous difference among them. Not merely will one missionary body base itself on quite different ideas from another (what could be more different than a typical White Father, devoted and hardwork-

ing, limited yet tolerant, an earnest and learned German Lutheran, and a representative of corybantic Fundamentalism from the United States?), but two stations or sections of one and the same Missionary Society may be as different as chalk from cheese—one may be dominated by old-fashioned ideas and narrow, bigoted minds, the other by the most humane and modernist temper.

Then again there are all grades of devotion and sacrifice. At one end I think of saintly faced French nuns who have come out to Africa, knowing that the regulations of their order will never permit them to see their own land and people again, of men working for native health and happiness as hard as the hardest driven Government servant, but with a far lower standard of living and far less leave. At the other I think of men I have met who obviously found in missionary life in Africa a much freer, ampler, and more comfortable existence than any they could have looked forward to at home—lords of their own little domain, with abundance of black men and women to wait on them and labor for them, no more work than they cared to do, and with a mild adventure thrown in. One of them in conversation quite frankly acknowledged the immense advantages of missionary life.

None the less, there are some general or fairly general statements which can reasonably be made. The first is that medical Missions, almost without exception, are accomplishing first-class and indispensable work. The C. M. S. Medical Mission in Uganda is the outstanding East African example. To be shown over the hospital at Kampala by Doctor Cook is a revelation. This big place, admirably run, would never exist but for the rare combination of missionary zeal, medical skill, pioneering spirit, and practical ability of this one man. And his wife's accomplishment is almost equal to his. She has or-

ganized a system of maternity clinics far and wide over the country and trained the Baganda girls to act as midwives and nurses in them. So reliable are they that though the outlying clinics, for lack of white staff, can often not be visited for weeks or months at a time, the girls can be trusted to carry on and cope with the work unaided. I saw a class of them in the hospital at Kampala, learning the elements of gynæcology—a pleasant sight, with their soft-modelled kindly faces and trim uniforms.

Then there are the immense services of the Missions to native education, on its practical and technical as well as its academic side. Do not let it be forgotten that they have been so long in the field that they have had time to spread a network of schools all over the country. And good missionary schools are very good.

No one can see the two great cathedrals outside Kampala (both fine, and one a really striking building, full of dignity and cool simplicity), can visit them and listen to the choir sing Bach or plain song, see the thronging attentive congregation, hear (and long to understand) a fiery sermon preached by a Muganda, without realizing that the missionaries have not only brought to Africa a religion which does most definitely suit many Africans, but have done much more to introduce the African to beauty, whether of architecture, of music, or of thought, than all the rest of the white men on the Continent put together. Unfortunately the beauty is sown very sporadically; most churches in East Africa are still ramshackle affairs, most church music goes no farther than a harmonium and atrociously nasal hymn-singing. But there are a fair number of exceptions, and they are increasing.

Then the Missions are often the disseminators of new and healthier ways of living. In the Kikuyu reserve, mis-

sion-trained girls are generally not content to live in a dirty, unventilated, beehive hut: they insist on their husbands building them nice little houses, two or even four-roomed, with windows and a door. These, with their tin roofs and bare-looking wood walls, are lamentably less picturesque than the old huts, but are palaces in comparative comfort, and infinitely healthier. Nor are most of these Christianized women willing to go on with the time-honored methods of bringing up children; they wash them, knit them little garments for the cool evenings, give them food which will not swell their unfortunate little stomachs to bursting-point. And the same is true among many of the Baganda and other tribes.

III

That is the credit side of the balance; and it is impressive enough. There is, however, a debit side. Even those two great cathedrals at Kampala have their discouraging aspect. For there are two of them only because they are rivals. They are visible memorials of the fact that Uganda was the scene of the last religious war between Christians. They are symbols of the fatal disunion of Christianity, which invades Africa divided into dozens of separate sects, each assuring the black man that it alone holds the secret of his eternal salvation—and implying, if no longer openly asserting, damnation to the rest. What wonder that the natives become a little bewildered at the sectarian divisions in the white man's religion?

It is an interesting fact, but one which may make white Christians blush, that the first school in East Africa where both Protestant and Catholic teachers worked together was founded by a native chief in Uganda, himself a Christian convert, who refused to believe that sectarianism could

be good. The only other schools of such a nature are not Mission but Government institutions, and even in them the Catholics have sometimes tried to get the native Catholic teachers away from this sinful association. At the Government training schools for teachers and other higher institutions attempts have been made to set up common hostels for everyone; these attempts have always broken down owing to the opposition of the Catholics, who will not tolerate the notion of undenominational services or close mixing of the sects.

Then of course you have to face the fact that if most of your education is going to be given through the Missions, most of your education will have a strong religious bias. The principle of secular education, established for half a century all over western Europe, has not yet found much foothold in Africa. In Kenya, even though there is a Government Education Department, the right of inspection of Mission schools by Government inspectors is recognized only when the schools are in receipt of a grant; and the Roman Catholics have chosen to do without grants so that they enjoy complete freedom to teach what they like, of whatever standard they like. This is an anomalous situation which should not be allowed to continue.

With few but notable exceptions, missionary endeavor puts conversion far above education, concentrates as much as possible on religious teaching, and often—though this attitude is decreasing—sees in secular knowledge merely a bait with which to angle for souls. (That being so, one can hardly blame those among the natives who being astute enough to see this manage to secure the bait without swallowing the hook.)

I shall not easily forget the impression I received at one large mission in the Kikuyu country. An official of the

Education Department and I were being shown over the school by the head of the mission, a charming and saintly man who has devoted his life unsparingly to this work. He is a great believer in keeping to the local Kikuyu language in preference to Swahili, the East African lingua franca. In the school, however, a good deal of Swahili was being taught. When asked why, he answered, "Because the whole of the Old Testament has not yet been translated into Kikuyu." I was staggered: I had not envisaged a state of mind which would make a man willing to insist on his boys grinding away at Swahili, against his own educational conviction, in order that they might have the privilege of reading Deuteronomy or a few of the minor prophets. It all seemed so wrong-headed, so astonishingly out of proportion.

This attitude encourages also—or at least permits—a low standard in non-religious subjects. There are still hundreds and hundreds of bush-schools in which hymns and catechism take the lion's share of the curriculum; and the rest is devoted to exceedingly sketchy instruction in reading and writing, a little arithmetic, and rarely geography or history.

Combined with the natural desire to score as many conversions as possible and the need to impress subscribers at home, this tendency is doing no good to native education. A missionary body likes to be able to report that it possesses so many hundred schools and is educating so many thousand little heathens. But the people who drop their pennies into the missionary box at home would often be astonished enough if they could see the miserable huts that serve as schools, still more, if they could hear the limitations of the teaching, and most of all, if they realized the extremely casual attendance at such schools. I should imagine, from inquiries I made, that only between

thirty and forty per cent of the children put down as attending mission schools in East Africa were getting an education worth calling an education.

When conversion is the prime aim, it is almost inevitable that many valuable native customs will be lost in the process. Converts often come to despise all their own customs. They throw the baby out with the bath and abandon respect for tribal elders and tribal traditions. Yet they almost inevitably fail to imbibe our Western traditions properly (how could they in a few short months?) and so usually fall between two stools. I may quote an actual instance. The Government of Kenya is making a determined effort at the Jeanes School to show the native teachers engaged in the school to teach native handicraft and tribal history how to use these crafts. I was told there that one of the greatest difficulties is the reluctance of many Christian native teachers, and of the white missionaries under whose instruction they work, to countenance such "evil practices."

Then we must not forget that natives do not always embrace Christianity for the reasons the missionaries would desire. Christianity is the white man's religion, and in many regions it definitely confers social prestige. When this is so, the convert tends to look down on his unconverted brethren. As a result of these two tendencies, it is unfortunately often the fact that in Africa certain types of Christianized "educated" native, if put into a position of responsibility, often treat their own people very harshly.

Then there is the question of religious intolerance. Intolerance is only to be expected among half-educated converts who have been assured that Christianity (or rather one particular branch of it) means salvation, while all other religions mean damnation. In a district of western Uganda which I

visited, there was considerable trouble a year or so ago owing to the fanaticism of a native Christian who was going about inveighing against, and sometimes deliberately destroying, the little shrines outside the native huts. These are really miniature models of huts where a simple and admirable ritual of ancestor worship is carried on. But as certain of the local missions have given them the name of "devil houses" it is not surprising that zealous converts set out to extirpate these abominations.

IV

One must confess that there is still a good deal of narrowmindedness among missionaries in the field. There has been a notable change in this respect of recent years. But I do not think it unfair to say that at present the proportion of men and women with at all liberal or modern ideas about religion is lower in the mission field than in religious circles at home.

Let us also remember that Missions in Africa are in a position to exert more power and influence than can religious bodies at home. In England there are other currents of thought besides religion—literary, scientific, artistic, philosophical—which help to mold the country's ideas and action, but in the tropics missionary notions on theology and moral values can exert their influence starkly with scarcely a competitor.

There are two unfortunate results of this strong influence of any missionary narrowmindedness. In the first place, much to the bewilderment of the native, a gulf seems to yawn between the standard ideas of the two kinds of white men with whom they are chiefly brought into contact—the missionary and the administrative officer. Most men in government service in Africa have the standard of ideas of the average middle-class Englishman. They

do their job to the best of their ability, they devote a good deal of attention to tennis, golf, and other forms of sport; they are always playing bridge, and they dance whenever they can find an opportunity. They regard alcoholic refreshment as an essential part of the day's routine. In missionary circles, however, I was astonished to find how many people still regarded cards as the devil's bible, the theater or the cinema as wicked, and dancing or the least trace of alcohol as deadly sin. And in place of the usual tolerance of the official, I was horrified to see the amount of hostility, veiled or open, between the official representatives of different Christian sects.

When missionaries are narrow-minded, their narrowmindedness has other unfortunate results. It tends to make them intolerant of, or even hostile to any manifestation of beauty in art. Too often art, like secular knowledge, is regarded either as a mere handmaid to religion, or in some cases, as definitely hostile to it. It will be a long time before the idea that art for art's sake and knowledge for knowledge's sake are two great liberating forces for the human spirit, neither of which is inferior to religion proper, will have taken root in missionary circles. Here again there are exceptions; but it is undoubtedly the fact that in many cases the effect of missionary influence and missionary education has been to break down the traditional native ideas, and their mode of expression, without putting anything in their place. Or what is put in their place is too often inferior. Art and beauty are regarded as of very secondary importance and, therefore, only a perfunctory attention is given to them.

Pleasing songs are sometimes taught, but on the other hand, music is often confined to hymn-singing. And what hymn-singing! I shall never get out of my ears the sound of the hymns at

one big mission church in the Kikuyu country. The church was packed to overflowing, the mere odor was overpowering. The hymn was given out; the congregation threw themselves upon it. A volume of sound broke forth which you could have heard a mile away. Determined, strident, metallic, it pierced one's very vitals. The hymn continued, always fortissimo, verse after verse. I did not dare raise my eyes to look at my companions. At the end I felt battered to my soul's recesses. And yet the wonderful results achieved in places like King's School, Budo, show that the East African needs only proper training to love good music and to sing it well.

And finally there are clothes. At some places, they have given up trying to make the natives wear European clothes, because they have realized that their own traditional skin costume is healthier. But in most places, either on the score of health, or usually on the score of propriety, Missions encourage or even insist upon the wearing of European clothes, especially amongst the boys and girls actually in their school. It is unfortunate that these costumes are almost invariably so much less becoming than the old native, traditional clothing, and much less so than they have any need to be. In some cases also, although they cover up all of the body, they often do so in such a way as to reveal or to accentuate the form, thus becoming a good deal more sexually provocative than the old frank semi-nudity.

Then one must say that some missionaries appear to imagine that they should be allowed to enjoy certain privileges denied to other mortals. This is seen especially in their attitude towards work for the benefit of the Mission. At many stations much work is done for the benefit of the Mission station and of the missionaries themselves, by native labor which is defi-

nately underpaid even in relation to the low standard elsewhere prevailing in Africa. Some of this is doubtless given freely and willingly. But there can be little doubt that the prestige of a creed which lays claim to a control over man's eternal fate contributes, consciously or unconsciously, to this result. And in the commandeering of porters or of foodstuffs the missionary will often find that the end justifies the means. In western Uganda I was myself witness of an illuminating incident. The District Commissioner was seeing us off on our way towards the Belgian Congo, when a nice looking native came up and spoke to him. He was complaining of the local Church Missionary Society's Mission. He had been in possession of an island in the lake where he had been growing coffee and bananas. The Mission had then obtained a permit for temporary occupation of this island. They had dispossessed the man and cut down his bananas and were profiting by his coffee plants; but they had up till now refused to pay any compensation to him whatever. So far as I could understand, they were letting the island and the cottage they had built on it to settlers and thereby were making considerable profit, although by the terms of their contract sub-letting was not permitted.

V

There remains the most fundamental question of all—the suitability of Christianity, and the suitability of Mission methods of Christianizing, to the African. Here again, a great deal depends on the particular case. A Martian observer would, I imagine, find an ironical humor in studying some of the more fundamentalist creeds that are being pressed upon the Dark Continent. For after all, if judged by the consensus of educated

thought, they are in many respects little more advanced than those they are attempting to oust. We attempt to wean the negro from his addiction to magic and yet allow him to be preached at and converted by people who solemnly believe in prayers for rain, the literal inspiration of the bible, the historical truth of Genesis' account of Creation, and all the rest of it! Over and over again I was warned about the difficulty of introducing biological ideas into native education—because biology implied evolution, and evolution (although admittedly the greatest and most illuminating single new idea which we owe to the nineteenth century) was anathema to large sections of Protestant and Catholic missionaries alike.

I wonder if people of this stamp realize that their ideas seem exactly as barbaric, crude, and wrong to a considerable and influential section of civilized people as do to them the ideas of the primitive tribes among whom they are working? Do they at all grasp that there exists a large and growing body of people, brought up in the new conception of the universe which Science is revealing, familiarized with modern ideas on religion, who find religion a way of life, an attitude of mind, not a body of dogma or a system of salvation, and who believe that religion can live only if it abandons its primitive certitude and learns to change and grow—and that to them the theology which was orthodox up to the late nineteenth century is completely obsolete, as obsolete as feudalism, bows and arrows, or the divine right of kings? I will quote one instance of what I mean. The following extract from a letter was in a copy of *Ruanda Notes*, a Central African missionary journal, which I happened to see. The pious gentleman is describing some of the horrors of a famine. "As I walked down the hill from the

hospital my blood boiled because of the cruelty of it all, but the answer came to me. Sin was written across these withered bodies. Satan had dragged them down, and given death and disease as his reward." This is white enlightenment and Christian charity.

Fortunately there is a strong broad-minded minority among the missionaries. But it is beyond dispute that outworn theological prejudice has and still is retarding the enlightenment of Africa, and will continue to do so until the enlightened minority becomes a majority.

Relevant here is the grave question whether conversion may not do as much harm as good. Even if, as undoubtedly often occurs, it helps individuals, it may do social harm by rotting the framework of native tradition and tribal ideas without succeeding in putting anything adequate in its place. This is especially true with the converts of bodies which believe in the efficacy of sudden conversion. For how can you expect a primitive negro mind by a few weeks or months of religious instruction to acquire a complete new background of all the ideas which alone give significance to nominal Christianity? Especially when his old background of ideas has been almost non-existent? Incautious proselytism runs the risk of producing intolerance, disintegration of social solidarity, disrespect for tradition. Administrators and anthropologists can produce scores of instances in which the new ideas have had unfortunate and sometimes entirely unforeseen results.

And then there is the radical difference between the point of view of the missionary and the other white men in the country. This difference often has its admirable side: it is highly important that in a new country there should exist an influential body of men whose attitude is colored

neither by the incentive of personal gain nor by the outlook and restrictions of government service. But it has its faults as well as its merits. As illustration, I will content myself by setting down an incident which was narrated to me by a European education officer. A boy at a Government school, a non-Christian, met with a bad accident and was taken, unconscious, to a hospital. There he was seen by a charitable Roman Catholic missionary, and baptized—while still unconscious. He recovered, was informed of his baptism, and came in some perplexity to my informant: was he really a Christian, would he have to go to church, believe all the things the missionaries told him, and behave as they bade under penalty of damnation? His idea seemed to be that having come under the control of the Christian God by the rite of baptism, he would now be subject to that God's power. He was told that as the rite had been administered without his knowledge, he was perfectly free to do as he liked. However, he appeared to feel that some magic compulsion lay upon him, went to church to see what it was like, as he put it, and has thus drifted into Christianity. To the orthodox Catholic the missionary's action seems not only legitimate but highly praiseworthy; it was done to make quite sure that if the boy died his soul might have a chance of being saved. To my informant, on the other hand, it seemed a wholly unfair way of gaining influence over the unprepared mind of a young native.

The view of some of the more liberal of the younger missionaries is that the theological aspect of Christianity should be reduced to a minimum in mission work, and that the stress be laid on its ethical side, and also upon the general raising of the native's standard of life and thought, irrespective of whether he become formally converted or no.

They point, with some reason, to the impossibility of supposing that tribal Africans can be brought at a bound to appreciate in any adequate way the theological elaborations of Christian religious thought—how can they do so, for one thing, through the medium of languages in which words for abstract ideas are sadly lacking? And they object to any such idea as the verbal inspiration of the Bible, preferring with some reason to see in it the history of a religious evolution from a barbaric stage scarcely more advanced than that of many African religions to-day up to a high level of ethical monotheism finally illuminated by the ethical insight of Jesus and his spirit of sacrifice. They are also quite alive to the danger I have already mentioned, of inducing mental and social chaos by insisting on new and unassimilated ideas. They would accordingly do everything in their power to keep as much as possible of customs like initiation which lie at the root of tribal organization and native psychology, of the dances which are the African's most cherished recreation and his chief emotional outlet, of local art and music, crafts and folklore which embody the soul of the people. And they would give the greatest possible autonomy to the local churches as they developed.

With regard to the last point, it is an interesting fact, not perhaps generally known, that the affairs of the Anglican Church in Uganda are looked after by a body on which natives are in a majority, and several cases have occurred in which black opinion has been opposed to white, and has outvoted it. Not long ago, for instance, a proposal was made to put up a stained-glass window in the Cathedral to the memory of Bishop Hannington, who was murdered, forty-five years ago, by the Baganda because he persisted in trying to reach the capital by the for-

bidden route from the east. The European clergy were almost unanimously in favor of this. But unfortunately the language difficulty cropped up again: the Luganda phrase for *stained-glass window* included a word also used for *graven image*, and as graven images are forbidden in the Old Testament, the proposal was rejected by the black majority, and the subscriptions had to be returned.

Farther to the south in Africa there is a strong movement in favor of an autonomous African Church and it is at least arguable that the best thing for the African will be to let him work out, with large latitude, the types of religion best suited to himself—even should this here and there involve such patriarchal doings, on the whole well suited to African conditions, as the marriage to more than one wife, for instance.

Here again let us remember that there can be no question of shutting off the African from religious progress any more than from economic or intellectual progress. There is, it is true, one region of British Africa (in northern Nigeria) in which Christian missionizing is actually prohibited, under the treaty by which the country was taken into the Empire, but this is already under the sway of an advanced religion—Islam. In regions where the original primitive religions still prevail we can no more suppose or hope that the people will cling to their primeval crude beliefs than to their illiteracy or their unsanitary huts or inefficient methods of agriculture. Progress in any one department of life will react on the rest.

If Christian ethics, humanist ideals, and non-sectarian services and beliefs, based on some simple monotheist creed, could be universally given in government schools, it might be that the African would build up for himself a Christianity so highly modified as

to be a new religion. Meanwhile, however, the choice lies between educated paganism, Christianity, and Islam. Educated paganism may become a force to reckon with in East Africa; at the moment it is negligible. There remain the two Western world-religions. There are a great many people who stoutly maintain that Mohammedanism is the best religion for the African, that it encourages in him greater stability, more self-respect as well as more respect for authority, less restlessness and less hypocrisy than does conversion to Christianity.

It would seem that there is something in this. And yet it is very difficult to believe that in the long run Islam would be better for Africa than some form of Christianity. Wherever Islam has made headway in Africa it has led to a definite and real progress; true, but to a progress which has then been arrested. This seems to be the all but universal opinion of those in a position to judge. It takes the pagan so far and no farther.

This is doubtless due to the fact that the profession of Islam, in practice if not in theory, means chiefly the keeping of certain rules, the practice of certain ritual observances, the recitation of certain words; while Christianity, even in cases where it is strictest in the matter of rules of life, ritual, or credal efficacy, does invariably insist on the importance of the inner life and of high standards in regard to it. The standards of Christianity are often described as impracticable and impossible, leading inevitably to hypocrisy or a divorce between precept and practice. This may be true in its degree, yet it seems undoubted that it is the very impossibility for the Christian of living up to the standards of his religion which has given Christianity its real vitality. It is impossible to live up to any standard of perfection, whether in matters in-

tellectual or artistic as much as in ethics. But the fact that it is cherished impels to further effort.

Belief in the efficacy of external things, be they words or deeds, on the other hand, of a practicable instead of an impracticable standard, will tend to moral and intellectual stagnation. It may, if the prescribed rules be well chosen, help markedly at first towards a raising of level of life and an increase of self-respect; but after a time this will almost inevitably cease.

As between Islam and Christianity, then, it would seem that although Islam may secure greater immediate progress, the improvements due to Christianity are likely to be in the long run more considerable and more continuous. If we desire a progressive development for the African native, we are more likely to get it through Christianity than by either encouraging Islam or safeguarding paganism. But we should attempt to make the Christianizing process a gradual one, and to temper it with that combination of science and humanism which is the new spirit of the post-war age, and may one day form the basis of some religion as yet unborn.

VI

And our conclusions? It is no good merely reciting merits and faults, apportioning praise or blame. The Missions exist, firmly rooted, in Africa; they are a part of its system. The most bitter opponent of Missions could not seriously suggest abolishing them, for he must know this would be wholly impossible. But their most enthusiastic adherent should agree that they ought not to lay claim to any privileged position, and should guard against developing too solid vested interests; and he would probably agree also that the system had many faults.

The chief remedy, as it seems to me,

is to take the Missions more seriously, as an integral part of white activity in the tropics, not merely as evangelizing agencies to be tolerated by an embarrassed administration, nor as organizations to be utilized, because they happen to be there, by education departments in a hurry, or as bodies whose medical activities present ways of saving expense in the budgets of the Department of Medicine and Public Health. They are *de facto* a Third Estate of the realm in almost all African territories; let us recognize and regularize the condition.

What would such recognition mean? It would mean that the relation of the Missions to the state and the government would become regularized in regard to all their activities, as has already been done with their educational work. Their present complete or almost complete freedom would be diminished, but in return their role as co-partners with Government in the development of the natives would be enhanced.

But even if this proposal, which doubtless savors of Erastianism, were not acceptable, much could still be done. Perhaps the Missions will not become more closely linked with government departments. Even so, now that stable and efficient governments with a continuous policy have been set up, the recognition by the governments of the Missions' value to the country and of their right to continue their work there involves certain corresponding recognitions from the missionary bodies.

And by far the most important of these is the recognition that, since to be a missionary in a primitive and changing country is a great responsibility, a definite and high standard should be demanded from would-be workers in this field, just as it is from candidates for the administration, the agricultural service, or any other government department.

A missionary in Africa is a man who sets out to remold the immemorial life of whole peoples. He sets out to convert them to a new religion, to alter their morals, their social customs, to educate their children in a radically new way, to teach them new ways of doing old things, and things which are new altogether, to cure their diseases and make them live healthier lives. Now this is a very responsible, not to say a ticklish job to undertake. And one surely has a right to demand that the men who intend to undertake it shall submit themselves to as definite training to prepare themselves for it as do candidates for any other professional career.

Missionaries who intend to take up highly specialized careers like medical work or advanced teaching will obviously need specialized preparation: but I am speaking of the rank and file who, like the administrator, will be concerned with all the aspects of native life. Their own religious bodies will demand that they receive a specialized religious preparation; practical needs will see to it that they learn the language of the country once they get there. But is it too much to ask that they should prepare themselves beforehand by passing courses in the history and geography of the country where they intend to go; in psychology, if possible in science, notably as regards elementary physiology and the biology of reproduction and sex, and very definitely in social anthropology so that they may understand the meaning and value of the institutions and beliefs they are setting out to alter? I do not think that it is. And governments of African territories could ensure its being done by giving notice that after the lapse of a certain time, missionaries would be allowed to enter the country only if they could produce a certificate showing they had passed through such a course of training.

And many of the Missions themselves, it seems, would be quite likely to agree. At least, a beginning has been made. I have spoken of the courses organized by the Protestant Missions in conjunction with the British Social Hygiene Council for missionary workers in the tropics. And they have proved so successful that it is proposed to hold them annually and to enlarge them as much as possible.

It is a notable step, and one symptomatic of the spirit of progress now to be found in almost all the more active missionary bodies. The only difficulty is that Missions are primarily dependent upon voluntary subscriptions, and that it is apparently much harder to get contributions for the slow work of what I may call anthropological missionizing than for the more spectacular business of quantitative conversion. We can only hope that this will change as the increase of public enlightenment grows at home.

The missionary spirit is a vital thing, productive of much self-sacrificing activity, much potential good to the world. The problem is how to

harness it to best effect for the good of the world—in our particular case, for the good of Africa.

At the moment there is one great source of wasted energy. Many people with the missionary spirit do not belong to any Church; as a result there is at present no outlet in the missionary field for their enthusiasm. If it were possible to organize a non-sectarian mission, a large new supply of energy and devotion would be put at the service of native peoples. Such a body, though non-sectarian, would have a truly religious aim—to work so that Africa-to-be would enjoy more life, better and richer life, and enjoy it more abundantly.

But even without such dreams, much can be done. And it would seem that the most important things which the missionary spirit could do at the moment are to co-operate to the utmost with Governments in the general task of native development, even if this means sacrificing some of its independence; and still more, to submit itself to discipline and training, thorough and scientific, for the work it wants to carry out.





THE SURVIVAL OF THE CUTEST

BY PHILIP CURTISS

I HAVE just been reading a book which at first interested me, then enthralled me, but finally caused me to hurl it in deep disgust clear across the room.

It was the autobiography of a moderately well known man of science, an enthusiastic, riotous soul who had not only led a broad, vigorous life himself but had a remarkable ability to seize and satirize the weaknesses of others. It was a masculine book, a strong, hearty book—in fact, just the kind of volume to enjoy on a winter evening in a mountain farmhouse. For eight or ten chapters it moved swiftly all over the world, giving clear, witty pictures of real events and of actual people until suddenly—about Chapter XII—I began to perceive a familiar note. In amazement I looked back, and then I looked forward, unable to believe my eyes. Yet it was true and would continue to be true at intervals all through the volume. This man, of all men in the world, had suddenly decided to be cutey-cutey.

“Cutey-cutey” is perhaps a very inexact word, but it happens to be the term used in my own household to describe an otherwise sane and mature individual who tries to be whimsical, mystic, pixie, or fantastic but really succeeds in only being slobbery. To illustrate what I mean, the following fictitious case would be an example:

You are reading, we will say, the life story of the engineer who built the Erie Canal, who restored the Parthe-

non, or, if you prefer, the man who first isolated hydrogen. With tremendous, vicarious thrill, you learn how our hero was graduated from Lehigh University, how he got his first job in the steel mills, how he stumbled on to the idea of his great life work and how he overcame his successive difficulties. With intense sympathy you see him conquer labor troubles, down political intrigue and, when all seems lost, you give a cheer for that lucky, chance meeting with Cornelius Vanderbilt.

Then comes that awful, that disgusting, that disillusioning Chapter XII. The Erie Canal is almost completed, or the Parthenon is about to be presented to the nation, or the first load of blue-rock hydrogen is ready for the rails. Lighting his pipe, our hero steps out of his blue-print shack one moonlit evening and walks forth to survey the result of his labors. Over his head tower the derricks and winches. On his right looms the great mass of earth that was hauled from the river bottom. With perfect justification, our hero takes out his pipe, regards his work and says to himself, “This is good!”

Then slowly he is conscious of a “voice” or a “presence,” or whatever silly thing the autobiographer chooses to call it.

“Who are you?” says the engineer, or the scientist, or the Parthenon-cleaner.

“I, little man,” says the voice, “am

the spirit of the Erie Canal. Thinkest thou that thou hast done this—these beams of steel, these currents of living water, these piles of soil torn from the bosom of Mother Earth? No, little man, it is I who have done this, I, who watched over Cheops as he built the pyramids, I, who toiled with Hannibal's army through the passes of the impenetrable Alps, I, who, when thou art but a molecule sucked back into cosmos, will still help poor, struggling little men to conquer the moon and the stars."

And this is exactly the point at which the story of John Smith, Empire Builder, leaves my hand and goes hurtling across the room. For, says my first reaction, if he can be guilty of all this hooey in Chapter Twelve, how much of the rest of his story can I believe?

Now fundamentally I should have no real quarrel with great engineers and scientists for dipping occasionally into this kind of vice. If a man can really build the Erie Canal or restore the Parthenon he surely is entitled to take a night off now and then and talk like the Little Art Players. My real objection lies in the fact that I do not believe that great engineers and scientists and scholars and painters do this sort of thing because they actually like it. They do it because, after a lifetime of specialized work in other fields, they are writing their first general book and in their intense anxiety to be "literary men" they fall into the common error of supposing that "great literature" or "impassioned poetry" consists largely in reducing one's self to the mental level of Goldilocks and The Three Bears.

Much worse is the fact that many other persons besides engineers apparently believe the same thing. Let a man write a novel, play, or poem in clear, accurate English, expressing clear, accurate thought, and his work

is dismissed in a paragraph as a trivial thing; but let him cloud his meaning in obscure, tortured language and infantile symbolism, let him say "a man-child" for "a boy," "the eyes of her" for "her eyes," and "the town that is Manhattan" for "New York"—let him, in short, throw his mind into a sort of feminine catalepsy and burble incoherently in archaic terms, and someone is sure to hail him as "a master of magic prose." As a matter of fact, he is a master of nothing except the art of making an ass of himself, of being cutey-cutey. He is, in brief, doing just what other misguided adults do when they lean down to children, say "Wellums, wellums," and conduct the rest of the conversation in broken English. So long, however, have both customs been allowed to continue that American readers, like American children, have never quite dared to obey their real instincts and give their tormentors a good kick in the shins.

Then, again, this folklore business— isn't nine-tenths of it just cutey-cuteyism? "Uri the hunter took him his bow and went forth to shoot the gray deer. 'O spirit of Mamwi, O spirit of the forest that dwells in the roebuck—'" and so on and so on, obviously *ad nauseam*. Now undoubtedly some prehistoric Uri did shoot some form of roebuck—that was his business—but what he probably said was, in early Siwash, "For the love of Mike, ain't I never going to get a good shot?"

As for the later folklore of our American countryside, for some of us who have spent most of our lives in rural America there has never been a truer, more perceptive picture than that contained in honest, old, half-forgotten *David Harum*. That was a book that would have been just as comprehensible to the first John Adams as it was to our fathers thirty years ago and should be

to us to-day; but because it is clear and simple, because it is accurate and original, and above all because it is witty, *David Harum* is dismissed as merely the first of the modern best-sellers, while "literary art" seeks its champions among whining, effeminate stories in which, "Obed, returning from town that day, cast his soul-sick body upon the gray pasture, his fingers reaching sensuously into the earth itself, as if from that bit of mountainside he could gain all that life had denied him." If that is literature or if that is rural North America, Henry David Thoreau lived in vain.

If, however, you wish to see cutey-cuteyism in its most awful possibilities, you must leave printed literature for a moment and seek the concert stage; and if anyone (incomprehensible thought) has disagreed with me up to this point, my arms are now open for his return. For is there a living soul who can, without horror and repugnance, call to mind the typical song that is given as an encore at an afternoon recital?

Picture the moment. The guest contralto has just finished the aria from "Samson and Delilah." It has been a good song, well sung. The audience is naturally enthusiastic, so back comes the big-chested lady in a storm of applause. After grand opera she has wisely calculated that, for an encore, she should give something "light and humorous." All right—an excellent idea. Why not sing "Casey Jones"? But not at all. Drawing a long breath and assuming a coy, set smile, the singer trills, "Oooh, in the Maying time, lightly goes my laddie-O!" In contemplating this scene is it not to the credit of most Americans

that, by common report, they detest "good music"?

Now, again, if there were any evidence that this sort of thing were fundamental in the American people there would be nothing to say. Conscientious objectors like myself could merely pack up and seek life anew in a brighter land. There is, however, no evidence of the sort. The evidence, indeed, is all to the contrary. If our scientist, for example, should actually *talk* the way that he wrote in his sentimental nightmare, every man in the room would get up and walk out. If Uri the hunter should appear at a meeting of the folklore society most of those present would call for the police.

No, the truth would seem to be that in literature, as in other forms of art, a great part of the world will accept any label—"This Is Literature," "This Is Art." The great pity is that, at the present time, the labels seem to be founded on such an incredibly juvenile ideal. An earnest and otherwise quite intelligent lady once informed me that Thackeray "had no imagination"—Thackeray, who created Rawdon Crawley and made him grow older without a single slip in actuality over a long period of years. To her, as I learned, "imagination" meant merely the ability to write about "werewolves" and "the northwind"—in other words, to be cutey-cutey in what, at that moment, happened to be the conventional way. She could never have been convinced that the true characteristic of most mystic, symbolic, and sentimentalized writing is that it requires no imagination whatsoever. Read Goldilocks, throw in a dash of late middle-English, and any bungler is ready to take the field.



BENITO MUSSOLINI

A PORTRAIT

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

POOOR Democracy! The Radicals abuse it. The Conservatives abuse it. It does too little. It does too much. The economists dissect it, dissolve it, reduce it to terms below nothing. The columnists and cartoonists make rhymes and ribald drawings on it. And, worst of all, the great, grave statesmen, who should be its most superb illustrators and exponents, toil day and night their very best to make it more ridiculous. Who can blame Lenin in Russia and Mussolini in Italy for condemning it and spurning it like a dog that has had its day? And Mussolini cries out, "Democracy has taken 'style' out of the life of the people; Fascism has put back 'style' into the life of the people; that is, color, force, the picturesque, the unexpected, the mystical; in short, everything which counts in the soul of the multitude." Or again, "I am a spirit too aristocratic not to feel disgust with the low trickery of the Parliamentary kitchen."

Benito Mussolini was born in the Romagna on July 29, 1883. His father was a sturdy blacksmith, and the boy had a rough and vigorous practical bringing up. But the father had also political interests, and the devoted mother was a teacher, so Benito had intellectual education as well as practical, and profited by it. He was a teacher himself for a time; but the natural instinct for manipulating words

and for manipulating souls drew him into journalism, and he led a stormy youthful life in the ranks of the extreme Socialists. Conflict with the authorities drove him into Switzerland, where he passed some vagrant and bohemian years. In 1904 he returned to Italy and became one of the editors of the Socialist paper, *Avanti*, in which he wrote vigorous and stirring articles. When the Great War came, in 1914, and the Socialists split into Nationalist and Anti-Nationalist factions, Mussolini stood for Italy, quarreled with his associates, and set up his own paper, *Popolo d'Italia*, with an energetic outcry for intervention on the side of the Allies. He himself served in the ranks until he was severely wounded. Then he returned to his fighting with the pen. After the War he became thoroughly disgusted with the weakness of the Parliamentary regime and the lawlessness of the Radicals, and gradually he stood forward as the leader of the Fascisti, a sort of vigilance committee, who met revolutionary violence with decidedly rough and ready methods. Fascism spread all over Italy, in the desperate need of some sort of orderly government, and Mussolini more and more emerged as the head of it. In 1922 he persuaded or forced the King to accept him as nominal prime minister and practically absolute dictator and ruler over all Italy. Such he has remained and,

being only forty-seven years old, seems likely to remain for a good many years to come.

As with Lenin, and indeed with all these great men of action, one is tempted to ask oneself first of all, what was the fundamental impulse, the driving motive force, at the back of this astonishing career. Again, as with Lenin, and in so many similar cases, the Duce's friends and admirers insist that he is not ambitious, that he wants nothing, seeks nothing for himself, but is first, last, and always animated by a zeal for the good of humanity and, in particular, for the advancement of his country. Mussolini himself frequently urges the same view, and over and over again, everywhere, he identifies himself with, merges himself in, the grandeur and the glory of Italy.

But the story is an old one, and history has had occasion to retell it a thousand times. You identify yourself with a great cause till you cannot tell what is the cause and what is yourself. You are ready to sacrifice everything for it, yet in the end somehow the cause and your own glory and distinction cannot be torn apart. It is evident that from boyhood this man had an intense, an overmastering, a dominating personality; and such a personality asserts itself somehow, cannot live without such assertion.

He was born, above all, with the restless, irresistible instinct for action, to be doing something and, more than that, to be doing something that would make him feel his grip on men, make them feel it, to wrest the world ever so little from its normal hideous course and make it aware that the wresting had been done by Benito Mussolini. Never for one instant was there conscious intention of doing evil for his own glorification. The welfare of humanity was an enormous, untilled field for the exercise of his magnificent gifts, and the extent of his beneficence was to be

always the measure of his power. In this sense the thirst for power is excusably inexhaustible, it being assumed of course that the intelligence which guides it is as infallible as the power is limitless.

With the intense and constant joy in action is naturally connected, in Mussolini, as in Lenin, a supreme self-confidence which is bewildering to those whom Providence has mainly endowed with self-distrust. To a spirit like Mussolini's there is an exuberant delight in making difficult, critical decisions. It is not merely the possession of power, it is the passionate assertion and exertion of power that stamp you as being alive.

With the making of decisions goes the acceptance of responsibility, for the lives of others, perhaps for millions of others. Mussolini understands the burden, he feels the dangers that go with it. But, as Mr. Child says, "he takes responsibility for everything—for discipline, for censorship, for measures which, were less rigor required, would appear repressive and cruel. 'Mine!' says he, and stands or falls on that."

And it is fascinating to observe—again as with Lenin—how intimately, inextricably, the personal eagerness and delight are intertwined with the Ideal, so that the actor may honestly persuade himself that the Ideal is all and self nothing. In Mussolini's way of putting it, "I ask nothing for myself, nor for mine; no material goods, no honors, no testimonials, no resolutions of approval which presume to consecrate me to History. My objective is simple: I want to make Italy great, respected, and feared; I want to render my nation worthy of her noble and ancient traditions."

What differentiates Mussolini somewhat from Lenin is the greater emphasis on the human will as an instrument in accomplishing these things. Perhaps he learned this emphasis from

such teachers as William James, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche. It was more likely born in him. "Life," he says, "for me is a battle, it is taking risks and enduring with tireless pertinacity." Will can make over the world, if you only see what you want and go after it with a persistence and a courage that nothing can shake or break. And he squared his solid shoulders, set that stern, imposing jaw, clenched his fists, and made the world feel what he was.

II

When we have established in Mussolini the thirst for power, it is profoundly interesting to watch his acquisition of it, which may seem in part fortuitous, but yet shows the deeper elements of determined will and strenuous effort guiding and molding all through.

In those early years of struggle, when he was fighting solitude, fighting poverty, often fighting sickness, but always fighting, he was gradually gaining influence over the human souls about him, that influence which was the abiding need of his temperament and the crowning gift of his spirit. In the early days the influence was radical in the extreme. Capital was accursed, the State was the enemy of everybody. And the enthusiastic preacher was in prison as often as was St. Paul. Gradually the emphasis shifted. The radicalism faded into socialism, of a more and more conservative order, and this gave place to a nationalism which was centered and merged in the greatness of Italy.

Naturally, such political acrobatics caused some astonishment at the time and have caused a good deal of criticism since. The Duce's enemies insist that his only sincere political belief is the belief in himself and the theory that he holds through thick and thin is the theory of his own advancement.

His friends, and he himself more energetically than any of them, urge that he has not changed one jot in his essential aim, which is always and unchangingly the welfare of humanity, and particularly the welfare of Italy. He sees this welfare from different angles, with changing conditions and circumstances, and shapes his course accordingly. Critics call him an Opportunist, as they do Lenin. But a far better word for Mussolini, as for Lenin, is Vitalist; and the Italian, like the Russian, is always insisting upon the overmastering importance of life. It is life that makes theory, not theory that makes life. Theory is well enough for spectacled professors. The statesman, if he is to keep his grip on men's hearts, must cling close to life, must study it, keep in intimate touch with it, and mold his course by it always: "It is necessary to have one's mind attuned to change."

This development, this growth, this vitalism are everywhere apparent through the days of Mussolini's War interest and activity. Daily he is adapting himself to circumstances, as he sees them, throwing aside old dogmas and conceptions, like worn-out shoes, seeking on all sides for some new solid ground to tread on, some firm leverage on which to base the instrument of his magnificent will which he is sure can make the world all over new. Then he hit upon the theory of Fascism (a system of groups, named from the old Roman *fascies*, which were borne symbolically before the high magistrates), in itself just suiting him because it was a development, not a theory; he made it his own, and to this day claims the creatorship of it, for good or evil: "This historical, political, and moral agency is something I have created by a propaganda which runs from the days of intervention until now."

From the elementary groups, banded

together locally, Fascism extended in a vast organization all over Italy. No doubt its purpose and action at first were largely negative, that is, directed to the suppression of radical and anarchical disorder and violence, which had become alarmingly prevalent immediately after the War. Also, the methods and especially the agents of Fascism were often as violent, as brutal, and as lawless as the agitators they were claiming to repress. Shocking stories are told of Fascist outrages, and Mussolini frankly and repeatedly admits the use of force, and even glories in it, being influenced by the somewhat academic raptures of his teacher, Georges Sorel. Only he is careful to distinguish between wanton, unjustifiable violence and that which is properly employed for lofty objects: "Not a petty, sporadic, individual violence, which is barren and unprofitable, but the grand, the beautiful, the inexorable violence of the hours that are decisive." To the victims of Fascist brutality these distinctions may seem somewhat finespun.

But unquestionably, in Mussolini's mind the negative side of his great movement was unimportant. What really counted was the unity, the greatness, the spiritual significance of Italy, and the effort to impress it on every living Italian everywhere. The Fascist movement has given rise to a cloud of speculative writers, whose elaborate and often contradictory theorizing can be curiously studied in the pages of Schneider's illuminating work. But the central element of that movement is undoubtedly Mussolini himself. It is his eloquence, his enthusiasm, his passionate will which give it vitality and significance.

Thus the supreme hour in the career of the blacksmith's son was that in which, after all the clatter and shift of falling ministries, there came the King's definite telegram, asking him to as-

sume the post of prime minister, with the ensuing march to Rome in the autumn of 1922 at the head of his legions of black-shirted young warriors. After such a dramatic crisis and triumph, who can wonder at the vastness and the splendor of the nationalistic dreams which keep recurring in the midst of the sharp, incisive vigor of his speech: "I who have the pulse of the Nation under my fingers, and diligently count the beats of it . . . I cherish more than a hope in my spirit, a supreme certainty, and it is this: that by the efforts of its chiefs, by the will of its people, by the sacrifices of generations past and those to come, Imperial Italy, the Italy of our dreams, will become the reality of our to-morrow."

III

Thus we see Mussolini, in 1922, in possession of the supreme power, and practically the absolute ruler of all Italians. We naturally ask ourselves, what use has he made of this power in the years since he has had it? As to the actual results of his government it is extraordinarily difficult to arrive at satisfactory conclusions. There is plenty of evidence, but unfortunately the evidence is completely contradictory according to the source from which it comes. If you ask the Duce's friends and supporters, you will hear that Italy has been made over, rejuvenated from top to bottom, not only in fact, but still more in spirit. On the other hand, keen and observing critics, who at any rate profess to be impartial, discount these claims very largely, and assert that underneath the surface harmony, produced and maintained by tyrannical repression, there is a seething caldron of dissatisfaction and discontent.

When we come to investigate, not what has actually been done, but what Mussolini is aiming at and what he

himself asserts and perhaps believes he has achieved, the task is easier, for it is largely a matter of printed words. As regards internal conditions, he insists on the establishment of order as the prime necessity. Men must live according to law and respect it if they are going to live together profitably at all. He insists on work. He wants no idlers, no dawdlers, no parasites, and he has got rid of them with an amazing fearlessness and an amazing efficiency. He aims to bring industry to the highest point of production and usefulness, and he has framed a complicated system of industrial regulations which at least purports to dispose of labor troubles forever, though here again the critics carp. Finance has been handled with the same quick, sharp, arbitrary methods of decision, though once more, according to the carpers, with the same ineffectiveness. Finally, as any such thorough-going reform must depend largely upon future generations, the dictator has gone straight at these by a radical reform of education. As in Russia, the future empire must be founded chiefly and solidly upon the ideas that are now being instilled into the boys and girls. And in general, it may be said that if edicts and proscriptions could make a well-governed country, Italy, like Russia, would be a paradise. Some persons, not usually the same, insist that they both are so.

Nor is Mussolini interested in the improvement of internal conditions only. He cares as much, perhaps even more, for raising the status of Italy as a nation. Like many Italians, he is bitterly sensitive to the fact that his country was once the seat of the greatest empire in the world but for the last thousand years has been regarded politically with indifference, if not with contempt. He wants to make it once more an object of respect and fear, at least of serious consideration.

The first aid to this end is an increase in numbers. The Duce wants to raise the birth rate by every possible means. He is strongly opposed to emigration to other countries and endeavors to keep his control, both financial and military, over Italians who have emigrated, carrying this so far as to arouse anxiety and mistrust elsewhere, especially in the United States. He wants to establish colonies and fill them with devoted Italians. For this purpose he wants control of the Mediterranean, and he intrigues busily among all the growing, shifting peoples who touch the Mediterranean shores. His dream is of a vigorous, united, encroaching, dominating Italy which shall renew something—who can tell how much?—of the imperial grandeur of Rome. One of the chief instruments of this imperial development he finds in the possibilities of the Catholic Church. In his early radical years he was the bitter enemy of the Church and apparently of God also. But this, like many other childish ideas, he put gaily behind him. The superb political organization of the Church and its hold upon Catholics all over the world make it the most magnificent agency for universal domination. Consequently, Mussolini has bargained with it by making civil sacrifices which would lead Cavour and Crispi to turn in their graves. Everything for a greater Italy, everything to revive the vanished glory of the old Roman past—"I am desperately Italian. I believe in the function of Latinity."

Naturally, when you dream such dreams, you dream of the means of executing them; and Mussolini is a man of means even more than of ends. Whatever the object may be, it is certain that he has built up a magnificent army, that he has developed the Italian fleet far beyond anything before imagined, especially in the more modern

branches, and that above all he has given constant attention to the control of the air. And all these agencies are developed openly and confessedly with a view to possible fighting. Mussolini occasionally pays his respects to peace, treats it with lovely deference as a remote ideal. But to him this world is a place of struggle and warfare, always will be and must be, and the prizes and the supremacy and even the peace and comfort are the possession of those only who have earned them by being ready to fight. "Always it is the musket that wins." "I want to make of you a nation of warriors."

Mussolini's methods of achieving internal and domestic reform are somewhat less sensational and are certainly more constructive and appealing. The two words that he uses most frequently, in fact repeats over and over, are *discipline* and *obedience*, words not very popular in the twentieth century and certainly not in America. Mussolini's critics insist that discipline means a harsh and cruel repression, the absolute forbidding of free speech, the intimidation of free thought, and the exile or maltreatment of those who indulge in it. But some beneficial effects of the discipline are undeniable, and it must be recognized that in the Duce's intention, at any rate, discipline is far more than repression; it is a vital, dynamic inspiration for making over life: "I have not confined myself to giving merely an outward veneer or contour to Italian life; I wished to influence the very depths of its spirit."

An interesting example of this spiritual vivification is Mussolini's treatment of the subject of class hostility. When one is sick and weary of Marx's and Lenin's reiteration of the bitterness of class hatred and the impossibility of class harmony, it is comforting to find Mussolini insisting on co-ordination and co-operation. There

are no classes, there are simply human beings, men and women. We should struggle to break down barriers instead of building them up, to bring human souls together by making them understand instead of hate one another. Surely there is something magnificent in the Duce's own dream of what he has accomplished, even if the dream goes far beyond the reality: "From petty discords and quarrels of holiday and Sunday frequency, from many-colored political partisanship, from peasant strifes, from bloody struggles, from the insincerity and duplicity of the press; from parliamentary battles and maneuvers, from the vicissitudes of representative lobbies, from hateful and useless debates and snarling talk, we finally climbed up to the plane of a unified nation, to a powerful harmony—dominated, inspired, and spiritualized by Fascism. That is not my judgment, but that of the world."

IV

Now as to the instruments which Mussolini used to establish and consolidate his power, the men and women over whom he rules and without whom his dominion would be insignificant and meaningless.

Though the Duce even yet is far from an old man, few have had a vaster or more varied acquaintance with human life. His journalistic experience, his vagrant political wanderings, his army adventures, all have taken him into different spheres of human activity, and in all of them his observation has been acute and his interest unflinching. For a ruler of men nothing is more important than to understand them.

It is curious that, as with Lenin, who also professed to be a great benefactor, the result of Mussolini's observations appears to be anything but favorable. He is interested in men and women.

He may perhaps say that he loves them. But it does not appear that he has a very high opinion of them. It is the old story of the idealist who expects so much that he is disappointed when he finds comparatively little.

But men may be pitied even if they cannot be admired. They can always be helped and, above all, they can be used, especially by means of the very weaknesses which the shrewd observer notes so keenly. Early and late Mussolini set himself to use great and little, strong and weak alike, and to adapt them with cunning and persistent ingenuity to his purposes. As the years went on he gradually established a vast hold upon the Italian masses. He did this first by his writing, which was sometimes violent and highly colored, but almost always acute, forcible, calculated to touch just the points that would appeal to those whom he desired to reach. When it came to stirring the people by word of mouth his power was even more manifest. In a sense he is not a great, showy orator, a Daniel Webster, or a Burke. He has no swelling periods or resonant phrases. But he has sharp, strong, hammered sentences that strike home. What has especially interested me is that I find his speeches self-revealing. Generally oratory is barren, arid for the psychographer. But I have got more significant material from Mussolini's speeches than from almost anything else. I can understand how he sways multitudes when I feel how he sways me.

And if he has power over masses of men, his power over individuals is equal and unquestionable. Sometimes he controls them by mere force and authority, with a dominating egotism which seems like bullying. Again, he can be persuasive, winning, almost wooing when he wills. And by all these devices, by every method of attaching and attracting and subduing, he succeeds in securing an unbounded

and undying devotion, as an enthusiastic admirer puts it, "that instinctive desire to obey and serve which is so remote from servility, which is, indeed, one of the loftiest and most sacred of human instincts. It has in it a religious element."

Naturally the most interesting and puzzling of Mussolini's human political relations is that with his sovereign. But it is extremely difficult to get at the facts. One set of observers insists that the minister really feels the respect and deference which he professes. Another set urges the precise opposite. In any case, it seems probable that Victor Emmanuel, who has all the discreet intelligence of his ancient house, thinks a good many things about his great minister that he does not say.

Clearly there are individuals whom Mussolini can neither conciliate nor dominate. He has enemies and bitter ones, who have to be disposed of somehow. If you accept his own version of the matter, he is extraordinarily gentle and lenient. The accounts and comments of the enemies are not quite so favorable. At any rate, it is not denied that those who oppose the dictator's plans and wishes are driven out of the country, when they are not imprisoned or actually maltreated. And Mussolini himself repeatedly proclaims his contempt for the Christian doctrine of loving our enemies: "We must do all the good we can to our friends and all the harm possible to our foes."

An even more interesting point in this human connection is, how far Mussolini depends upon and uses others for advice and assistance and suggestion. Here again, if you listen to him, you will survey him in a proud and quite uncompanioned isolation: "Now long-continued experience is there to prove that I am a person absolutely refractory to pressure of any nature whatever. My decisions often mature

by night, in the solitude of my spirit and in the solitude of my life, which is almost arid from its extreme unso-ciability." Others, some others, take a different view, and at least one ob-server, who has studied the dictator fairly closely, insists that his power is in his execution and in stern, persistent will, rather than in the initiation of ideas, and that for his system, or rather very varying systems, of policy, he is indebted to the wiser and shrewder heads about him.

If this is the case, he is extraordi-narily skilful in concealing it, and in-deed the same observer points out that in making use of the ideas of others Mussolini first tests them with ex-treme care and then manages to engross them entirely to himself, taking pains to see that the silence of the adviser is suitably rewarded. The constantly and undeniably impressive thing is this engrossment, whatever may be behind it. All that happens, happens by the will of Mussolini. The re-sponsibility, the burden, the power—and the glory—are his: "There is to be no discussion whatever as to internal politics. What is done is done by my precise and direct will and under my definite orders, for which the sole and entire responsibility is mine." Which would seem to turn the common run of us into pawns and counters.

V

But no life, not even Mussolini's, can be all power, whether power of brains or power of hand, whether power of rule or power of money. There must be some diversion, distraction, repose. Yet it seems as if Mussolini's life has about as little as possible of these things.

He himself tells us that he was a way-ward, solitary, and violent child; and no one seems disposed to contradict him. There is little evidence that the

joyous, care-free sports and amuse-ments of boyhood ever meant much to him. His relations with women seem to be among the things that the Duce takes pains to have covered up, which makes one imagine that they might be interesting and instructive. It is remarkable how lightly the official biographers pass over all family mat-ters. Mussolini himself tells us that his family "always has represented to me an oasis of security and refreshing calm." But it would appear that these were not things of any particular importance.

On one point Mussolini, like Lenin, has the solid testimony of enemies and friends alike: he is indifferent and wholly incorruptible in the matter of money. More or less plausible charges of graft and thievery are brought, as in Russia, against minor agents. But the great protagonist is thinking of something vaster than mere sordid financial acquisition. He is indifferent to food, indifferent to drink, indifferent to mere elegancies of living. The compliments which he is so ready to pay himself would perhaps come with a better grace from someone else—"Nobody has ever denied that I am possessed of these three qualities: a discreet intelligence, a lot of courage, and an utter contempt for the lure of money"—but it is universally ad-mitted that they are deserved.

As to general human relations, there is very little sign of pure pleasure in them. Everyone seems struck with the singular isolation of the man. He has no friends, and what is still more singular, he wants none. He does not seek even human relaxation. Sports he cultivates and approves because they mean bodily vigor. He likes to fence, to drive a car, to fly. But amusements as such he rejects with almost Puritanic austerity: "I do not drink, I do not smoke, and I am not interested in cards or games. I pity

those who lose time and money, and sometimes all of life itself in the frenzy of games." One cannot imagine him in really genial, careless, oblivious chat, though it is said that he does sometimes abandon himself to play with children. Nor is it conceivable that he should have a sweet and sunny humor, though mockery and bitter satire seem to be at his command when he chooses.

As to intellectual life and interests, if you accept his own statement, his reading is vast and his acquaintance with all aspects of thought solid and broad, though at the same time he assures us that, "For myself, I have used only one big book. For myself, I have had only one great teacher. The book is life—lived. The teacher is day-by-day experience." He gives us a lengthy list of authors who have enlightened, if not influenced him. But it may be questioned how thoroughly he has mastered these authors, or any others. Action is his existence; and those who love thought only for its bearing on action are not likely to probe it to its most seductive depths.

Nor would it appear that Mussolini's emotional life is much more substantial than the intellectual, that is from the interior point of view. One element of the æsthetic does seem to afford him more relaxation than anything else, that is, music. He loves his violin and, though even he does not claim that he is a master of the instrument, he finds it a relief for his feelings and a resource in his difficulties. Also, there are a good many scattered touches which seem to show a sensitive, if not an abiding appreciation of natural beauty. And the same sensitiveness shows in the regard for animals, whether lions or cats, which seems to have elements of real tenderness as well as of bravado.

Mussolini's religion has the same strains of complexity as his other emotional interests. I will not guarantee

the outcry of his youth, in which he rivaled the performances of Mr. Sinclair Lewis: "Fellow-workers, if within five minutes God does not strike me down, I have demonstrated to you that he does not exist." But there seems to be little doubt as to the aggressive irreligion of this early period. Yet all the while there is a suggestion of mysticism, of an uneasy consciousness of elusive possibilities, which makes the inconsistency of accepting and supporting the Church a little less difficult and inexplicable than some of the Duce's inconsistencies.

VI

But God is in the other world. In this world is Mussolini and Mussolini is almost the whole of it. The interesting question is, how intensely and keenly does he relish and enjoy the possession of power?

If you believe his friends and followers, you will assume that, like Lenin, he is really indifferent to all the show and parade, dislikes it, avoids it, shuns it. It is said that if he has to appear in public he effaces himself, puts others forward, lets kings and ministers and soldiers have the prominent position, and is himself content with being useful. Just so it was said that Napoleon detested public ceremonies. Just so the same Napoleon dressed his marshals in gold and feathers and he himself rode obscurely in the midst of the glittering crowd, a little man, in an old military coat. All of which only made the little man more conspicuous and impressive.

Even in Signora Sarfatti's eulogistic biography the deeper tendency and instinct peers out. Less friendly but very acute observers, numbers of them, insist that the Duce is far from being averse to publicity in its crudest forms, even that he gives a good deal of thought to it. He is said to like resplendent uniforms and to appear constantly in new ones; and no movie

star is more joyously responsive to the calls of the camera: "Cameras, dozens of them, follow the Premier wherever he goes. As he moves, he takes pains to give opportunities for good photographs. . . . He is the most photographed man on earth."

Needless to say that Mussolini himself does not admit any such taste for notoriety or popular applause. Over and over he repeats his contempt for these things and his disgust at adulation and the fawning flattery of the herd. Yet even in his denial the cunning element of self-praise, in which he is certainly a mighty and agile expert, creeps in, and he manages to commend himself when asserting that he scorns commendation: "I am not intoxicated with grandeur; I should like to be intoxicated with humility." Perhaps he is: it is so hard not to be intoxicated with something.

However it may be as to the external trappings and paraphernalia of power, there can be no question as to the man's enjoyment of the substance of it. The enjoyment is manifold, enduring, and vital. In all his moments of self-revelation there is hardly a gleam of weariness, satiety, or disgust. Much less is there any evidence of general depression or discouragement; and this is notable in such a highly nervous temperament. He himself often confesses a tendency to pessimism, a disposition to look on the dark side of things; and it is said that in the early days, after the great war-disaster of Caporetto, he was for a time completely prostrated. If so, he seems to have toughened himself, for in later years he swept triumphantly through difficulties and crises which might well have crushed even a buoyant temperament to the earth.

The cure for satiety of power, for doubt of power—at least with a soul like Mussolini's—is more power, to be ever asserting yourself, testing

yourself, as was said of Sarah Bernhardt, to be finding out what you cannot do and then going and doing it. The true man leaps out in the cry for the largest possible life: "No, it is the thought, the realization that I no longer belong merely to myself, that I belong to all—loved by all, hated by all—that I am an essential element in the lives of others: this feeling has on me a kind of intoxicating effect." But it may be doubted whether it is the intoxication of humility.

So, all through the man's life, as with Napoleon, runs this strange tangle of dream and reality, of the hardest, closest grip on fact with the maddest reveries of the possible and the impossible, and in the same way self is inextricably intertwined with not-self in a fashion that not even a much acuter analyst than Mussolini could ever finally untwist: "The creation of the Fascist state and the passing of the hungry moments from sunrise to the deep profundity of night with its promise of another dawn eager for new labors, cannot be picked apart. I am lockstitched into this fabric. It and myself are woven into one. Other men may find romance in the fluttering of the leaves on a bough; as for me, whatever I might have been, destiny and my own self have made me one whose eyes, ears, whose every sense, every thought, whose entire time, entire energy must be directed at the trunk of the tree of public life."

VII

Of all the curious questions connected with Mussolini the most curious is that as to the future of his power, whether he lives or whether he dies. But if it is difficult to ascertain the facts as to what he has been and done, it is impossible to conjecture what he may do. The grandeur of the Duce's conception of a united, harmonious, industrious, pros-

perous, puissant, imperial Italy cannot be denied; but that conception seems rather lamentably infirm, since it hangs upon the will of one man, and rather lamentably fragile, since it depends upon one man's life. And certainly no insurance company would regard Mussolini's life as a very promising risk. The wonder is that, with the bitterness of feeling against him and the Italian habit in such matters, he was not assassinated long ago.

Mussolini himself professes to take the danger very lightly and to have perfect assurance that he will be preserved to do his work: "The bullets pass, Mussolini remains." He assures us repeatedly of his flawless, magnificent courage and of his complete indifference to the peril of his life. Some of those who look on enlighten us much more as to the extreme precautions that are taken, the guards that are posted and the watch that is constantly kept to insure that Italy does not lose the one man who is so precious to her. Even so, it seems as if any day might see that astonishing career brought to a sudden, fatal termination.

In that case what will happen? No one seems to throw much light on the point, least of all Mussolini himself. Always there is the almost superstitious reliance on providential care: "Nothing can happen to me until I have fulfilled my mission." Apparently he is contented to get the machine working perfectly, so far as he can, and then trust that it will go on working forever as it should. Those who have observed him carefully, at least some of them, insist that while there are certain obvious candidates for the succession, anyone of real power and promise is carefully kept at arms' length, and the first thing demanded of a subordinate is that he should be subordinate. As indeed appears in the remark: "My successor is not born.

For fifteen years, at least, I will stay where I am."

Probably the last sentence contains the clue. The man is still in the prime of life, and with his intense vitality, his unfailing instinct of pressing forward, his strange faculty of mingling reality and dream, which I have already emphasized, he is content to envisage vast possibilities in the future, in which he shall go striding on and on, ever enlarging his ideal as he fulfills it. In this ideal and the dream of developing Italy it seems as if foreign war must necessarily occupy a considerable place. Indeed, Mussolini's own declarations or insinuations on the subject, sometimes masked and sometimes retracted, but constantly renewed, seem sufficiently indicative and confirmatory in this matter. But here again curious speculation arises. If war does come, will the Duce take the field himself as general in chief? If he does, the risk seems tremendous. Can a man of fifty, utterly without larger military experience, all at once become a great commander? There is the enticing example of Cæsar and also of Cromwell. But what if he fails? On the other hand, if he remains safely in Rome and sends his generals to fight for him, either they will be inferior men, who will come to grief, or if they are successful and triumphant, what is likely to become of the Duce?

All these warlike considerations naturally bring up the memory of the great military leaders and dictators whom Mussolini seems to take as his model. And then we realize that not one of them, not Alexander, not Cæsar, not Cromwell, not Napoleon, left enduring power behind him. Cæsar was fortunate in having a member of his family to take up the work later, after a period of utter chaos. But not one of these great rulers could develop or perhaps would tolerate a great man beside him who would carry on his

work, and the result was total and fatal collapse and ruin after them.

From such reflections one turns with a certain reminiscent tenderness to the Liberty and the Democracy which Mussolini eschews and rejects with contemptuous scorn. For there are still some who love Liberty with a big L, for all its contradictions and inconsistencies, remembering that Cavour, whom Mussolini reveres and who was perhaps the greater man and the greater Italian of the two, used the magnificent phrase: "I am the child of Liberty and to Liberty I owe all that I am." There are still some who love Democracy, for all its failures and blunders, remembering that Abraham Lincoln, who may have been as great as Mussolini, loved it and believed it held the future of the world. As so often happens, men expected too much of Democracy, that it would make them over and make them different, and they were fooled by their own illusions, as they will be again. They found that representatives represent first of

all their own selfishness, that legislatures are arid and commonplace and swamped with windy talk, and they were aghast at the hopeless incompetence and what Whitman calls "the never ending audacity of elected persons." Seeing all this, men cry, "Democracy has failed us, has crumpled in our hands. Let us throw it away and ask somebody to govern us who knows how." They forget that mankind has been wrestling with the problem of government for a hundred thousand years or more and has made precious little headway. Democracy, working through a gradually extended suffrage by means of representative government, has been tried for only a century. It is an experiment, still in its infancy, bound to stumble and falter and blunder for many years to come. The one overwhelming argument in its favor is that in a hundred thousand years mankind has not found anything permanently better and certainly not in the arbitrary tyranny and despotism of Lenin and Mussolini.

THE UNFAILING LIGHT

BY ADA ALDEN

BEFORE they closed upon these passing skies,
 Another splendor gathered in his eyes—
 Gathered and grew and burned as burns the dawn,
 Looking through veils miraculously withdrawn.
 The hours went by with still that starry gaze
 Set on far beauty. All my darkened days
 Are flooded with the light reflected there,
 Shining so clear above life's dusty stair



The Lion's Mouth



FACE VALUE

BY SARELLEN M. DELANE

MY FRIEND Syd and I have invented a game which beats all to shreds anagrams or crosswords or contract. The equipment costs only the price of a tabloid, and the opportunity for the development of skill is unending. Best of all, the directions are so simple that the lowest I.Q. among one's friends may master the rules at the first explanation.

It's like this: Syd gets the tabloid hot off the street, finds a picture of an unfamiliar but worthy countenance, and reads the story. Then with a gleam in his eye he hunts me down and says, "Now, take a look at that face. What's *he* done to get on the front page?" And I fill up my pipe, take a long, permeating look, and begin to guess. Of course the betraying text is very carefully folded out of sight.

We used to take turns at guessing; one day he would tantalize me, and the next I would annoy him. But that system did not survive, for if I found a face which Syd could not classify at once he would snatch the paper from my hands and read for himself before I had a chance to protest. I am naturally the victim type so I have become the guesser, while Syd always takes the part of the district attorney.

Of course he never chooses aviators with their helmets on, nor jail breakers in their striped ensembles, nor men standing by fish as tall as themselves, nor boys from the House of David. Syd is contrary that way. He'll get me going on a tough-looking bimbo with a mean eye, negligible haberdashery, and part of his dental equipment missing. Then when I have pondered long and have finally pinned my hopes on him as a hatchet murderer, Syd will open out the paper with an aggravating flourish and read off with emphasis and gestures an account of Prince Goudal-Hashid making an official call upon the President.

The women are easy. I should say *most* of the women are easy. I can distinguish bankers' debutante daughters from gangsters' molls clear across the room, and I can tell a convicted lady bootlegger from a newly installed president of the W. C. T. U. Though only the other day I fell down on an eminent woman scientist and said she was a condemned boy's mother who had made him a new shirt to wear to the chair. Once I guessed that our own district organizer of the Neighborhood Better Cats Clubs was the victim of that "mercy murder" a while back, when the old father killed the half-wit girl to put her out of her misery.

Syd roars like a hyena when he catches me on a patent-medicine testimonial. He'll get me interested in an alert-looking young woman with a bright eye and a neat haircut. After I've thought a bit I'll say, "She's written a best seller," or "She's qualified as a transport pilot," only to have Syd

move his thumb enough for me to see the beginning of the squib: "For a year after I married my present husband I couldn't even do my own housework. I was in constant pain . . ." Well, even the best picture guesser has his weak moments.

Flagpole sitters used to fool me. I'd guess "Expelled from college" or "Bigamist," sometimes even "Walks home from ride with girl." And then Syd would spread out the paper and bray like a jackass before he'd say, "There! Another flagpole sitter!" But practice makes perfect even in a highly specialized amusement like this, and I can now tell a sitter every time, even sans his flagpole. There's something characteristic about the way their hair grows.

Now and then I get an idea that nobody looks like what he is, and then along will come a face to throw me off my game. The other day Syd showed me a picture of a boy about twelve years old with a big grin on his face and a merry light in his eyes. He had "Mighty fine boy" written all over him, so I said, "That's the kid that tied his little brother to a post and built a fire under him!" "No," Syd answers, eying me with weary reproach, "That lad leaves to-day for a free vacation in the mountains. He added forty new subscribers to his paper route."

I lost money on one deal. Syd had all the news folded back from the face of a simple-looking soul about middle age with a startled-faun expression about the mouth.

"Oh!" I thought, as I recognized that camera-conscious smirk, "Caught with shortages in accounts," or "Father of triplets."

"Now, see here," said Syd in a businesslike way, "You no doubt have developed some little confidence in your ability to match faces with the news they illustrate. To take that conceit out of you I propose to charge

you ten cents for each wrong guess on the picture I have here."

"Clever of you," I complimented him.

"Not at all," he contradicted generously. "But if you guess why this bird is on the first page of the sensation special I'll pay you ten to one for all the dimes I collect from you before you hit it right."

"I can't help but beat you in the end," I warned him and, taking a good long look at the face in the paper, I began to guess.

Now I can tell "Candidate for Coroner" and "Man Regains Memory" and "To Open Dance Studio" every time. This fellow with his half-happy, half-frantic expression was none of them. I started out in a more likely direction. "Reported Engaged to Clara Bow" cost me a dime. "Dance Marathon Survivor" and "Will Roller Skate from Coast to Coast" got me nothing but a lighter pocket and ridiculing jeers.

I guessed on and on. I guessed all the respectable guesses an experienced picture guesser could guess. Then I went wild. I guessed he was a sea-lion trainer. I guessed he was a forger. I guessed he had poisoned his wife and stuck her body in the wall-bed. I accused or credited that fellow with everything under the sun that gets people into the paper. And in between each guess I looked at that silly face and tried to determine what it portrayed.

I had but one lone dime left in my jeans when I asked Syd, "Does he look like what he is?" Syd studied the picture and after much private amusement announced that it was exactly as it should be—the man's story was truly in his face.

I took a last long chance with little faith, "Claims Love Message Received from Mars." Syd held out his hand for my last dime, a smile of triumph upon his lips.

"Who is he?" I shouted, grabbing in a frenzy of curiosity for the paper with the enigmatic countenance upon it.

Syd jingled his pocket full of money and answered, "Why, he's the guy with the glass window in his stomach who has all the doctors crazy with delight!"



CHANSONS POPULAIRES AMÉRICAINES

(Illustrations de la mentalité bizarre de nos amis transatlantiques)

BY MORRIS BISHOP

1. Chant de Rassemblement

Salut! Salut! Toute la bande est réunie!
Qu'est-ce donc que ça nous fiche?
Qu'est-ce donc que ça nous fiche?
Qu'est-ce donc que ça nous fiche
Maintenant?

2. Romance Populaire

Je viens de travailler sur la voie de chemin
de fer

Toute la journée interminable;

Je viens de travailler sur la voie de chemin
de fer—

Ce n'est que pour faire passer le temps.
N'entendez-vous pas le coup de sifflet

Qui nous recommande d'être matinal?

N'entendez-vous pas le capitaine qui crie:

"Dinah, soufflez dans votre trompette!"

3. Folk-lore Populaire

Ah, le bouledogue sur la berge,

Et la grenouille mâle dans la mare;

Ah, le bouledogue sur la berge,

Et la grenouille mâle dans la mare;

Ah, le bouledogue sur la berge,

Et la grenouille mâle dans la mare;

Le bouledogue a traité la grenouille mâle

D'un vieil imbécile vert des eaux.

Tra-la, tra-la.

4. Hymne à la Victoire Universitaire

Nous voici donc, nous voici donc,

Regardez-nous en train d'additionner un
bon nombre de points.

Nous allons laisser ces gars-là tellement en
arrière

Qu'ils ne voudront plus se combattre avec
nous.

Nous avons une ferme conviction dans
l'avenir prospère d'Élie Yale;

Elle [sic] ne peut pas manquer de gagner la
partie.

Bou-là bou-là,¹ bou-là bou-là, bou-là bou-là,
Élie Yale.

5. Hymne Patriotique Méridional

Je voudrais tant être au pays cotonnier,

Le bon vieux temps ne s'y oublie pas.

Détournez vos regards,

Détournez vos regards,

Détournez vos regards,

Pays de Dixie.

Au pays de Dixie, où je suis né

De bonne heure, un matin glacial;

Détournez vos regards,

Détournez vos regards,

Détournez vos regards,

Pays de Dixie.



IT'S THE ONLY WAY

BY FREDERIC L. SMITH, JR.

THE Anthonys are the pleasantest of week-end hosts, and my frequent sojourns with them from Saturday noon until Monday morning are experiences which I cherish.

I was, therefore, startled, on this particular occasion, to find something strangely lacking in Hillcrest's usually genial atmosphere; not that Bill and Janet were less cordial than their wont, for they greeted me joyously. But hardly had I set foot in the house before I became aware of a certain tenseness in the air. For one thing, the Anthonys were too polite to each other, and Janet's remarks to her husband were couched in the formal tone of a diplomat negotiating with the represen-

¹Allusion obscure.

tative of a rival power. She had been home only a few days, following a summer in Maine with the children, and I wondered whether her two months away from Bill had somehow resulted in strained relations. Never before had they been like this. I was glad when Bill proposed a round of golf.

He was badly off his game and afterwards in the locker room he seemed altogether distraught. While he was changing his clothes he glanced at me queerly from time to time.

"George," he said at length, apropos of nothing at all, "does your Aunt Sylvia always give away your old suits?"

"Invariably," I returned. "She's been doing it for years. I gave up trying to cure her long ago."

"H'm," said Bill thoughtfully.

"Bill," I went on, "it's a natural instinct with women. They can't help it. Whenever I have an old suit—one that I'm fond of even if it is all shot—Aunt Sylvia pounces on it, and it's Salvation Army property before I can stop her. She's given away a dozen suits that I wanted for working around the house or fixing the car."

"H'm," he repeated.

"Women," I continued, "have no sentiment about old clothes and they can't understand it in men. They can't see why we're attached to our shabby clothes and cherish them tenderly. I tell you there isn't a woman in the world who doesn't feel that way; and there's nothing we can do about it."

"Yes?" said Bill without further comment.

At dinner that evening the Anthonys scarcely spoke, and when they did it was with a chilling formality which made me wish myself back in the city. It was a harrowing meal, and all efforts toward lessening the tension fell dismally flat. We had coffee in the living room, and after a long silence Janet put down her cup.

"Bill," she announced, fixing her husband with a steady gaze, "we might as well have this out right now. George is an old enough customer here not to mind." She turned to me.

"What would you think," she asked, "if you got home and found a vault in your bedroom—without your knowing a thing about it?"

"A vault?" I repeated.

Janet nodded. "With a great big iron door and a combination lock and everything—just like they have in banks."

"Why," I returned, feeling rather helpless, "I don't know what I'd think."

"It's perfectly horrid." (Janet looked at her husband again.) "Bill had that vault put in while I was up in Maine and he won't tell me a thing about it. He says he's not even going to open it when I'm around. Isn't that miserable?"

"If you'll excuse me," I said hastily, "I think I'll take a turn around the garden; I'd like to look at your gladiolas."

"You stay right here," Bill said grimly and turned to his wife. "Do you really want me to open it, Janet?" he asked. His tone was ominous, and for a moment she was plainly taken aback.

"Why—why, yes," she said, "of course I do. I want to know what's in that vault."

"You're quite sure?" There was a cold gleam in Bill's eye.

"I certainly am. I've asked you to open it a hundred times, haven't I? You've been perfectly hateful about it."

Bill laughed harshly. "All right," he agreed, "you're going to be sorry though. Come on, George. I want you to see this too."

He led the way upstairs.

It was a pretty bedroom, light blue, with gay chintz curtains and wallpaper representing quaint pastoral scenes. "Look," said Janet, "it simply ruins

everything. I'm surprised you didn't get a cash register to go with it, darling; it would have been too sweet beside the bed."

Her husband made no reply but crossed briskly to the steel door in the wall. The vault had been placed squarely in the center of a scene representing shepherds and shepherdesses frolicking on an incredibly green hillside; and most of the hillside, as well as portions of the revellers' arms and legs had been obliterated by a shiny metallic panel which bore the trademark of the Murchison Lock & Safe Company.

Bill rested his hand on the combination knob. "You really want me to?" he said to Janet. "Remember Bluebeard's wife. She got the shock of her life when she peeked in the closet."

"Oh, don't be silly," Janet returned irritably. "Hurry up and open it."

Bill twirled the combination, then he paused and looked at her again. "Where's my gray suit?" he demanded; "The one with the torn pocket?"

Janet laughed. "That awful old thing? I'm going to give it to Henry the next time he comes to mow the lawn. You're not going to need it any more." Her husband turned away, muttering under his breath, and in a moment the steel door swung back. Bill stepped inside and switched on the light.

On the walls of the vault were arranged a series of shelves; these were occupied by half a dozen or so battered felt hats. But more conspicuous still was a clothes bar running the whole length of the compartment from which

were hung several of Bill's suits in various stages of disintegration. One of them was gray. Janet stared at it incredulously.

"There," said Bill with a triumphant gesture, "there's my gray suit, and if Henry ever gets it he'll be some Jimmy Valentine. You always wanted to give away my hats too, didn't you? Well, you just try and do it now, kid."

"Bill—" she began, but he cut her short.

"It's the only way," he pursued. "The minute I get a suit nicely broken in so that I can wear it fishing or around the garage you give it away. You've gyped me out of nine suits and twice as many hats; well, that stuff's out from now on."

Janet regarded him uncertainly for a moment, then she smiled.

"Darling," she said cajolingly, "I didn't know you were so fond of your old clothes. Do you really feel that you have to keep them locked up?"

Bill met her eye squarely. "You're darned right I do," he exclaimed. "I've found it out just ten years too late." He turned to me.

"George," he said, resting his hand against the door of the vault, "how'd you like an outfit like this? I can get 'em wholesale and I'm fixing a lot of the boys up."

I thought of Aunt Sylvia; only the day before my own gray suit had fallen into the clutches of the Salvation Army.

"You bet," I said, "order me one right away."



CAPITALISM, LIBERALISM, FLIGHT

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

MR. CALVIN COOLIDGE is still paragraphing and finds basis for loud applause in the increase of one and a half per cent in sales of life insurance for the first seven months of the present year. "Seventy million people," Mr. Coolidge says, "on a sound insurance basis has a financial and moral effect that cannot be estimated." He finds them "committed to self-support, self-government, prudent investment, and sound business through the increased and equitable distribution of capital, a long step" he thinks "toward abolishing poverty." Seventy million people, the types make him count as insured. Are there really so many? But aside from that, how affecting is his confidence in the capitalistic system finding salvation for the multitude in the increased and equitable distribution of capital!

That simple faith in dollars laid up was one secret, no doubt, of Mr. Coolidge's astonishing success as President. It is nothing to scold about, for he was built that way and as President was not less true to himself than to his backers. But as a resident of Northampton he had an interesting predecessor, Jonathan Edwards, who, after twenty-four years of illustrious ministry in that village where he had built himself a house and raised a family, was discharged from his pastorate and, being

without other means of support, had to move to Stockbridge and to preach to the Hoosatic Indians. As a metaphysician he won a deathless renown, and the long roll of his descendants includes a surprising proportion of ability and character. But one may regret that he is not still in Northampton to discuss with Mr. Coolidge the dealings of Providence with man and the provision of insurance in the capitalistic system.

Jonathan Edwards was driven out of Northampton for being too particular about who joined the Church and too insistent that new members should have had an effectual spiritual awakening. He also made a fight in the town against what he thought was immoral reading. It was on these grounds that he was thrown out with his family of eleven children. Mr. Coolidge in certain particulars is the most illustrious citizen that Northampton has had since Edwards left. He has bought a house there, but he is more up-to-date than his great predecessor and does not seem in any danger of being dislocated. Indeed, he cannot be. Northampton could drive out Calvinistic Edwards by stopping his pay, but not so Mr. Coolidge whose prudent practice has always been to make provision by timely frugality for eventual independence.

Worldly wisdom is all on the side of Mr. Coolidge. Jonathan Edwards

could doubtless have stayed in his comfortable home with his sufficient income in Northampton if he had been willing to compromise his beliefs and let his fellow-townsmen have a little more rope. But there was no compromise in him. He believed in his conclusions and that they accorded with the Divine Will, and out he went and off to Stockbridge and poverty and isolation. Nevertheless, out of his isolation came some of his most remarkable works. His mind, relieved a good deal from the labor of preparing sermons, went into writings which put the capstone to a renown which ranked him little lower than the greatest of metaphysicians.

And it is true that out of penury, misfortune, and desperate struggles have come a large share of the great achievements of mankind. The most provident and saving people in our world are the French. They are strong for providing for the future and they do seem to succeed in shaping life so that they like it. They like France and the French habits; but in world affairs the English have beaten them and not a little for the reason that the British Isles for generations produced a larger population than they could support, so that the surplus of younger sons and others was driven out to adventures beyond the seas.

So there is a vital difference between the philosophy of Jonathan Edwards and Calvin Coolidge, both of them excellent and pious men; and how far human society can ever be stabilized so that it will be comfortable for most people, and how far that condition would be conducive to progress are still questions that are a good ways off from final decision. Most people require the spur of necessity to do much work.

MR. MENCKEN is a contributor to a series of articles in the *Forum* on "What I Believe." He does

not tell, except in part, but he does admit belief that religion, generally speaking, has been a curse to mankind; that all government is evil in that it must make war on liberty, and that the democratic form is at least as bad as other forms; that the evidence for immortality is no better than the evidence for witches and deserves no more respect. He believes in freedom of thought and speech and the utmost freedom of conduct that is consistent with living in organized society, in the capacity of man to conquer his world, find out what it is made out of and how it is run, and in the reality of progress, but he is strong for facts and has not much use for faith.

Oh, well, Mr. Mencken is a good writer and a useful man. He is a great deal more useful hitting what he calls religion in the eye than are thousands of vociferous persons who are trying to regulate the lives of others in what they call religion. He is a much more religious man than he credits himself with being; he is interested in the subject. He sees all the harm that has been done in the name of religion, including, just at present, the 18th Amendment, and thinks it far outweighs its service on the ethical side. But the record of religion in the world is a record of the development of intelligence in the minds of men. Progress in religion has been made very much like progress in other lines of development and discovery, by trying out wrong methods and discovering better ones by processes of elimination. We are doing that now in prohibition. We see that it is bad, we begin to understand why it is bad, and there is some prospect that we will get rid of it and get something better.

Mr. Mencken speaks of the Methodist Church. The Methodist Church and various other churches have gone extremely wrong in undertaking to regulate life too much by use of spies

and force. Mr. Mencken disparages the New Testament. But certainly the New Testament is not to blame for the vast overcrowding of the jails with violators of the Volstead act and the immense diversion of rum money to bootleggers, profiteers, and gunmen. The church people fell down by thinking they were wiser than the gospel. Some of them are now beginning to realize it.

Mr. Mencken does not claim to be omniscient and probably would not quarrel with the suggestion that he does not know the whole about religion nor yet about the invisible world. Knowledge as to both of these items seems now to be unusually progressive and comparatively untrammelled in its efforts to increase. A few books are suppressed in some localities—Boston for one—and there seems to be a renewal of Jonathan Edwards' effort to impede the circulation and reading of books considered to be immoral, but, on the whole, talk is unusually free and shackles on printing are not very serious. If anyone has a good idea he can usually put it out and if, like Mr. Mencken, he is a good enough writer he can get paid for expounding it.

DR. BUTLER of Columbia puts out an idea now and then in a manner that makes good reading. In an address the other day he discussed what he called the great conflict between the One and the Many. He talked about Communism, said it was contrasted with Capitalism, but that what it was really fighting was what he called Liberalism, which meant the party that was out for human freedom. Capitalism, he thought, was a name that defined inaccurately a new power in the world not more than a century old; the power of money detached from land, of the vast fortunes that have accumulated in the last two generations,

and of the huge corporations of all kinds. These things he talked about and urged that their influence should be thrown on the side of Liberalism, on the side, that is, for the freedom of man, otherwise he thought Communistic ideals might become a serious damage to our civilization.

People who read about bank mergers, chain stores, mail order concerns, and the present tendency of corporations to reach out after bigness, and wonder what it is all about, what it means and whither it tends, may be interested in Doctor Butler's thoughts. If these vast aggregations of money-power threaten human freedom we ought to know it. But when we look about the world we see Communism running strongest in the poorest countries—in Russia so disorganized that millions struggle for the necessities of life, in China where millions starve, disorder rages and other millions live in misery. Whatever the faults of the way concerns are managed in the United States and, more or less, in Great Britain and Europe, the way out for humanity does not seem to lie in the scrapping of our present methods but rather in their adjustment to the great human problem of the One and the Many. We see that mass production means more commodities. We see that the increased use of machinery helps for a time to throw people out of employment. We see such things as that workmen's insurance favors the young and increases the difficulties of elderly people to find jobs. One of the great problems of the world is to take care of the damage temporarily done by improvement in production and distribution. It is apt to happen that life cannot be improved on a large scale for one lot of people without making it temporarily worse for another lot. The only cure for that is for people who are in luck to look after the people who are out of luck.

In England just now that means doles. In this country we do not yet quite know what it means, but we may agree with Doctor Butler when he says that, "if the beneficiaries of Liberalism were to fail to be socially minded and should insist on treating as merely the wholly private possession of the One that which the authority and consent of the Many have permitted them to acquire, then the cause of Communism would move a long way forward."

TWO Frenchmen, gallant fellows and very careful and experienced airmen, have made with glowing success the Western air-flight from Paris to New York, and have been greeted with the welcome that was their due, including most of the front-page headlines in all the papers, and pages of narrative and praise. That was all right, for their flight was a notable event. But a newspaper (the *World*) in commenting on it said that whereas Lindbergh's flight seemed to portend the commercial use of airplanes for transatlantic transportation, three years' experience had rather dulled that expectation by the emphasis it had placed on the perils of the flight.

So it is only three years since Lindbergh did his great stunt! It seems longer because of the vast publicity that followed it and its general acceptance as a historical event. But it is true that to cross the Atlantic in an airship seems still to be a pretty scary job, and the whole practice of aviation still stands much in need of being made safe.

One, or maybe two, generations ago there was a psychological process that

was recommended to persons anxious about their future which was known as making their peace with God. It was considered that unless they did it they remained in a state of peril. Nowadays a large amount of commercial flying goes on in the interest of the post office and to carry passengers who are in a hurry, in addition to flying for pure sport. Flying, too, is immensely useful for the exploration of difficult stretches of country such as the Polar regions, the less accessible parts of Africa, Asia, and South America, and even the forests and swamps of northern Canada about Hudson's Bay. Of course, too, there has been a development of flying as a detail of attack or defense in war. What the percentage of mortality among aviators has been seems not yet to have been ascertained; but as we read in the front pages of the papers of all the flying accidents, while safe journeys go unreported, we do get the impression that the flying people have more urgent occasion to make their peace with God than those who keep their feet on the ground.

Of course the great killer is the automobile, and the deaths by flight are negligible compared with those by motor car; and as we do not think of abandoning motoring because of its undeniable dangers, so we may come to develop a like hardihood about airplanes.

For it is a fact that mankind in these days holds life lightly and does not hesitate to risk or sell it in a cause or for a purpose that seems worth the price. Really the human race seems to be gaining a remarkable emancipation from the fear of death.

See following pages for Personal and Otherwise

